6625,C 1

A
TRUE FRIEND.

REFLECTIONS

ON

LIFE, CHARACTER AND CONDUCT.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
No. 6625, C
WASHINGTON D.C.

A COLLECTION.

26 3

Archibald J. Campbell

CLEVELAND, O.:
A. J. CAMPBELL, PUBLISHER,
1872.

BJ1571
.C2

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by
A. J. CAMPBELL,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

BAKER, JONES & CO.
Stereotypers and Printers,
BUFFALO, N.Y.

CONTENTS.

Introductory, 5
Man and Woman, 21
Childhood, 65
Boyhood, 90
Youth, 102
To Young Men, 104
True Manliness, 114
Self-Study—Know Thyself, 116
The Heart, 120
Praise, 129
Flattery, 131
Falsehood, 133
Deception, 134
Detraction, 135
Slander, 137
Fretting and Grumbling, 138
Peevishness, 140
Churlishness, 141
Controversies, 142
Quarrels, 143
Insults, 144
Indignation, 145
Anger, 145
Resentment, 148
Suspicion, 148
Jealousy, 148
Envy, 151
Harshness, 152
Hatred, 153
Reprehension and Reproof, 154
Injury, 155
Evil, 156
Bad Temper, 157
Meddling, 159
Gossip, 159
Censure, 160
Fault Finding, 161
Fear, 165
Prejudice, 165
Error, 166
Washington in the Wrong, 167
Egotism 168
Vanity, 169
Pride, 170
Poverty's Answer to Pride, 175
Poverty, 176
Pleasure, 179
Amusements 183
Theatres, 184
Vice, 185
The Alchemy of Vice, 187
Guilt, 188
Luxury, 189
Crime, 190
Wickedness, 191
Revenge, 191
Murder, 193
Duelling, 193
Passion, 197
The Passions, 197
Gambling, 200
Fortune Telling, 201
Dandies and Fops 202
Beauty, 204
Love, 208
Courtship, 212
Flirting, 218
Advantages of Wedlock, 221
Selecting a Wife, 225

A Hint to Young Ladies, 228
Marriage, 229
After Marriage, 238
The Marriage Relation, 242
Influence of Marriage, 247
Young Women and Marriage, 259
Young Men and Marriage, 263
Marriage of First Cousins, 267
At What Age to Marry, 268
Love, Marriage and Divorce, 272
Whom do Great Men Marry? 278
A Hint to Stern Parents, 279
Affection, 281
How to Avoid a Bad Husband, 286
Bachelors, 289
Fashion, 293
Dress, 300
Dress at Church, 310
Wearing Mourning. 311
About Jewelry, 313
Extravagance, 315
Prodigality, 320
Idleness, 321
Indolence, 328
Leisure, 330
Ignorance, 332
Timidity and Irresolution, 337
Discontent, 339
Difficulties and Discouragements, 343
Disappointment, 353
Change, 355
Social Changes, 358
Misfortune, 359
Adversity, 368
Days of Darkness, 373
Affliction, 375
Suffering, 378
Sorrow 380
Sorrow for the Dead, 384
Tears, 387
Grief, 388
Melancholy, 389
Despair, 390
Temptation, 394
Debt, 398
Failure, 413
Reverses in New York, 418
A Sermon to Young Men, 419
Society, 422
Associations, 430
Neighbors, 436
Friends, 438
Friendship, 452
Human Nature, 461
The Power of Sulkiness, 474
Hints on Talking, 478
Conversation, 487
Hearers, 504
Thought, 506
Memory, 517
The Mind, 520
Genius, Talent and Tact, 528
The Tongue, 534
Speech, 536
Words, 538
Simplicity, 540
Sarcasm, 542
Jests, 543
Loquacity, 546
Brevity, 547
Silence, 550
Solitude, 556
A Few Hints to Writers, 559
Writing for Newspapers, 567
The Art of Letter Writing, 570
Doing Good, 573

INTRODUCTORY.

To anticipate is pleasant; but in order to enjoy, we must begin now; must find as we pass along, all the flowery places, the happy thoughts, the sunny scenes we may, for these constitute the poetry of common life, these fill the rill of happiness that murmers along the monotonous plain of every-day existence. To enjoy all these; and to anticipate, if we may, still higher and purer joys, is the creed and the practice of the happiest.

There are a thousand things in this wide world to afflict and sadden, but, oh! how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death; misfortune; the sundering of early ties, and the canker worm of grief; but a vast majority of evils that beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes us but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress; nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. Do away with all this; let wars come to an end; and let friendship, love, truth, charity and kindness, mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier would we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good! God has blessed us with a home that is not all dark. There is sunshine everywhere —in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storms die away, and a bright sun shines out. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a Being so bountiful, and we can live happier than we do. The discipline of our life is portioned out by no unloving hand. It is just what we need, although we may not always realize it. It is designed to. make us strong, and wise, and humble. Bitter, indeed, are some of the draughts we drink, but most tonics are bitter, and they do us good, if we do not relish them. The hidden trials are often the most difficult to bear. How the soul starts back with a fearful shudder from even the memory of them. In heaven this agony of remembrance will be over. No sorrow, no sad remembrance of sorrow, can enter there. Great calamities teach us many beautiful lessons, and reveal to us much we should never have seen from the common level of life. A flood, a famine, a conflagration, or some great desolation, shows us how much real goodness there is under the surface of every-day life; how many generous feelings and kindly sympathies, and points of union and practical fellowship, lie below the differences of political opinion and religious faith, and the prejudices and antagonisms of party and sect show us that beneath all these the noblest elements of our human nature still live, and wait only the impulse of occasion to spring into life and action, and to discover to us how much more there is in man to honor and love, than the ordinary aspects of life led us to suppose. The world, after all, is better, in many things, than we take it to be. The Italians have a proverb, "He that does not amuse himself will soon die." Liberally interpreted, contrast and change of thought and scene are necessary. To extract rational enjoyment and novelty from life, is the happiest of all arts; to impart them to others, the best of all endowments. The tangible passes from hand to hand, the intangible from mind to mind, and from heart to heart. The eye speculates and beholds, the soul appreciates and adores; and continually there are two lessons, the ardent rush of things and their quiescent repose, the diurnal sun, the nocturnal stars, that our days may be illuminated by cheerfulness, and our evenings hallowed with the light of peace.

There was a beautiful idea expressed by a Christian lady on her deathbed, in reply to a remark of her brother who was taking leave of her to return to his distant residence, that he should probaly never meet her in the land of the living. "Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living. We are now in the land of the dying."

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials, but the perpetual recurrance of petty evils is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the feelings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions in our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbances—in short, with whatever opposes our will, or contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superceded pilgrimage and penance. Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmerings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a deeper and wider flood, among objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyment and industry all around us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth, the river hastens on until the roar of the ocean is in our ears and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

We come into the world to spend the careless, fleeting moments of childhood; to drink in the elements of being; to learn the rudiments of life. As the mother dresses her laughing child in a loose, homely garment, fitted to its thoughtless sports and playful business, so God has clothed us all in frail, perishable bodies, fitted for the childish business of mortal life. We are not always to be pressed down in the chafing bands of childhood—we cannot always wear the homely garments of mortality. Earth has many bright attractions, it has a thousand precious blessings, and yields us all, perhaps, that our present capacities can appreciate. But earth is not our home. It has not given us a sphere in which we could find consummate satisfaction, a sphere in which perfect happiness and holiness and wisdom could be found, nor a sphere in which we would choose to "live always." We are only sent to bud and blossom here, and then be transplanted in some friendlier climate, some purer region, some holier atmosphere. We cannot go away until this body, this infant body is put off. It cannot be taken with us—we shall not want it, we shall not need it in our final home. The butterfly would be pained to wear its parent covering. The eagle could not follow the sun in its course, if its narrow shell were not exchanged for wings. Immortal spirits would be pained and circumscribed in their beatific sphere, if hampered down by the swathing of immortality.

The present life is sleeping and waking; it is "good night," on going to bed, and "good morning" on getting up; it is to wonder what the day will bring; it is sunshine and gloominess; it is rain on the window, as one sits by the fire; it is to walk in the garden and see the flowers open, and hear the birds sing; it is to have the post-man bring letters; it is to have news from east, west, north and south; it is to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music; it is to pray with a family morning and evening; it is to sit in the twilight and meditate; it is to be well, and sometimes to be ill; it is to have business to do, and to do it; it is to have breakfast and dinner and tea; it is to belong to a town and have neighbors, and to be one of a circle of acquaintances; it is to have friends to love one; it is to have a sight of dear old faces; and with some men, to be kissed daily by some loving lips for fifty years; and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children and grand-children, and many friends.

The laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart; the tears which freshen the dry wastes within; the music which brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardships that force us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust—these are the true nourishments of our natural being.

Life is no speculative adventure with those who feel its value and duties. It has a deeper purpose, and its path becomes distinct and easy in proportion as it is earnestly and faithfully pursued. The rudest or the most refined pursuit, if adapted to the wants and capacities of the pursuer, has a truth, a beauty, and a satisfaction. All ships on the ocean are not steamers or packets, but all freight bearers, fitted to their tasks; and the smallest shallop nobly fulfils its mission, while it pushes on towards its destined port, nor shifts its course because ships career to other points of the compass. Let man ride himself on the ocean of Time. Let him learn by nature whether he is a shallop or a ship, a coaster or an ocean steamer; and then, freighting himself according to his capacity and the market he should seek, fling his sail to the breeze, riding with wind and tide, if they go his course, but beating resolutely against them if they cross his path. Have a well chosen and defined purpose, and pursue it faithfully, trusting in God, and all will be done well. Life, without some necessity for exertion, must ever lack real interest. That state is capable of the greatest enjoyment where necessity urges, but not painfully; where effort is required, but as much as possible without anxiety; where the spring and summer of life are preparatory to the harvest of autumn and the repose of winter. Then is every season sweet, and in a well spent life, the last the best—the season of calm enjoyment the richest in recollections, the brightest in hope. Good training and a fair start constitute a more desirable patrimony than wealth; and those parents who study their children's welfare rather than the gratification of their own avarice or vanity, would do well to think of this. Is it better to run a successful race, or to begin and end at the goal? Life has an ultimate purpose. We are not appointed to pass through this life, barely that we may live. We are not impelled, both by disposition and necessity, to buy and sell, barely that we may get it. There is an end in business beyond supply. There is an object in the acquisition of wealth beyond success. There is a final cause of human traffic; and that is VIRTUE!

We have been watching with intense interest, a man's journey up the roof of yonder building. It may be some sixty feet to the top, and his only foothold and dependence is a frail ladder, that shakes with his every step. It is a fearful thing to hang thus suspended—one round loosened, his hold is lost, and death is certain. We are all going up the steep ladder of life, and we are not so sure as he that the round before us is not loose. Let us take heed—like him, be slow and sure; like him feel that we hang midway between earth and the grave; like him hold closely on to the sides, God's providences, and as he at last mounts to the top, there to rest from his labors, so shall we attain to Heaven, not like him for a transient hour, but a whole and delightful eternity.

We have often been impressed by the deep significance of the phrase which Dickens has given as a title to one of his Christmas stories, "The Battle of Life." It is full of solemn meanings. All our hours, from the cradle to the grave, are but a series of antagonisms. Hunger, fatigue, sickness, temptation, sin, remorse, sorrow—these are the strong powers with which we must wage continual war. Foes beset us from without and from within, and make life one long and earnest battle. But there are victories to be won on the field, more glorious than those which crimsoned Marathon and Waterloo. Evil habits may be subdued—fiery passions brought under the control of principle—temptations resisted—self-denial cheerfully sustained, and life itself consecrated to high and holy purposes. To triumph over the infirmities of a perverted nature, and render life, once deformed by passion and stained by sin, beautiful with love made manifest in deeds of benificence, is worthier our ambition than all the blood-wrought heroisms that ever linked a name to a world's remembrance. Every day witnesseth triumphs such as these—yet fame proclaims them not. What matters it? In the serene depths of these all conquering spirits, God's peace abides, and harmonies are heard, such as the angels make, when they welcome the victorious soul from the conflicts of this, to the raptures of the heavenly world. If life be a battle, how mad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest! If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters! If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return till the twilight shadows gather round his pathway. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to His own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world and bring in everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread His religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity. The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow creatures, but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. None liveth to himself. God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks it on its stem, upon the rainbow that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in his light—upon all he has written, "None of us liveth to himself."

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable, there is no appeal from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest; and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have not a frailer hope upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude which fills the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore. This is life. If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. Is he dead? will be the solemn inquiry of a few as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connexions, and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all now active in life pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him! We lived in another age, and have no business with those who slumber in the tomb." This is life, how rapidly it passes!

> " To-day man's dressed in gold and silver bright,
> Wrapped in a shroud before to-morrow night;
> To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
> To-morrow he's himself a dish for worms."

It is the great art and philosophy of life, to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad; and to bear the one with resignation and patience, and to enjoy the other with thankfulness and moderation. Are we brought into the world, and allowed to occupy a place in it, only that we may pursue trifles! that we may brutishly gratify our appetites and passions! that we may leave the world at last, perhaps at the expiration of three score years and ten, without having derived any advantage from being in it, or conferring a single benefit upon it! The Bible describes the years of man to be three score years and ten, or four score years. Now, life is very uncertain, and we may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of the clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old then it is one o'clock of his life; when he arrives at fourteen years it will be two o'clock; when at twenty-one years it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare his life. In this manner we may always know the time of our life, and looking at the clock may remind us of it. At what hour you shall die, is only known to Him to whom all things are known. I know not what o'clock it may be with the reader, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do anything in this world which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. Look about you, I earnestly entreat you, and now and then ask yourself, reader, what o'clock it is with you.

The Rev. Mr. Barnes in his sermon on "Life at Three Score," illustrates the magnitude of eternal things as he approached the end of life, compared with those which ordinarily occupy the attention of mankind, by the following beautiful figure:—The earth as it moves in its orbit from year to year, maintains its distance of ninety-five millions of miles from the sun; and the sun at its rising or its setting, seems at all times to be of the same magnitude—to human view an object always small as compared with our world. But suppose the earth should leave its orbit and make its way in a direct line towards the sun, how soon would the sun seem to enlarge its dimensions? How vast and bright it would become! How soon would it fill the whole field of vision, and all the earth dwindle to nothing! So human life now appears to me. In earlier years, eternity appeared distant and small in importance. But at the period of life which I have now reached, it seems to me as if the earth had left the orbit of its annual movements, and was making a rapid and direct flight to the sun. The objects of eternity towards which I am moving rapidly, enlarge themselves. They have become overpoweringly bright and grand. They fill whole fields of vision, and the earth, which with all is the common object of human ambition and pursuit, is vanishing away. If it is well for a man to live at all, he should endeavor to avoid all those influences which detract from the beauty and harmony of human existence. In other words he should "make the most of life," and not allow himself to be distracted, annoyed, or confounded by anything. He should fully possess himself, being at peace with his own soul, and having great good will for all mankind. Life, then, will have a beautiful significance to him; its current will be deep and flow gently on—in all the beauties of the world reflected. Of human life as a comprehensive whole, we only see one side on this hitherward shore. Here we see but the beginning of it. The end—the other side—is to be taken in by faith. The Apostles saw it. Hindrances, pressures, troubles, he saw, were working in us in some mysterious manner, so that they should evolve for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Do the best you can where you are; when that is exhausted God will open a door for you, and a voice will call, "Come up hither into a brighter sphere." That is what is called "trusting in Providence!".

If you would live to purpose, and live long, live industriously, temperately, regularly, all the while maintaining "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man." Live long and happy. However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. When Anaxagoras was told of the death of his son, he only said, *I knew he was mortal.* So we, in all casualties of life, should say, I knew my riches were uncertain, that my friend was but a man. Such considerations would soon pacify us, because all our troubles proceed from their being unexpected. Life is to the unhappy as a prison, from whose gloom they cannot escape; while to the happy, it resembles a vast palace filled with all that can delight. The prison may be rendered endurable by resignation; but the palace loses some of its bright coloring and gilding every day, until nought but faded remnants of its pristine beauty remain. For my part I am not so much troubled about my future state, as about my present character in the sight of a holy and heart-searching God. To live a holy, self-denying life, I conceive to be of the first importance. It is by the daily lives of Christians that Christ is either honored or dishonored. Take care to live well, no less than to live long; the former is in a man's power, the latter may not be. To be always afraid of losing life, is, indeed, scarcely to enjoy a life that can deserve the care of preservation; and since life itself is uncertain, nothing which has life for a basis, can have much stability. How unreasonable is it to begin to live when we can live no longer! That man does not live as he should who does not reckon every day as his last.

Some are exceeding diligent in acquiring a vast compass of learning; some in aspiring to honors and preferments; some in heaping up riches; others intent upon pleasures and diversions; hunting, or play, or vain contrivances to pass away their time; others are taken up in useless speculations; others set up for men of business, and spend all their days in hurry and noise; but amidst this variety the happy always apply themselves to the wisdom which should direct their lives. Life is often a continual struggle after that which we cannot take with us, riches; which seem given to us as the nurse gives the child a pretty ornament or shell from the mantel-piece to keep it quiet, until it falls asleep, when it drops from its helpless hands, and is replaced, to please other babies in their turn. Every one should consider that the way to usefulness, to honor, and heaven, is open before him, and also the way to shame, dishonor and hell, and a view of the consequences should determine which course he will pursue.

Human life is often likened to a voyage. It is a voyage to eternity, attended with great danger, as well as much hardship and toil. The sea we have to navigate, viewed in prospect, looks smooth and inviting; but beneath, it conceals shoals, quicksands, and rocks; and great multitudes in attempting to reach the distant shores are shipwrecked and lost. No man knows his destiny. We pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future. Every anniversary of a birth-day is the dispelling of a dream. We aspire and aspire and then give in. Life in this particular is like a coffin, which widens up to a certain point, and then tapers off again. Happy the man who sees a God employed in all the good and ill that chequer life.

We all live two lives—a life of action and a life of afterthought. The man who lives morally, usefully, intellectually—who *is* good, *does* good, and turns all his mental and moral faculties to good account, may be said to live two self-satisfactory lives in one. His Life of Acts, made up of the performance of his obligations to God, his neighbor and himself, must in the main be happy. His Life of Afterthought, in which memory summons his Life of Action to the bar of Conscience—where it is weighed in the balance of Justice, and *not* found wanting—cannot be otherwise than consolatory. But as the good we have done grows more and more comforting to us as we reflect upon it, so does the evil we have committed grow in horror as it glares upon us from the vistas of memory. We have our choice. We can be twice blessed or twice cursed. Blessed in doing and in thinking of what we have done, or cursed alike in the act and the afterthought. We can people the present with pursuing fiends or ministering angels, who will come to us in the future from what will then be the past, to torment or bless us. Such a present receives a new glory in changing to the past. Let the young and thoughtless understand, at the very outset of their active career, that the evil to-day cannot elude the scrutinizing to-morrow. We do not refer to the ultimate scrutiny of our deeds; but to that which precedes it and forewarns us what its result may be. Well does Macbeth say

> "We still have judgment *here*."

Remembrance goes like a resurrectionist to the graves of our past errors and crimes, and shows us their skeletons. The conventional robes in which we dressed them to make them seemly are gone—the tinsel of subterfuge and sophistry with which we bedecked their loathsomeness has fallen away—self-deception is no longer possible, and we shrink from the foul offspring of our misguided souls, but cannot, dare not repudiate them. If the young doubt the vraisemblance of this picture, let them ask the old, and they will learn that its drawing is correct and its tints true. Ah, if the man of the world were only as careful to consult his conscience on points of moral right, as to consult his lawyer on points of law, how much misery would he not escape both in his life of action and his life of afterthought.

This life is the spring-time of eternity—the time to sow the seeds of woe or the seeds of bliss. Our life is one long lesson. To come but once into the world, and trifle away the right use of it, making that a burden which was given for a blessing, is strange infatuation. Study to promote the happiness of mankind; it is the true end of your creation.

There is nothing that so much engages our affections to this world as the want of proper consideration about how soon we are to leave it. Strange, murmers the dying invalid, looking out from his window upon the world—strange! how the beauty and mystery of all nature are heightened by the near prospect of that coming darkness which will sweep them all away! The very limitation of the term of enjoyment has much to do with the exquisiteness of life's pleasures. It is the perishing blossom that is so pre-eminently beautiful!

Life is an opiate—it excites us at first, and then leaves us sleepy, weary, and disgusted; for most men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable. Life is the jailor of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death; what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life. Life is an isthmus between two great eternities. Life, after all, is but a bundle of hints, each suggesting actual and positive developement, but rarely reaching it. When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep—and then the care is over. The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on. If one only pauses, now and then, in life's "forced march," to count the numbers who have wearied by the way, of those who brushed with him the morning dews, he feels a sort of terror lest he finish his journey a stranger and alone. We spend much of life in making blunders, and more of it in correcting them. The world's experience preaches in vain, every man thinking himself an exception to all general rules. It is when the work is finished that we feel how unfinished is the workmanship.

Most people complain bitterly of the troubles of life, yet very often greatly increase life's real troubles by the anticipations of imaginary ones. Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot keep. We often speak of being "settled in life." We might as well speak of anchoring in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean. Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the Autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are passed, and life at its waning wears the glory of a competent task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of Spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears. It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid its garniture of Autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are the noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that the earth is capable of so much goodness, and is permitted such virtue. Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. Thus imperceptibly and swiftly life passes away. Life's moments are ever fleeting; the generations of men come and pass away like the leaves of the forest; as the year blooms and fades, so does human life. Things past, present, and to come, are strangely uniform, and so analagous that forty years of human life may serve as a sample of ten thousand. The great struggles in life are limited to moments; in the drooping of the head upon the bosom—in the pressure of the hand upon the brow. There are three modes of bearing the ills of life—by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual; for it is religion alone that can teach us to bear them with resignation. Middle age and the decline of life which lesson our sense of enjoyment, increase our love of life; and we find, as we journey on, the longer we live the more tenaciously we cling to life, which is only to be desired by those to whom death would be no gain. Measure not life by the hopes and enjoyments of this world, but the preparation made for another; rather looking forward to what you shall be than backward to what you have been. Human life is one great Saturday, in which the world should get ready for Sunday, closing up accounts with time, and putting things in order for a holiday.

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.—SHAK.

MAN AND WOMAN.

A prudent woman is in the same class of honor with a wise man. The characteristic qualities of woman—when true to the type of her being—her delicacy, modesty, reserve, and chastity of heart and feeling, word and action—her sweetness, gentleness, patience, sympathy, tenderness, dependence, devotion; her sensibility to beauty and grace, order, fitness, and propriety in speech, dress, behavior, everything; her intellectual faculties—more receptive than productive—resting more on feeling than on thought—making her more susceptible of culture and refinement than apt for grasping the abstruse and rugged in science and practical life; all these are her charms for man, through which man gets unspeakable good to his own nature; while man's harder texture in body and mind—his strength, courage, self-reliance, his grasp, force and productive power in the world of thought and action, draw woman to him. Thus each finds in the other what each one needs. The womanly woman feels herself strong and brave when she leans on man, and man's manly courage grows stouter, and at the same time the rugged hardness of his nature is softened by tender reverence, as with one arm he supports and with the other protects the gentle one clinging to his side. In everything, in short, in which they are made different, it is that each may find their proper counterpart in the other. They are made different in order that they may become one. Out of this very difference springs the closest and richest union—the union of mutual love, whereof marriage is the outward representation. Only in this true married union, and in the home of love that builds itself up out of it, can the fulness and perfection of the individual life, dignity, and worth of each be found and realized.

"Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring in conduct—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science—woman taste. Man has judgment—woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy." What man expects to acquire by force of energy and the exercise of his talents, woman hopes to obtain by the power of pleasing, and her ascendency over the heart. The means are different, the ends in view the same; namely, prosperity in life, and a desirable position in the world. There is no period in the life of man, as long as his mental and bodily powers remain unimpaired, in which he is socially disqualified for the race he has to run, and that contest in which he is called upon to engage. He may remain a long time a silent, but watchful spectator of the scene; or he may be disabled, and thrown off his balance; but he can appear again, and by summoning his dormant faculties to his aid, he may succeed in dividing the booty with his compeers, or in securing his share of the world's honor and spoils. To place a woman in early life in a career like this, is to alter her destiny, to endanger her respectability, to destroy her sympathies, and to subvert the intentions of Nature. If, by the influence of her charms, or the opportunities of her position, she has failed to procure a desirable elevation in society—or if, by a cruel destiny, she has been deprived of friends and fortune, and is urged to assert her rights, and to make her own way through the world—if her resolution can save her from despair, and her principles of virtue from reproach—yet she labors under great disadvantages in placing herself upon the same footing with men, who are hardened to the world, and more accustomed to personal privations and toil. But nevertheless, there have been women who, impelled by high motives and a determined sense of duty, have surmounted all these obstacles, and have acquired by their own efforts both fortune and influence; and young America can show many such to the Old world. In every situation woman has more causes of grief than man, and suffers more than he. Man has his strength and the exercise of his power; he is busy, goes about, occupies his attention, thinks, looks forward to the future and finds consolation in it; but woman stays at home, remains face to face with her sorrow, from which nothing distracts her; she descends to the very depths of the abyss it has opened, measures it, and often fills it with her vows and tears. To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself, will always be the text of the life of woman. She does nothing like us men. She thinks, speaks, acts differently. Her tastes differ from our tastes. Her blood does not follow the course of ours; nor does she breathe as we breathe. Nature has arranged that woman's respiration should be effected mainly by the four upper ribs. She does not eat like us; neither so much, nor of the same dishes. Why? Above all, for the reason that she does not digest like us; at every moment her digestion is troubled by the excitability of her emotions. Man has a distinct language, precise and luminous speech, the clearness of the word. But woman, besides the word of man and the song of the bird, possesses a completely magical language, with which she intersperses the word or the song. Woman loves, and suffers; she requires the support of a loving hand. It has been often said that it was the weakness of the infant which, by prolonging the cares of education, originally created family. True, the child retains the mother; but the man is attached to the domestic hearth by the mother herself, by his affection for the wife, and by the happiness he feels in protecting her. Superior and inferior to man, humiliated by the heavy hand of nature, but at the same time inspired by intuitions of a higher order than man can ever experience, she has fascinated him, innocently bewitched him for ever. And man has remained enchanted by the spell. This is what society is. Women are generally better creatures than men. Perhaps they have, taken universally, weaker appetites and weaker intellects, but they have much stronger affections. A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head; but a corrupt woman is lost for ever. Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

Woman's influence is the sheet anchor of society; and this influence is due, not exclusively to the fascination of her charms, but chiefly to the strength, uniformity and consistency of her virtues, maintained under so many sacrifices, and with so much fortitude and heroism. Without these endowments and qualifications, external attractions are nothing; but with them, their power is irresistable. Beauty and virtue are the crowning attributes bestowed by nature upon woman, and the bounty of heaven more than compensates for the injustice of man. The possession of these advantages secures to her universally that degree of homage and consideration which renders her independent of the effects of unequal and arbitrary laws. But it is not the incense of idle worship which is most acceptable to the heart of woman; it is, on the contrary, the just appreciation of her proper position, merits, and character, and this demands the oblation of no "mewling minstrelsy," the adulations of

> "No whining rhymster, with his schoolboy song."

Ever true to her destiny, and estimating at their real value the higher perfections of human nature, when brought into contrast with what is puerile or ridiculous, woman surpasses man in the quickness of her perceptions and in the right direction of her sympathies. I do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament which shows itself in all its politics. A hundred times have I seen weak men show public virtue because they had by their sides women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and directing their ambition. We have somewhere read that Henry Ward Beecher never said a truer thing than when he remarked that "God made woman to be better than man." This remark had been made substantially often enough before by preachers, lecturers, romancers, and poets. Like many trite maxims which survive in form when their meaning is almost forgotten, few who uttered, and still fewer who heard it, perhaps, understood the full scope and force of its allusions. How eloquently, pathetically full of suggestion it is. "God made woman *to be* better than man"—made her to be morally and physically, a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Six years ago, says the Milwaukee *Gazette*, a young man just entering on life, under the influence of rum, committed a crime against society, was tried in this city, convicted, and sent to Waupun, where he served out his time behind the prison bars. Before his trial a fair girl had promised to link fortunes with him, and cruel was the blow to her. But she loved him. All through his six years did she wait for his release. With a true woman's heart, she believed him innocent—innocent, at least, before God; and like the magnet, she held on her steady way, her heart ever pointing to the future. Long were the years to him. Slow passed the hours. Seconds were minutes, minutes hours, hours days, days weeks, weeks months, months years, and years were like ages. Every tolling of the prison-bell struck deep upon his heart, and every sunset took another thread from the long skein. Nor were the hours less weary to her. Hope, that blessed angel, sat by her day by day, and reposed on her pillow by night. Some there were who laughed at her holy love, who sneered so meanly at her lover, a prisoner miles away. But little it mattered to her; others might laugh—she wept; others might point to a man in prison garb, toiling away from morn till night, with but one star to guide him on. She saw but the honest soul that might be saved, or lost, and, woman that she was, nerved herself to bear their jibes and jeers. Blessed words came to him in his lonely cell, words of love, of kindness, and stronger grew the heart of him who had truly his better angel to watch over his unbroken fortune. Each word from her lightened the hours as they slowly went by, and larger grew the day on which liberty was to come. Men visited him, and with careless word or speaking eye, threw into his cell a maddening thought on which his soul must feed, and tremblingly shrink to the darkest corner of his living temple. Then a letter from her would dash aside the dark curtains and beckon him on to a spot of sunshine outside, and beyond his present reach. So passed the years. Friends died and he wept over them. The sin was long since atoned for, and at last the little spot of sunshine crept into his cell, and entering by the key-hole of his door led him forth into the bright rays of liberty. He was conducted to the office of the prison, a citizen's dress in place of a prison suit given him, and led into an inner room where stood she, who, years before, had promised before God to be his. What a meeting! On the evening train the two arrived in this city, and were, by one of our divines, joined in marriage. We were witness to the ceremony and never shall forget it. Never forget the eye moistened with happiness, nor the throbbing of the heart that so long waited and trusted. Saved, saved! May the future be all the brighter for the dark cloud that has so long hung over it, and true friends ever ready to lend a helping hand. We believe in woman's love—in woman's devotion the more after knowing the facts above stated. God bless the true heart wherever found.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for place in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is bankruptcy of the heart.

Woman is a very nice and a very complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of a man as the work of a repeating-watch does from that of a town clock. Look at her body—how delicately formed! Observe her understanding, how subtle and acute! But look into her heart—there is the watch-work, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye to be clearly comprehended. The perception of woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition—I had almost said instinct. Spirit in conversation depends upon fancy, and women all over the world talk better than men.

We never enter the omnibus or the steamboat without expecting to be dazzled by some lustrous divinity whose glance makes golden the common air; and we never read of a revolution in human affairs without expecting a new exhibition of magnanimity in man. Why is this, except that such things are the rightful heritage of man, the inevitable ornament of his manhood? Some moralist has said that no woman had a right to be plain; which is true. Her nature entitles her to be beautiful only, and when it is really operative always renders her so. Never yet saw any one beauty in woman which was not purely womanly, and therefore, impersonal. The person who reveals it, joyously feels herself to be merely the priestess or minister of this sacred flame, and shrinks from all personal property in it, as from sacrilege. So also, no man has a right to be mean or trivial. His essential manhood entitles him to be only manly; and when he falls short of this we may be sure that his inward amplitude has been prejudiced by the limits of his outward position.

The men who flatter women do not know them sufficiently; and the men who only abuse them do not know them at all. No doubt Providence has willed that man should be the head of the human race, even as woman is its heart; that he should be its strength, as she is its solace; that he should be its wisdom, as she is its grace; that he should be its mind, its impetus, and its courage, and she its sentiment, its charm, and its consolation.

The Westminster *Review* says: "In days not far distant men found their excitement, and filled up their time, in violent bodily exercise, noisy merriment, and intemperance. They have now, in all but the very poorest classes, lost their inclination for these things, and for the coarser pleasures generally; they have now scarcely any tastes but those which they have in common with woman, and, for the first time in the world, men and women are really companions. A most beneficial change, if the companionship were between equals, but being between unequals, it produces what good observers have noticed, though without perceiving its cause, a progressive deterioration among men in what had hitherto been considered the masculine excellences. Those who are so careful that women should not become men, do not see that men are becoming what they have decided that women should be—are falling into the feebleness which they have so long cultivated in their companions. Those who are associated in their lives tend to become assimilated in character. In the present closeness of association between the sexes, man cannot attain manliness unless woman acquire it."

It is only in America that women of all classes receive that respect and consideration which they are so unquestionably entitled to by nature. This is so markedly the case, that foreigners notice it at once on arriving from abroad. Now, rightly viewed, and its bearings properly analyzed, this is one of the strongest tokens of civilization that can be adduced, and actually amounts with us to a national characteristic. In Vienna women dig cellars and carry hods; in Paris they clean the streets; in England they drudge in the fields at manly labor, for sixpence a day; in America alone is their task confined to the domestic circle, and about the sacred hearth of homes they render so cheerful and happy. We are led to draw these comparisons, because by each arrival from the old world we are so impressed with the misery that all the humble classes suffer under monarchy; and then we turn to contrast their deplorable lot with that of our own people. It is the natural result of a monarchial form of government to separate society into just two divisions, the high and low, the rich and poor. When monarchial power prevails, we see one class high up in the air basking in sunshine, while the other is sunken amid the dirt and filth. Republicanism is the only true balance. It hangs the scales in the hands of justice, and nothing can turn the beam to favor one class of humanity over another. Great reforms cannot be consummated in a day; and we do not yet despair of seeing the old world lighted upon republican altars. America is the Paradise of women. They are more respected, honored and loved, and more tenderly treated, in this country than in any other on earth. In other lands, women, in many instances, and in some constantly, toil in the fields like beasts of burden, while their fathers, and husbands, and brothers and sons sit smoking and drinking at home, or in the public bar-room, thus squandering in dissipation the pittance so hardly earned by the females of the family. What makes those men who associate habitually with women, superior to others? What makes that woman who is accustomed and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity; their faculties awaken; their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is changed continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the finger of woman, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their character are hidden, like the harness and armor of a giant, in studs and knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare. The mind of woman is peculiarly constituted, and exquisitely adapted for playing upon and influencing the finer parts of man's nature; and whenever the heart of man is dead to influence, it is dead to almost every higher and purer feeling which alone distinguishes him from the beasts of the forest. As women are respected by the men of the age, so may, from time to time, be traced by an unerring measure, the degree of civilization to which that generation has attained. We do not mean by *respect*, the senseless adoration—the outward adulation, but real contempt—displayed towards woman during the middle ages, but a deeper, a more lasting, a more valuable kind of respect. Emerson says, "We consider man the representative of intellect, and the woman as the representative of affection; but each shares the characteristic of the other, only in the man one predominates, and in the woman the other. We know woman as affectionate, as religious, as oracular, as delighting in grace and order, possessed of taste. In all ages, woman has been the representative of religion. In all countries it is the women who fill the temples. In every religious movement the woman has had an active and powerful part, not only in the most civilized, but in the most uncivilized countries; not less in the Mohammedan than the Greek and Roman religions. She holds man to religion. There is no man so reprobate, so careless of religious duty, but that he delights to have his wife a saint. All men feel the advantages that abound of that quality in a woman. My own feeling is that in all ages woman has held substantially the same influence. I think that superior women are rare. I think that women feel when they are in the press, as men of genius are said to do among energetic workers—that they see through all these efforts with finer eyes than their noisy masters. I think that all men in the presence of the best women feel overlooked and judged, and sometimes sentenced. They are the educators in all our society. Through their sympathy and quickness they are the proper mediators between those who have knowledge and those who want it."

It is a striking fact, that both the visions of angels, both the first annunciations of the resurrection, and both the first appearances of Christ, were made to women. Why was this? It seems strange that the first tidings of the resurrection from human lips should have been, not from the lips of apostles, who were to be the authorized heralds of this fact, but from the women who were to be forbidden to speak in the church. It seems, at first sight, a singular exception to the divinely ordained plan for preaching the glad tidings of finished redemption. Yet a little reflection will show that it is not exceptional, but the very order of arrangement that is repeated in every generation of the world. The fact is the same that exists in the case of a vast majority of Christians ever since. We first hear the story of the cross, the sepulchre and the throne, not from the lips of a man who stands as an ambassador for Christ, but from the lips of a woman—a pious mother, sister, or nurse—who pours into our infantile hearts this wonderful tale of love and mercy. Some, it is true, are left to an early orphanage, and some to a godless parentage; but even of these the general fact is true, that the first knowledge of Jesus is learned, not from the lips of men, but from the lips of women. Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals. They reign because they hold possession of our affections. But their influence is more or less salutory, according to the degree of esteem which is granted them. Whether they are our idols or companions, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect our morality with their virtue. This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice: Man cannot degrade a woman without himself falling into degredation; he cannot raise them without himself becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe those two great divisions of the human race, the east and the west. One-half of the ancient world remain without progress or thought, and under the load of a barbarous cultivation; women there are serfs. The other half advance towards freedom and light; the women are loved and honored.

We know no rights of woman that are separated from the rights of man. There is no injury inflicted upon the one that does not recoil upon the other. If the Turk keeps woman in abject slavery, the Turk himself becomes a degenerate slave.

Says the Rev. E. H. Chapin: The relation between man and woman is the most beautiful expression of the great law of nature. Woman is simply the equal of man—nothing more, nothing less. We have no right to determine what is woman's sphere by any arbitrary prejudices. I cannot recognize any such fact as man's rights or woman's rights; I only recognize *human* rights. Woman's orbit is the orbit of her humanity, and hence she ought to be man's equal—equal before the world, before the law, as before God. And let no one be disturbed by visions of strong-minded women. The question is, what is truth, and not what are imaginable consequences. Man may run against God's will, but cannot alter it. I urge that woman should actually be something more than she has been held to be. She has been placed above the scale and cast below it; she has been man's slave and his empress. In one place you may see her, the poor drudge of the wash-tub or the needle, working to support a drunken husband; in another place we see her in some parlor listening to the confectionery of small talk furnished by some dandy. Society around us is but little more than a modification of these two pictures. What we want is some way of deliverance for woman from being a mere slave, and something more substantial than those accomplishments which make her a mere gewgaw. The true idea of civilization will never be unfolded till woman has been placed upon an equality with man. In the cabin of the Mayflower—in the war of the Revolution, when the wives loaded the muskets, there were such men, because there were such women. The grandest transaction of history is unfolded, when she stands nearest to man as an equal; and when Christianity shall have reached its highest point, her heart will be near his hand. Let women stand upon the ground of their human nature, then there will be mutual honor and mutual help; then there will be no discordant music in the march from the paradise which they left together—to that paradise which they hope to attain.

It is pleasing to contemplate the theme of female excellence. The heart of man warms with emotion as he hears of the noble deeds of woman—as he views her quiet goodness—as he marks her conjugal devotion, her fidelity, her firmness of principle, the thousand little tendernesses clinging around her heart, animating her to please by all the winning graces and attractions that can fix affection; nor relaxing after in the cultivation of those powers which first commanded admiration, because she has secured her victory. He loves and admires her when thus true to the amiable impulses of her nature. But, if captivating in the freshness and poetry of her early feelings, when the fragrance of her own spirit falls on everything like dew, how much higher does she erect herself in his esteem when the hour of trial comes, when adversity overtakes those she loves, and the appeal to her sympathies is the strongest that can be made, because it comes through the channel of her affections. Then see what a power of endurance she exhibits; what fortitude, what energy. Qualities which, amid the sunshine of prosperity, lay latent and unperceived, for want of occasion to call them forth, now appear to view with the hope-reviving influence which we may suppose a near and friendly beacon would have upon the sinking heart of the shipwrecked mariner. Difficulties which crush the hearty spirit of man, and subdue his strength to the weakness of a child, are met by her with a courage that seems to increase proportionally to its demand. With a self-sustaining energy, she counteracts the impression of grief in her own heart, and roused by her love and constancy, she turns to her partner, now dearer than ever from the touch of misfortune, to console, to invigorate, to assist; shedding a benign influence upon his existence, which causes him to feel, amid all his misery, that happiness still remains for him while blessed with the affection of such a friend and ministrant; that labor, however rude, cannot degrade him while he is encouraged by the esteem of a heart so noble and so true.

The single woman is as important an element of private and social happiness as the married one. The utilities of each are different, but both are necessary. The single lady is, in some points of view, placed in a position of advantage. The wife resigns, or ought to resign, her claims to general attention, and to concentrate and confine her regards, wishes and objects to her chosen companion, and to domestic claims and scenes. She has quitted the public stage; and seeks no more the general gaze; she has become part of a distinct and separate proprietary. But the unmarried lady remains still the candidate for every honorable notice, and injures no one by receiving it. Those of the male sex who are in the same condition, are at as full liberty to pay their proper attentions as she is to receive them. Being in this position to society at large, she is always interesting whereever she goes, if she preserve good temper and cultivate truly feminine qualities. No green oasis in the sandy desert, nor momentary gleam of sunshine through a rift in clouds that seem portentious of coming storm and devastation, is more grateful than a happy, cheerful woman; for she is indeed the beautiful spot in what would else be life's desert, and the enlivening bit of sunshine that can make those around her forget the clouds of misfortune and doubt that are ever threatening. People may praise, and even elevate to a seat among the saints, those who heroically die as martyrs in some holy cause, or they may go wild over the possession, by others, of extraordinary gifts, that bring the world in homage to their feet, or strew their pathway with roses of adulation and flattery; but no sweetness is so lasting, nor influence so great, nor remembrance so holy and soothing, as that of a cheerful, smiling sunshiny woman, even though she may at times seem almost insignificant by the side of those gifted by nature with more resplendent talents, or crowned by the world with more regal honors. These are the women who make life a dancing kaleidoscope of hope to the beginner just crossing its threshold, and a grateful panorama of delight to those who look back upon its joys, and wonder if the future to which they are going can crown it with anything more beautiful or happifying. Nothing ever seems to go wrong with them; for they make the best of all trials and crosses, and, if they cannot do away altogether with the evil that announces itself as their guest, they cover it up and hide it with the good that accompanies it, till presently they themselves think it must have been a blessing in disguise. No trouble is too serious for them to thus gild with the doubly refined gold of cheerfulness and hope; and no calamity is so dark and deep, but the sunlight of a happy face, falling across its turbid waters, will make an answering gleam. Oh these happy women! how little do the selfish and the sombre appreciate them at their true worth! And how often, too, do their delicate shoulders bear weights that would crush others to the ground! Blessed be their eyes that they see sunshine and joy where others see only woe and darkness; even as the prophets of ancient times saw angels where others could see nothing but the coarse materiality everywhere manifest! and blessed also be the slender fingers that often guide the machinery of life that leaves others, seemingly more rugged, torn and bleeding! how patient we become when we look into the clear depths of the first, and how strong when the last twine with ours in a clasp we are loth to release! No one knows—no one ever will know till we stand upon the Abrahamic heights above the lower plane of selfishness—how much we owe to these cheerful, hopeful, uncomplaining, happy women!

A happy woman! is not she the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she cannot help it—whose smile even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a cottage? the fire-light that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandaliers in an Aladdin palace. Do they eat brown bread or drink cold water from the well? it affords them more solid satisfaction than the millionaire's *pate de foie gras* and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes wrong with them; no trouble is so serious for them, no calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of their smiles will not "make the best of it." Was ever the stream of light so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling across its turbid tide would not awaken an answering gleam? Why, these joyous tempered people do not know the good they do. What spectacle more pleasing does the world afford than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it—no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sorts of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log cabin, they make it shine with a lustre which Kings and Queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty. Happy women are the highest types of humanity, and we cannot say how much we owe to them for the progress of the race. A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. In the church, the devout worshipper and exemplary christian. Who does not love and respect the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—who has been the friend of man and God—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love, a devotion to truth and religion? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new. So long as a woman inspires love she is not old. But, what is it to be old? It does not depend upon the fact that we have existed during a certain mysterious number of years which have been allotted to each of us. To be old, is to have no longer a beauty that charms. If a woman preserves the attractions of youth until she reaches the age of one hundred, she will be younger than the woman of twenty who has lost them. Ah, if only the mellow-minded matron could preserve the shining skin of youth! but still this mellowness accompanies decay. If a woman could be beautiful without, when the mind has individualized within, when she can talk from her own experience, not from her mamma's, and is qualified to hold an unreflected opinion, because she has had her own suffering, her own genuine loves and aversions, ay, and her chastening disappointments—those gray tints in the landscape, without which all is glare and vulgarity—what an enchantress should we have! nothing could withstand her. But with the mind of the siren come the wrinkles and the gray hairs to save us. The real influence of a true woman is stronger to-day than ever, only our standard of true womanhood is higher. We ask more at her hands because we realize more fully her magnificent capabilities. Upon the stage her greatness has long been recognized, but in the world of art, and music, and fiction, and the still nobler social influences which she wields, her laurels are greener and of fresher growth. For the first time, too, her intellect is grappling with subjects hitherto denied her. Into the mysteries of Nature she is taking her first step. Science is showing her strange wonders. Philosophy is teaching her the occult forces and hidden laws of the world of thought. The dull monotony of domestic duty rises in the dignity of intelligent labor as she sees its deep-meaning and far-reaching power. For the old helplessness comes the restful consciousness of acknowledged strength; and the stifling calm of a life without high aims, is exchanged for the quickened impulses and healthful activities of ambitious effort.

D'Israeli, speaking of the society of refined and charming women, says:—"It is an acquaintance which, when habitual, exercises a great influence over the tone of the mind, even if it does not produce any more violent effects. It refines taste, quickens the perception, and gives, as it were, a grace and flexibility to your intellect." Somewhere else the same writer remarks that, "men are as much stimulated to mental effort by the sympathy of the gentler sex, as by the desire of power and fame. Women are more disposed to appreciate worth and intellectual superiority than men, or, at least, they are as often captivated by the noble manifestations of genius, as by the fascinations of manners and the charms of persons." And Sidney Smith says:—"Among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering on enthusiasm." Again, another writer observes that, "Of all other views a man may, in time, grow tired, but in the countenances of women there is a variety which sets satiety at defiance. 'The divine right of beauty,' says Junius, 'is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.'"

Said Mr. Soule, in a speech delivered in the California Senate:—"When I reflect upon the conduct of many married men in California—their faithlessness to every vow which they made at the altar—how completely they fail in the performance of their duties—how virtuous and industrious, faithful and patient women are imposed upon by worthless brutes of husbands, as great tyrants at home as drunkards and debauchers abroad—my respect for the sex prompts me to do all within my power to protect her rights and secure her happiness. I love woman—I have loved her all my life, and dying hope to be faithful to the same high and inspiring sentiments. For amid all the varied scenes, temptations, struggles and hopes of existence, one star, brighter than all others, has lighted and guided me onward; if ever I had any high and noble ambition, the exciting energy has been in the approving smile coming from the eye of woman. And I judge her influence is thus upon others. Gentle in her affections, yet mighty in her influence, her medium rule is as powerful as the ballot box, and she only needs the protection of law against those who have no law in their habits and propensities. She has lulled me from my boyhood with the soft and winning influence of her virtues and beauty. I remember my first love; my baby affections at four years of age. I have been in love nearly every month since—save the dark and rayless days and years which succeeded the desolate hearth and made the heart, too, desolate. And never, sir, while I remember my mother, long since in the grave—I remember the night when she died—never while I recollect my sisters and the abuses which might have been theirs—never while I hold in memory one other—and her memory is all that is left to me—shall I refuse to give my voice and influence, and my vote, for any measure necessary to protect and cherish the weaker and better portion of creation against the oppression, neglect or abuse of my own sex."

The influence which woman exerts is silent and still, felt rather than seen, not chaining the hands, but restraining our actions by gliding into the heart. Quincy being asked why there were more women than men, replied, "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature. We always see more of heaven than of earth." He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path—but when he returns to his fireside, and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life, who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows—increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart—and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes. No, that man cannot be miserable who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised, and trodden upon by the world. No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family—when it is found in the wife or mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold, it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life, it retains all its freshness and power. The next best thing to a really good woman is a really good-natured one. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a woman who had been all tenderness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest winds of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rived by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its scattered boughs. So it is beautifully ordained that woman who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in happiest hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten by sudden calamity.

Mysterious woman! Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose bud. But let real calamity come—rouse her affections—enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird—anything she loves or pities, to protect—and see her, as in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsons her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of earth—awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing—her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away, pale and affrightened. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but united in the furnace. In short—woman is a miracle—a mystery, the center from which radiates the great charm of existence. Under the most depressing circumstances woman's weakness becomes fearless courage, all her shrinking and sinking passes away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamantine firmness, when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspiration of her affections.

When, in despair, man's scarce uplifted eye
Sees foes who linger, fancied friends who fly,
Woman steps forth and boldly braves the shock,
Firm to his interests as the granite rock;
She stems the wave, unshrinking meets the storm,
And wears his guardian angel's earthly form!
And if she cannot check the tempest's course,
She points a shelter from its whelming force!
When envy's sneer would coldly blight his name,
And busy tongues are sporting with his fame,
Who solves each doubt, clears every mist away,
And makes him radiant in the face of day?
She who would peril fortune, fame and life,
For man, the ingrate—the devoted wife.

Much of the gold-dust of humanity lies beneath our feet, unseen by the multitude, in unwritten biography. Particularly is this true of the female sex. Besides the mother of Washington, there have been Mary's, whose characters have been equally as beautiful as hers; and yet they are wholly unknown to fame. They had neither son nor husband possessed of a sufficiency of the elements of greatness to make themselves famous; consequently these good mothers lived, wrought, died, and were unheard of. Yet they lived not in vain; if meriting the title of "excellent," in the spiritual sense, their work was approved by their Divine Master; their influence was felt powerfully in a limited circle; and while they have gone to their reward, the impress of their character is left behind, to be felt by generations to come. Women in their course of action, describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness. There may be here and there a soaring female who looks down with disdain on the paltry affairs of "this dim speck called earth;" who despises order and regularity as indications of a groveling spirit; but a sound mind judges directly contrary. The larger the capacity, the wider is the space of duties it takes in. Proportion and propriety are among the best secrets of domestic wisdom; and there is no surer test of integrity and judgment than a well proportioned expenditure.

Many families have owed their prosperity full as much to the propriety of female management as to the knowledge and activity of the father. The managing woman is a pearl among women; she is one of the prizes in the great lottery of life, and the man who draws her may rejoice for the rest of his days. Better than riches, she is a fortune in herself—a gold mine never failing in its yield—a spring of pleasant water, whose banks are fringed with moss and flowers when all around is bleached white with sterile sand. The managing woman can do anything, and she does everything well. Perceptive and executive, of quick sight and steady hand, she always knows exactly what is wanting, and supplies the deficiency with a tact and cleverness peculiar to herself. She knows the capabilities of persons as well as things, for she has an intuitive knowledge of character. The managing woman, if not always patient, is always energetic, and can never be disappointed into inaction. Though she has to teach the same thing over and over again, she is never weary of her vocation of arranging and ordering, and never less than hopeful of favorable results. The woman, poor, ill clad as she may be, who balances her income and expenditures—toils and sweats in quiet, unrepining mood among her children, and presents them morning and evening, as offerings of love in rosy health and cheerful purity—is the proudest dame, and the bliss of a happy home shall dwell with her forever. If one prospect be dearer than another to bend the proud and inspire the broken-hearted—it is for a smiling wife to meet her husband at the door with his host of happy children. How it stirs up the tired blood of an exhausted man when he hears the rush of children upon the staircase—when the crow and carol of their young voices mix in glad confusion, and the smallest mounts and sinks into his arms amidst right mirthful shouts!

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher says: "That the woman who is able to systematize and carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary family, illustrates higher sagacity than is called for by seven-tenths of the tasks done by men. Men take one trade, and work at it; a mother's and house-keeper's work requires a touch from all trades. A man has his work hours, and his definite tasks; a woman has work at all hours, and an incessant confusion of tasks. Let any man do a woman's work for a single day—wash and dress the children, having provided their clothes the night before; see that breakfast is under way to suit a fault-finding husband; the wash-boiler on with water for the wash, and the clothes assorted ready for the washing; the dish-water heating, and the luncheon brought out ready for the school children; a nice dinner in the father's dinner pail; the beds made after proper airing; the father's convenience exactly hit for family prayers, the systematic sweeping of the house at least once a week, and of lower rooms once to three times a day, according to the number of men to bring in the mud; the actual washing and out-hanging of the clothes; the drying, sprinkling, and to-morrow the ironing, the same sorting and mending of them, and the provision of new ere the old give out; the making of bread three times a week, with cake and pies intercalated judiciously; pickles, preserves, and cellar stores to be laid in, and not to be forgotten in their season; children's manners attended to; company to be entertained; her own person to be tidied up to please her husband's eye; the tired man to be welcomed and waited on by the no less tired wife, and the home made cheerful; his trousers to be patched after he goes to bed, so that he can put them on in the morning; the children to be helped about their lessons; and reminded not to forget their Sunday school lessons; the shopping and marketing to be done for the household; house repairs to be attended to, and matters in general to be kept straight around home. Meanwhile, papa must not be hindered about his work, because his work brings the money. Yes, man's work brings the money, but does not so tax the head, and heart, and hand, as woman's work does."

An over-worked woman is always a sad sight—sadder a great deal than an over-worked man, because she is so much more fertile in her capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail that killed Sisera, into her temples—sometimes letting her work with half her brain, while the other half throbs as if it would go to pieces—sometimes tightening round the brows as if her cap band were Luke's iron crown—and then her neuralgia's, and her back-aches, and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing, and less than nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak lightly of as hysterical—convulsions, that is all, only not commonly fatal ones—so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure, that she is always entitled to pity when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies.

Every wife knows her husband's income, or ought to know it. That knowledge should be the guide of her conduct. A clear understanding respecting domestic expenses is necessary to the peace of every dwelling. If it be little, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." If it be ample, let it be enjoyed with all thankfulness. We believe that partners in privation are more to each other than partners in wealth. Those who have suffered together love more than those who have rejoiced together. Love is "the drop of honey in the draught of gall." When the wife, seeing her duty, has made up her mind to this, she will brighten her little home with smiles that will make it a region of perpetual sunshine. She will never even imply a wish for things which are the appendages of wealth. She knows they could be purchased at a cost from which she turns shudderingly. Following with the acuteness of a quickened affection every turn of her husband's thoughts, if she should see that he leans towards the world's good things, that he gives orders to his wine merchant beyond the bounds of their enforced temperate indulgences, that luxuries are sent home to her, then let her bestir herself for his safety and her own, for they are indissolubly united. If he bring her costly boxes of sweetmeats, half-a-dozen packages of French gloves, or even half-dollar *bouquets*, then let her remember that these things are the beginning of evil. Let her take her woman's power into her own hands, and by all the gentle arts of love and the powerful arguments of truth, let her win him back to contentment with the lot that Heaven has bestowed, and so forcing him to acknowledge that its best blessing is his *wife.*

A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank yet established—one that receives deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if "the women" would imbibe it at once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus, when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and, shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to save in. The best way to make her comprehend it, is for her to keep an account of current expenses. Probably not one wife in ten has any idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family. Where from five hundred to a thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something, if the attempt is only made. Let the house-wife take the idea, act upon it, strive over it, and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds—where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty—not a prompting of avarice—a moral obligation that rests upon "the woman," as well as the man.

The saving woman is generally a woman of good taste. You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurance of shopmen and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally suppose to be brought from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which are often bought at the nearest town, and made by her own help. Not that the costume is either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears about her. She puts no faith in velvet bands or gilt buttons, or twisted cording. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh; and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own age and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even-tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

Has Woman a profession? Certainly she has; and its duties in dignity and importance yield to those of none of the professions of man. The training of the human mind in childhood and youth—the care of the human body in infancy and sickness—and the conservation of the family state—these are the distinctive duties of Woman's profession.

Wherever a woman goes, says Gov. Briggs, you may look for something good; to whatever they give their countenance and support, you may depend upon it that success is to be looked for. Whenever they give their support to institutions, by coming out and listening to lectures, by giving their aid, their support, their example and their presence, it argues favorably for the cause. Now let me tell you, my female friends, that you have a greater part to perform, in the business of educating children, than any body else. I remember twelve or fifteen years ago, while at home, I, for the first time, possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adams' mother, and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters addressed to her son, while yet a boy of twelve years old, in Europe; says she—"I would rather see you laid in your grave, than that you should grow a profane and graceless boy." On my return to Washington I went over to Mr. Adams' seat one day, and said I—"Mr. Adams, I found out who made you!" "What do you mean?" said he. I replied, "I have been reading the letters of your mother!" If I had named that dear name to some little boy, who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eye could not have flashed more brightly, or his face glowed quicker, than did the eye and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He started up, in his peculiar manner, and emphatically said—"Yes! Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me, I owe to my mother."

Oh what a testimony was that, from this venerable old man, to his mother, who had in his remembrance all the scenes of his manhood! "All that is good in me I owe to my mother!" Mothers! think of this when your bright eyed little boys are about you! Mothers make the first impression upon the minds of their children, and those impressions will be the last to be effaced.

The influence which the wife of Gen. Jackson had over her husband is said to have been very extraordinary. She was of obscure origin, and totally uneducated; yet she inherited from nature those fine and noble traits of her sex to such perfection that her power was very great. Gen. Jackson was attached to her in early life, but by some means or other the matter was interrupted, and she married another, who proved a villain, and the connection was a most unhappy one. General Jackson became interested in her, and the consequence was a divorce—after which he married her. She is said to have possessed none of those accomplishments which are supposed to adorn fashionable life; reared in the backwoods, seeing and knowing but little of refined society. Yet her fine person, strong affections, and good sense, the three essentials of a woman, enabled her to take hold with irresistible force of the bold, strong, and fiery warrior and statesman to whom she was wedded. It was the lion held in the embrace of the fawn. The influence she exercised is said to have bordered on the superstitious. He imagined that no power or act of his could succeed, or be carried out, averse to her will, or in opposition to her feelings. She seemed his guardian angel by day and by night; holding in her hands his life, his fate, his all. An intimate friend of his says, that so long as he lived, he wore her miniature near his heart, and never alluded to her except in a manner so subdued and full of reverence, that the listener was deeply impressed with her transcendent worth.

Dr. Boardman, in his admirable work, "Hints on Domestic happiness," inculcates this doctrine, which we cordially endorse: In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of our church, he made this fine observation: "We will say nothing of the manner in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the *intuitive judgments of women* are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning.". No man that has an intelligent wife, or who is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps, with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of doubts and difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than by a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instinct of the animal races; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that, when a man has toiled step by step up a flight of stairs he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to *tell how she got there.* How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife, stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her.

When a woman is possessed of a high degree of tact, she sees, as by a kind of second sight, when any little emergency is like to occur, or when, to use a more familiar expression, things do not seem to go right. She is thus aware of any sudden turn in conversation, and prepared for what it may lead to; but above all, she can penetrate into the state of mind of those she is placed in contact with, so as to detect the gathering gloom upon another's brow, before the mental storm shall have reached any formidable height; to know when the tone of voice has altered; when any unwelcome thought shall have presented itself, and when the pulse of feeling is beating higher or lower, in consequence of some apparently trifling circumstance which has just transpired. In these and innumerable other instances of a similar nature, the woman of tact not only perceives the variations which are constantly taking place in the atmosphere of social life, but she adapts herself to them with a facility which the law of love enables her to carry out, so as to spare her friends the pain and annoyance which so frequently arise out of the mere mismanagement of familiar and apparently unimportant affairs. And how often do these seeming trifles—these accidental betrayals of what there would have been no duplicity in concealing—how often do these wound us more than direct unkindness.

A lady will look a servant who comes to be hired in the face, and say, he is not honest. She cannot tell you why she thinks so, she says she does not like his expression; she *feels* he is not honest—no consideration would induce her to take him into her service. He has the best of character, and you engage him; he robs you—you may be quite sure he will do that. Years after, another man comes; the same lady looks him in the face, and says he, too, is not honest; she says so, again, fresh from her mere insight; but you, also, say he is not honest. You say, I remember I had a servant with just the same look about him, three years ago, and he robbed me. This is one great distinction of the female intellect; it walks directly and unconsciously, by more delicate insight and a more refined and a more trusted intuition, to an end to which men's minds grope carefully and ploddingly along. Women have exercised a most beneficial influence in softening the hard and untruthful outline which knowledge is apt to assume in the hands of direct scientific observers and experimenters; they have prevented the casting aside of a mass of most valuable truth, which is too fine to be caught in the material sieve, and eludes the closest questioning of the microscope and the test-glass; which is allied with our passions, our feelings; and especially holds the fine boundary-line where mind and matter, sense and spirit, wave their floating and undistinguishable boundaries, and exercise their complex action and reaction.

It is more honorable to have the regard of a few noble women, than to be popular among a greater number of men. Having in themselves the qualities that command our love, they are, for that reason, the better able to appreciate the traits that deserve to inspire. The heart must be judged by the heart, and men are too intellectual in the process by which they form their regards. Some ladies will forgive silliness; but none ill manners. And there are but few capable of judging of your learning or genius; but all of your behavior.

Though men boast of holding the reins, the woman generally tell them which way they must drive. Sheridan beautifully said:—"Women govern us, let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men." "Woman," says a western orator, "wields the Archimedean lever, whose fulcrum is childhood, whose weight is the world, whose length is all time, and whose sweep is eternity." "There is nothing," says Sir Samuel Romilly, "by which I have thought life more profited, than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere and gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women." It has been very justly said, that without female society the beginning of our lives would be helpless, the meridian without refinement, and the close without comfort. The strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze. We confess to a great distrust of that man who persistently underrates woman. Never did language better apply to an adjective than when she called the wife the "better-half." We admire the ladies because of their beauty, respect them because of their virtues, adore them because of their intelligence, and love them because *we can't help it.*

I have always thanked God, says an old philosopher, that I was not born a woman, deeming her the bestower rather than the enjoyer of happiness—the flower-crowned sacrifice offered up to the human lord of creation. Heaven knows how many simple-minded women, have been kissed, cherished, and wept over by men of far loftier intellect. So it will always be to the end of time. It is a lesson worth learning by those young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or to dazzle by their genius, that though he may admire; no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not incompatible with them—her woman's nature, and her heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius and intellectual power pass by the De Staels and the Corinnes, to take unto his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is —what so few of your "female celebrities" are—a true woman.

Some one writes: "We like homely women. We have always liked them. We do not carry the peculiarity far enough to include the hideous or positively ugly; for since beauty and money are the only capital the world will recognize in women, they are more to be pitied than admired; but we have a chivalric, enthusiastic regard for plain women! We never saw one who was not modest, and unassuming, and sweet tempered, and seldom came across one who was not virtuous, and had not a good heart. Made aware early in life of their want of beauty by the slighted attentions of the opposite sex, vanity and affectation never take root in their hearts. See them in the street, at home, or in the church, and they are always the same; and the smile which ever lives upon the face is not forced there to fascinate, but as the spontaneous sunshine reflected from a kind heart—a flower which takes root in the soul and blooms upon the lips, inspiring respect instead of passion. Plain women make good wives, good mothers, cheerful homes and happy husbands, and we never see one but we thank heaven that it has kindly created women of sense, as well as beauty, for it is seldom a female is found possessing both."

Another writer says: "There are two classes of good women—the Marthas and the Marys. The former represent the active, and the latter the passive voice of the feminine conjugation. Without by any means controverting the Scriptural idea, we borrow the names there used to illustrate facts in modern social life. Both Marthas and Marys are affectionate, but the love of Mary is a sentimental dream, and evaporates in verbal homage and empty caresses. Mary will tie a bouquet for you, or possibly knit a purse, if she had abundant leisure. She will join you in a quiet stroll, especially when the calls of duty are urgent in the house, but even then she prefers a drive. She absorbs attentions without rendering many; she makes a luxury of friendship, and either wears it like a jewel or drinks it like a julep. She sweetly assures you that "you are worth so much to her." Meantime, except that she charm your fancy, she is worth very little to you. With Martha it is otherwise. Her love is untiring and practicable. She gives where Mary receives. She prepares the entertainment which Mary enjoys. She smooths your pillow, while Mary is kissing you good night, and repairs your wardrobe in an anteroom while you are lost in slumber, she meanwhile breathing a prayer for your welfare, of which you do not dream. She takes care of the children while you go with Mary to the excursion; she packs the refreshments for the pic-nic, while Mary helps you to arrange the flowers. She takes cheerfully the roughest duties, because her dress is of a firm material, that will neither tear nor soil; while Mary requires your aid to enable her to protect from injury her gossamer berage. If there is any repulsive task that must be done in solitude, that admits of no assistance, and elicits no praise, give yourself no uneasiness—Martha will attend to it. She has a positive genius for that kind of thing. Indeed, Martha is a very convenient person to have in the house. It is pleasant to think that she will do whatever she can for you, and that she does it because she loves you. You sometimes drop her a kind word when you think of it, just to see her face light up in consequence. At such times she is almost pretty. You regret that she looks ordinarily so thin and anxious. You hear her cough of a morning, and excuse an occasional neglect of some or many of your stated comforts. You are surprised and shocked when she dies some day. You blend your tears with Mary's, (Mary is beautiful in tears,) and you feel that sympathy is sweet. You plant a rose—not a thornless rose—above Martha's grave, and after a proper interval of sorrow—marry Mary.

The following are given as natural characteristics of women: The English woman is respectful and proud; the French woman is gay and agreeable; the Italian is ardent and passionate; the American is sincere and affectionate. With an English woman love is a principle; with a French woman it is a caprice; with an Italian it is a passion; with an American it is a sentiment. A man is married to an English lady; united to a French woman; cohabits with an Italian; and is wedded to an American. An English woman is anxious to secure a lord; a French woman, a companion; an Italian, a lover; an American, a husband. The Englishman respects his lady; the Frenchman esteems his companion; the Italian adores his mistress; the American loves his wife. At night the Englishman returns to his house; the Frenchman to his establishment; the Italian to his retreat; the American to his home. When an Englishman is sick, his lady visits him; when a Frenchman is sick, his companion pities him; when an Italian is sick, his mistress sighs over him; when an American is sick, his wife nurses him. When an Englishman dies, his lady is bereaved; when a Frenchman dies, his companion grieves; when an Italian dies, his mistress laments; when an American dies, his wife mourns. An English woman instructs her offspring; a French woman teaches her progeny; an Italian rears her young; an American educates her child.

An old Spanish writer says that a woman is quite perfect and absolute in beauty if she have thirty good points. Here they are: Three things white—the skin, the teeth, the hands; three black—the eyes, eyebrows and eyelashes; three red—the lips, the cheeks, the nails; three long—the body, the hair, the hands; three short—the teeth, the ears, the feet; three broad—the chest, the brow, the space between the eyebrows; three narrow—the mouth. the waist, the instep; three large—the arm, the hip, the calf; three free—the fingers, the hair, the lips; three small—the breast, the nose, the head. Thirty in all. A Chinese maxim says: We require four things for woman—that virtue dwell in her heart, that modesty play on her brow, that sweetness flow from her lips, and industry occupy her hands.

Those women who are most loved by their own sex, are precisely such as are most thought of by the other. The railing of a cross woman, like the railing of a garden, keeps people at a distance. A woman fascinates us quite as often by what she overlooks as by what she sees. If women knew their power and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper, for then they are irresistable. All women past seventy are divided into three classes—first, "that dear old soul," second, "that old woman," third, "that old witch." Women can easily preserve their youth; for she who captivates the heart and understanding never grows old. The lady looks oldest who tries to conceal her age. If she refuses to let her age be upon her tongue, it will be all the more in her face. A lovely face is the more admired if goodness shines through it, just as the glorious sky is the oftener gazed at because Heaven is there. A woman is a great deal like a piece of ivy—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. Unraveling the cord of man's existence, you will generally find the blackest hank twined in it by a woman's hand; but it is not less common to trace the golden thread to the same spindle. The ladies should consider that to kiss the lips of a swearer is a kind of profanity. Don't kiss a painted woman; she is like painted fruit—only to be looked at, not tasted. We read in a Sheffield paper, that "the last polish to a piece of cutlery is given by the hand of woman." Apropos to this, it may be said of human cutlery, that, "the last polish to a young blade is given by his mixing with female society." A beautiful girl—beautiful in youth, health and purity—who wakes from sleep at touch of morning light, as the flowers do, with a cheerful grace;

whose first tones, like those of the birds, are the most musical of the day; from whose brow every trace of yesterday's wear and last night's care is swept away, even as the face of nature is renewed and brightened by the summer dew—such a girl is worth the winning.

There is a period to the early life of every true woman when moral and intellectual growth seems for a time to cease—the vacant heart seeks for an occupant. The intellect having to appropriate such aliment as was requisite to the growth of the uncrowned feminine nature, feels the necessity of more intimate companionship with the masculine mind to start it upon its second period of development. Here, at this point, some stand for years without ever making a step in advance. Others marry and astonish, in a few brief years, by their sweet temper, their new beauty, their high accomplishments, and their noble womanhood, those whose blindness led them to suppose that they were among the incurably heartless and frivolous.

Cultivated women are as much an ornament and honor to a city or State as cultivated men. France has as much distinction from Madame de Stael as from the most brilliant of its philosophers. Fanny Burney, (Madme. D'Arblay,) Mrs. Macauley, Agnes Strickland, and numerous other females, shed the highest lustre on England. The Irish boast of Miss Edgeworth, of the Porters, of Lady Morgan, and of Lady Blessington, with spirit indicative of the highest appreciation. Scotland, too, has gained in honor through the education of more than one of its "bonnie, bright-eyed lasses." Every country in Europe has been benefited by talented women. So has our own beloved America.

Says the traveler, Ledyard: "I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like a man, to perform any hospitable or generous action; not haughty or arrogant, or supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society, industrious, economical, ingenious, more liable, in general to err than man, but in general also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he."

The gentle tendrils of woman's heart sometimes twine around a proud and sinful spirit like roses and honeysuckles around a lightning-rod, clinging for support to what brings down upon them the blasting thunderbolt. It is said that a man frequently admits he was wrong, but a woman, never—she was "only mistaken."

It is always easy to tell a true lady whenever or where ever you meet her. Ten women shall get into an omnibus, and, though we never saw them before, we shall select you the true lady. She does not titter when a gentleman, handing up her fare, knocks off his hat, or pitches it awry over his nose; nor does she receive her "change," after this (to him) inconvenient act of gallantry, in grim silence. She wears no flowered brocade to be trodden under foot, nor ball-room jewelry, nor rose-tinted gloves; but the lace frill round her face is scrupulously fresh, and the strings under her chin have evidently been handled only by dainty fingers. She makes no parade of a watch, if she wears one; nor does she draw off her dark neatly fitting glove to display ostentatious rings. Still we notice, nestling in the straw beneath us, such a trim little boot, not paper soled, but of an anti-consumption thickness; the bonnet upon her head is of plain straw, simply trimmed, for your true lady never wears a "dress hat" in an omnibus. She is quite as civil to the *poorest* as to the *richest* person who sits beside her, and equally regardful of their rights. If she attracts attention, it is by the unconscious grace of her person and manner, not by the ostentation of her dress. We are quite sorry when she pulls the strap and disappears; if we were a bachelor we should go home to our solitary den, with a resolution to become a better and a—married man.

The aim of a real lady is always to be natural and unaffected, and to wear her talents, her accomplishments, and her learning, as well as the newest and finest dresses, as if she did not know that she had them about her. No woman with a *lady-like* mind ever attempts to make what is called a "splurge." Not that a desire for celebrity is incompatible with the character of a gentlewoman; but a gentlewoman never confounds celebrity with *notoriety;* never deems it necessary to be rude and *mannish* in order to gain a reputation for eccentricity. If gifted with genius, she is content to shine without endeavoring to coruscate. The term lady is often grossly misapplied. It does not of necessity belong to *position.* It *should* apply to the intellectual, the highly educated, the highly placed among the sex, but there are some individuals of this favored few for whom it would be a misnomer. We meet with such persons occasionally in society, and read of their "smart" sayings and unlady-like doings in the newspapers. On the other hand, ladies are to be found in log cabins, and in regions where there are no "finishing academies;" for what sapient Dogberry said of reading and writing, is true of genuine courtesy and politeness. They "come by nature." A woman of gentle and kindly disposition is intuitively well mannered. She may be ignorant of the forms prescribed by etiquette, but her heart is her "master of the ceremonies," and therefore she is never bitter for the sake of being brilliant, nor harsh and abrupt when she should be considerate and dignified. Giddy girls—ay, and some of the sex who are old enough to know better—sometimes take a miserable pride in defying public opinion. They think it indicates a spirit of independence and self-reliance. Boisterousness is a quality which does *not* "highly become a woman," and yet we are sorry to say that it is occasionally indulged in to a very disagreeable extent by ladies moving in good society. As this allegation might be deemed a slander on the sex unless supported by proof, we will cite an example. A short time before Piccolomini left New York we attended one of the matinees at the Academy of Music. The majority of the audience consisted of ladies; but had they been dressed in cassimere and broadcloth we might have mistaken a good many of them for rowdies. They shouted, screamed, and hustled each other. Gentlemen are rarely so ungentlemanly, as some of the adorable gender were on that occasion. Finally, a person connected with the opera came forward and announced to the *ladies* who were making the disturbance, that unless they desisted, he must call in the police! This threat in a measure stilled the tumult, but a few disorderlies in crinoline chose to consider the rebuke an insult, and continued to talk in a high tone throughout the performance, to the great annoyance of the quiet portion of the assemblage. The sensationists of the sex may possibly think us ungallant in thus referring to their peculiarities; but if we could only succeed in making them "see themselves as others see them" they would join their gentler sisters in thanking us for holding the mirror up, not to nature, but to an affectation of eccentricity.

If a well-bred woman is surprised in careless costume, she does not try to dodge behind the door to conceal deficiencies. She remains calm and self-possessed, and makes up in dignity what she may want in decoration. In conversation, the words of a true lady are rather fit than fine, very choice and yet not chosen. Though her language be not gaudy, yet the plainness thereof pleaseth; it is so proper and handsomely put on. Some having a set of fine phrases, will hazard an impertinency to use them all, as thinking they give full satisfaction for dragging in the matter by head and shoulders, if they dress it in quaint expressions. Others often repeat the same things; the Platonic year of their discourses being not above three days long, in which term all the same matter returns over again, thread-bare talk, ill suiting with the variety of their clothes. There is one part of woman's education often forgotten or neglected—the culture and formation of a gentle voice. It is a great gift of nature, to be aided by culture—an instrument of powerful influence for good. I speak not of singing hymns, now, and the culture of harmony for musical purposes—though these tend to God's praise, or to give innocent amusement; but this gentle voice will be able to guide and persuade to good the manly heart of a faithful husband, will mitigate sorrow, lessen trial, and speak of hope and joy to her dearest friends and connections, in accents at once powerful and pleasing. Let us then be careful in our schools to cultivate this most valuable acquirement. How different in all respects, to a family, for friends and neighbors, are the kind, gentle, persuasive accents I have described, from sounds we sometimes (alas too often) hear in the close abodes of poverty and trial—high, harsh, female treble tones of bitter import—scolding and reproaching, and driving away from the hearth and home (perhaps to sorrow and sin) the husband and the children. Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the dutiful child, and cheers the weary husband!

It was a graceful turn of speech in the gentleman who, when remarking that "woman should keep her proper sphere," was asked sharply by a lady—"what *is* her *proper* sphere?" "Madam:" replied the gentleman—it is a celestial sphere!" This, though, at first sight, a mere compliment, is replete with truth. The sphere of a true woman is indeed a celestial sphere, and she is an angel if she properly adorns it. It is the peculiar province of woman to inspire love; and this love, to be lasting, must build itself on esteem. Surely, if there be a heaven, "as is our trust," it must be a sphere in which pure love is the atmosphere; and if there be an object more pleasant than another, or more fitted to inspire the purest energies of woman, it must be the attainment of that blessed station in which she shall be an angelic ministrant in this, her native and peculiar sphere. The standard of woman's excellence—her value in the social scale—is in all civilized communities, fixed by herself. True, in remote ages, or among savage or barbaric nations, the female has been degraded, and forced to occupy a position more or less subservient; but it is equally true that examples of woman's higher attributes gleam brightly even through these clouded periods of her destiny. Semiramis, Zenubius, Cleopatra, Judith, Jael, Jezebel, and the lovelier characters of Ruth and Abigail, present themselves the more vividly because they are isolated proofs of the power of woman to individualize herself, even in the immensity of history. "By what charm canst thou control thy husband thus?" was asked of the spouse of Scipio, if we remember rightly. "I rule by obeying!" replied Cornelia. And it was this noble Roman matron who, impatient of being known as the "wife of Scipio," exclaimed to her sons—"when shall I be called the mother of the Grachii?" Posterity answered that question, and posterity shows likewise, the name of a Mary the mother of Washington. Say not, then, that woman hath not her reward. Let her be true to her sphere, exalting by her influence the sons and husbands and fathers of the nation, and to the latest epoch of time, "her children will rise up and call her blessed."

Says that admirably pure writer, T. S. Arthur: "For myself, I am sure that a different mother would have made me a different man. When a boy I was too much like the self-willed, excitable C—; but the tenderness with which my mother always treated me, and the unimpassioned but earnest manner in which she reproved and corrected my faults, subdued my unruly temper. When I became restless or impatient, she always had a book to read to me, or a story to tell, or had some device to save me from myself. My father was neither harsh nor indulgent towards me; I cherish his memory with respect and love. But I have different feelings when I think of my mother, I often feel, even now, as if she were near me—as if her cheek were laid to mine. My father would *place his hand upon my head*, caressingly, but my mother would *lay her cheek against mine.* I did not expect my father to do more; for him it was a natural expression of affection. Her kiss upon my cheek, her warm embrace, are all felt now, and the older I grow, the more holy seem the influences that surrounded me in childhood."

All honor to woman! Without her smiles the world would lose its brightness—society's charm would exist no longer. Christianity would languish without her aid. "In whose principles," said the dying daughter of Ethan Allen to her sceptical father—"in whose principles shall I die—yours or my Christian mother's?" The stern old hero of Ticonderoga brushed away a tear from his eye as he turned away and with the same rough voice which summoned the British to surrender, now tremulous with deep emotion, said—"in your Christian mother's, child, in your mother's." Sacred to the heart is the memory of a mother's love.

It has often been truly remarked that in sickness there is no hand like a woman's hand—no heart like a woman's heart—no eye so untiring—no hope so fervent. Woman by a sick man's couch is divinity impersonated. If there be a situation wherein woman may be deemed to appropriate angelic attributes, it is when she ministers, as only woman can, to the wants and weakness of the invalid! Whose hand like hers can smooth his pillow? Whose voice so effectually silences the querulousness of his temper? Proffered by her, the viand hath an added zest, and even the nauseous medicament is divested of its loathsomeness.

To certain women there is an inexpressible fascination in this dalliance with danger—the compromise between love and coquetry. It is their one excitement, and it is worth to them all the thousand others that serve to relieve, or more often to distract, the dullness of their lords and masters. They are content to be whirled out of their own thoughts in that pleasing vortex. Its edifying rapidity is so delightful—its attraction so gently powerful—its surface, up to the very edge, so smooth and glassy; all is charming until the last fatal plunge itself, when the abyss is opened to its victim and then closes upon her forever. Without constancy there is neither love, friendship or virtue. All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old, depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is willfully to remove the broadest corner stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts. But let a woman err, and she is driven, like Eve, from the social paradise. If even the breath of suspicion blow upon her vestal robe, it is soiled. If she lapse but once from the path of virtue, she "falls like Lucifer." No penitence, however protracted, can replace her on the pedestal from which she fell. No tears can wash away the stain upon her fair name. You might as well attempt to reconstruct a broken vase or to restore the tints and fragrance of a faded flower.

"The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway
Where the lord of the valley crossed over the moor,
And many a deep print
In the white snow's tint
Showed the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray,
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false lord came!
But none shall see the day,
When the stain shall pass away—
The stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

Man may err, and be forgiven; but poor woman, with all his temptation, and but half his strength, is placed beyond the hope of earthly salvation, if she but once be tempted on to crime.

Pleasure is to women, what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, etiolates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are, perhaps, as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance. The utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; first, in her piety towards

God; and next, in the duties of a daughter, a wife, a mother, and a sister.

When the Emperor Conrade, besieged Guelpho, Duke of Bavaria, he would not accept of any other conditions than that the men should be prisoners; but that the women might go out of the town without violation of their honor, on foot, and with so much only as they could carry about them, which was no sooner known, than they contrived to carry out upon their shoulders, their husbands and children, and even the Duke himself. The Emperor was so affected with the generosity of the action, that he treated the Duke and his people ever after, with great humanity.

In all the characters of excellent women, there is not a more illustrious instance of filial piety than the story of Cimomus, who, being cast into prison, and there adjudged to be starved to death, his daughter Xantippe fed him through the iron grate with the milk of her own breasts. When Columbus braved the perils of unknown seas to add America to the world, it was the white hand of a woman that fitted him for his venturesome voyage of discovery. So woman equips man every day for the voyage of life. Woman, as man's *helper*, rises to her "peculiar and best altitude." He represents the intellect —she the mind-governing heart. Power appertains to him; but *influence*, more subtle and penetrating than power, in its most delicate and all-pervading form, belongs to her. A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage. So everywhere; man executes the performances, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comforts.

CHILDHOOD.

It is pleasant to see an innocent child, just budding into life—just beginning to lisp the words of its mother's tongue. With no care upon its brow, free from art and guile, without deceit, it but lisps the feelings of conscious innocence. There is a beautiful mystery about infancy and childhood. It is natural for us to gaze upon a gentle child with feelings of love, and something of reverence and wonder. I delight in little children; I could spend hours in watching them. How much there is in them that the Saviour loved, when he took a little child and set him in the midst. Their simplicity, their confidence in you, the fund of happiness with which their beneficent Creator has endowed them, that when intelligence is less developed, and so affords less enjoyment, the natural spirits are an inexhaustible fund of infantile pleasure. Call not that man poor or wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love.

A house full of children composes as powerful a group of motives as ever moved a heart or hand, and the secret of many a struggle and triumph in the world's battle may be found throned in its mother's lap at home. A nation's hope, before now, has been found in a basket of bulrushes. Be afraid of the man that children are afraid of, and be sure that he who hates them is not himself worth loving.

Woe to him who smiles not over a cradle, and weeps not over a tomb. He who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. The gleeful laugh of happy children is the best home music, and the graceful figures of childhood are the best statuary. We are all kings and queens in the cradle, and each babe is a new marvel, a new miracle. The perfection of the providence for childhood is easily acknowledged. The care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks, and stony cases provides for the human plant, the mother's breast and the father's house. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny, beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the one happy, patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high-reposing Providence to it. Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldiers, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high; or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. His flesh is angel's flesh, all alive. "Infancy," said Coleridge, "presents body and spirit in unity; the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon house, sputters and spurs, and puts on his faces of importance, and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight, he delights in shadows on the wall; by daylight, in yellow and scarlet. Carry him out of doors—he is overpowered by the light and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins his use of his fingers, and he studies power—the lesson of his race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes. Out of blocks, thread spools, cards and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle, he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, grandsires, grandams, fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and baddle and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

The child is the mirror of the adult. Men learn their own nature by watching the development of children. We deem children the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes; little conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women, how we should long for a sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a degenerated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is to turn "the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul with new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners and indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.

Christ, in blessing the little ones of Judea, blessed all children, and meant that we should reverence them as the hope of the world. How, when life grows dark before us—when its woes oppress, and its crime appeals, we turn instinctively to little children, with their brave sunny faces of faith and good cheer—their eyes of unconscious prophecy, and drink from the full fountain of their fresh young natures, courage and comfort, and deep draughts of divine love and constancy! How a child's sweet smile falls like oil on the waters of thought, vexed by worldly care, and smoothes them into peace! As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is a watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if in pain, she relieves it; if happy she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is its heaven. The mother is the deity of infancy.

A babe is a mother's anchor. She cannot go far from her moorings. And yet a true mother never lives so little in the present as when by the side of the cradle. Her thoughts follow the imagined future of her child. That babe is the boldest of pilots, and guides her fearless thoughts down through scenes of coming years. The old ark never made such a voyage as the cradle daily makes. Maternity is the perfecting, not only of womanhood, but humanity. And to the *first baby*, has God given the sacred power to complete the circle of human sympathies, to waken the conscious soliditary of human interests. Every mother that *is* a mother, pictures the whole troop of loves, joys, and sorrows hovering around "the first baby." She lays every mother's baby in the cradle which held her own first baby, and listens to the songs that gush forth, or as they are softly murmured in the mother-heart. To a mother's heart, every mother's baby is the representative of inestimable treasure; it is an estate held in "fee simple;" a little sub-soiler that leaves no affections fallow, no sympathies isolated from the claims of a common humanity. The first baby!—why, it brings treasure with it! True its little hand is empty; but then it brings to light and activity unrevealed capacities, looses the sealed fountains, and assays the unwrought treasure of the human soul. It is not *all* joy—that baby gift;—if it were it could not be a joy forever. It is not all *sorrow*; if it were, the fountains of the heart it stirs, could not grow pure to reflect the heaven above; would not flow down the stream of time, bearing rich freight for unknown and unborn posterity. But see, it lays its tiny hand on the heart, and it forgets to beat for self. It pillows its soft cheek on the bosom that, hitherto, had looked out upon the struggling world—all unlinked to its wants, all unmoved by its destiny—and henceforth that bosom is the asylum of the orphan, the refuge of the oppressed, the sanctuary which invites a world lying in wretchedness to the banquet of love, to the smiles of a common Father. And why?—Ah, that baby is the medium through which the helplessness, the wants and the promise of humanity have appealed to the *woman.* In behalf of the *race*, it has whispered *mother!* and looking into its trusting, worshipping eyes, she accepts the consecration, answers the appeal with a deep, an eternity echoed—my *child.*

Not without design has God implanted in the maternal breast that strong love of their children which is felt everywhere. This lays deep and broad the foundation for the child's future education from parental hands. Nor without designs has Christ commanded, "Feed my lambs,"—meaning to inculcate upon his Church the duty of caring for the children of the Church and the world at the earliest possible period. Nor can parents and all well-wishers to humanity be too earnest and careful to fulfill the promptings of their very nature and the command of Christ in this matter. Influence is as quiet and imperceptible on the child's mind as the falling of snow flakes on the meadow. One cannot tell the hour when the human mind is not in the condition of receiving impressions from exterior moral forces. In innumerable instances, the most secret and unnoticed influences have been in operation for months and even years to break down the strongest barriers of the human heart, and work out its moral ruin, while yet the fondest parents and friends have been unaware of the working of such unseen agents of evil. Not all at once does any heart become utterly bad. The error is in this: that parents are not conscious how early the seeds of vice are sown and take root. It is as the Gospel declares, "While men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares, and went his way." If this then is the error, how shall it be corrected, and what is the antidote to be applied! Why this—if we have "slept" over the early susceptibility of children's minds to the formation of character, we must wake up from our sleep, and acknowledge our error. And the antidote and remedy is simple and plain—we must preoccupy the soil; sow in the soil of these minds and hearts the seeds of knowledge and virtue, before the enemy shall sow there the tares of vice and crime. This is the true doctrine of our duty to the children around our tables and in our streets. Up, then, ye workers, and sow your seed in the morn of childhood. Withhold not the hand from earnest culture and honest toil. No labor here shall be in vain.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember, that an impious or profane thought uttered by the parent's lips, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after-scouring can effiace.

Grown persons are apt to put a lower estimate than is just, on the understanding of children. They rate them by what they know; and children know very little; but their comprehension is great. Hence the continual wonder of those who are unaccustomed to them, at the old fashioned ways of some lone little one, who has no playfellows—and at the odd mixture of the folly and wisdom in its sayings. A continual battle goes on in the child's mind, between what it knows and what it comprehends. Its answers are foolish from partial ignorance; and wise from extreme quickness of apprehension. The great art of education is so to train this last faculty as neither to depress nor over-exert it. The matured mediocrity of many an infant prodigy proves both the degree of expansion in which it is possible to force a child's intellect, and the boundary which nature has set to the success of such false culture.

A majority of character, throughout civilized society, gets its mood and bent from home influences. Education, it has been well said, forms the common mind, and home influences are the most impressive common educators. Good or bad, their potency is the same. What else can reasonably be so authoritative to the mind of a child as the teachings and examples of parents—parents universally regarded by their children as supreme in judgment and power. And this being the case, how careful should parents and guardians be, that all their teachings and examples are on the side of virtue. How frequently the parent is called to reprove in the child, a passion or practice caught from that parent's example. We have known a father, habitually profane, to punish a son for swearing. We have known a mother of ungoverned temper, to punish a daughter for an imitative tithe of her own faults. This is inconsistent and unjust, and children soon see it thus—and so to the bad influence of bad example, is added the worse influence of injustice. But besides virtuous teachings and examples, there are other means of happy influences accessible to most homes. Chief among these are flowers, books and newspapers, pictures, music and cheerful social games. By a proper use of these, childhood may not only gain knowledge and refinement with the most positive pleasure, and they will serve not only as a guard, but as the best and surest guard against temptation to less innocent enjoyments. What home—even the rudest cabin—so poor but flowers may be cultivated therein? How few are the American homes where books and newspapers may not be had. And pictures with their endless charm for children, the illustrated papers and cheap engravings will furnish them for a trifle. As for music, few are the children whom God has not gifted to make it, with but little study. Of social games, it needs but the will to have them in abundance. It is not so much the fault of children—ever restless, curious and aspiring—that they are impatient of the meagre surroundings of their homes. They will tire even of sunshine, daisies and butterflies; tire of all lovable and healthful out-of-door pastimes, and not long can they be kept cheerful and happy within doors, except there be a diversity of pleasant occupations there. And as the occupations, so will be the influences. Yet though, as Wordsworth says, "the child is father of the man," and "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," how many parents rid themselves of their children's impatience by turning them away to do as they please, rather than take the trouble — which ought to be a pleasure—to provide them agreeable occupation. Alas! in after years too many such parents will have cause to regret that, first of all, they did not attend to that first and greatest of parental duties, the surrounding of their children with pleasant, controlling home influences.

Make room for children. Room and freedom for them at home, that they may expand and strengthen those faculties and functions which are soon to constitute the man-and-womanhood of a generation. Room for them in the nursery and on the play-ground, with opportunity and freedom to exercise, if you would have them hearty, cheerful, and home-loving. Too much, in the main, are children burrowed and quashed at home, where they should be encouraged to gambol and rejoice—at home, where their voices should ring out merry as the voices of summer birds. Room for the children at school. At school, where they are too often imprisoned, stifled, and dwarfed in body and mind. Room and freedom for the children at school, that they may breathe fresh air, and commune with their teachers, not as masters—stern, unbending, and unsympathising—but as intellectual guides and social friends. Room for the children at church, too, and see that they are *attracted*—as they can be—thither, and not driven with the "rod of correction," or the chilling rebuke. More room, greater care for, and a higher common estimate of children, if you would stimulate their ambition to win your regard. Children are generally older, more observing, and more capable than they seem. The less you ignore them, the less will they ignore you. The more you cultivate them, the more will they cultivate you. Give them no room, teach them to think you believe them nobodies, and ten to one they will strive to justify such a belief. Room for the children, God's holiest and tenderest blessing—the light of our homes and the delight of our hearts. Room for them everywhere, and not least in the public place, the public conveyance, at the public table. Tuck them not in a corner, crowd them not to the wall, leave them not forever to the second course and the fragments of the feast, unless you would have them grow up thoughtless of justice and selfish as yourselves, to practice, in turn upon their children as you practice upon them. Do unto children, always, even as ye, when ye were children, would have been done by. Thus, reader, shall you enlarge and soften many an intellect and heart; thus prevent many a home being made sad and desolate by domestic bitterness.

Everybody's rights seem to be recognised and talked about but the children's; and yet we venture to say that those of none are infringed upon more than theirs. We who are not so far removed from childhood, either in accumulation of years or lack of sympathy, can remember how many childish grievances we had—how dreadful they seemed to us then, and of how little importance the rules sometimes have seemed since we looked back with older eyes. It is well to look at these things in our dealings with our children, who are governed and scolded and found fault with far too much. Dr. Hall, in his excellent work of "Health by Good Living," gives parents a good piece of advice in telling them to let the children alone when they gather around the family table. It is a cruelty to hamper them with manifold rules and regulations about this, and that, and the other. As long as their conduct is harmless as to others, encourage them in their cheeriness. Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at the the table; suppose a cup or tumbler slips through his little fingers and deluges the plate of food below, and the goblet is smashed, and the table-cloth is ruined; do not look a thousand scowls and thunders, and scare the poor thing to the balance of its death, for it was scared half to death before; it "did not go to do it." Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers since you were grown? Instead of sending the child away from the table in anger, if not even with a threat for this or any other little nothing, be as generous as you would to an equal or superior guest, to whom you would, with a more or less obsequious smile, "it is of no possible consequence." That would be the form of expression even to a stranger guest, and yet to your own child you remorselessly, and revengefully, and angrily mete out a swift punishment, which for the time almost breaks its little heart, and belittles you amazingly. The proper and more enlightened mode of dealing out reproof to the child, when it seems necessary, is to take no notice of mishaps or bad behavior at the time, or to go further, and divert attention from them at the very instant, if possible, or to make a kind apology for them; but afterwards, in an hour or two, or better still, next day, draw the child's attention to the fault, if fault it is, in a friendly and loving manner; point out the impropriety in some kindly way; show where it was wrong or rude, and appeal to the child's self-respect or manliness. This is the best way to correct all family errors. Sometimes it may not succeed; sometimes harsh measures may be required; but try the deprecating or the kindly method with equanimity of mind, and failure will be of rare occurrence. Never mar home life by cross words or peevishness. Drive all such clouds away, and dwell only in sunshine.

This world is full of rough places, and its jagged features are as frequently seen in the faces around us, as in its rocks and caverns. The father, stern and unyielding, drives sunshine from the house, or the mother, full of responsibility, cuffs the children into corners, and has order and neatness at the expense of their liberty and happiness. Perhaps a youth of seventeen, presumes to govern, and ma and children must keep still. The novel-reading young lady becomes horribly nervous if the little ones touch the sofa on which she reclines. The girl in the kitchen frowns them out of her presence, or scolds them, without shame. Poor little things! how much they seem to be in the way. One moment petted and carried in our bosoms, the next cuffed and abused as if the cause of all our trials. A disagreement between parents is frequently revenged upon the children, and every careless act is laid to their charge. A lost spoon, a broken china, a misplaced book, is referred to them, and before they can command language to defend themselves, they take it for granted that pa, ma, big brother and sister must be right and they wrong. Where is the wisdom in saying to a child, be a man? If the mind be curbed and humbled too much in children—if their spirits be abased and broken by too strict a hand over them—they lose all their vigor and industry.

"I wish father would come home." The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad. "Your father will be very angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered—"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry." For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again on the book in her hand. The boy laid himself down on the sofa again, and hid his face from sight. "That's father, now!" He had started up after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ear, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while and then came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air: "It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late? Oh, I wish he would come." "You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and was not very amiable nor very sympathising toward children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment. "I believe, aunt Phœbe, that you would like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly, "but you won't." "I must confess," replied aunt Phœbe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape." "I am not your child. I do not want to be. Father is good and loves me." "If your father is so good and loves you so well, you must be very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much." "Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Phœbe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now for the first time. In an undertone adding, "you are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good." Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa and went to the sitting room door. "It's father!" and he went gliding down stairs. "Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what is the matter, my son? You don't look happy." "Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand. "You are in trouble my son. What has happened?" The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door to the cabinet, brought the fragments of broken statue, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on the table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret. "Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice. "I did." "How?" "I threw my ball in there once—only once in forgetfulness." The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous. A little while Mr. Gordon sat controlling himself and collecting his disturbed thoughts, then he said cheerfully, "What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof for your thoughtlessness—so I will not add a word to increase your pain." "Father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind, so good!" Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting room with his father. Aunt Phœbe looked up for two shadowed faces, but she did not see them. She was puzzled. "That was very unfortunate," she said a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It is hopelessly ruined." Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled and threw his arms around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her a look of warning, but it was unheeded. "I think Richard was a very naughty boy." "We have settled that Phœbe," was the mild and firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as soon as possible." Phœbe was rebuked; and Richard looked grateful, and it may be a little triumphant, for his aunt had borne down upon him rather hard for a boy's patience to endure. In the sunshine as quickly as possible! Oh, is it not the better philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and rebels, because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thought and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

I thought I knew before that grown up people should regard the rights of their children, and be careful not to destroy any of their precious little possessions, said a good mother recently, but it seemed that I needed a little bitter experience to make me know it thoroughly. In cleaning up the room I gathered up some torn pieces of newspaper, and with them a leaf from an old blank book scrawled over with the curious hieroglyphics my little boy delights in. I crushed them all up together, and stuffed them in the stove, with a sudden fear, as the flames devoured them, that the child might miss his drawings. But he made so many such scrawls, I hardly could see why he should wish to preserve any of them. After breakfast I heard him saying: "I wonder where that paper is that I marked on last night. I wish I could find it. Don't you know, mamma, that piece of count book I made machinery on when you lay on the lounge? Where do you suppose it is?" "Can't you make another one like it?" I asked. "I can't remember just how that was," he said; "and it had my *dendal cars* on it. I want *that.* I must find it!" And he emptied his box of playthings and tools upon the floor, to make sure whether it was among his books and papers or not. I had not the courage to tell him that it was gone past all recovery, and by the cruel thoughtlessness of his own mamma. At last he concluded to try again on a fresh leaf of the old account book. Presently he came to me, saying: "Oh!

I do want that piece I had last night *so* much! Can't you find it for me?" Suddenly I found grace to say: "My little boy, I am afraid that is what mamma burned up this morning with some torn newspaper." "Oh! I can't live!" he burst out, "I want it so *very* much!" For a minute or two I suppose his loss was quite as severe for him to bear as was Carlyle's for his man's heart, when he first discovered that his maid-servant had kindled the fire with the precious manuscript of the "French Revolution," on which he had labored so long. My boy saw that I was sorry, and he soon became reconciled to a loss for which there was no remedy. It is one of the greatest wrongs little children have to bear—the failure of grown-up people, who should be their guardians and helpers, to appreciate their feelings and aims. We expect the little ones to understand us, and try to conform to our standards, but we lose many beautiful lessons in not trying to enter into their spirit and plans—matching the outreaching of their growing faculties with wise and gentle guiding, so that all their happy play shall really be a useful education. My mother told me how she learned to enter into a child's feelings and bear with its "litter." Her first-born son—a child always, to her heart, because the angels took him so early—had got possession of an old jackknife. She had just swept her carpets, and put the room to "rights," when she discovered Henry with a pine stick and his knife, making little chips all over on the bright clean carpet. "Oh, Henry!" she said, "you have littered my clean carpet. See how bad those little chips look on the floor!" With wondering gravity, he gazed at the dear little chips he had been so proud to be able to scatter, then lifting his frank, innocent eyes, he said earnestly: "They look *pitty to me!*" Instantly the whole scene was beautiful to my mother, little chips and all; and she carries the sweet picture with her ever since, and all the little children love her the better for it without knowing why.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they are all behind us; at noon we trample them under foot, and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us. Are not, then, the sorrows of childhood as dark as those of age? Are not the morning shadows of life as deep and broad as those of its evening? Yes, but morning shadows soon fade away, while those of evening reach forward into night.

They will not trouble you long. Children grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, it is like a raveling stocking; stitch by stitch gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it—there is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell-mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls or strings left scattered about. Things are neat enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task, before you lie down, of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bedclothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaint, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There never was such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet to clatter down the front stairs! Oh for some children's noise! What used to ail us, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors? We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and gushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear children at work with all its varieties. During the secular days, this is enough marked. But it is the Sabbath that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hands upon their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But the Sabbath comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care. Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?

Mothers don't whip them! Treat God's lambs tenderly. Compel obedience, but not with the rod. The other evening the maternal face appeared at the door of a pleasant little home I had often noticed, and loudly ordered a little lad of three or so to "come in and see if she did not do as she said she would." The mother, in her wrath at being disobeyed, re-entered the house, not hearing the little one's sobbing explanation that he had stepped outside to bring the baby in. Directly the blows and piteous cries fell upon my ears. Undoubtedly the little one had gone beyond the prescribed bounds; but it was to bring the wee toddling thing inside, who, as yet heeded not commands, however harshly given, and his full heart and meagre use of words withheld the power of explanation. Poor little man, how my heart ached for him! Kissless and sad he went to his bed. Mothers, do not whip them! Do not yourselves make shadows in the sunlight with which God always surrounds children. Do not let them be lulled to sleep by the falling of their tears, or by their own sad sobs and sighs. Far pleasanter it is when you go to tuck them in at night, to find pink feet on the pillow, dimpled knees in air, toys yet in embrace and smiles on their sweet mouths. Yourselves bear in mind their last words, "If I should die before I wake." Treat them tenderly. I took my little man a shot-gun to-night, and, handing it over the gate, I said, "Now will you mind your mamma, and stay inside when she tells you?" I am sure the "me will" was very sincere; but if they forget, bear with them. If childhood's days cannot be free from sorrow, surely none ever may.

Children are more easily led to be good by examples of loving kindness, and tales of well-doing in others, than threatened into obedience by records of sin, crime and punishment. Then on the infant mind impress sincerity, truth, honesty, benevolence and their kindred virtues, and the welfare of your child will be insured not only during this life, but the life to come. Oh, what a responsibility to form a creature, the frailest and feeblest that heaven has made, into the intelligent and fearless sovereign of the whole animated creation, the interpreter and adorer and almost the representative of Divinity—to train the ignorance and weakness of infancy into all the virtue and power and wisdom of mature years!

There is, perhaps, no duty more frequently inculcated and enjoined in the Bible, than that conveyed to the mind and understanding by the four words which we have placed at the head of this article. The family is of divine origin—instituted by Jehovah himself. He saw that it was not good that man should be alone, and created woman full of tenderness and love, blooming with beauty, and blushing with charms, without whom man, even in Paradise, could not be completely happy. The mutual desire of each for the other was fully realized in that union which of the twain made one flesh. It was required of them to obey their Heavenly Father as it is of their offspring that they obey their earthly parents.

The spirit of disobedience soon manifested itself in the first human pair, and was transmitted to their children and to their children's children, and will continue down to the latest posterity. Notwithstanding this, however, the command of God is to all children, "obey your parents;" and the command of parents, is "bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." This is no less imperative than that given to children. In the parents is placed the authority, to educate, instruct, and train their children. And to the children it is said, "obey your parents in all things, for this is right and well pleasing to the Lord."

The child is no more dependent on his parents for his food and raiment, than for intellectual and religious nurture. If the former two be withheld the little one soon perishes. If these be duly administered, and mental and religious culture be withholden, the child grows up to bodily maturity with strong animal passions and desires, and being goaded on by these, knows nothing of the restraints felt by one who has been carefully trained and instructed in things spiritual, as well as provided for in things temporal, and consequently is fit for little else, than the doing of what should be left undone—and thus incurring the penalty of broken law. Better, far better for both parent and child, had the little one not been born, than that he should have a birth only that his body may be nourished to the stature of manhood.

For the want of the due exercise of parental authority multitudes of children of both sexes are growing up candidates for every evil work. How often have we seen the mother parley with her darling child at the table, for example:—There are pies, cakes, preserves, and the like upon the table, and plainer food; also the child, prompted by pampered appetite, asks for pie, perhaps; the mother says no—you must eat some of the coarser food first—the child says not so. After much effort to persuade, and not a little noise and clamor on the part of the dear little rebel, the mother yields—the child has conquered—and this same performance is gone through with every day, or as often as the temptation arises. What a fearful responsibility rests upon such parents—deliberately ruining their children,—making them wretched for this world even to say nothing of that which is to come. No such child knows anything about obedience. If he ever does what he is told to do, it is from some other motive than that of obedience. Such a child will not be very likely to obey God, or regard man any farther than prompted by self-interest.

> " How sharper than a serpent's tooth
> Is an unthankful child."

An eccentric Elder, well known as an active and earnest Baptist preacher, once said from the pulpit: " They say there's no family government nowadays. But there is; I tell you there is, just as much as there ever was;

but (leaning over the pulpit, and lowering his voice into a quiet and confidential tone) the difference is this:—When I grew up the old folks governed the young ones, but now the young ones govern the old ones."

Young parent, do you think that your children are yours, to have and to hold for your own pleasure and profit?—that you have *a right* to do what you will with them? You mistake; they are but LENT to you. Every child is but a sacred trust—a responsibility, than which there is none more mighty or fearful in life. "Train up this child for Me. I will require him at thy hands," says our Maker to every parent who receives a child. Judging by the declaration of inspiration, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," how many of our present men and women were trained up in that way; and what kind of an account will have to be given by their parents?

The *Intelligencer*, in speaking of French immorality, finds "the root of all evil" in the lack of painstaking with children. It says further: In view of these facts, the duty of Christian parents becomes more and more a subject of the deepest concern. A family in which children are reared who have the fear of God in their hearts, is a blessing to the land; and if the families of the church are to be of this character, there must be a return to the discarded truths which used to be regarded as of the first importance in relation to the training of the youth of our country.

If you find an error in a child's mind, follow it up till he is rid of it. Repeat and fix attention on the exact error, until it can never be committed again. One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Time is of no consequence in comparison to the object. Give the child possession of one clear, distinct truth and it becomes to him a center of light. In all your teaching—no matter what time it takes—never leave your pupil till you know he has in his mind your exact thought. In all explanations to your child,—and you will find innumerable explanations called for,—be patient and considerate, and leave no sense of vagueness behind, neither a repressive influence.

Do not command children under six years of age to keep anything secret, not even the pleasure you may be preparing as a surprise for a dear friend. The cloudless heaven of youthful openheartedness should not be overcast, not even by the rosy dawn of shyness; otherwise, children will soon learn to conceal their own secrets as well as yours.

We desire to enter a protest against the fashion among many mothers, of referring their children to "father," in matters that require the exercise of judgment and discretion. Of course it is the essence of folly for parents to discuss such matters before their children. What we mean to say is, that the equal sovereignty of parents should be an unquestioned thing in the minds of children. There should be no such thing as an appeal from the decisions of the one to the other with hope of a reversal of judgment. Mothers who evade such duty, not only depreciate their own value in the eyes of their children, but serve to weaken and render valueless the judgment and wisdom of women in general, in the estimation of both their sons and daughters. Women, by some "hocus pocus" of inheritance or custom, often feel suspicious of the excellence of their own judgment, and are prone to appeal to men for ultimate decisions. In the "long run" of affairs, the judgment of women is really superior to that of men. The difference lies in the conscience and the decisive qualities. In the management and training of children, a faulty decision now and then, is not so fatal in result, as a continually wavering and negative manner. Do not infer from this, that all matters pertaining to children should be decided at once, and never deviated from. There are many times when a child should be allowed to plead his own cause, and parents can never be too sympathetic with their children. A lack of it, constitutes the direct griefs of childhoo

A sagacious observer says:—"When I see children going to their father for comfort, I am sure there is something wrong with their mother."

The great artist, Benjamin West, said, "A kiss from my mother made me a painter." We give the anecdote referred to:—"A little boy named Benjamin West, living in Pennsylvania, was set to watch a baby asleep in a cradle. He looked at it kindly, and felt pleased to see it smile in its sleep. He wished that he could draw a picture of the baby; and seeing a piece of paper on a table with pen and ink, he tried what he could do. When his mother came in he begged her not to be angry with him for touching the pen, ink, and paper; and then he showed her the picture he had made. His mother saw baby's likeness, and was so much pleased that she kissed her little boy. Then he said if she liked it he would make a picture of some flowers she held in her hand; and so he went on from that time trying to do better and better, until he became one of the best painters in the world." In after-life he said it was this kiss from his mother that made him an artist.

Men often speak of breaking the will of a child; but it seems to me they had better break its neck. The will needs regulating, not destroying. I should as soon think of breaking the legs of a horse in training him, as a child's will. I never yet heard of a will in itself too strong, more than of an arm too mighty, or a mind too comprehensive in its grasp, or too powerful in its hold. I would discipline and develop the will into harmonious proportions. The instruction of a child should be such as to animate, inspire and train, but not to hew, cut and carve; for I could always treat a child as a live tree, which was to be helped to grow; never as dry, dead timber, to be carved into this or that shape, and have certain grooves cut in it. A living tree, and not dead timber, is every little child.

The late Dr. Henry Ware, when once asked by a parent to draw up a set of rules for the government of children, replied by an anecdote: "Dr. Hitchcock," he said, "was settled in Sandwich; and when he made his first exchange with the Plymouth minister, he must needs pass through the Plymouth Woods—a nine miles' wilderness, where the travelers almost always got lost, and frequently came out at the point they started from. Dr. H., on entering this much dreaded labyrinth, met an old woman, and asked her to give him some directions for getting through the woods so as to fetch up at Plymouth rather than Sandwich. 'Certainly,' she said, 'I will tell you all about it, with the greatest pleasure. You will just keep right on till you get some ways into the woods, and you will come to a place where several roads branch off. Then you must stop and consider, and take the one *that seems to you most likely* to bring you out right.' He did so, and came out right." Dr. Ware added, "I have followed the worthy and sensible old lady's advice in bringing up my children. I do not think anybody can do better; at any rate, I cannot." Good common sense, doubtless, is often better than all set rules; but the thing is to *have it.*

"The first thing I remember my mother's teaching me," I heard a bachelor say not long since, "was never to ask anybody to do a thing for me that I could do for myself, and above all things learn to wait on myself." It was a humanitarian gospel to inculcate. It is just as much a mother's duty to teach her boys to hang up their hats, put their boots away, brush their coats, and wait upon themselves as much as possible, as it is to teach them the "Lord's Prayer," or "Now I lay me down to sleep."

An interrogation point symbolizes the life of childhood. "Why" and "What" are the keys with which it unlocks the treasury of the world. The boy's numberless questions often seem trivial, but the wise parent will never turn them off unanswered if he can help it. It is his rich opportunity of teaching. He is met half way, and there is all the difference between impressing truth on an eager mind and an uninterested one. The little fellow, helping you at your work and speering you with endless questions, may learn as much in a half hour there as in a week when his body is a prisoner in a school-room and his thoughts are out of doors.

It is by coming in contact with people that we improve; we must see life as it really is. We cannot concur in the opinion that young children ought to see only that which is pure and good. They must meet the world as it is, and meet it when young. They must have the opportunity to compare. Comparison is a great power in the formation of character. A young lady that has seen nothing of real life, and only knows what she has heard and read, is greatly astonished when she meets the distinguished men and women of any country. They are not equal to her standard. Young people may be made better by contact with that which is not so good. Instead of falling themselves, they should try to make the bad good. To be thrown in early life among all classes and conditions of people ought to be esteemed an advantage rather than a misfortune. The people from whom we can obtain the most sensible, the truest and wisest views of life, are found among those who struggle for an existence. No one can truly understand life unless he has suffered. A truly wise mother might justly be distressed if her child never knew grief.

In the education of children we should observe and conform to the natural order of the development of their powers and faculties, physical, mental and moral. Nature suggests the true method of education. The early years of a child should be sacred to physical growth and development. To force out the intellectual faculties before they begin normally to show themselves, is unnatural, and fraught with much danger, not only to the physical health, but to the mental organism of the child. A precocious child is in some sort a monstrosity, and evinces a premature and unhealthy mental development, which soon reaches a culmination, when it reacts or recoils, and the child either dies or its mental powers become paralyzed or stagnate, and it rarely ever afterward rises above mediocracy. When their impulsations are to play, let them romp and play. Their genius, their ingenuity, their native wit and perceptions, and their true affections, are brought out and educated in their innocent plays and pastimes, better than by any other mode.

We like mischievous children, and for this reason—they are apt to make old men. Good boys generally die in their fifth year; not because they *are good*, but because their habits make them strangers to mud-puddles and oxygen, dirt-pies and out-door exercise. When a friend tells us he has a little child who "never wants to leave his books," the knob of his front door immediately becomes an object of interest to us; we know, as if we were blessed with fore-knowledge, that in less than a year a strip of black crape will be throwing a shade across his door-way that time will never eradicate.

Give children a sound moral and literary education—useful learning for sails, and integrity for ballast—set them afloat upon the sea of life, and their voyage will be prosperous in the best sense of the word.

The deportment of the older children of the family is of great importance to the younger. Their obedience, or insubordination, operates throughout the whole circle. Especially is the station of the eldest daughter one of eminence. She drank the first draught of a mother's love. She usually enjoys much of her counsel and companionship. In her absence, she is the natural viceroy. Let the mother take double pains to inform her on a correct model: to make her amiable, diligent, domestic, pious—trusting that the image of those virtues may leave impressions on the soft, waxen hearts of the younger ones, to whom she may, in the providence of God, be called to fill the place of maternal guide.

No one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. The father cannot feel it thus. True, there is a vacancy in his home and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with a broken link—there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every graduation of feature developed before her eyes; she detected every new gleam of infant intelligence; she heard the first utterance of every stammering word; she was the refuge of its fears, the supply of its wants; and every task of affection wove a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when her child dies, a portion of her own life as it were dies with it. How can she give her darling up, with all these living memories, these fond associations? The timid hands that have so often taken in trust and love, how can she fold them on its sinless breast, and surrender them to Death? The feet whose wanderings she watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The head that she had pressed to her lips and bosom, that she has watched in peaceful slumber and in burning sickness, a hair of which she could not see harmed, oh, *how* can she consign it to the dark chamber of the grave? It was a gleam of sunshine and a voice of perpetual gladness in her home; she had learned from it blessed lessons of simplicity, sincerity, purity, faith; it had unsealed within her a gushing, never-ebbing tide of affection; when suddenly it was taken away, and that home is left dark and silent; and to the vain and heart-rending aspiration, "Shall that dear child never return again?" there breaks in response, through the cold gray silence, "Nevermore—oh, nevermore!" The heart is like a forsaken mansion, and that word goes echoing through its desolate chambers. And yet fond Mother! ("Time brings such wonderous easing,") thou wilt in after years look back, with a not unpleasing sadness, even upon this scene of grief:

Thou'lt say: "My first born blessing,
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go;
And yet for thee I know
'Twas better to depart.

God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

I look around and see
The evil ways of men;
And oh, beloved child,
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

The little hands that clasped me
The innocent lips that pressed,
Would they have been as pure
Till now as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast?"

And, in this spirit, and with this faith the affections of that bereaved mother will reach out after her little one; follow it into the unseen and spiritual world which will become a great and vivid reality to her. Its atmosphere will be around her; cords of affection will draw her towards it, the face of her departed one will look out from it; and she will ever more think of her child as not lost, but gone before.

BOYHOOD.

The beau ideal of boyhood is some where between eight and twelve—though it exists before and after that age—but when within those years, it is invested with its greatest charm. Then is the first spring of intelligence, when all that meets the eye and the ear creates its due wonder. Then the feelings are tender, and there is yet just so much sweet natural helplessness as serves to keep ever warm and active our affection, by demand upon our care, and to engender a reliance upon us, the source of mutual delight.

Boys are gregarious creatures, and when in troops, having confidence in themselves and in each other, they are all noise and sport.

> "Turning to mirth all things of earth,
> As only boyhood can."

But when quite alone, even in their most delightful idleness, sauntering and loitering, by green lanes, or village highways, they show no signs of mirth. Watch them unseen, and you will find the lips apart, the eye inquiring; there is then a look that might be mistaken for pensive, but it is not that, nor is it easy to define; it is, however, singularly expressive of happiness, the result of sensibility and intuitive perception.

What shall we do with boys? What shall parents do who live in towns and cities? What shall professional men do whose children cannot participate in their parent's work? Instead of keeping them anxiously within doors, thrust them out as much as possible. Do not let watching become spying. Let children have sports and companions, and unwatched liberty. Put them upon their honor. Boys will early respond to this. Do not make too much of their mistakes and faults. How can one be a child and not be full of faults? Explain their mistakes gently. Be patient! Wait for them! Children must have time to grow. Somebody had to wait for you. Never let fear make a gulf between the child and you. Within due bounds liberty is the best thing for a child, as it is for a man. It will lead to irregularities, but out of these will come experience, and, gradually, self-control. The object of all family government is to teach children to get along without being governed. They must therefore be trusted; even if they abuse it, they must be trusted. Keep them busy with pleasant work, if possible. Awaken in them curiosity about the things which lie around them. A very little instruction will make children curious of plants, minerals, natural history, of literary curiosities, autographs, postage-stamp collections, and a thousand things which will inspire pleasure in their reason rather than in their appetites.

Never scold children, but soberly and quietly reprove. Do not employ shame except in extreme cases. The suffering is acute; it hurts self-respect in the child to reprove a child before the family; to ridicule it, to tread down its feelings ruthlessly, is to wake in its bosom malignant feelings. A child is defenceless; he is not allowed to argue. He is often tried, condemned, and executed in a second. He finds himself of little use. He is put at things he don't care for, and withheld from things which he does like. He is made the convenience of grown-up people; is hardly supposed to have any rights, except in a corner, as it were; is sent hither and thither; made to get up or sit down for everybody's convenience but his own; is snubbed and catechised until he learns to dodge government and elude authority, and then be whipped for being "such a liar that no one can believe you."

Girls may have the hardest time of it in after-life, but for the first fifteen years boys are the sufferers.

Does it not seem as if in some houses there is actually no place for the boys? We do not mean the *little* boys

—there is always room for them;—they are petted and caressed; there is a place for them on papa's knee and at mother's footstool, if not in her arms;—there are loving words, and many, often too many, indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the school-boys, great noisy, romping fellows, who tread on your dress, and upset your work-basket, and stand in your light, and whistle and drum in your ears, and shout, and ask questions and contradict. So what is to be done with them? Do they not want to be loved and cherished now as dearly as they were in that well-remembered time, when *they* were *little* ones, and were indulged, petted and caressed. But they are so noisy, and they wear out the carpets with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone, say the tired mother, and the fastidious sister, and the nervous aunt; "anything for peace sake," and so away go the boys to "loaf" on street corners, and listen to the profane and coarse language of wicked men, or to the unsafe ice, or to the railroad station, or the wharves, or the other common places of rendezvous of those who have nothing to do or no place to stay.

But it is argued there are few boys who care to stay in the house after school, and it is better they should play in the open air—all of which is true. We argue for those days and stormy days and evenings, all evenings, in which they wish to stay in, or ought to be kept in, in which if kept in they make themselves and everybody else uncomfortable. We protest against the usages of those homes where the mother is busy with her sewing or her baby, and the father is absorbed with the newspaper in the evening which he never reads aloud, and the boys must "sit still and not make a noise" or go immediately to bed. They hear the merry voices of other boys in the streets and long to join them; home is a dull place; they will soon be a little older, and then, say they, "we will go out and see for ourselves what there is outside which we are forbidden to enjoy." We protest against the usages of those homes where the boys are driven out because their presence is unwelcome, and are scolded when they come in, or checked, hushed and restrained at every outburst of merriment.

Those mothers who live in the country, and whose children range the woods and fields, and skate on the glittering pond, for whom the house is wide and there is room enough and to spare, can have little idea of the embarrassments of a family of medium or limited means, who are struggling to bring up a number of children in a narrow city house, and surrounded by city temptations. It is to these most especially that our attention is turned, and it is for the children of these that we would plead. If the worn, and weary, and anxious mother, as she looks at her little boys on the floor or at her knee, or sighs that she shall so soon be unable to keep them there, will only extend a little further on into their lives the self-denial she so heroically practices now, she will not lose her reward. If the sister who is shocked at the rudeness of her young brothers, will but join sometimes in their games, listen to their stories, sympathize in their interests and pursuits, she will gain an influence over them which will enable her to win them into gentleness and nobleness—not suddenly nor at once, but by degrees leading them up unconsciously into higher and holier paths.

The parents may do well who carefully lay up money for their children, educate them at school, and set them up in business; but they do infinitely better who never suffer the love that warmed the cradle side to grow cold, who lay aside their own comfort and convenience to make home attractive to their sons, and send them out to fight the battle of life, armed with the panoply of firm principles, and warmed and invigorated by the cherishing love whose vigils began at the cradle and will only end at the grave.

An intelligent and thrifty farmer says:—But for the coöperation of my boys I should have failed. I worked hard, and so did they. The eldest is twenty-one, and other boys in the neighborhood, younger, have left their parents; mine have stuck to me when I most needed their services. I attribute this result to the fact that I have tried to make home pleasant for them.

Many a boy ruins his character and wrecks all his hopes by misemploying the evening hours. School or business has confined him all the day, and the rebound with which his elastic nature throws these duties off, carries him often unawares beyond the limits both of propriety and prudence. Besides the impetuous gush of spirits whose buoyancy has been thus confined, there are influences peculiar to the time which render the evening a period of special temptation. Satan knows that its hours are leisure ones for the multitude, and then, if ever, is he zealous to secure their services; warily planning that unexpected fascinations may give an attractive grace to sin, and unparalleled facilities smooth the path to ruin. Its shadows are a cloak which he persuades the young will fold with certain concealment around every error, in seductive whispers telling them, "It is the black and dark night, come." How many thus solicited to come, "as a bird hastening to the snare, knowing not that it is for their lives," let the constantly recurring instances of juvenile depravity testify. Parents acknowledge the evil here pointed out, and anxiously inquire, "What is to be done? can we debar our children from every amusement?" Boys themselves confess it, but plead, in reply to the remonstrances of friends, "that evening is their only time, and that they must have some sport." It is certainly very proper that the young should have amusement. None better than ourselves are pleased to hear the lips of childhood eloquent with the exclamation, "Oh! we have had lots of fun." It seems like our own voice coming back in echo to us from out a long lapsed past. These amusements should, however, be innocent; and innocent amusements are most easily secured and enjoyed at home. Here parental sympathy may sweeten the pleasures, and parental care check the evils of play, frequently intermingling its incidents with lessons of instruction. If parents would use half the assiduity to render an evening spent at home agreeable, that Satan employs to win to haunts of vice, they would oftentimes escape the grief occasioned by filial misdeeds, and secure a rich reward in having their children's maturity adorned by many virtues.

Spend your evening hours, boys, at home. You may make them among the most agreeable and profitable of your lives, and when vicious companions would tempt you away, remember that God has said, "Cast not in thy lot with them; walk thou not in their way; refrain thy foot from their path. They lay in wait for their own blood; they lurk privily for their own lives. But walk thou in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous."

A boy may be spoiled about as easily as a girl, by injudicious training; no, we will take that back—much easier. In the first place, then, by leading him to depend upon his sisters. Who has not seen the spoiled boy in the man who could not tie his dickey without calling his wife from the breakfast table to help him; or put on his coat without she held the sleeves; or get a drop of hot water when the kettle was right before him? Another way to spoil a boy is to pick up after him. Now that's a thing we wouldn't do (begging pardon of the gentleman) for the President. We hold that there is as much need of neat habits in a boy, as in the gentler sex; and this idea of gathering the coat from the sofa, the vest from the rocking-chair, the boots from the hearth-rug, the collar from under the table, and the neck-cloth from nobody knows where—is perfectly and superlatively ridiculous. Again, why is the boy allowed to use coarse, indelicate expressions, that, from the lips of a girl would call forth well-merited rebuke? Should the mind of the man be made of coarse material because he is expected to jostle his way through the rude elements of human nature? That is not the law of the machinist who controls dumb matter. Though one engine may be ponderous and massive, destined for the roughest work, and another delicate and complicated, there is the same smoothness of material in both—the same polish, the same nice finish. A boy will most surely be spoiled if led to think he can commit offences against morals, which by the parents are considered only masculine—not criminal. Another wrong thing is to bring a boy up for a profession, will he, nill he. Some parents have a respectable horror for dirt, and cannot think of soiled hands and a trade with any degree of complacency. Therefore the world is burdened with burdens to themselves, in the shape of lawyers, doctors, etc., who are too poor to live, and too poor to die—in comfort. Finally, the surest way to spoil a boy is not to instil into his very soul, from the time he is an infant, a true reverence for woman; a regard for her virtue as sacred as the love he bears his mother. Never let her name be trifled with in his presence, or her actions interpreted loosely, else you may hereafter share the disgrace of having given to the world a curse more corrupting than that of all others—a heartless libertine.

We love to see boys happy. We well remember our school-days—how the joyful scenes of those golden hours rise before us as we write. After a long a labored session of school, what is finer for boys than a good frolic on the green grass? See them!—they hop and run, and toss their hats and balls; every bone and cord and muscle of their young and active frames is brought into full and vigorous play. Their minds are unpent as well as their bodies. Let boys have exercise. They must have it, and a good deal too; and they must have the right kind, or they will become sickly and dwarfish, their minds feeble, and their feelings peevish and fretful. The open air, and the more free and pure the better, is important to good exercise to any one, but especially the boys. Otherwise they will be pale and weak, as a plant doomed to the shade. They must have exercise which makes them forget themselves, and all their troubles and tasks, and throws the mind and heart into a glow of life and joy.

Boyhood needs its discipline of care as well as manhood. Young shoulders, however, should not carry the load of old, and grow prematurely bowed. Give the boys something that suits their time of life, though it seem boy's play by their elders. They are just released from the confinement of the winter school and need a pleasant change. The excitement of sugar-making comes just in time, and let the boys have a chance. What gala days these are for them among the maples. How the young blood leaps in their veins and flushes their cheeks while the sap is mounting and running and exhaling its maple odors. Now, too, the calves and lambs and pigs are coming into the world, and how naturally the boys take to them. The barn just now is a good school for first lessons in stock-raising and kindness to animals, and the boys here are their own best teachers. Then they can be fitting up the dove cotes and martin boxes and chicken coops, making nests satisfactory for the setting hens and getting things ready, generally for the new comers. Boys need only to have the yoke fitted to their years, and they will hardly feel easy without it.

Every man who can afford it should supply his boys with tools, and a room where they may be used and cared for. A boy takes to tools as naturally as to green apples, or surreptitious and forbidden amusements; and ten to one if he has a chance to develop his mechanical tastes and gratify them to their full extent, his tendencies to vicious courses will remain undeveloped. Such a result is enough to compensate for all the expense and trouble the indulgence we recommend would entail; while the chances that the early development of his constructive faculties may in this mechanical age be the means by which he may ultimately climb to fame and fortune are not small. Yes, give them tools—not merely the needful implements for cultivating the garden, but give them a few good carpenter's tools, with a bench on which to use them. Let their first attempt be upon a chest in which to keep the saw, hammer, bit-stock, and bits, planes, square, rule, chisels, gimlets, awl, screw-driver, etc., with separate hand box to set in, containing apartments for screws, and different sized nails and brads; let the middle partition of the box be a high board, having a convenient handle cut out of the top to carry it by. The next attempt may be on a house or clothes chest, regularly dove-tailed together, and provided with a "till" at one or both ends. Our "blue chest," made while a small boy, will ever remain as one of the household treasures. A handsled, set of trucks or wheel-barrow will soon follow, after which the more useful farm implements, such as axe, hoe, or fork handles may be readily made, or sundry carpenter jobs attended to, such as putting new shingles or siding on the house, setting glass, making and attaching water gutters to the eaves, etc. We could mention instances where persons without serving an apprenticeship, but with a fondness for and readiness in handling tools which frequent use begets, have constructed most of the implements on the farm, not excepting the ox-cart and hay wagon. Others have built a barn, finished off rooms in the house, painted the buildings outside and inside, doing the work at a leisure time when there was little else requiring attention. Therefore we say again, give the boys a set of tools to amuse themselves with, and the money will be well invested.

Many a rich man, in bringing up his son, seems ambitious of making what Aaron made—A golden calf.

Parents do wrong in keeping their children hanging around home, sheltered and enervated by parental indulgence. The eagle does better. It stirs up its nest when the young eaglets are able to fly. They are compelled to shift for themselves, for the old eagle literally turns them out, and at the same time tears all the down and feathers from the nest. 'Tis this rude and rough experience that makes the king of birds so fearless in his flight, and so expert in the pursuit of prey. It is a misfortune to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth, for you have it to carry and plague you all your days. Riches often hang like a dead weight, yea like a millstone about the necks of ambitious young men. Had Benjamin Franklin or George Law been brought up in the lap of affluence and ease, they would probably never have been heard of by the world at large. It was the making of the one that he ran away, and of the other that he was turned out doors. Early thrown upon their own resources they acquired the energy and skill to overcome resistance, and to grapple with the difficulties that beset their pathway. And here I think they learned the most important lesson of their lives—a lesson that developed their manhood—forcing upon them Necessity, the most useful and inexorable of masters. There is nothing like being bound out, turned out, or even kicked out, to compel a man to do for himself. Rough handling of the last sort has often made drunken men sober. Poor boys, though at the foot of the hill, should remember that every step they take towards the goal of wealth and honor gives them increased energy and power. They have a *purchase*, and obtain a *momentum*, the rich man's son never knows. The poor man's son has *the furthest to go*, but without knowing it he is turning the *longest lever*, and that with the utmost *vim* and *vigor*. Boys, do not sigh for the capital or indulgence of the rich, but *use* the *capital* you have—I mean those God-given powers which every healthy youth of good habits has in and of himself. All a man wants in this life is a skillful hand, a well informed mind, and a good heart. In our happy land, and in these favored times of Libraries, Lyceums, Liberty, Religion and Education, the humblest and poorest can aim at the greatest usefulness, and the highest excellence, with a prospect of success that calls forth all the endurance, perseverance and industry that is in man.

To the boy, the world beyond immediate surroundings is only a picture. He does not know how real are the sorrows, the passions, the ambitions of men. His sports, his lessons, his home life are alone real. But there will come a change. Like a stereoscopic picture before it is put into the stereoscope, the life of men has no body or reality; but when the boy awakens, as with the picture within the instrument, so with him a solidity and naturalness will be acquired by the external world, and he will feel that it is his henceforth to live and move amongst these grander and graver forms. Many mistakes will be committed, the very earnestness of his new conceptions will hurry him into extravagances and generous errors; but if there is truth in his nature, and nobleness in his spirit, just views will be formed and the day in which is given him to work will find him not unmindful of the responsibility which arises from a knowledge of the coming fight.

What will he become?

This question is often asked by parents in regard to their sons, and by friends of many young men. And although there is no definite rules ascertaining, we may get some idea of what a young man will become by observing his first action and works. Solomon said, many centuries ago, "even a child is known by his work, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Therefore, when you see a boy slow to go to school, indifferent to learning, and glad of every opportunity to neglect his lessons, you may take it for granted that he will be a *blockhead.* When you see a boy anxious to spend money, and who spends every cent as soon as he gets it, you may know that he will be a *spendthrift.* When you see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, you may set it down that he will be a *miser.* When you see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, you may rightly suppose that he will become a *drunkard.* When a boy is disrespectful to his parents, disobedient to his teacher, and unkind to his friends and playmates, it is a sign he will never be of much account. When you see a boy looking out for himself, and unwilling to share good things with others, it is a sign that he will grow up a selfish man. When you hear a boy using profane language, you may take it for a sign that he will become a wicked and profligate man. When you see boys rude to each other, you may know they will become disagreeable men. When you see boys pouting and grumbling, when told to do anything, and always seem depressed when they have any work to perform, it is a sign that they will be good-for-nothing men. When you see boys that are kind and obliging to each other, obedient and respectful to their parents, attentive to their studies and duties, it is a sign that they will become good and useful men. When you see a boy that loves his Bible, and is well acquainted with it, it is a sign of great future blessing from Almighty God. When you see a boy that stays away from theatres, grog-shops, ball-rooms and gambling houses, it is a sign that he will grow up a man in principle, knowledge and goodness. When you see a boy practising the virtues of morality and Christianity, you may know that he will become an honor to himself and family, useful to his country, and a glory to his Maker. Although great changes sometimes take place in the character, these signs, as a general rule, hold good.

Our daughters are constitutionally more marked by sensibility, and our sons are more marked by willfulness. The consequence is that we are more anxious what will happen to our daughters, and what will happen from our sons—the daughter's sensitiveness exposing her to receive harm, and the son's willfulness exposing him to do harm. We are not wise to quarrel with Nature, and we must expect that boys will be more noisy and mischievous, than girls; nay, we may count it a good sign of a lad's force of character if there is a good share of aggressive, fun-loving pluck in his composition. Well managed, his animal spirits will give him all the more manly loyalty, and when true to the right cause, he will be all the more true; because so much living sap has gone up into the fruit of his obedience. Yet what is more sad than force of will perverted to base uses, and the strength of manhood sunk into service of base lusts or fiendish passions?

The resources of childhood are nearly inexhaustible. Nobody else on this planet is so ingenious in inventing fun as a rollicking boy. His resources in this respect are as original as inexhaustible. In coming down Railroad street the other day we had an illustration. A boy of ten years was walking before us with legs that would comport with the body of DANIEL LAMBERT. We looked at him in amazement. "Son, what is the matter with your legs?" "Nothing. My legs are bunkum. Just see 'em walk." And he waddled off like a duck. "What distends your breeches so?" "Sand, sir," said he, with a hearty laugh. True enough, the boy had tied his pants with strings at the bottom, as is done in deep snow, and filled them to the waist with sand. We walked away ruminating upon the vast resources of boyhood to inaugurate a little fun. Happy boyhood! It's a pity that adult life cannot command as much philosophy.

A boy not fond of fun and frolic may possibly make a tolerable man, but he is an intolerable boy.

Vivacity in youth is often mistaken for genius, and stolidity for dullness.

It is ruinous to the young to demand of them more than you are quite sure that they can accomplish with moderate industry.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trowsers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown, he'll not forget it;
For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents;
Do not in your anger speak;
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercy; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him, a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow as clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys made men.

Let us try to add come pleasure
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrow and its joy.
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere;
And, remember, boys make men.

YOUTH.

Ages upon ages ago the tide was out, and the muddy beach lay smooth as this sheet of paper before me. A cloud passed over the sky, and a shower of big rain or hail came down and pitted the mud as thick as leaves on trees. A strong wind drove the drops so that the impressions were a little one-sided. They had written their short history as plain as my pen can write; and even the direction from which the wind blew was recorded. Some great frogs and lizards which used to live there, came hopping over the mud, and left their tracks also deeply printed on the shore. By-and-by the great waves came stealing up, and covered the whole surface with fine sand, and so the tracks were seen no more for ages upon ages. The clay hardened into solid rock, and so did the sand; and after these thousands of years had passed away, some masons came upon the curious inscription. Men of science, who are skilled in reading these stony leaves of God's great book, read as plainly as if they had been present, the story of that passing shower. It had been written on the softest clay, but it was read on solid rock. So your hearts to-day are like the soft clay. Everything stamps them, but the stamps are not so easy to remove. They will be there when you are grown up to be a man or woman. O, what deep, dark prints the bad words of evil associates make! But how lovely to recall the record which kind and loving actions make upon the soul! There is another place where all our actions are written down, which we should never forget. It is the book God keeps in heaven. We can never bear to meet that record unless we have Jesus Christ for our Saviour. Then we shall know that nothing there will appear to condemn us. We shall rejoice when God calls us to come and appear before Him.

The pleasures of our youth pass away like music in a dream.

"Avoid in youth, luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall you, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay."

Listen to the advice of your parents; treasure up their precepts; respect their riper judgment; and endeavor to merit the approbation of the wise and good.

It is not probable that those who are vicious in youth will become virtuous in old age.

Acquire in youth that you may enjoy in age.

Such as the youth is, such will be the man.

To be good is to be happy is a truth never to be forgotten by those commencing the journey of life.

TO YOUNG MEN.

The line of conduct chosen by a young man during the five years from fifteen to twenty, will in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or imprudent, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so he will be in after years; and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope, or calculate his chance in life.

Young men and boys rarely realize, we fear, how much their success in life depends upon their present deportment. Their conduct is more generally observed than they are ready to believe, and frequently discussions take place among business and influential men in regard to their fitness for places for which young men are wanted, of which they never know.

We were made to think of this the other day, in hearing one of the best business men, who will have no one about him who is not above suspicion, point out half a dozen young men whom he would cheerfully and confidently recommend for any position—however responsible—that any young man could fill. They are young men whose general conduct recommends them. They are never seen rowdying about the streets; they are never seen hanging about restaurants; they are never seen making themselves conspicuous by boisterous behavior; they are never seen "taking a state," with a cigar in the mouth, and the hat cocked to one side of the head; they are never heard shocking the moral sensibilities of decent people by profane or indecent language; in short they have none of the characteristics of self-indulging loafer or rowdy. They are the pride of their parents, and an honor to the community in which they live, and destined to be the leading men of the country. All young men should be ambitious to have such reputations, so that when positions of trust are to be filled, their friends can, with confidence recommend them.

Young man, look up! See what your associates are doing, while as yet you have not even thought of making a stir in the world. Are you willing to be thus left behind. Look at the many ways before you that lead to places of honor and usefulness. Take some single thing, on which to spend the talent you have received, and not give your mind to a number, to no good purpose. Choose a good and honored calling, and with the motto, "*Excelsior*," follow it. Are your means limited, then so much the more will you need extra perseverance. Is your opportunity for acquiring knowledge poor, then use well that which you possess. Your talent small, talk not of that, your talents are dormant. You may be a sleeping giant. It is your duty to arouse them into action. God has not given you more than you can perform, neither will he withhold from you needed assistance; all are within your reach, and can be grasped at your will. Commence now to live and move for something beyond the supplying of your own daily wants, that the people may call you blessed.

It should be the aim of every young man to go into good society. We do not mean the rich, the proud and fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. Where you find men that know more than you do, and from whose conversation one can gain information, it is always safe to be found. It has broken down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar, where the ribald song was inculcated, and the indecent story, to excite laughter, and influence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon has attributed success and happiness in life to associating with persons more virtuous than himself. If you wish to be wise and respected—if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and the good. Strive for mental excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, and on the benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course—once secure a love of good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If one speak evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Always live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear that you may not be able to withstand it. Never run into debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent. Always go to meeting when you can. Read some portion of the Bible every day. Often think of death, and your accountability to God.

Indeed it may be said that, ordinarily, what a man is at thirty-five he will be at fifty, so far as the characteristics of eminence are concerned. And this rule will be found correct, if applied to our own acquaintances. A man pretty clearly reveals what he will be before thirty-five years of age. It is true one may have within him the elements of success that cannot be fully demonstrated to the world for various causes, even as late as this, but he will give indubitable proof of the possession of such elements, which in time are to be fully demonstrated. I know a man who is very rich now, though he was very poor when he was a boy. He said his father taught him never to play till all his work for the day was finished, and never to spend his money until he had earned it. If he had but half an hour's work to do in a day, he was taught to do that the first thing, and to do it in half an hour. After this was done he could play; and my young friends all know he could play with a great deal more pleasure, than he could if he had the thought of his unfinished work still on his mind. He says he early formed the habit of doing everything in its season, and it soon became perfectly easy for him to do so. It is to this habit that he owes his present prosperity. I am happy to add that he delights to do good with his riches. Young men be industrious. If you are prodigal of time—are indifferent as to what use you make of it, you will contract bad habits, of which it will be no easy matter to rid yourselves. It is well to look forward to the future, and mark the evils resulting from a lazy, idle life. Think of the time when you will begin to act for yourselves, in the more trying scenes of after years—think what will be your character and reputation then, if you now waste your days in trifles and follies. But, if industry is stamped upon your characters, great will be your enjoyment. You will not only be respected and beloved, but you will never lack for employment. In one pursuit or another, you will be constantly engaged, and of course, prove to be useful men. On the other hand, if you contract bad habits—dislike the idea of constant employment—you will begin by degrees to be dissatisfied with your business, and continually wish for some change. You will often be led to say, "My occupation is an unpleasant one, in which I shall never be able to accomplish much." With such feelings, you will be dissatisfied with everything about your business, and ardently desire to make some change, which you will conjecture to be for the best. You will always complain. Nothing will seem to go right. Your mind will be filled with unpleasant thoughts, and perfect hatred to your business will ensue

—and the thought of spending all your days about such an employment, cannot be endured; and in an unguarded hour you will burst the fetter that seems to bind you—and what will be the result? Instead of feeling that happy state of mind which you contemplated, unhappy thoughts will distress you, and you will regret the step you have taken; which, unless retraced, may prove your ruin. Now all this arises from trifling causes; a little dissatisfaction may make you dilatory—you will associate with idle companions, and work yourself into the belief that you, of all others, are under the severest restraint. Continue to nurture this feeling, and it produces all that dissatisfaction which is the prolific source of sorrow and misery. Be industrious, then, whatever may be your calling or profession, and you will reap the glorious rewards in a life of usefulness and happiness.

Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motive, self-reliance, honesty and industry; for your star, faith, perseverance and pluck, and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm and steer your own ship. Strike out. Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice excessive humility; you can't get above your level, as water don't run up hill—haul potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and the small potatoes will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that rule the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink; don't swear; don't gamble; don't steal; don't deceive; don't tattle. Be polite; be generous; be kind. Study hard; play hard. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow-men as your God; love your country, and obey the laws; love virtue; love truth. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequences with God.

Not long since, we saw a tear gathering in the eye of an old man, as he spoke of the past and the present—

of the time when he burned pine knots upon the rude home hearth for light to obtain a scanty education, and then compared the ten thousand privileges which are *now* scattered broadcast around every door. Oh, said he, in tremulous tones, the young men of this day, do not appreciate the light of the age they live in. The words of the old man made us sad, while at the same time, we felt mortified that so many of our young men fail to improve the advantages within their reach. They are even continually muttering about their lot, and pushing for positions where they can win the reward without the sweetening, purifying, ennobling sacrifice of toil. The mist-cloud enjoyments of a day, are eagerly sought after, to the exclusion or neglect of the more honorable, intellectual and useful. In truth, few of our young men know anything of the value of the privileges around them.

Thousands of young men are to-day drifting helplessly about on the ocean of life, vainly hoping that ere long some favorable breeze will spring up and drive their vessels into some safe harbor. Where that safe harbor is they have no idea; because they have no definite object in view. They have never decided upon any course of life, but permit their actions to be shaped and moulded by the circumstances of the hour. Is it any wonder that disasters follow each other? More men are ruined through indecision than from a wrong decision. Few men will deliberately lay out and pursue a plan of life that will ultimately work their ruin. Most young men of the present day enter the great battle of life without any well defined system of warfare, and consequently spend their best days in aimless pursuits. Indecision is the bane of our existence. Could we look into the world of spirits we would find but few souls in the dark region of woe that had resolved to reach that goal; nearly all who are there, and those who are hastening there, are in their present conditions simply because they never decided whither they would go, and their indecision has been their ruin.

Never affect to be other than what you are, either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say "I don't know." Never be ashamed to say, whether applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it." Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward or the sudden spring over the precipice. From these maxims we may deduce another—learn to say "No" with decision, "Yes," with caution—"No" with decision, whenever it meets a temptation; "Yes" with caution whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of some consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. How frequently have we seen in life such a man preferred to a long list of applicants for some important charge; he has been lifted at once into station and fortune merely because he has this reputation—that when he says he knows a thing, he knows it, and when he says he will do a thing he will do it.

To a young man from home, friendless and forlorn, in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bed time; for the moon and stars are more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all composed of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to its mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and "stands homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down on the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book and candle; you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle.

The most important part of the population, as well as the most essential element of the prosperity and greatness of the city, is the army of young men being trained in the work-shops and counting-houses, to take place of their fathers in carrying on the great purposes of life. To a portion of this hopeful young army, drilling to fight the battles of life, I desire to address a few words of encouragement and advice. Many of these young men, indeed very often those who make the most successful business men, come from the country. It frequently happens that an ardent and ambitious youth, fresh from the indulgence and applause of an affectionate rural home, coming to the city with high and rose-tinted hopes of speedily achieving success, becomes chilled and disgusted with the dull and prosy reality—the slow and toilsome path by patient following of which success may alone be reached. Or, he takes offence at the stern but well-meant admonitions and counsel of an employer who has himself trudged up the rough and self-denying road, and retires at once from the contest, blighting forever what might have been a useful, honorable and successful career, to become a home drudge, the scoff of his neighbors, and to add another to the mournful number of those ruined by a fatal mistake in the morning of life. I do not pretend to say that there never are causes justifying this step, nor that it may not be recovered from; but what I desire to impress on the minds of my youthful readers is, that faint-heartedness and shrinking from the conflict after the stern reality of the battle has been experienced—too well understood, with a pang of regret, by many who will read this—is what stems the tide of fortune and of fame. To such I would say, with all the earnestness of my heart, do not give up; choke down the coward impulses that urge you to fly; manfully face the difficulties that loom up before you, and what appear to be grim and disheartening obstacles will dissolve into thin air in your firm grasp, and you will smile at your causeless fears. Do not take offence at the corrections and advice of your employer, even though they should sometimes be delivered somewhat sternly, or with a touch of admonitory anger. Above all, do not give way to sullenness. Be open, frank, honest. If you feel aggrieved at any real or fancied injustice he has done you, tell him so in a manly, fearless way, and if he is a man whom it will conduce to your welfare to remain with, your difficulties will be amicably adjusted, and the sunshine of increased mutual confidence and respect light up your pathway. How much better is this than to spend days in fits of gloomy anger, giving rise to mutual distrust and ill-will, that will be certain in time to produce a rupture and a severance of your relations as employer and employee—an event in which you will be the chief sufferer.

I do not hold, however, that because a man has fought his way up to commercial eminence, he is justified in being snappish, fault-finding, and insolent to his clerks. Quite the contrary. His own experience should rather teach him the need of exercising kindness and forbearance towards those who in years and knowledge are so greatly his inferiors, and so sensitive to rebuke. I am fully persuaded that the man who is uniformly kind and courteous to his employees, will be better and more faithfully served than he who treats them as though they had no rights which he is bound to respect.

There is no surer destroyer of youth, privileges, powers and delights,—than yielding the spirit to the empire of ill-temper and selfishness. We should all be cautious, as we advance in life, of allowing occasional sorrowful experience to overshadow our perception of the preponderance of good. Faith in good is at once its own rectitude and reward. To believe good, and to do good, truly and trustfully, is the healthiest of humanity's conditions. To take events cheerfully, and promote the happiness of others is the way to ensure the enduring spring of existence. Content and kindliness are the soft vernal showers and fostering sunny warmth that keep a man's nature and being fresh and green. "Lord keep my existence fresh and green," would be no less wise a prayer than the one so beautifully recorded respecting a man's memory. If we would leave a gracious memory behind us, there is no better way to secure it, than by living graciously. A cheerful and benign temper, that buds forth pleasant blossoms, and bears sweet fruit for those who live within its influence, is sure to produce an undying growth of green remembrances that shall flourish immortally after the present stock is decayed and gone.

Prof. Silliman closed a Smithsonian lecture in Washington by giving the following sensible advice to young men: "If, therefore, you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, for long life and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although not a temperance lecturer, avoid all drinks but water, and but mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and everything else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious food and mild dilutent drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things, except rest and the due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, and happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close."

Women will be pure if man will be true. Young men, this great result abides with you! If you could see how beautiful a flower grows upon the thorny stock of self-denial, you could give the plant the honor it deserves. If it seems hard and homely, despise it not; for in it sleeps the beauty of heaven and the breath of angels. If you do not witness the glory of its blossomings during the day of life, its petals will open when the night of death comes, and gladden your eyes with their marvelous loveliness, and fill your soul with their grateful perfume.

Think of this, my good friend, and as you have kind affections to make some good girl happy, settle yourself in life while you are young, and lay up, by so doing, a stock of domestic happiness, against age or bodily decay. There are many good things in life, whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary; but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offence (but without which, by the by, they can hardly exist,) are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy in ourselves, and the cause of happiness to those who are dearest to us.

If a young man deserves praise be sure and give it to him, else you not only run a chance of driving him from the right road for want of encouragement, but deprive yourself of the happiest privilege you will ever have of rewarding his labor. For it is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise. The old, when they are great, get too far beyond and above what you may think of them. You may urge them with acclamation, but they will doubt your pleasure and despise your praise. You might have cheered them in their race through the asphodel meadows of their youth; you might have brought the proud, bright scarlet to their faces if you had cried but once, "Well done!" as they dashed up the first goal of their early ambition. But now their pleasure is memory, and their ambition is in heaven. They can be kind to you, and you can never more be kind to them.

TRUE MANLINESS.

Sociality is to man what modesty is to woman; it is a principle that should be ever active, but governed by occasion and consistency. A lack of this betrays at once a deficiency in true manliness. Not so much depends upon a power or faculty as upon its proper exercise; and when this is abused, there is a great depreciation of its beauties. To the young man just entering the most important portion of his existence—the formation of a worthy name and character—it is well that he should first learn that society corrupts as it is corrupt—that it forms or moulds principles by a gradual or accelerated progress according to the degree of its influence. Therefore, there is no danger in being too particular in the selection of society, and in estimating the weight of its various associations.

Just and discriminating ideas generally lead to proper action, and a willing judgment enforces a strict adherence to the rules of propriety. Stupid, yes *presumptuous* must that young man be who would peril every consideration for a good character upon a base act, simply because he cannot see at once the true tendency of a consistent course of life. But it *can* be seen, and like the works of a good man, will shine before the world, leaving a light behind, and sending its arrowy beams into the future, to guide life's wandering steps aright.

Deportment, honesty, caution, and a desire to do right carried out in practice, are to human character what truth, reverence, and love are to religion. They are the unvaried elements of a good reputation. Such virtues can never be reproached, although the vulgar and despicable may scoff at them; but it is not so much in their affected revulsion at them, as it is in the wish to reduce them to the standard of their own degraded natures, and vitiated passions. Let such scoff and sneer,—let them laugh and ridicule as much as they may,—a strict, upright, onward course will evince to the world and to them, that there is more manly independence in one forgiving smile, than in all the pretended exceptions to worthiness in the society of the mean and vulgar. Virtue must have its admirers, and firmness of principle, both moral and religious, will ever command the proudest encomium of the intelligent world, to the exclusion of every other thing connected with human existence.

Man is to be rated, not by his hoards of gold, not by the simple or temporary influence he may for a time exert; but by his unexceptionable principles relative both to character and religion. Strike out these, and what is he? A brute without a virtue—a savage without a sympathy! Take them away and his *manship* is gone; he no longer lives in the image of his Maker! A cloud of sin hangs darkly on his brow; there is ever a tempest on his countenance, the lightning in his glance, the thunder in words, and the rain and whirlwind in the breathing of his angry soul. No smile gladdens his lip to tell that love is playing there; no sympathizing glow illuminates his cheek. Every word burns with malice, and that voice—the mystic gift of Heaven—grates as harshly on the timid ear, as rushing thunders beating amid falling cliffs and tumbling cataracts.

But this is too dark a picture for a long continued view. Turn we from it now, as from a frightful scene, to the only divine image that Virtue elevates before the world for example and imitation. Let man go abroad with just principles, and what is he? An exhaustless fountain in a vast desert! A glorious sun shining ever—dispelling every vestige of darkness! There is love animating his heart, sympathy breathing in every tone. Tears of pity—dew drops of the soul—gather in his eye, and gush impetuously down his cheek. Quivering on his lips are words that wait for utterance, and thoughts, winged as with lightning, play amid his tell-tale glances. A good man is abroad and the world knows and feels it. Beneath his smile lurks no degrading passion; within his heart there slumbers no guile. He is not exalted in mortal pride—not elevated in his own views, but honest, moral and virtuous before the world. He stands throned on truth, his fortress is wisdom and his dominion is the vast and limitless universe. Always upright, kind and sympathizing, always attached to just principles and actuated by the same, governed by the highest motives in doing good—*these are his only* TRUE MANLINESS.

SELF-STUDY—KNOW THYSELF.

There is nothing that helps a man in his conduct through life more than a knowledge of his own characteristic weaknesses, which, guarded against, become his strength, as there is nothing that tends more to the success of a man's talents than his knowing the limits of his faculties, which are thus concentrated on some practical object. One man can do but one thing well. Universal pretentions end in nothing. "It is a deplorable condition," says Bishop Sherloch, "to be always doing what we are always condemning." The reproaches of others are painful enough. But when the lash is laid on by our own hand, the anguish is intolerable. How cheering, on the contrary, even in the deepest night of calamity, when conscience calls out from her watch-tower in the soul—*All's Well!*

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch, in our families, our tempers, and in society our tongues. When you have no observers be afraid of yourself. Observe yourself as your greatest enemy; so shall you become your greatest friend. You may gain applause by one great, wise or fortunate action; to avoid censure, you must pass a whole life without saying or doing one bad or foolish thing.

Would you know your neighbor's opinion of you, mark how his children treat you.

To be great is to be good, to be good is to be wise, and to be wise is to know thyself. "Know thyself" is a precept which, we are informed, descended from Heaven. It is a noble science to know one's self; and a noble courage, to know how to yield.

The Arabs have a proverb, "The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfisd with him." We have weak points both by birth and education, and it may be questioned which of the two give us the most trouble. If we were as careful to polish our manners as our teeth, to make our temper sweet as our breath, to cut off our faults as to pare our nails, to be upright in character as in person, to shave our souls as to shave our chin, what an immaculate race we should become! Many a man thinks it is a virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles. If it is difficult to see any fault in a child, or a book, or a pudding, or any one we love, how much more so that we should see any in ourselves!

A man should never glory in that which is common to a beast, nor a wise man in that which is common to a fool, nor a good man in that which is common to a wicked man. Other men's woes are our warnings; their desolation should be our information. Rather avoid those vices you are naturally inclined to, says Cicero, than aim at those excellencies and perfections which you were never made for.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves; and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, the ignorance, and the prejudice, which naturally cleave to them.

There are looking-glasses for the face, but none for the mind. That defect must be supplied then by a serious reflection upon one's self. When the eternal image escapes, let the internal retain and correct it. Self-examination is the only true looking-glass.

When a man perfectly understands himself, mentally, and physically, and morally, his road to happiness is smooth, and society has a strong guarantee for his good conduct and usefulness. Some, by attempting what they can never accomplish, lose the opportunity of doing what they might, and are oftener perplexed than benefited by their folly. All our knowledge is wisely to know.

Self-love is not so great a sin as self-neglecting. Wind up your conduct like a watch every day, examining minutely whether you run fast or slow. He is the best accountant who can count up correctly the sum of his own error. There is a Gaelic proverb, "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes." There is no man who would not be mortified if he knew what his friends thought of him. He that communes with himself in private will learn truths that the multitude will not tell him. The world does not know a fool's infirmities half so well as a wise man knows his own.

He that sees ever so accurately, ever so nicely into the motives of other people's acting, may possibly be entirely ignorant as to his own: it is by the mental as the corporeal eye, the object may be placed too near the sight to be seen truly, as well as too far off; nay too near to be seen at all. "When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a school-master who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' 'Ah! thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like, I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed,' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' said I. 'You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' I was caught, and I never after watched for idle boys." If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we will find no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

Nature, that we may not be disgusted and discouraged with beholding our own internal deformities, has wisely and kindly turned the sight of our eyes entirely outward. In order to live justly, and be respected we must refrain from doing that which we blame in others. When the furious Orson saw his own image reflected from his brother's shield, he started back and stayed his blow; and many of our own attacks on our brother's faults might be arrested, if there were a mirror on his bosom to show us our own likeness there. You had better find out one of your own weaknesses than ten of your neighbors.

Says Plutarch, our industrious search and inquiries should chiefly be employed about our own affairs at home; for here we shall find so many offenses in our conversation, such variety of perturbation in our souls, and manifest failures in our duty, that it will take up so much time to reform them, as not to leave us any leisure to be impertinent or ill-natured in remarking upon the faults of others.

He learns much who studies other men; he also learns more who studies himself. If you would find a great many faults, be on the lookout. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look in. Forgetting one's self, or knowing one's self,—around these everything turns. Resist yourself and you shall have peace. Know thyself. Be contented with thy lot. It is a maxim of the Chinese, " Sweep the snow from before your own door, and never mind the frost on your neighbor's roof." If disposed to be exacting let your heaviest demands be made upon yourself. Observe what directions your thoughts and feelings most readily take when you are alone, and you will then form a tolerably correct opinion of your real state. Many persons have quickness to discover their faults who have not energy enough to eradicate them.

" If one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, " Ah," said he, " then I must learn to sing better." Plato, being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said "I shall live so that none will believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said, " I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest, as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny.

To be despised or blamed by an incompetent or uncandid judge may give a momentary pain, but ought not to make one unhappy.

Consider, dear reader not so much what thou art, as what thou shalt be.

THE HEART.

Of all beings in this world, the greatest is man, and what is greatest in man is his heart. A man's force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man; if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error; if the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it may be a downright falsehood. Let a man be ever so ignorant, still if his heart be full of love to the cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object, because he has heart-power, heart-force. A man may be deficient in many of the advantages of education, in many of those niceties which are so much looked upon in society; but once give him a strong heart that beats hard, and there is no mistake about his power. Let him have a heart that is right full up to the brim with an object, and that man will do the thing, or else he will die gloriously defeated, and will glory in his defeat. Heart is power.

He who has a stout heart will do stout-hearted actions —actions which, however unconscious the doer may be of the fact, cannot fail to have something of immortality in the essence; something that in all coming time will preserve alive their memory and cause them to blossom long after the valiant doer of them has lain in dust. Such a man will not be daunted by difficulties. Opposition will but serve as fuel to the fire which feeds the spirit of self help within him, stimulating him to still greater efforts, and, in fact creating opportunities for them. And though in the nature of things failures must often be his portion, and even success will alike nerve him anew for the struggle, and endue him with courage to meet the further disappointments which past experience will have taught him are likely to be his lot. Neither will he, in his efforts to attain some great end, to bring to happy accomplishment some noble work, be daunted by the reflection that he never can be sure of success, even in enterprises springing from the highest motives and steadfastly pursued at the cost of all that is dearest. To him it will suffice that the end he has in view is a right one, and that if he is not destined to accomplish it, eventually it must triumph. With prophetic eye he looks forward to the dawning of the time, when, long after he has been called hence, posterity shall enter into his labor and taste the fruits of the tree which he has planted.

It was long supposed that the brain was the only organ of living sensibility, but an eminent physician, Dr. Lee, discovered, and it is one of the most brilliant discoveries of the age, that the heart is the seat of nervous sensibility in the highest degree, and therefore, that the Bible, when it speaks of the heart-broken, the heart-sorrowing, the heart-grieving, the heart-bleeding, does not use language unwarranted by physiological science, but what the recent discoveries of that science have demonstrated to be literally true; ripe science falling into harmony with fixed and sure revelation.

It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom—to educate the head, and forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection when he is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy, the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by things which impress the senses and move the heart, and a father shall instill more solid and available instruction in an hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than in a month spent in the study, where they are expounded in stereotype aphorisms.

No physician doubts that precocious children, in fifty cases for one, are much worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundations for insanity are laid. When the studies of maturer years are stuffed into the child's head, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed and can bear exertion—the other is growing up, and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts—to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail—in short, to expect a child's brain to bear the exertion of a man's, is just as rational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiment on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart—to the formation of principle rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out such a course: for the emotions are the liveliest, and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source that the mass of men are hereafter to draw their sum of happiness or misery; the actions of the immense majority are, under all circumstances, determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth, life presents an infinity of occasions where it is essential to happiness that we should feel rightly; very few where it is at all necessary that we should think profoundly.

Up to the seventh year of life, very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, the utmost attention not to interrupt them by improper or over-excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period as is necessary to its health, and the best is oral instruction, exemplified by objects which strike the senses.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that, at this period of life, special attention should be given, both by parents and teachers, to the physical development of the child. Pure air and free exercise are indispensible, and wherever either of these are withheld, the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless suffering, in innumerable instances, have been sown into the constitution of the child, simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voice of these innocent victims should ascend, "trumpet-tongued," to the ears of every parent and every teacher in the land. "Give us free air and wholesome exercise—leave us to develope our expanding energies in accordance with the laws of our being—and give us full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our young blood."

Woe, woe for that mortal whose intellect outgrows his moral sense, until the one stands dwarfed in the growing shadow of the other. A being thus constituted is "no less a monster," some one has said, "than the big-headed child of the fair, or the weak-kneed giant of the circus." Saturn eating his own children is a type of men of this stamp. Humanity recoils from them when once they unveil their remorseless egotism, their sublimated sophistry. Voltaire, Rosseau, Napoleon, Robespierre, were monsters of this class, scarcely less hideous to me than Caligula or Hellogabalus. Yet how attractive, until the Mokanna veil is lifted, is its glittering light.

Let the heart be opened, and a thousand virtues will rush in. There is a dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. God rains his goodness and mercy as widespread as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them. Some hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadow of life. Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to receive God's blessings, but constant in looking to him.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he *is*, not according to what he *has*. Cultivate your heart aright, as well as your farm; and remember, whatsoever a man sows that shall he reap. Feeling is a truer oracle than thought; hence women are oftener right than men. When the heart is out of tune the tongue seldom goes right. Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life.

The heart is the workshop in which are forged secret slanders, and all evil speaking. The mouth is only the outer shop or salesroom where all the goods that are made within are sold. The tongue is the salesman.

Some men employ their time in cultivating their farms, some their heads, some in feeding their evil passions, some cultivate their hearts.

As a physical heart is the center of life in the body, so the sensibilities seem to give vitality to all the various faculties of the mind. But if one of the ventricles of that organ become impaired, the blood gradually ceases to flow, and the body perishes. So if the *spiritual heart* becomes irregular in its action the mind will be chaotic. How often we meet with examples of this character in the common walks of life. Many lose their balance of mind and become wrecks from a want of *heart-culture.* But how is this to be remedied? We look in vain to our educational system. That seems to be organized for the express purpose of learning persons to *think.* Is the *head* of more importance than the *heart?* It is true that wealth is the child of the one, but it is equally true that happiness is the offspring of the other. The heart *must* be cultivated. It is indispensible to the happiness of our race. The noblest struggles of humanity have been those in which the feelings of the heart have come off triumphant. JEFFERSON held that the victory of the American Revolution was a victory of the heart. The rights of men are too sacred for human calculation.

Some great men have been the terror of the age in which they lived; and left death and ruin in their pathways, because their hearts were uncultivated. Such were NAPOLEON, CÆSAR, HANNIBAL and ALEXANDER. But when we wish to contemplate *noble* characters, we point to those who had hearts as well as heads. When will the wisdom of PAUL be forgotten, or the tenderness and love of JOHN cease to be venerated? The memory of LUTHER is very dear, because his heart was tried amidst the threats and superstitions of a darker age. MILTON is loved because misfortune made him a better man. The beauty of a man's character depends very much upon the culture of his heart. This placed WASHINGTON above BACON, and rendered PENN superior to LOCKE.

The man who is destitute of feeling can realize but a small portion of Nature's bounties. True he may look around him, and see the hills, trace their curves, calculate their dimensions, take the dip of a rock, measure the earth's strata, become acquainted with the laws of motion, recognize colors, hear sounds, sail upon the waters, and measure the distance between the planets—and yet how cold and shivering is all this. It lacks those qualities which give joy to life. Come, Heart, animate this world of ours. Add feelings to thoughts. For what are hills without grandeur and sublimity? What are curves without beauty and symmetry? Why measure the earth and calculate the dimensions of the mountains, if it be not to fill our hearts with love for the God of the hills and the valleys, the islands and the continents, the earth and the heavens. It is the heart that loves. It is the heart that is filled with delight when we look upon rich fields, green pastures and woodlands, filled with beautiful flowers and singing birds. Everything that makes us feel joyous and happy belongs to the heart. That man's destiny is most glorious whose heart is most alive to the good, the beautiful and the true. The cultivated heart is:

> "The dwelling place of all
> The heavenly virtues—Charity and Truth,
> Humility, and Holiness, and Love."

It fills us with a charm, and seems to bring us in communion with heaven. May we all, as we cultivate the fields, and reap their golden harvests, also *cultivate the heart*, and we shall reap a richer and more glorious harvest for our souls to feed upon in another world.

Said an eminent minister recently, at the dedication of a new mission building in New York city, "Great mistakes are sometimes made about the Gospel. Doing a kindly act to a fellow-being, is religion as well as preaching and praying. I would not, he said, give a copper coin for the mere preaching in this chapel, if nothing else were done—if the Gospel were not sent hissing hot from warm hearts into the cellars and garrets of this locality. I am firmly convinced that the grandest power on this earth to-day is a warm human heart."

From my window I have many times watched, with intense interest, the untiring efforts of a gardener, to rid his garden of a little vine, which, if permitted to grow, choked out all the good sown there. From time to time he used many means, but to no effect, until he commenced to root them out upon their first appearance. Just so it is with our hearts; we receive good impressions, and in tears resolve to be made better by them, but we are defeated and driven back with our own sword, for the little sins we have almost unconsciously allowed to remain there, spring up and choke out all the good, leaving naught but fear and self-distrust, and in our confusion we often resort to many means whereby we may overcome, but to no purpose. Oh! how wise it would be to learn a lesson from the judicious gardener, remembering that the only safe way to rid ourselves of besetting sins, is to root them out from our hearts, for to retain is but to cherish, and "he who would be wise, must be wise for himself."

If we could only read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes and bitterness and physical annoyances of our neighbors, we should make allowances for them which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heart-pangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light: we do not so conceal our resentments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Life is a masquerade at which few unmask even to their very dearest. And though there is need of much masking, would to Heaven we dared show our real faces from birth to death, for then some few at least would truly love each other.

It is better to live in hearts than in houses. A change of circumstances or a disobliging landlord may turn one out of a house to which he has formed many attachments. Removed from place to place is with many unavoidable incidents in life. But one cannot be expelled from a true and loving heart save by his own fault; not yet always by that, for affection clings tenaciously to its object in spite of ill-desert; but go where he will, his home remains in hearts which have learned to love him; the roots of affection are not torn out or destroyed by such removals, but they remain fixed deep in the heart, clinging still to the image of that object which they are more eager to clasp. When one revisits the home of his childhood, or the place of his happy abode in life's spring-time, pleasant as it is to survey each familiar spot, the house, the garden, the trees planted by himself or by kindred now sleeping in the dust, there is in the warm grasp of the hand, in the melting of the eye, in the kind and earnest salutation, in the tender solicitude for the comfort and pleasure of his visit, a delight that no mere local object of nature or art, no beautiful cottage, or shady rill, or quiet grove, can possibly bestow. To be remembered, to be loved, to live in hearts, that is one solace amid earthly changes—this is a joy above all the pleasures of scene and place. We love this spiritual home-feeling—the union of hearts which death cannot destroy; for it augurs, if there be heart-purity as well as heart-affection, an unchanging and imperishable abode in hearts now dear.

Cromwell was once engaged in a warm argument with a lady on oratory, in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study from early youth, and their practice afterwards. The Lord Protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was an eloquence which sprang from the heart; since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression, which would, in the comparison render vapid the studied speech of the most celebrated orators. It happened, some days afterwards, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on destruction, by the arrest and imprisonment of her husband who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the Lord Protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and, with the most pathetic eloquence pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them paused; then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and, extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in a dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study."

PRAISE.

There is this good in commendation, that it helps to confirm men in the practice of virtue. No obligation can be of more force, than to render to eminent virtue its due merit. Bulwer thinks we might praise more than we do. He says: "No one can deny that animals in general, and men in particular, are keenly susceptible to praise. Nor is it a less common-place truism, that the desire of approbation is at the root of those actions to which the interest of the societies they are held to benefit or adorn has conceded the character of virtue, and sought to stimulate by promise of renown. Yet, in our private intercourse with our fellows, there is no instrument of power over their affections or their conduct which we employ with so grudging parsimony, as that which is the most pleasing and efficacious of all. We are much more inclined to resort to its contrary, and, niggards of praise, are prodigals of censure. For my own part, I think that as a word of praise warms the heart towards him who bestows it and insensibly trains him who receives it to strive after what is praiseworthy, and as our lesser faults may be thus gently corrected by disciplining some counter merits to strong and steadier efforts to outgrow them—so it is, on the whole, not more pleasant than wise to keep any large expenditure of scolding for great occasions, and carry about with us, for the common interchange of social life, the *argent do poche* of ready praise. Scolding begets fear, praise nourishes love, and not only are human hearts, as a general rule, more easily governed by love than fear, but fear less often leads to the correction of faults and the struggle for merits, than towards the cunning concealment of the one, and the sullen discouragement of the other. But let me be understood. By praise I do not mean flattery; I mean nothing insincere. Insincerity alienates love and rots away authority. Praise is worth nothing if it be not founded on truth. But as no one within the pale of the law lives habitually with miscreants in whom there is nothing to praise and everything to censure, so the person with whom a man tolerably honest is socially conversant must have some good points, whatever be the number of bad ones. And it is by appealing to and strengthening whatsoever is good in them, that you may gradually stimulate and train for the cure of what is evil that tendency of nature which, in mind as in body, seeks to rid itself of aliments pernicious to its health, in proportion, as its noble resources are called forth, and its normal functions are righted by being invigorated."

One of our old poets says:

> "If I praised these men too much,
> It was with purpose to have made them such."

And another represents the character as having taken the hint:

> "You make me so,
> When you do think me such."

Another says:

> "Flatteries oft' work as far
> As counsels, and as high the endeavors raise."

It was elegantly said in a letter to Cardinal Richlieu: "My lord, as there was, heretofore, a valiant man who could not receive any wounds, but on the scars of those he had already received; so you can not be praised but by repetitions; seeing that truth, which has its bounds, has said for you whatever falsehood, which knows none, has invented for others." In rendering praise, one great difficulty is to keep the enthusiasm of the moment within the limit of permanent opinion. The character of the person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value upon his esteem. The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; but the rest of the world, him who is most wealthy. Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits and appearances; but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. It is better that a man's own works, than that another man's own words should praise him.

The love of praise is naturally implanted in our bosoms; and it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it, even for things that should be indifferent. It is never best to fish for praise—it is not worth the bait. Those who angle continually for praise get bitten oftener than the bait does. The least praiseworthy are generally the most covetous of praise. It has been said that, when men abuse us, we should suspect ourselves; when they praise us, them. To be totally indifferent to praise or censure is a real defect in character. To love our enemies, to mind our own business, and to relieve the distressed, are things oftener praised than practiced. When you can not praise be silent, unless a manifest wrong calls for censure. Praise not the unworthy on account of their wealth. Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving. Praise is valuable only when it comes from lips that have the courage to condemn. Praise is sometimes as hurtful as censure. It is as bad to be blown into the air as to be cast into a pit. There are compliments that censure, as there are satires that praise. There are those who covet not only praise but the reputation of despising it.

Never praise a man for being like a woman, nor a woman for resembling a man. True praise takes root and spreads. The highest panegyric that private virtue can receive is the praise of servants. His praise is lost who waits till all commend. A merit that is worthy of praise, may be spoiled by praises.

FLATTERY.

That society is often based upon false principles, yielding the palm of preference to those whose external appearance may be most pleasing to the artificial eye, is clearly proved by the knowledge of the customs of almost every people. The diamond often dazzles far more than the lustre of mind; while he, whose mind is stored with useful knowledge and decorated in homelier attire, is often excluded from the presence of those who would arrogate to themselves all claims to superiority. But what is it that has given the worthless and avaricious such a potent charm, in keeping the artificial link of society bright?

It is flattery! The designing use this weapon when all others fail. The miser pours it out upon those whose purse he would shorten; the politician deals liberally with encomiums upon the people, from whom he derives the emoluments or honor of office. The love of approbation is innate in the constitution of man; its sparks are first kindled in the bosom of the cradled infant, glowing with intense power, until manhood has developed its faculties. Young has described it thus:

> " *The love of praise*, howe'er concealed by art,
> Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart;
> The proud to gain it, toils on toils endure;
> The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
> O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it dwells,
> Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells;
> 'Tis tory, whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
> Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades,
> It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
> And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead,
> Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
> Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs."

Such is the love of praise, and by a kind of instinct we naturally think well of those who administer to our vanity, and shun those who dwell on disparagements against us, and who regard us with an envious eye. Thus it is that the deceitful, by taking advantage of this frailty of human nature, gain an ascendancy over our affections which would have been produced by no other artifice. Many a heart has bled with the arrow of Cupid, which was sent upon its winged message by the breath of flattery; many a fire has glowed upon the alter of Hymen, which has been fanned by its mystic influence; but it never won one sensible heart nor kindled one true fire! Nevertheless, it has left many a heart with an aching void, and deceived many into regions of fancy who had been borne upon its light, fluctuating wings.

Flattery is a sort of bad-money to which our vanity gives currency. Kings never hear the voice of truth until they are dethroned, nor beauties until they have abdicated their charms. When some people make a great deal of you, you may be sure they mean to make a great deal out of you. A compliment is a thing frequently paid by those who never pay anything else.

The flatterer must act the very reverse of the physician, administering the strongest dose only to the weakest patient. We must suit the flattery to the mind and taste of the recipient; we do not put essences into hogsheads or porter into phials.

Flattery is like your shadow: it makes you neither larger or smaller.

FALSEHOOD.

It is dangerous to deviate from the truth, even on the most trifling occasion. However guileless may be our intentions, the habit, if indulged, may take root, and gain on us under the cover of various pretences, till it usurps a leading influence on our conduct. Nothing appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulation; and it is observable, that only weak animals endeavor to supply by craft the defects of strength, which nature has not given them. He that deceives his neighbor with lies, is unjust to him, and cheats him out of the truth, to which he has a natural right. When a man hath forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood. There are lying looks, as well as lying words; dissembling smiles, deceiving signs, and even a lying silence. Not to intend what you speak, is to give your heart the lie with your tongue; not to perform what you promise, is to give your tongue the lie with your actions.

Plutarch calls lying the voice of a slave. There is no vice, says Lord Bacon, that so covers a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. It is easy to tell a lie, and hard to tell but a lie. One lie requires many more to maintain it. Denying a fault doubles it. We must not always speak all that we know—that would be folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery. All a man can get by lying and dissembling is, that he will not be believed when he speaks the truth. A liar is subject to two misfortunes: neither to believe nor be believed. If falsehood, says Montaigne, like truth, had but one face, we should be upon better terms; for we should then take the contrary from what the liar says for certain truth. Since speech is the great gift which distinguishes men from beasts, how unworthy are they that falsify it! No creature has deceitful cries, except that animal bred on the banks of the Nile. It is only man that perverts the use of his voice. Lying is a vice so very infamous that the greatest liars cannot bear it in other men. Of all vices, lying is the meanest. No cause is ever made better, but always worse, by a falsehood. Even where detection does not follow, suspicion is always created. Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.

The Chinese proverb says a lie has no legs, and can not stand; but it has wings and can fly far and wide. You never can unite, though you may try ever so hard, the antagonistic elements of truth and falsehood. The man that forgets a great deal that has happened, has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

DECEPTION.

There can not be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence and then deceive it. A man can not be justified in deceiving, misleading or overreaching his neighbor. That kind of deceit which is cunningly laid, and smoothly carried on, under a disguise of friendship, is of all others the most impious and detestable. Nothing can be more unjust and ungenerous, than to play upon the belief of a harmless person, to make him suffer for his good opinion, and fare the worse for thinking me an honest man. To betray is base.

> "When devils will their blackest sins put on,
> They do suggest at first with heavenly shows."—SHAK.

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain. It would be more obliging to say plainly, we can not do what is desired, than to amuse people with fair words, which often puts them upon false measures. Deceit goes for false coin, and the deceiver for the coiner, which is still worse, like counterfeit money, which, though a good man may receive it, yet he ought not to pay it. When once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand. One of the most painful feelings the heart can know, is to learn the unworthiness of a person who has hitherto shared our good opinion and protection; we are at once mortified at our mistaken judgment, and wounded in our affections. It is far happier to be deceived than undeceived by those whom we love.

A false friend is like the shadow on a sun dial, appearing in the sunshine, but disappearing in the shade. There are three ways of getting rid of a false friend: one, by telling him of his faults; another, by asking his assistance; and the third, by lending him money, or conferring some great obligation upon him.

Did men take as much care to mend as they do to conceal their failings, they would both spare themselves that trouble which dissimulation puts them to, and gain, over and above, the commendations they aspire to by their seeming virtues. All false practices and affectations of knowledge are more odious to God, and deserve to be so to men, than any want or defect of knowledge can be. Let us not deceive ourselves. Men and women are never more frequently outwitted than when they are trying to outwit others. As you sow, so shall you reap. Any fool may start a humbug, but it takes a genius to carry one on. A man may see clearly through a woman's coquetry, and yet fall a victim to it; like the nightingale, which sits on a tree and sees the net spread beneath, and yet hops straight into it. The most deceitful are the most suspectful.

DETRACTION.

He that praiseth bestows a favor, but he that detracts commits a robbery. A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing. Do not cultivate curiosity. Every man has in his own life follies enough; in his own mind troubles enough; in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough; without being curious about the affairs of others. A man acquires more glory by defending than by accusing others.

> "Believe not each aspersing word,
> As most weak persons do;
> But still believe that story false
> Which ought not to be true."

Never listen to an infamous story handed you by a person who is known to be an enemy to the person he is defaming. Never condemn your neighbor unheard; there are always two ways of telling a story. Hear no ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy. Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe. Be cautious in believing evil of others, but more cautious in reporting it. Ill reports do harm to him that makes them, and to those they are made to, as well as those they are made of. There is seldom any thing uttered in malice, which turns not to the hurt of the speaker. Believe nothing against another but on good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it. We are no more to hear calumnies than to report them. It is a sign of a bad reputation to take pleasure in blasting the credit of our neighbors. He who sells his neighbor's credit at a low rate, makes the market for another to buy his at the same price. He that indulges himself in calumniating or ridiculing the absent, plainly shows his company what they may expect from him after he leaves them.

There is an odious spirit in some persons, who are better pleased to detect a fault than to commend a virtue. Some have a perfidious trick of ruining a man by commendations; to praise for small things, that they may disparage successfully for greater. It is the worst of malice, says Plutarch, to intermix with reproaches some praises, that the accusations may gain the firmer belief. Many speak ill because they never learned to speak well.

It is observed that the most censorious are generally the least judicious; who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another, that has any of his own. Every whisper of infamy is industriously circulated, every hint of suspicion eagerly improved, and every failure of conduct joyfully published, by those whose interest it is that the eye and voice of the public should be employed on any rather than on themselves.

A scandalous assertion, if made directly, can not frequently be repeated, for the mode of its expression admits of little variety; whereas your implied scandal is capable of being varied almost infinitely, and thus affords the pleasant and continued opportunity of showing off the ingenuity of the malicious man without vexing the dull ear of the drowsy one. One general mark of an imposter is that he outdoes the original.

SLANDER.

He that shoots at the stars may hurt himself, but not endanger them. When any man speaks ill of us, we are to make use of it as a caution, without troubling ourselves at the calumny. He is in a wretched case that values himself upon other people's opinions, and depends upon their judgment for the peace of his life. The contempt of injurious words stifles them, but resentment revives them. He that values himself upon conscience, not opinion, never heeds reproaches. When I am ill spoken of, I take it thus: if I have not deserved it, I am never the worse; if I have, I'll mend. Socrates, when informed of some derogating speeches one had used concerning him behind his back, made only this facetious reply, "Let him beat me, too, when I am absent." Says Shakespeare:

> "But words are words; I never yet did hear,
> That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear."

Has anybody said evil things of you? Never mind it. The abuse of some men is the best endorsement of integrity. He who is not calumniated is commonly of too little mental account to be worthy of it. Remember that it is always the best fruit which the birds are pecking at, and that slanderers are like flies, which overlook all a man's good parts in order to light upon his sores. All men who do anything must expect a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw up. As a great body is not without a like shadow, neither is any eminent virtue without eminent detraction. The worthiest people are the most assailed by slander.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the inuendoes, inveracities, the insinuations and suspicions which are uttered against him." Dirt on the character, if unjustly thrown, like dirt on the clothes, should be let alone for a while till it dries, and then it will rub off easy enough. Slander, like other poisons, when administered in very heavy doses, is often thrown off by the intended victim, and thus relieves where it was meant to kill. Dirt sometimes acts like fuller's earth, defiling for the moment, but purifying in the end. You cannot be permanently injured by the malicious gossip of your neighbors. A man who is inflexibly honest is safely shielded against the darts of detraction. Live down calumny; the best reply to slanderous reports is a good life. A good life does not always silence calumny, but it certainly disarms it.

FRETTING AND GRUMBLING.

It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices. The man or woman who goes through the world grumbling and fretting is not only violating the laws of God, but is a sinner against the peace and harmony of society, and is, and of right ought to be, shunned accordingly.

A fretting man or woman is one of the most unlovable objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable house mate in comparison—it only stings when disturbed. But an habitual fretter buzzes if he don't sting, with or without provocation. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." Children and servants cease to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, worrisome, exacting parent or master. They know that "barking dogs don't bite," and fretters don't strike, and they conduct themselves accordingly.

Has a neighbor injured you?
  Don't fret—
You will yet come off the best;
  He's the most to answer for;
Never mind it, let it rest,
  Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told?
  Don't fret—
It will run itself to death,
  If you will let it quite alone,
It will die for want of breath,
  Don't fret.

Are your enemies at work?
  Don't fret—
They can't injure you a whit:
  If they find you heed them not,
They will soon be glad to quit;
  Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?
  Don't fret—
Fortune's wheels keep turning round:
  Every spoke will reach the top,
Which like you is going down.
  Don't fret.

Reforms are not instituted by growling and fault-finding. There is an old fable of Esop's which shows how a wagoner who was bemired extricated himself. The hopeful genius in question, immediately upon his accident, sat down by the roadside and, bitterly bewailing his predicament, called on Hercules to help him; instead of doing so Hercules gave advice, and told the man to put his own shoulder to the wheel and help himself; in effect, to stop grumbling and go to work. The wagoner did this, was successful, and went on his way rejoicing. There are a great many people in the world like the wagoner in this fable. They are always in hot water, forever in trouble. They throw the blame of their own misdeeds and want of judgment upon others, and if one might believe them, society would be found in a shocking state. They rail at everything, lofty or lowly, and when they have no grumbling to do they begin to deprecate. They endeavor to make good actions seem contemptible in other men's eyes, and try to belittle every noble and praiseworthy enterprise by casting suspicion upon the motives of those connected with it. Such individuals, whether men or women, are an incubus on any society, and the best way to paralyze their efforts to create discord, is to ignore them altogether. Let grumblers form a select circle by themselves. Let them herd together; give them the cold shoulder when they appear, and make them uncomfortable during their sojourn, and if they can not be cured they may be more easily endured, and perhaps discover the error of their ways and reform.

An Englishman dearly likes, says *Punch*, to grumble, no matter whether he be right or wrong, crying or laughing, working or playing, gaining a victory or smarting under a national humiliation, paying or being paid—still he must grumble, and, in fact, he is never so happy as when he is grumbling; and, supposing everything was to our satisfaction, (though it says a great deal for our power of assumption to assume any such absurd impossibility), still he would grumble at the fact of there being nothing for him to grumble about.

There are two things about which we should never grumble: the first is that which we *can not help*, and the other that which we *can help*. The croakers are not all in the ponds, but they should be.

PEEVISHNESS.

Peevish people are always unjust, always exacting, always dissatisfied. They claim everything of others, yet receive their best efforts with petulance and disdain. Such men complain, too, of being ill-treated by their fellows. Ill-treated! The mildness of an angel and the patience of a saint could not treat these sour-tempered people in a manner that would satisfy them. The habit of peevishness grows upon a person until it renders him wholly incapable of conferring any happiness upon others. It distorts the imagination, and disorders the mind, so that truth cannot be distinguished from falsehood, or friendship from enmity. It is one great source of envy and discontent, poisoning the fountain of life, and scattering ruin and desolation on every side. Those who occupy their minds about anything serviceable to those around them are seldom peevish; it is only those who feed a disordered fancy with self-generated fiction, that become misanthropic or grumblers. Then incessant fault-finding arises, which is as annoying as it is unjust. Did peevish people know, or could they feel, the effect of their reproaches on others, those reproaches would never be made. But the possessor of a peevish turn of mind thinks of nothing but himself. For others he cares nothing; while he claims the greatest deference for himself, he will not defer to others in the slightest degree.

CHURLISHNESS.

Few characteristics are more unfortunate to the possessor than this—few more repulsive and annoying to those with whom circumstances bring him in contact. Various definitions of what constitutes the churl have been given. His ugly temper and manner have furnished a theme to the satirist, as well as the moralist, in all times. In Isaiah he is described as a miser and a niggard. Lord Sidney portrayed him as a "rude, surly, ill-bred man." To these epithets Lord Bacon has added "ill-grained." But, although these definitions, as well as the etymology of the term itself, point to the male sex as the exclusive appropriators of churlishness, it would hardly do justice either to man or the truth, to admit that it is so confined in its malign range. For ourselves, we feel compelled to say that some churlish people are women. It is possible —even probable—that they impressed us the more unfavorably because of being found in the gentler and more kindly division of society, and therefore we are willing to modify our expression of opinion, and say that they so *seemed* to us. One cause, or at least encouragement, of churlishness is the mistake which some people appear to have made in confounding it with firmness. This is a mistake which shoots very wide of the mark, indeed. Firmness is a most praiseworthy quality of mind. Even when carried to the verge of stubbornness, there is not, necessarily, either wrong or rudeness in it. It may be accompanied by due deference to the feelings of others, and even with the courtesy of the Golden Rule itself. Churlishness is a disposition very different from firmness. The latter is heaven-approved. The former could only find commendation where the spirit of Social Evil held universal sway. Let the young avoid it, if they would experience happy and happifying lives!

CONTROVERSIES.

Controversies, for the most part, leave truth in the middle, and are factions at both ends. Victory always inclines to him that contends the least. If your opinion be indefensible, do not obstinately defend a bad cause. He that argues against truth takes pains to be overcome. It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words, and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex, as to convince each other. Contradiction should awaken our attention and care, but not our passion; we should be on no side, nor interest but that of truth. It is usually the case with obstinate persons, to regard neither truth in contradicting, nor benefit in disputing. Positiveness is a certain evidence of weak judgment. In a speech delivered in a public assembly, it is expected a man will use all his reasons in the cause he handleth; but in private persuasion, it is a great error. The surest way to persuade is to please. Passionate pursuits darken reason, but seldom enlighten our understanding. Contention benefits neither party. Time, the greatest calmer of human passions, softens the asperities of controversy. Wise and good men will avoid controversy and disputation, as far as they can; yet they must not determine against them, or condemn them indiscriminately; for when false teachers come in unawares to subvert men's souls; when the fundamental truths of the Gospel are opposed or perverted, and the principles of men are poisoned by pernicious tenets; we ought to "contend earnestly," (though in meekness,) "for the faith once delivered to the saints," and to decline controversy in such circumstances argues lukewarmness and cowardice, rather than meekness and wisdom.

QUARRELS.

The sourest cider is made from the apples of discord. Family feuds, violated friendships, and litigation with neighbors, are the banes of society. One unquiet, perverse disposition, distempers the peace and unity of a whole family or society; as one jarring instrument will spoil a whole concert. The quarrels of relatives are most violent. To avoid family quarrels, let the quarreling wretch have it all to himself; reply never a word. A quarrel is like a spark, which can not be produced without a flint as well as a steel; either of them may hammer on wood forever, no fire will follow. Grandmother used to say to grandfather, "It is no use quarreling, my dear, when you know we must make it up again." He who espouses a quarrel is not to be envied in his nuptials. Never fear a man who threatens you with an injury; the silent enemy is the most dangerous. Those who are ever ready to give the lie are generally not too brave to take quietly what they are not too civil to give. When two men dispute, you may be sure that there is a fool upon one side or the other; and the man who interferes between the two is generally a greater fool than either. When you dispute with a fool, he is very certain to be similarly employed. Two things well considered would prevent many quarrels: first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about. In all differences, consider that both you and your enemy are dropping off, and that ere long your very memories will be extinguished.

INSULTS.

There are some people always looking out for slights. They can not pay a visit, they can not receive a friend, they can not carry on the daily intercourse of the family, without suspecting some offense is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in every body they come into contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary taciturnity, has been mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight is intended, unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hue, in a great degree, from the color of our own minds. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and every body is under more or less restraint in his or her presence; and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased. Your people who fire up easily miss a deal of happiness. Their jaundiced tempers destroy their own comfort as well as that of their friends. They have forever some fancied slight to brood over. The sunny serene contentment of less selfish dispositions never visits them. The narrower a soul is the more easily it is *crossed*.

Solon, being asked, Why, amongst his laws, there was not one against personal affronts? answered, He could not believe the world so fantastical as to regard them.

INDIGNATION.

We should be careful how we indulge in the feelings of a virtuous indignation. It is the handsome brother of anger and hatred.

ANGER.

There is no man obliged to live so free from passion as not to show some resentment; and it is rather stoical stupidity than virtue, to do otherwise. Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools. Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury. When Socrates found in himself any disposition to anger, he would check it by speaking low, in opposition to the motions of his displeasure. If you are conscious of being in a passion, keep your mouth shut, for words increase it. Many a person has dropped dead in a rage. Fits of anger bring fits of disease. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and the example is a good one for our imitation. If you would demolish an opponent in argument, first make him as mad as you can. Dr. Fuller used to say that the heat of passion makes our souls to crack, and the devil creeps in at the crevices.

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is either great or noble in his nature; it makes him unfit for conversation, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion. Says Lord Bacon: An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks. A wise man hath no more anger than is necessary to show that he can apprehend the first wrong, nor any more revenge than justly to prevent a second. One angry word sometimes raises a storm that time itself can not allay. There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue. He is the man of power who controls the storms and tempests of his mind. He that will be angry for anything, will be angry for nothing. As some are often incensed without a cause, so they are apt to continue their anger, lest it should appear to their disgrace to have begun without occasion. If we do not subdue our anger it will subdue us. It is the second word that makes the quarrel. That anger is not warrantable that hath seen two suns. One long anger, and twenty short ones, have no very great difference. Our passions are like the seas, agitable by the winds; and as God hath set bounds to these, so should we to those: *so far shall thou go, and no farther.*

Dr. Arnold once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up in his face and said: "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can." Years after, the doctor used to tell the story to his own children, and say: "I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten." It does no good to get angry. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort, but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment, and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool. And he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbor, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living next door to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything goes "by contraries!" Will a fit of passion make the wind more propitious, the ground more productive, the market more favorable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? If men, animals, or senseless matter cause trouble, will getting "mad" help matters?—make men more subservient, brutes more docile, wood and stone more tractable? Any angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder that he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is as an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is useless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found 'only in the bosom of fools,' why should it be indulged at all?

What men want of reason for their opinions, they are apt to supply and make up in rage. The most irreconcilable enmities grow from the most intimate friendships. To be angry with a weak man is to prove that you are not very strong yourself. It is much better to reprove than to be angry secretly. Anger, says Pythagoras, begins with folly and ends with repentance.

In sickness our distemper makes us loathe the most natural meat; in anger, our fury makes us resist courteous advice.

He that is angry with the just reprover kindles the fire of the just avenger. Bad money cannot circulate through the veins and arteries of trade. It is a great pity that bad blood can circulate through the veins and arteries of the human frame. It seems a pity that an angry man, like the bees that leave their stings in the wounds they make, could inflict only a single injury. And, to a certain extent, it is so, for anger has been compared to a ruin, which, in falling upon its victims, breaks itself to pieces.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

RESENTMENT.

At every trifle scorn to take offense. Those who are careful to avoid offending others, are not apt to take offense themselves.

If ever you hope that your charity should live after you, then let resentment die before you.

SUSPICION.

The weak man is continually fluttering between suspicion about the conduct of others, and vast surprise, even if his suspicions are verified. The wise man is less troubled by suspicions, and has read too much, and seen too much, to be greatly surprised at anything when it comes. Unprosperous persons are often suspicious: they take everything as an affront. Suspicion is the palsy of the heart: fear is a chain of ice upon the tongue. Half words are worse than silence; and either is death to conversation. A man, to be genuine, to be himself, must believe and be believed; must trust and be trusted. The scowl of a doubt quenches the charm of conversation as quickly as the shadow of a hawk does the song of a bird. Suspicion is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness. He that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt. Suspicion is the child of guilt. Suspicion is the virtue of a coward.

> "Suspicion haunts the guilty mind;
> The thief doth fear each bush an officer."

JEALOUSY.

Of all passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is, to watch the success of our enemies; its wages, to be sure of it. Jealousy violates contracts—dissolves society—breaks wedlock—betrays friends and neighbors—nobody is good—and every one is either doing or designing them a mischief. Its rise is guilt or ill-nature, and by reflection it thinks its own faults to be other men's; as he that is overrun with the jaundice takes others to be yellow. Avarice, ambition, terror, may have mercy; but there is one passion lurks within the human breast whose very instinct is murder. Once lodged within the heart, for life it rules—ascendant and alone! it sports in the solitude like an antic fiend! It pants for blood, and rivers will not sate its thirst. Minds strongest in worth and valor stoop to meanness and disgrace before it. The meanest soul—the weakest—it can give courage to, beyond the daring of despair! What is the sting which no balm can assuage? What is the wound that death alone can heal? Whose is the sword that, when once drawn, the scabbard must be cast away forever? When is it that man has no ear but for the tale that falls like molten lead upon his ear; no eye but for the plucked-out heart of him he hates; no hand but for that clutch—that one last clutch—that grasps his dagger? Who is it that has been wise, yet now will cast away reason; was kind and pitiful, yet now mimics the humanity of the wild dog? Who is it hews his foe to pieces—writes "Acquittal" on his tomb—and dies? That wretch is Jealous! Pity him, whate'er his crimes. The gamester, whose last piece is lost—the merchant, whose whole risk the sea has swallowed up—the child, whose air-bubble has burst—may each create a bauble like the former! But he whose treasure was in woman's love; who trusted, as man once trusts, and was deceived!—that hope once gone!—weep—search—rave—despair—seek thyself blind—there is again no finding—no restoring it! Let not any too rigorously judge the conduct of a jealous woman or a jealous man. Remember that the maniac *suffers.* To be sure, the suffering is from selfishness—often it is without a shadow of a cause; but still it *is* suffering, and it is intense. Pity it—bear with it. You may yourself fall into temptation. It is a sorer curse, a more certain and fatal blight to the heart on which it seizes, than it can be to those against whom its spite is hurled. Then, while none should bend too far to the whims of jealousy, all should be patient with its victims. Jealousy is as cruel as the grave; not the grave that opens its deep bosom to receive and shelter from further storms the worn and forlorn pilgrim who 'rejoices exceedingly and is glad' when he can find its repose, but cruel as the grave is when it yawns and swallows down from the lap of luxury, from the summit of fame, from the bosom of love, the desire of many eyes and hearts. Jealousy is a two headed asp, biting backwards and forwards. Among the deadly things upon the earth or in the sea, or flying through the deadly night air of malarious regions, few are more noxious than is jealousy. And of all mad passions, there is not one that has a vision more distorted, or a more unreasonable fury. To the jealous eye, white looks black, yellow looks green, and the very sunshine turns deadly lurid. There is no innocence, no justice, no generosity, that is not touched with suspicion, save just the jealous person's own. And jealousy is an utter folly, for it helps nothing and saves nothing. If your friend's love is going, or gone to another, will your making yourself hateful and vindictive stay it or bring it back? If it is *not* leaving you, is there no risk in rendering yourself so unlovely?

A woman is either worth a great deal or she is worth nothing. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she is a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one; but he is a greater fool to cut his throat for either of them.

There is but one thing in conjugal life worse than a jealous wife. The wife can tell what that is.

"Trifles light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."—SHAK.

"They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis
Begot upon itself, born on itself."—IBID.

"It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on."—IBID.

ENVY.

It has been said that, if we knew how little others enjoyed, it would rescue the world from one sin; there would be no such thing as envy upon earth. Envy is, unquestionably, a high compliment, but a most ungracious one. An envious man repines as much at the manner in which his neighbors live, as if he maintained them. Some people as much envy others a good name, as they want it themselves; and that is the reason of it. Envy is fixed on merit; and, like a sore eye, is offended with anything that is bright. Envy increases in exact proportion with fame, the man that makes a character makes enemies. A radiant genius calls forth swarms of peevish, biting, stinging insects, just as the sunshine awakens the world of flies. Virtue is not secure against envy. Evil men will lessen what they wont imitate. If a man is good, he is envied; if evil, himself is envious. Envious people are doubly miserable, in being afflicted with other's prosperity, and their own adversity.

> "Envy is but the smoke of low estate,
> Ascending still against the fortunate."—BROOKE.

It was Lord Bacon who said, A man that hath no virtue in himself envieth it in others. Montaigne says, Other passions have objects to flatter them, and seem to content and satisfy them for a while; there is power in ambition, pleasure in luxury, and pelf in covetousness; but envy can give nothing but vexation. Envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its origin, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be preferred. It is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it. He that envieth maketh another man's virtue his vice, and another's happiness his torment; whereas, he that rejoiceth at the prosperity of another, is partaker of the same. The surest sign of a noble disposition, is to have no envy in one's nature. To prevent envy, throw away your finery and increase your goodness. Remember, envy is a sin that requires two to make, and in nine cases out of ten you are one of two.

Envy, jealousy, scorpions and rattlesnakes, can be made to sting themselves to death. He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

HARSHNESS.

He who glories in wounding others will finally wound himself. A curse is like a stone thrown up to heaven, and most likely to return on the head of him who throws it. A hard person thinks it is enough if he does not speak ill of your children or other relatives: and then, with the greatest good will, and with a total inattention to your individual position, he will gallop over a thousand fine feelings and leave in every step the mark of his hoofs upon your heart. If all unkind and unjust words were arrows, like needles and pins; and if, instead of piercing the ear and then the heart, they flew against the bodies of those to whom they were directed, the children in some men's families would be like pin-cushions stuck full of sharp and painful weapons. "Don't write there," said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel. "Why?" said he. "Because you can't rub it out." There are other things which men should not do, because they cannot rub them out: a heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of the diamond upon glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever. On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions, deeply engraved, which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the minds of others. Vehemence creates dislike; excessive mildness, contempt; be neither so severe as to be hated, nor so tame as to be insulted. Rough men have all their seams on the outside; and they rub against and incommode those who come in contact with them. Ferocity is sometimes *assumed*, as well as gentleness. There are as many sheep in wolves' clothing as there are wolves in sheep's. It is the characteristic of weakness to be most savage in utterance when least capable of execution. Rashness will admit of nought for reason, but what unreasonable self shall dictate for reason. Say to a captious man that it is a fine day, and he will be sure to suggest some defect in it. He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

HATRED.

Four good mothers have given birth to four bad daughters: truth has produced hatred; success, pride; security, danger; and familiarity, contempt. And, on the other hand, four bad mothers have produced as many good daughters: for astronomy is the offspring of astrology; chemistry, of alchymy; freedom, of oppression; patience, of long-suffering. Dislike what deserves it, but never hate, for that is of the nature of malice, which is applied to persons, not things. We ought to divest ourselves of hatred, for the interest of our own quiet. We often hate, we know not why, without examining either the good or the bad qualities of the person; and this senseless aversion of ours will sometimes fall upon men of extraordinary merit. It is the business of reason to correct this blind passion, which is a reproach to it; for is there anything more unjust, than to have an aversion to those that are an honor to human nature? It is far from being one of the best features of human nature, that, whilst we love those whom we have benefited, we often hate those who have benefited us.

A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as, by degrees, will break out upon those who are your friends, or to those who are indifferent to you.

The only hate we are apt to bear with christian patience, is the hate of those who envy us. There are two things in which all, or nearly all sects agree—the hatred with which they pursue the errors of others, and the love with which they cling to their own. The hatred of those who are the most nearly connected is the most inveterate. At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and songs, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injurer and injured will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

REPREHENSION AND REPROOF.

There is much discretion to be observed in reprehension: a word will do more with some than a blow with others. "A Venice glass is not to be rubbed so hard as a brazen kettle." The tender reed is more easily bowed than the sturdy oak. Dashing storms do but destroy the reed, while gentle showers nourish it. In reprehension we should always beware of carrying our teeth in our tongues, and of biting while we are speaking. Reprehension should tread upon the heels of transgression. The plaster should be applied as soon as the wound is received. It is easier to extinguish a flaming torch than a burning house. Gentle medicine will serve for a recent distemper; but chronic diseases require powerful remedies. How securely would David have slept if Nathan had not been sent to arouse him! How far do many travel in the downward road for want of a wholesome friend to stop them in their journey. Private admonition is rather a proof of benevolence than of malevolence. The flaming sword of reprehension is but to keep us from the forbidden fruit of transgression. Who knows how much the majesty of a reprover may tame the insolence of an offender! Mark the reason which the Apostle assigns for gentle reproof: Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Strive not with a man without cause. Blame not before thou hast examined the truth. Debate thy cause with thy neighbor himself, and divulge not a secret.

Be not hasty in drawing conclusions to the prejudice of another, before you form your opinion. Be perfectly satisfied with the correctness of your judgment. How many have heedlessly infused a drop of bitterness in the cup of one already overflowing with grief.

> "Regardless of wringing or breaking a heart,
> Already to sorrow resigned!"

How many there are who check passion with passion, and are very angry in reproving anger! Thus, to lay one devil they raise another; and leave more work to be undone than they found to be done. Such a reproof of vice is a vice to be reproved. Reproof either hardens or softens its object. The sword of reproof should be drawn against the offense, and not against the offender. Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee. Those who merit praise can bear reproof best.

INJURY.

A little wrong done to another is a great injury done to ourselves. The severest punishment of an injury, is the conscience of having done it; and no man suffers more than he that is given over to the pain of repentance. None more impatiently suffer injuries than those who are most forward in doing them. He that is not above an injury is below himself. The noblest remedy for injuries is oblivion. Light injuries are made lighter by not regarding them. It is better to forgive injuries than to retaliate.

He is unwise and unhappy who never forgets the injuries he may have received; they are indented on his face, making the visage of the injured man frightful, like neglected wounds inflicted upon the stately tree, and which might have been effaced by the careful husbandman. They come home to his heart like, when the sunshine of happiness would bless him, and throw him into a tumult that not easily subsides. The demon of hate reigns in his bosom, and makes him of all accountable creatures the most miserable. Have you been injured in purse or character? Let the smiling angel of forgiveness find repose in your bosom, and you will be fully revenged, and what is of more consequence, your health and peace of mind will be improved.

Better draw the cork of your indignation, and let it foam and fume, than wire it down to turn sour and acrid within. Sulks affect the liver, and are still worse for the heart and soul. Wrath driven in is as dangerous to the moral health as suppressed small-pox is to the animal system. Dissipate it by reflecting on the mildness, humility, and serenity, of better men than yourself, suffering under greater wrongs than you have ever been called upon to bear.

EVIL.

> ——"Oftentimes to win us to our harm,
> The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
> Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
> In deepest consequences."—Shaks.

Beware of the beginning of evil. Here is your chief danger. It lies in venturing upon little indulgencies, and sins; upon slight violations of conscience and duty. These are the germs of bad habits and ruined characters. If once allowed to take root within you, to spring up and bud, they will assuredly shed over your future years the bitter fruit of sorrow and shame. The devil never boldly enters the citadel of rectitude at the outset. He first walks around and passes by; then holds a parley, and makes the worse appear the better reason; and ends by gaining permission to walk in just *once*, promising, thenceforward, to cease his solicitations and keep aloof. But once admitted, he goes artfully at work to destroy all our defences, and, before we are aware of it, he is a permanent occupant of the citadel. "Early perversion of mind and morals," says Byron, "leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones. Even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel, (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements,) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected." If you have been tempted into evil, fly from it; it is not falling into the water, but lying in it, that drowns. In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thy own self. Another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou may'st avoid, but thyself thou can'st not. Wickedness is its own punishment. The evil which issues from the mouth falls into thy bosom. A man with an evil habit fixed in his soul is as badly off as a nut with a worm in its kernel.

No man can lay himself under an obligation to do an ill thing. Pericles, when one of his friends importuned his service in an unjust matter, excused himself, saying, I am a friend as far as the alter.

A sinner can do much evil, but he can suffer none. A saint can suffer much evil, but he will do none. There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil, to one who is striking at the root. Evil spirits fight hard to keep man in their societies, and under their influences.

BAD TEMPER.

A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly, wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom, to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one perpetual round of complaint and murmering, to have every pleasant thought scared away by this evil spirit, is a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion, a perpetual nettle destroying your peace, rendering life a perpetual burden. Its influence is deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma, wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect; so, if all the members of a church, neighborhood, and family, do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

Fools, lunarians, the weak-minded, and the ignorant are irascible, impatient, and of ungovernable temper: great hearts and wise, are calm, forgiving and serene. The most imperturbable, and the ablest disputer of his age, was the Scotchman, Henderson. When a glass of water was thrown in his face, by the ungovernable rage into which an antagonist had allowed himself to be thrown by the anticipation of inevitable defeat, the Scotchman calmly wiped his dripping cheeks, and remarked with a smile, "That is a diversion: let us proceed with the argument." It is said of one of the ablest men of a past century, that, having completed the manuscript of a work which he had been preparing for several years, he left his room for a few moments to find, on returning, that a favorite little dog had, in his absence, turned over the candle, and reduced his writings to ashes; on observing which, he exclaimed, "Oh! Diamond, little dost thou know the injury thou hast done;" and immediately set about the reparation of the damages. Philip the Second, after having sat up to a late hour in the night to complete some important state papers, waked up one of his drowsy secretaries, who was so flurried at this breach of duty, that he dashed the contents of the inkstand over the manuscript, instead of the sand box. "It would have been better to have used the sand," was royalty's remark, on sitting down to the reproduction of the document. Washington, when high in command, provoked a man to knock him down. The next day he sent for the person to appear at headquarters, and asked his pardon! for, in reviewing the incidents of the case, he found that he was himself at fault. A magnanimity only possible to a truly great mind; but it is a magnanimity, a self-control, a mastery of temper, which it is a nobility to strive for.

Unsociable tempers are contracted in solitude, which will in the end not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better by flying from or quarreling with them. A sensible woman, the mother of a young family, taught her children, from the earliest childhood, to consider ill humor as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. Accordingly, she had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb for the crossness. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.

MEDDLING.

Neglecting our own affairs and meddling with those of others, are the sources of many troubles. Those who blow the coals of other's strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces. We think more of ourselves than of others, but sometimes more *for* others than ourselves. The folly of interfering betwixt man and woman is thus gramatically put:

"When man and wife at odds fall out
  Let syntax be your tutor;
'Twixt masculine and feminine,
  What should one be but neuter?

GOSSIP.

The common fluency of speech, in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is master of a language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas, common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people can come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door. Gossip is the bane of social life; always indicating a little mind having affinity with petty concerns; often a malicious mind, delighting in traducing others; irreverance for truth, risking the violation of it for the pleasure of telling stories, which may be false, often are known to be so; great lack of honor, a sneaking disposition, saying behind the back of another what would not be said before his face; presumptive want of power to talk on nobler subjects—at least, lack of interest in them. Male gossips are worse than female. Women gossip chiefly about domestic life, love, marriage, flirtations, servants, entertainments—and a world of mischief they do there—of heart-burnings, heart-sighings, and heart-breakings—of broken ties and alienated affections. But men gossip, too. Oh! what keen, biting, withering gossipings they have—half untrue, wholly needless; full of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. There is, perhaps, not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which, I mean, the creature who carries to the ear of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By this vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else would be inert; for three-fourths of the slanderers in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of a double friendship, act the part of double traitor. The less business a man has of his own, the more he attends to the business of his neighbors. Busy-bodies are always idlers. Sweep first before your own door, e're you sweep before your neighbor's.

CENSURE.

Censure is the tax a man pays the public for being eminent. It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. Maximus said, He was a greater coward that was afraid of reproach, than he that would flee from his enemies. The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a well-deserving man will meet with more reproaches than all his virtues, praise; such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature. It is harder to avoid censure than to gain applause: for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but, to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing. Philip, of Macedon, said: He was beholden to the Athenian orators for reproving him; for he would endeavor, both by words and actions, to make them liars. And Plato, on hearing it was asserted by some persons, that he was a very bad man, said, I shall take care to live so that nobody will believe them. A clear conscience fears no accusation. There is no contending with necessity; and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it. It is one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must. Blame not before you understand the matter: understand first, and then rebuke. They who deserve most blame, are apt to blame first. Judge not rashly. Alas! how unreasonable as well as unjust a thing it is for any to censure the infirmities of another, when we see that even good men are not able to dive through the mystery of their own! Be assured there can be but little honesty, without thinking as well as possible of of others, and there can be no safety without thinking humbly and distrustfully of ourselves. It belongs not to our humble and confined station to censure, but to adore, submit and trust.

FAULT FINDING.

Never employ yourself to discover the faults of others —look to your own. You had better find out one of your own faults than ten of your neighbors. When a thing does not suit you, think of some pleasant quality in it. There is nothing so bad as it might be. Whenever you catch yourself in a fault-finding remark, say some approving one in the same breath, and you will soon be cured. Since the best of us have too many in firmities to answer for, says Dean Swift, we ought not to be too severe upon those of others; and, therefore, if our brother is in trouble, we ought to help him, without inquiring over seriously what produced it.

Those who have the fewest resources in themselves naturally seek the food of their self-love elsewhere. The most ignorant people find most to laugh at in strangers; scandal and satire prevail most in small places; and the propensity to ridicule the slightest or most palpable deviation from what we happen to approve, ceases with the progress of common sense and decency. True worth does not exult in the faults and deficiency of others; as true refinement turns away from grossness and deformity, instead of being tempted to indulge in an unmanly triumph over it. Raphael would not faint away at the daubing of a sign-post, nor Homer hold his head higher for being in the company of a "great bard." Real power, real excellence does not seek for a foil in imperfection; nor fear contamination from coming in contact with that which is coarse and homely. It reposes on itself, and is equally free from envy and affectation. There are some persons who seem to treasure up things that are disagreeable, on purpose. I can understand how a boy that never had been taught better might carry torpedoes in his pocket, and delight to throw them down at the feet of passers by and see them bound; but I can not understand how an instructed and well-meaning person could do such a thing. And yet there are men who carry torpedoes all their life, and take pleasure in tossing them at people. "Oh," they say, "I have something now, and when I meet that man I will give it to him." And they wait for the right company, and the right circumstances, and then they out with the most disagreeable things. And if they are remonstrated with, they say, "It is true," as if that was a justification of their conduct. If God should take all the things that are true of you, and make a scourge of them, and whip you with it, you would be the most miserable of men. But he does not use all the truth on you. And is there no law of kindness? Is there no desire to please and profit men? Have you a right to take any little story that you can pick up about a man, and use it in such a way as to injure him, or give him pain? And yet, how many men there are that seem to enjoy nothing so much as inflicting exquisite suffering upon a man in this way, when he can not help himself! Well, you know just how the devil feels. Whenever he has done anything wicked, and has made somebody very unhappy, and laughs, he feels just as, for the time being, you feel when you have done a cruel thing, and somebody is hurt, and it does you good.

Many persons are particularly spiteful against those foibles in others which they themselves have. They remind us of a monkey scratching, and grinning at the mimic monkey in the glass. Gotthold had a little dog, which, when placed before a mirror, became instantly enraged, and barked at his own image. He remarked on the occasion: "In general, a mirror serves as an excitement to self-love, whereas it stimulates this dog to anger against itself. The animal can not conceive that the figure it sees is only its own reflection, but fancies that it is a strange dog, and therefore will not suffer it to approach its master. This may remind us of an infirmity of our depraved hearts. We often complain of others, and take offense at the things they do against us, without reflecting that, for the most part, the blame lies with ourselves. Men behave ill to us because we behave ill to them. Our children are forward because they have inherited and learned forwardness from us. We are angry with them, yet they are our own image." Men look at the faults of others with a telescope—at their own with the same instrument reversed, or not at all. His good deeds are never thought of, whereas his evil ones are everywhere told and exagerated. It is so much easier to see small faults than large virtues. "Having, in my youth, notions of severe piety," says a celebrated Persian writer, "I used to rise in the night to watch and pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading." "Behold," said I to him, "the other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while

I alone awake to praise God." "Son of my soul," said he, "it is better to sleep, than wake to mark the faults of thy brethren."

There is as much wisdom in bearing with other people's defects, as in being sensible of their good qualities; and we should make the follies of others rather a warning and instruction to ourselves, than a subject of mirth and mockery of those that commit them. To judge impartially, we are to put men's good qualities in the balance against their bad ones; and if the scales of the first outweighs, the latter ought not to be brought into account. By the rules of justice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imperfection, who does not set up for eminent sufficiency in that wherein he is defective. If thou would'st bear thy neighbor's faults, cast thy eyes upon thine own.

It is easier to avoid a fault than to acquire a perfection. By others' faults wise men correct their own. He that contemns a small fault commits a great one. The greatest of all faults is, to believe we have none. Little minds ignore their own weakness, and carp at the defects of the great; but great minds are sensible of their own faults, and largely compassionate toward inferiors.

What a world of gossip would be prevented, if it was only remembered, that a person who tells you the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults. Every one has his faults; every man his ruling passion. The eye that sees all things sees not itself. That man hath but an ill life of it, who feeds himself with the faults and frailties of other people. Were not curiosity the purveyor, detraction would soon be starved into tameness.

There are no such disagreeable people in the world as those who are forever seeking their own improvement, and disquieting themselves about this fault and that; while, on the other hand, there is an unconscious merit which wins more good than all the theoretically virtuous in the wide world. Those who speak of no deficiencies in either themselves or others, but who are necessarily modest, because they only take what their hands find to do, and do it with their might.

FEAR.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. 'Tis the fancy, not the reason of things, that makes us so uneasy. It is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone, that can make anybody happy or miserable. The apprehension of evil is many times worse than the evil itself; and the ills a man fears he shall suffer, he suffers in the very fear of them. 'Tis virtue only that repels fear, and fear only that makes life troublesome.

Fear, unbalanced by hope, is desperation. Miseries are endless, if we stand in fear of all possibilities. Nothing has a more powerful effect on the heart than love or fear: the former may smother life by sudden depression, and the latter drive it out by over excitement.

Fear is a prodigious magnifier, especially when it has been excited by any unusual object. No traveler ever saw a small tiger; no landsman ever experienced a gale at sea that was not a tornado.

PREJUDICE.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them, because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such aversions are unusually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts but conquer our prejudices. But the misfortune is, that we carry these prejudices into things far more serious than our friendships. Thus there are *truths* which some men despise, because they have not examined, and which they will not examine because they despise. There is one single instance on record where this kind of prejudice was overcome by a miracle;—but the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice remains. Our passions and prejudices ever mislead us. A curate and his wife had heard that the moon was inhabited; a telescope was borrowed, and the lady had the first peep. "I see," said she, "I see two shades inclining towards each other; they are, beyond doubt, happy lovers." "Poh!" said the curate, looking in his turn, "these two shades are the two steeples of a cathedral." All innovation upon established customs is invariably and sturdily resisted, and men are known to fight for their prejudices who would never fight for their country. Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

ERROR.

It is no diminution to have been in the wrong. Perfection is not the attribute of man. When a man owns himself to be in an error, he does but tell you, in other words, that he is wiser than he was. No errors are so trivial but they deserve to be mended, and no sin is so slight but it should be repented of and renounced. Small transgressions become great by frequent repetition; as small expenses, multiplied, insensibly waste a large revenue. A great part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable. One false step, one wrong habit, one corrupt companion, one loose principle, may wreck all your prospects, and all the hopes of those who love you. The error of one moment often becomes the sorrow of a whole life. The best things, when corrupted, become the worst. He that hinders not a mischief when it is in his power is guilty of it. As the shadow follows the body in the splendor of the fairest sunlight, so will the wrong done to another pursue the soul in the hours of prosperity.

The day is past when custom could procure acquiescence; antiquity, reverence; or power, obedience to error; and, although error, and that of the most bold and dangerous kind, has her worshipers in the very midst of us, yet it is simply and solely because they mistake error for *truth.*

> "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just;
> And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

> "Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again:
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies amid her worshipers."

WASHINGTON IN THE WRONG.

In 1754, Washington was stationed at Alexandria with his regiment, the only one of the colony, of which he was colonel. There happened to be at this time an election in the town for the members of the Assembly, and the contest ran high between Col. George Fairfax and Mr. Elzey. Washington was a warm friend of Col. Fairfax, and Mr. Payne headed the friends of Mr. Elzey. A dispute taking place in the court-house yard, Washington, at this time not twenty-two years of age, contrary to his usual manner, became excited, and, what was still more uncommon, said something that offended Mr. Payne, whereupon the little gentleman, though but a cub in size, raised his sturdy hickory, and by a single blow brought him to the ground. Several of Washington's officers being present they whipped out their irons in an instant, and it was supposed there would be murder offhand. To make bad worse, the members of the regiment, hearing how their commander had been treated, bolted out of the barracks, every man with his weapon, threatening vengeance on those who had dared to knock down their beloved commander. Happily for Mr. Payne and his party, Washington recovered in time enough to go out and meet his enraged soldiers, and after thanking them for their expressions of attachment, assured them that he was not hurt in the least, and begged them, as they loved him and their duty, to return to their barracks. As to Washington himself, he went to his room, and finding, on maturer reflection, that he had been the aggressor, he determined to make Mr. Payne honorable reparation by asking his pardon on the morrow. No sooner had he made his noble resolution than he recovered his natural calmness of manner, dressed himself, and went to a ball, behaving as if nothing had happened. The next day he went to the tavern and wrote a polite note to Mr. Payne, requesting to see him. Mr. Payne presumed the import of it was a challenge for a duel, and repaired to the place appointed for the meeting, expecting to see a pair of pistols introduced. But conceive his surprise when, upon entering the chamber where Washington was, he discovered a decanter of wine and glasses upon the table. Upon his entering, Washington arose, and in a very friendly manner met him, and presented him his hand, saying: "Mr. Payne, to err sometimes is nature, to rectify error is always glory. I find I was wrong in the affair of yesterday; you have had, I think, some satisfaction, and if you think that is sufficient, here is my hand: let us be friends." It is only necessary for us to say, that from that time Mr. Payne became one of Washington's most enthusiastic admirers and friends. If this conduct had not been deemed in Washington to arise from magnanimity and not from fear, then he could not have become the immortal hero he is regarded in history.

EGOTISM.

When a man says, "I would not be egotistical," he might as well add, "if I could help it." "We dislike egotism in others," says Dr. Hebbard, "simply because of our own. It is a slight when we are by, that one should talk of himself or seek to entertain us with his own interest instead of asking us of ours." There are some men whose opposition can be reckoned upon against everything that has not emanated from themselves. He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals. The reason why egotists find the world so ugly is because they only see themselves in it. An egotist is especially hated by all other egotists.

"Self-love is not so great a sin as self-neglecting."—SHAKS.

VANITY.

Ostentation diminishes the merit of an action. He that is vain enough to cry up himself, ought to be punished with the silence of others. We soil the splendor of our most beautiful actions by our vain-glorious magnifying them. There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure. The desire of being thought wise, is often a hindrance to being so; for such an one is more solicitous to let the world see what knowledge he hath than to learn that which he wants. Men are found to be vainer on account of those qualities which they fondly believe they have, than of those which they really have. Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools or instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only drew the bellows.

Be not so greedy of popular applause, as to forget that the same breath which blows up a fire may blow it out again. Vanity, like laudanum, and other poisonous medicines, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities. Be not vain of your want of vanity. When you hear the phrase, "I may say without vanity," you may be sure some characteristic vanity will follow in the same breath.

Every man has as much vanity as he wants understanding. How many women prefer ostentation to happiness! The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. Pass through a crowd of boys busy with fire-crackers, and you will see how much more fond each lad is of his own particular noise than that of his companions. The same thing may be observed among public speakers and private talkers. The most worthless things are sometimes most esteemed.

It is not all the world that can pull an humble man down, because God will exalt him. Nor is it all the world that can keep a proud man up, because God will debase him. Sir J. Sinclair, on one occasion, was invited, by Lord Mellville, then high in office, to spend New Year's Day with him. Sir John arrived the day before, and in the morning repaired to the chamber of his host to wish him a happy New Year. "It had need be happier than the last," replied Lord M., "for I can not recollect a single happy day in it." This was the man who was the envy of many, being considered at the height of worldly prosperity!

A seeming modesty is a surer evidence of vanity than a moderate degree of assurance. Vanity, of all the passions, is the most unsocial. When young men are once dyed in pleasure and vanity, they will scarcely take any other color. Half the errors attributed to love have their source in vanity; and many a person has made sacrifices to this unworthy passion, who would have successfully resisted pleadings of affection.

"But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world, now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence,"

PRIDE.

A false pride is the most cankering and bitter trait that possesses the heart of man, and has ruined more souls than any other vice, for it may be set down as their chief. What leads the humble trader with limited income to far outlive his means, and spend his profits in the support of a costly house in a more costly situation? Pride. What isolates a man from the genial and cheerful intercourse of his fellow-men? Pride. What leads a sensitive mind, when sorely pressed by misfortune, and bowed down by disappointment, to end this life by self-destruction? Pride. What is that which undermines and gnaws at the root of every virtue? False pride. There is an honest pride, such as makes one ashamed to do an evil act—such a degree of self-esteem as makes one above doing an injury to any one; but it is the pride which sets one above his fellows that we deprecate; that spirit which would demand homage to itself as better and greater than others. In the name of good sense how can any one feel thus, when it is realized that the entire life of a man is but a moment in the scale of eternity—and that in a few short days, at most, we must all go from here. When the soul is about to depart, what avails it whether a man dies upon a throne or in the dust?

Pride is like an empty bag, and who can stand such a thing *upright?* It is hollow and heartless, and, like a drum, makes the more noise for its very emptiness. What is there in us to induce such a sentiment? Who can say with truth, "I am better than my neighbor?" Some shrewd philosopher has said, that if the best man's faults were written on his forehead, they would make him pull his hat over his eyes! Ah, there is so much of good in those who are evil, and so much that is bad in the best, that it ill becomes us to judge our neighbors harshly, or set ourselves up for saints at their expense. Let those who feel above their fellows, view the heights above themselves, and realize their littleness; for as there is none so vile but that a viler hath been known, so there is no saint but a holier can be named. Let us, dear reader, guard our hearts, that no such principle may enter there, and we shall thus be protecting our own happiness and peace of mind, and set an example to others becoming us as good Christians and useful citizens; and when we see those deluded mortals arrogate to themselves all that is great, such as hold themselves the salt of the earth, we must remember that God will surely melt the frozen, snow-capped cliffs of pride like an iceberg in the tropics!

Pride must have a fall. Solomon said, pride goeth before destruction. Of all human actions, pride the most seldom obtains its end; for while it aims at honor and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision. Pride and ill-nature will be hated in spite of all the wealth and greatness in the world. Civility is always safe, but pride creates enemies. As liberality makes friends of enemies, so pride makes enemies of friends. Says Dean Swift, if a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he at the same time keeps his. Proud men have friends neither in prosperity, because they know nobody; nor in adversity, because nobody knows them. Pride is generally the effect of ignorance; for pride and folly attend each other. Ignorance and pride keep constant company. Pride, joined with many virtues, chokes them all. Pride is the bane of happiness. Some people, says L'Estrange, are all quality. You would think they were made of nothing but title and genealogy. The stamp of dignity defaces in them the very character of humanity; and transports them to such a degree of haughtiness, that they reckon it below themselves to exercise either good nature or good manners. It is related of the French family of the Duke de Levis, that they have a picture in their pedigree in which Noah is represented going into the ark, and carrying a small trunk, on which is written, "Papers belonging to the Levis family." Pride is the mist that vapors round insignificance. We can conceive of nothing so little or ridiculous as pride. It is a mixture of insensibility and ill-nature, in which it is hard to say which has the largest share. Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. Knavery and pride are often united; the Spartan boy was dishonest enough to steal a fox, but proud enough to let the beast eat out his vitals sooner than hazard detection. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy. Pride had rather at any time go out of the way than come behind.

Likeness begets love, yet proud men hate each other. Pride makes us esteem ourselves; vanity makes us desire the esteem of others. It is just to say, that a man is too proud to be vain. The pride of wealth is contemptible; the pride of learning is pitiable; the pride of dignity is ridiculous; but the pride of bigotry is unsupportable.

To be proud of knowledge, is to be blind in the light; to be proud of virtue, is to poison yourself with the antidote; to be proud of authority, is to make your rise your downfall. The sun appears largest when about to set, so does a proud man swell most magnificently just before an explosion. There is but one pride pardonable: that being above doing a base or dishonorable action. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, nor any below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place. Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him to appear equally little to others. The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible to overvalue ourselves but by undervaluing our neighbors, and we commonly most undervalue those who are by other men thought to be wiser than we are; and it is a kind of jealousy in ourselves that we are so, which provokes our pride. The best kindness of a proud man has often such a mixture of arrogancy, that his greatest obligations are rendered ungracious to a worthy receiver. A proud man hath vexation or fretting enough. He is his own castigator—necessarily so; nobody covets his company. The vanity of those distinctions on which mankind pride themselves will be sufficiently apparent, if we consider the three places in which all men must meet on the same level—at the foot of the cross, in the grave, and at the judgment bar. We are proud of a body fattening for worms and pampered for corruption and the grave. Worldly glory ends with the world; and for what concerns us the world ends with our lives. What have we to be proud of? Are not all things perishable? The time of flourishing pride is soon past, and our little greatness is lost in eternity. A death-bed figure is certainly the most humbling sight in the world. To set in so dark a cloud, and to go off with languor, convulsions, and deformity, is a terrible rebuke to the pride of human nature. The proudest man on earth is but a pauper fed and clothed by the bounty and charity of heaven. No two feelings of the human mind are more opposite than pride and humility. Pride is founded on a high opinion of ourselves; humility on the consciousness of the want of merit. Pride is the offspring of ignorance; humility is the child of wisdom. Pride hardens the heart; humility softens the temper and the disposition. Pride is deaf to the clamors of conscience; humility listens with reverence to the monitor within; and finally, pride rejects the counsels of reason, the voice of experience, the dictates of religion; while humility, with a docile spirit, thankfully receives instruction from all who address her in the garb of truth. Of all trees, says Feltham, I observe God hath chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and pliant lamb; of all fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor in the spreading palm, but a bush, an humble, abject bush. As if he would, by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility; nothing hate, like pride.

Pride and poverty, when combined, make a man's life up hill work. Pomposity in a hovel. A gaudy parlor, meagre kitchen, and empty cupboard! Ragged aristocracy! What shifts there are among this class to hide their rags, and to give everything a golden tinge. Among them you see a rich frosted cake and red wine in the parlor, and a dry crust, dryer codfish, and bad coffee in the kitchen. Broadcloth hides a ragged shirt. Polished boots hide tattered stockings. Fortune's toys, she kicks them about as she likes. The higher they look the lower they sink. The gaudy side out, rags and starvation within. Oh! the pangs of pride! What misery is here covered up. Smiles abroad, tears at home. An eternal war with want on one hand, and proud ambition on the other. This trying to be "somebody," and this forgetting that it is not necessary to be gold-washed, and to have a silver spoon in one's mouth, in order to reach that envied good in life's journey. There are plenty of "somebodies" among the honest poor, and plenty of "nobodies" among the dainty rich. Pride and poverty are the most ill-sorted companions that can meet. They live in a state of continual warfare, and the sacrifices they exact from each other, like those claimed by enemies to establish a hollow peace, only serve to increase their discord.

There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest. The best way to humble a proud man is to take no notice of him. Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places. There are those who despise pride with a greater pride. To quell the pride, even of the greatest, we should reflect how much we owe to others, and how little to ourselves. Other vices choose to be in the dark, but pride loves to be seen in the light. The common charge against those who rise above their condition, is pride. Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

POVERTY'S ANSWER TO PRIDE.

Poverty, dressed in her sombre attire,
Sallied out one wintry day;
In hopes of obtaining food and fire,
She passed on her weary way;
And bending low, with quivering lip—
And downcast, tearful eye,
She poured her sorrowful tale of want
In the ear of each passer by:
And some, as they thought of their happy homes,
Gave heed to her earnest cry.

Pride, arrayed in her gorgeous dress
Of silks and satins rare,
Stood glancing at Poverty's keen distress,
And attitude of despair;
Then scornfully curling her haughty lip,
And assuming a regal grace,
She inquired what Poverty wanted there,
With her gaunt and wolfish face;
An object so mean as her shrinking form,
Was entirely out of place.

Poverty, stung by the bitter taunt,
Stood erect by the side of Pride,
And with tears suppressed and sighs restrained
She slowly and firmly replied:
My presence inspires you with naught but disgust;
I am hungry, and sad and forlorn;

Yet I would not exchange my much abused rags—
My garments all tattered and worn—
For all the bright gems that are bound in your hair,
Your cold, haughty brow to adorn.

You're a curse in the palace—a curse in the cot—
Your blight falls alike upon all;
And woe to the household where you are a guest,
Whether palace, or cottage, or hall;
Woe, woe to the being in whose heart you raise
Your altar of unhallowed fire;
For the flattering hopes that you place on the pile,
Will sink him down deep in the mire;
And with anguish of spirit, and head deeply bowed,
He will see the last bright spark expire.

POVERTY.

A man should not be despised because he is poor. Even to slight the poor is mean. To be poor is more honorable than to be dishonorably rich. Pious poverty is better than poor piety. Poverty breeds wealth; and wealth, in its turn, breeds poverty. The earth, to form the mound, is taken out of the ditch; and the height of one is near about the depth of the other. Wealth and poverty are both temptations: that, tends to excite pride; this, discontent. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property too cold and consequential; the first place us beneath the influence of opinion—the second above it. Poverty induces and cherishes dependence, and dependence strengthens and increases corruption. Whoever is not contented in poverty, would not be perfectly happy with riches. Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand; and, by habit, he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this; but it is as true as God's word. There are people, of course, who are wealthy and enjoy their wealth, but there are thousands upon thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among the working people than among those who are called rich. It is contrary to God's law of nature for a man to live in idleness. He who lives by the "sweat of his brow," is the happiest. In large cities many people are unhappy for want of employment. If their lot had been cast in the country, where they tilled the soil for their own account, this would never happen. Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind, to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting. Let it be said, that though he is poor, yet he always pays his debts. He that has much and wants more is poor; he who has little and wants no more is rich.

"Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough."—SHAK.

The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and as much silver in the moon as anybody. The richer a man is the more he dreads poverty; thus poverty looks most frightful at a distance. Want is little to be dreaded, when a man has but a short time left to be miserable. Of all poverty, that of the mind is most deplorable. None but God and the poor know what the poor do for each other. Nature is a great believer in compensations. Those to whom she sends wealth, she saddles with lawsuits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but they have a style of appetite that converts a mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well. To miss a fortune is not necessarily a misfortune. Blessed may be the stroke of disaster that sets free the children of the rich, giving them over to the hard but kind bosom of poverty. If there is anything in the world, says Dr. Holland, that a young man should be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates his starting in life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor at West Point. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor faithfully performed. A young man who can not stand this test, is not good for anything. He can never rise above a drudge or a pauper. A young man who can not feel his will harden as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck rise with every difficulty that poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins; for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth have ruined. I pity you, my rich young friend, because you are in danger. You lack one great stimulus to effort and excellence, which your poor companion possesses. You will be very apt, if you have a soft spot in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean, and injures you. With full pockets and full stomach, and good linen and broadcloth on your back, your heart and soul plethoric, in the race of life you will find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you, before you know it. No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage, for he intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the text book? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. Do you know your business? Do you know men, and how to deal with them? Has your mind, by any means whatsoever, received that discipline which gives to it action, power and facility? If so, then you are more a man, and a thousand times better educated, than the fellow who graduates from a college with his brains full of stuff that he can not apply to the practical business of life—stuff, the acquisition of which has been in no sense a disciplinary process, so far as he is concerned. There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age, and unmarried, who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters, is the saving of a large crop of young men.

PLEASURE.

Says Dr. Young, the man of pleasure, as the phrase is, is the most ridiculous of all beings. It is remarkable, said Seneca, that among those that place their happiness in sense, they are the most miserable that seem to be the happiest. He that is violent in the pursuit of pleasure, says M. Aurel, won't mind to turn villain for the purchase. Pray, what were you made for? says the Emperor Aurelius: for your pleasure? Common sense will not bear so scandalous an answer. Pleasures unduly taken, enervate the soul, make fools of the wise, and cowards of the brave; while they flatter a man they sting him to death. What if we might have all the pleasures in the world by asking? Who would so unman himself as to desert his soul and become a perpetual slave to his senses, by accepting them? If we cast an eye into the gay world, says Dr. Miller, we see, for the most part, a set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity! the decayed monuments of error!

"Pleasures, like the rose," says Bishop Henshaw, "are sweet but prickly; the honey doth not countervail the sting; all the world's delights are vanity, and end in vexation; like Judas, while they kiss, they betray. I would neither be a stoic, nor an epicure—allow of no pleasure, nor give way to all; they are good sauce, but naught to make a meal of. I may use them sometimes for digestion, never for food." "Pleasures do but weaken our minds," says Seneca, "and send us for our support to fortune, who gives us money only as the wages of slavery." Sinful pleasures blast the opening prospects of human felicity, and degrade human honor. Desires of pleasure usher in temptation, and the growth of disorderly passions is forwarded. Every day sends out, in quest of pleasure and distinction, some heir fondled in ignorance and flattered into pride. Some people are nothing but money, pride and pleasure. These three things engross their thoughts, and take up their whole souls. Every one who hunts after pleasure, or fame, or fortune, is still restless and uneasy till he has hunted down his game. The most pitiable wretch on earth is a man of pleasure;—a man who has nothing to do, or at least does nothing but enjoy himself and take life easy. That ease is the rust of the soul which dims its bright surface and corrodes its very substance. The most unhappy men we have ever known were those whom wealth (unfortunately for their own comfort) exempted from the necessity of working for themselves, and who were too sordid to enjoy the divine pleasure of working for others. One of this class, who had almost princely riches, and spent thousands annually on fine and fast horses, and the like, said to an intimate friend, "I am a wretched man. My life is aimless." Another of the same class declared that, often when he had met a funeral, he had wished in his soul that he could change places with the dead man in the coffin. Beaux, and fops, and the whole pleasure-loving fraternity, are short-lived creatures. They look pretty in the gay sunshine of summer; but, poor creatures, they can not endure the approach of autumn and winter. They have their little hour of enjoyment, and that is the end of them. The days of immoderate pleasure become the vigils of repentance. The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

"Still where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue."

When the idea of any pleasure strikes your imagination, make a just computation between the duration of the pleasure and of the repentance that is sure to follow it. Do not bite at the bait of pleasure till you know there is no hook beneath it. What is most useful is generally least exhilarating. Light has no color, water no taste, air no odor. Pleasure and pain, though directly opposite, are yet so contrived by nature as to be constant companions; and it is a fact, that the same motions and muscles of the face are employed both in laughing and crying. When pleasure is predominant, all virtues are excluded. Let pleasure be ever so innocent, the excess is always criminal. He that liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth; but he that resisteth pleasure crowneth his life. The Grecians and Romans had in detestation the very name of Philoxenus, because he wished for a crane's neck, for the pleasure he might take in eating. The Egyptians, at their feast, to prevent excesses, set a skeleton before their guests, with this motto, Remember ye must shortly be such. They that are lovers of pleasures, look upon all discourse on religion as canting. Eating and drinking, and vain mirth, news, and play, and the like are their constant entertainment; who know no other pleasures than what their five senses furnish them.

The pursuit of pleasure is unprofitable business. The more you catch it the more it escapes from you. Our pleasures, for the most part, are short, false and deceitful; and, like drunkenness, revenge the jolly madness of one hour, with the sad repentance of many. The pleasures of the world are deceitful; they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us in possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them. There are too many of that unthinking temper of mind which troubles itself with nothing that is serious and weighty, but who account life a pastime and seek nothing above recreation; never reflecting upon where all this will end at last. Neither the delicacies of entertainments, the charms of music, the divertisement of the theatre, the magnificence of courts, nor the most shining assemblies, can give full satisfaction to a wise man. We admire no man for enjoying all bodily pleasures to the full. This may create for him envy, but not esteem. Whereas wisdom and prudence, true piety and virtue, and all the offices of humanity, charity and friendship, have the praise and commendation even of those who will not imitate them. The wise and good will be ever loved and honored, as the glory of human nature. The good man was ever inwardly troubled for the commission of any pleasure; from whence it follows, that pleasures, strictly speaking, are neither profitable nor good.

Not to desire pleasure is equivalent to the enjoyment of it. I see no greater pleasure in this world, said Turtullian, than the contempt of pleasure. There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty. How miserable then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they, says Dr. Young, who make that one a pain! Man was made for action, for duty, and for usefulness; and it is only when he lives in accordance with this great design of his being, that he attains his highest dignity, and truest happiness. To make pleasure our ultimate aim is certainly to fail of it.

The greatest pleasure wealth can afford us, is that of doing good. It is a happy thing when a man's pleasure is also his perfection. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out. He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity, says Lavater. Aristippus said, he liked no pleasure but that which concerned a man's true happiness. Religion is so far from debarring men any innocent pleasure or comfort, that it rather purifies and renders them more grateful and generous. And besides, it brings mighty pleasures of its own—those of a glorious hope, a serene mind, a calm and undisturbed conscience, which do far outrelish the most studied and artificial luxuries. Recreations moderately used, are profitable to the body for health, to the mind for refreshment. Use pleasures moderately, and they will last the longer. The test of enjoyment is the remembrance that it leaves behind it. We have no right to keep ourselves or others from natural pleasures, and we are all too apt to interfere with and judge harshly the pleasures of others. There is a sweet pleasure in contemplation. All others grow flat and insipid by frequent use; when a man has run through with a set of vanities, in the declension of his age, he knows not what to do with himself, if he can not think. All worldly pleasure is correspondent to a like measure of anxiety.

AMUSEMENTS.

Old boys have playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price. The permission of lawful enjoyment is the surest method to prevent unlawful gratifications. Fun is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new supply deserves the name of a public benefactor. A man can not burrow in his counting-room for ten or twenty of the best years of his life, and come out as much of a man and as little of a mole as when he went in. Repose beautifies the heart and adorns the life. It is to labor what the shadow is to the sun. There is as much science in recreation as in labor. To a brisk bustling man, nothing makes time pass heavily but pastime. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent.

" All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;
All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy."

Most men that follow sports, make them a principal part of their life; not reflecting that while they are diverting themselves, they are throwing away time. We alter the very nature and design of recreation, when we make a business of it. He that follows his recreation instead of his business shall, in a little time, have no business to follow. Of all diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that the conversation of a well-chosen friend.

THEATRES.

If the experience of the world teaches anything, it teaches this: that taking theatres in cities small and large, through periods of years, they never have sustained themselves except by pandering to the lower passions. What has been a door of literature, of intellectual entertainment, and sometimes of food for the higher sentiments, has come to be a door of the passions, in too many instances. There is no harm in a play, whether you read it or recite it; and in and of itself it makes no difference whether you go to the theatre or stay at home. If my son comes to me and says, "May I go to the theatre?" I withhold my consent; but if he says, "Is it wrong in itself?" I say, "No, it is not." I do not wish to create in the minds of the young a false impression in respect to the drama: I merely desire to impress them with the fact that theatres, as they exist, have a pernicious effect upon society. I desire to give them to understand, that the influence of theatres, as they are conducted, is, as a general rule, deleterious to those who frequent them. I do not believe an actor or an actress would wish to have his or her child to attend theatres. I do not believe that business men, although they have been in the habit of going to theatres, and although they have been relatively unharmed by them, would want their clerks to go to them. I do not believe that a banker would want his confidential clerk to frequent them. And why do people feel thus about theatres? Not because they have an antipathy against them in and of themselves, but because they feel that altogether, taking one year with an other, they are injurious.

It is patent that property comes up in neighborhoods where churches are established. The reason of this is that it is a recognized fact that where churches are established, in spite of their mischiefs, there is an undertone that promotes good morals. How is it with theatres? In spite of their apparent benefits—and I hope they have many benefits that are not apparent—property will not come up in localities where they are situated. It has been found to be the experience in Paris, London and New York, that respectable persons prefer not to have their residences in the vicinity of theatres, on account of their tendency to deteriorate morals. I go no farther than that. I do not go into any theorizing or reasoning as to whether theatres are right *per se*, in and of themselves, and so on. I simply state, as a mere matter of fact proved by observation, that theatres exert an immoral influence.—BEECHER.

VICE.

By others' faults wise men correct their own. A fault confessed is half redressed. You may as well seek honey in gall as happiness in vice. The pleasures of vice are momentary; the pleasures of virtue, everlasting. He has learnt much and has not lived in vain, who has practically discovered that most strict and necessary connection, that does, and will ever exist, between vice and misery, and virtue and happiness. The greatest miracle that the Almighty could perform would be to make a bad man happy, even in heaven: He must unparadise that blessed place to accomplish it. In its primary signification, all vice, *that is, all excess*, brings on its own punishment even here. By certain fixed, settled and established laws of Him who is the God of Nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution that temperance would preserve. "In this world," says Richard Cobden, "the virtues and the forces go together, and the vices and the weaknesses are inseparable." Though it be a truth very little received, that virtue is its own reward; it is surely an undeniable one, that vice is its own punishment. Vice stings even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles us even in our pains. Vice and folly may feel the edge of wit, but virtue is invulnerable, as aquafortis dissolves the base metals, but has no power to dissolve or corrode gold. The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number. So blinded are we by our passions, that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved. One vice is more expensive than many virtues. Vice produces misery. It costs us more to be miserable than it would to make us perfectly happy. How cheap and easy to us is the service of virtue! and how dear do we pay for our vices!

Never open a door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also. Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater. Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild. Vice, abstractly considered, is often engendered in idleness, but, the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle and cease to be idle. Vice lives and thrives by concealment. Why does no man confess his vices? It is because he is yet in them. It is for a *waking* man to tell his dreams. Human frailty is no excuse for criminal immorality. We may hate men's vices without any ill will to their persons; but we can not help despising those that have no kind of virtue to recommend them.

One of the greatest artifices the devil uses to engage men in vice and debauchery, is to attach names of contempt to certain virtues; and to fill weak souls with a foolish fear of passing for scrupulous, should they desire to put them in practice. Sometimes those boast of abstinence who have lost their digestive power; those boast of chastity whose blood is cold and stagnant; those boast of knowing how to be silent who have nothing to say. In short, mankind make vices of the pleasures which they can not enjoy, and virtues of the infirmities to which they are subject. We sometimes clap vice in fetters and then call it virtue. Some men are kind because they are dull, as common horses are easily broken to harness. Some are orderly because they are timid, like cattle driven by a boy with a wand. And some are social because they are greedy, like barn yard fowls that mind each other's clucking. Many persons think themselves perfectly virtuous because, being well fed, they have no temptation to vice. They don't distinguish between virtue and victuals.

It is idle to talk of the vices as a sisterhood. There may be association, but no affiliation. Knaves may be companions, but not friends. The vain dislike the vain; the proud hate the proud; the covetous abhor the covetous. But the virtuous are never at war. The just love the just; the chaste esteem the chaste; the benevolent admire the benevolent. In short, all good things harmonize; all bad things are discordant, both with the good and with each other. Vice is sometimes more courageous than virtue, because it has less to lose.

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."—POPE.

> " I'll no say, men are villains a';
> The real, harden'd wicked,
> Wha hae nae check but human law,
> Are to a few restricted."—BURNS.

THE ALCHEMY OF VICE.

You have heard the story of the Italian artist who, meeting with a child of exquisite beauty, wished to preserve its features for fear he should never see such loveliness again. So he painted the charming face upon canvas and hung it upon the walls of his studio. In his somberest hours, that sweet, gentle countenance was like an angel of light to him. Its presence filled his soul with the purest aspirations. If ever I find, he said, a perfect contrast to that beauteous face, I will paint that also, and hang them side by side, an ideal of Heaven and Hell. Years passed. At length, in a distant land, he saw in a prison he visited, the most hideous object he ever gazed upon. A fierce haggard fiend, with glaring eyes and cheeks deeply furrowed with lust and crime. The artist remembered his vow, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome form, to hang beside the portrait of the lovely boy. The contrast was perfect. His dream was realized. The two poles of the moral universe were before him. What was the surprise of this artist, when on inquiry into the history of this horrid wretch, to find he was once that lovely little boy. Both of these pictures, the angel and the demon of the same soul now hang side by side in a Tuscan gallery. Kind reader, you need not travel to a foreign gallery to see the transforming power of vice upon the body. That brazen faced wanton looking wretch of womanhood was once a sweet, modest little girl, that blushed at the slightest indelicate allusion. That obese, bloated, brandy-burnt visage was once a joyous hearted boy. What strange alchemy has wrought this bestial transformation? They have been in the hard battle of appetite and carry the scars of many campaigns. In the basement cells of inebriety and saloons of licentiousness, many youthful forms are sitting for their portraits. The demon artist of lust and intemperance is gradually moulding them into fiends. You may, our young reader, steal secretly into these hells of inebriety and harlotry. Your kind parents and friends may little suspect your wayward proclivities. But be assured your "sin will find you out." Vice cannot long remain concealed. The soul has no place to hide it. Soon the foul flame, through some rent or fissure of the body, will find expression. The inmost loves, the desires and affinities of the soul, will mould the plastic boy into a corresponding likeness. The body is a flesh and blood statue of the spirit, and the countenance the play ground of thought and feeling. An old poet has said:

"For of the soul, form doth body take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

GUILT.

Misery is wed to guilt. Guilt is always wretched, and virtue is always rewarded, sooner or later. Remorse tortures with his scorpion lash. The mind that broods o'er guilty woes, says Byron, is like a scorpion girt by fire. The guilty soul cannot keep its secret.—[WEBSTER.] Oh! that I could return once more to peace and innocence! that I hung an infant on the breast! that I were born a beggar—a peasant of the field! I would toil till the sweat of blood dropped from my brow to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep, the rapture of a single tear!—SCHILLER.

LUXURY.

Luxury gives birth to avarice, avarice begets boldness, and boldness is the parent of depravity and crime. The memory of the ancients, said a learned man, is hardly in any thing more to be celebrated than in their strict and useful institution of youth. By labor they prevented luxury in their young people, till wisdom and philosophy taught them to resist and despise it. How despicable, says another writer, is his condition who is above necessity, and yet will resign his reason and his integrity, to purchase superfluities! Though prudence may oblige a man to secure a competency, yet never was any one by right reason induced to seek superfluities. The ingenius M. Paschal kept always in mind this maxim, Avoid pleasure and superfluity. If they who affect an outward show knew how many there are who deride their trivial folly, they would be ashamed of themselves, grow wiser, and bestow their superfluities in helping the needy, and befriending the neglected. The luxurious, says Plutarch, live to eat and drink, but the wise and temperate eat and drink to live. The necessities of the body are the proper measure of our care for the things of this life; but if once we leave this rule, and exceed those necessities, then are we carried into all the extravagances in the world.

The voluptuary consumes his wealth, the miser hides it. It is the wise man only who uses it to good purposes. Those persons, says Tacitus, are under a mighty error who know not how to distinguish between liberality and luxury. Many men know how to squander that do not know how to give. Amongst the ancient Romans there was a law kept inviolably, that no man should make a public feast, except he had before provided for all the poor of his neighborhood. Take not pleasure in much good cheer, neither be tied to the expense thereof. Banquet not upon borrowing. If thou be the master of a feast, lift not thyself up, but be among them as one of the rest.

The consideration of the dignity and excellence of our nature, says Cicero, plainly inform us, how mean and unworthy it is to dissolve in luxury; and how becoming it is, on the other hand, to lead a life of frugality, temperance and sobriety. There is no remark more common among ancient historians, than that when the state was corrupted with avarice and luxury it was in danger of being betrayed or sold. Our luxuries and pleasures are the chains that civilization throws around us to attach us to earth. The coarse minded submit to wear them, forgetting that man was formed for nobler ends, but the elevated and refined cast them off, and aspire to a purer existence. Liberal not lavish is kind nature's hand. It needs no train or servants, no pomp or equipage, to make good our passage to heaven: but the graces of an honest mind will serve us upon the way, and make us happy at our journey's end.

CRIME.

Lord Shaftesbury declared at a public meeting, as an ascertained fact, that forty-nine out of fifty of all the criminals in England, convicted in after-life, commenced their career of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen, so that he who has passed through his sixteenth year, without having begun a life of crime against the laws of his country in some particular or other, is almost certain never to do so. But the statistics may be somewhat different in America. Young men take heed. Read the confession of a convict and ponder well ere you make the first step into crime: "Had I been early trained to truth and virtue—had one-twentieth part of the time and effort been spent upon my moral culture, that was lavished on my worldly education, I would not be the creature of guilt and passion, nor the disgraced felon that I am." The laws of nature are just, but terrible. There is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable. The fire burns, the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries. And perhaps it would be well for our race, if the punishment of crimes against the laws of man were as inevitable as the punishment of crime against the laws of nature—were man as unerring in his judgments as nature.

WICKEDNESS.

There is hardly any wicked man, but when his own case is represented to him under the person of another, will freely enough pass sentence against the wickedness he himself is guilty of. A wicked man, in his iniquitous plans, either fails or succeeds: if he fails, disappointment is embittered by reproach; if he succeeds, success is without pleasure; for, when he looks around, he sees no smile of congratulation.

REVENGE.

The noblest revenge we can take upon our enemies is to do them a kindness, for to return malice for malice, and injury for injury, will afford but a temporary gratification to our evil passions, and our enemies will only be rendered the more bitter against us. But, to take the first opportunity of showing them how superior we are to them, by doing them a kindness, or by rendering them a service, the sting of reproach will enter deeply in their soul; and, while unto us it will be a noble retaliation, our triumph will not unfrequently be rendered complete, not only by blotting out the malice that had otherwise stood against us, but by bringing repentant hearts to offer themselves at the shrine of friendship. Says Lord Bacon, The most tolerable sort of revenge, is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy. But then let a man take heed, that the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and is two for one.

It is better to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards. It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them. He that waits for an opportunity of taking his revenge, watches to do himself a mischief. He who is conspiring against the peace of another necessarily loses his own. He that studies revenge keeps his own wounds green and rankling. Who ruins another has admitted the worm to the root of his own tree, and the fuller ye fill the cup of evil, the deeper must be your own bitter draught. A vindictive temper is not only uneasy to others, but to them that have it.

> "Revenge, at first, though sweet,
> Bitter, ere long, back on itself recoils."---MILTON.

There is no revenge more heroic than that which torments envy by doing good. Diogenes being asked how one should be revenged of his enemy, answered, "By being a virtuous and honest man." Sir Isaac Newton says, "If you are affronted, it is better to pass it by in silence, or with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to endeavor revenge. If you can keep reason above passion, that, and watchfulness, will be your best defendants." Vexation is rather to be taken than given. Revenge never repairs an injury. Gentle reply to scurrilous language is the most severe revenge. Lord Bacon says, "By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior." The best mode of revenge is not to imitate the injury. The forgetting of a wrong is a mild revenge. A virtuous man may be innocently revenged of his enemies, by persisting in well-doing; and a wicked man, by reforming his life. Though God suffers not his people to sin in avenging their enemies, yet he suffers not the sin of their enemies to go unavenged. No creatures in the whole world but men glory and triumph in the destruction of their own species. Man is the only jarring string that spoils the concord of the whole creation.

Revenge stops for nothing that is violent and wicked. The histories of all ages are full of the tragical outrages that have been executed by this diabolical passion.

Revenge is longer lived than gratitude. Indorse Mr. Smith's note to keep him from bursting, and he will forget all about it in a month. Pull Mr. Smith's nose and he will cherish a secret desire to burn your house down for the remainder of his life. Revenge is a passion. Gratitude appears to be only a sentiment. We can all hate; but it is only one man in a hundred that possesses sense enough to be thankful.

MURDER.

Providence hath so ordained and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Murder will out. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him. And, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels its beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles, with still greater violence, to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession—but suicide: and suicide is confession.—DANIEL WEBSTER. Many who attempt to commit murder succeed only in committing suicide.

DUELING.

Dueling, as everybody knows, is a relic of the Dark Ages. Among the ignorant and superstitious people with whom it originated, and even under the institutions of chivalry, there may have been some excuse for it. But, in the present state of civilization, it can not be justified. Gibbon, the historian, when informed that two of his friends had agreed to repair to the field, interposed, on the noble principle that the acknowledgment of a real fault is never injurious to one's honor, and that an offender who offers an apology or explanation is a true gentleman; and succeeded in adjusting the difficulty between them. Franklin said that, "A DUEL DECIDES NOTHING;"

and that a person appealing to it "makes himself judge in his own cause, condemns the offender without a jury, and undertakes himself to be the executioner." Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, one of the greatest statesmen of the United States, after the fall of Hamilton, endeavored to induce the society of the Cincinnati, of the different States, in a body, to speak their "abhorrence of the practice," and to determine, "on no account, either to send or accept a challenge," as the best means to "abolish it throughout the Union." Notwithstanding the example and opinion of Henry Clay at one period of his life, we have the sentiment of his old age, in the remark in the Senate, that "no man would be happier than himself to see the whole barbarous system forever eradicated." President Taylor emphatically refused to restore two officers of the Navy who had been dismissed the service for an offense, accompanied with the statement to his Cabinet, that he had served in the Army forty years without fighting, that duels were unnecessary, that he would discountenance them on every occasion, and that " he would have no dueling men about him if he could help it." In 1849, a Professor of Law in Kentucky, in his valedictory address to a graduating class, denounced the practice in the strongest terms, "as rude, coarse and full of horrid crime." Mr. Rhett, in 1852, in the Senate of the United States, in answer to the defiance of a Senator from another State, avowed that he was a member of a Christian Church, that he would not dishonor his religious profession by going to the field to avenge an insult; that " he feared God more than man," and that "true courage is best evinced by the firm maintenance of our principles amidst all temptations and all trials."

An eminent author says, "Few successful duelists (if the word *successful* can be applied to a superiority so fatal) have beheld their dead antagonist stretched on the earth at their feet, without wishing they could redeem with their own blood that which it has been their fate to spill. Mr. Sabine, the author of a recent work entitled, " Notes on Duels and Dueling," states that, during his researches, he has been much impressed with the fact that most duels grow out of trifles; and that REMORSE is well nigh the universal companion of the "successful" duelist. And another writer on the same subject remarks, that "The mother of mischief is no bigger than a gnat's wing; and I have known," he adds, "fifty instances, in my own day, in which, after the field was fought, no one could remember the cause of the quarrel." Dueling is not a criterion of bravery. Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, quoted above, said that he had "*seen* cowards fight duels." And Curran, in the exuberance of his wit, speaks of one of his antagonists who died, in three weeks after their meeting, "of the report of his own pistol."

There cannot possibly be a greater extravagance than for a man to run the hazard of losing his life to satisfy his revenge. The duelist is a moral coward, seeking to hide the pusillanimity of his mind by affecting a corporeal courage. The duelist's fear is the fear of being thought to fear. To send a challenge is, in effect, to call upon a man who may have stabbed your reputation to satisfy you for the injury by treating your body in the same manner. If you should ever receive a challenge, take no notice of it; and should your belligerent neighbor continue his annoyances, hand him over to the district attorney and the grand jury. There have always been, even from the most remote period history takes cognizance of, advocates for that grand social scheme which comprehends trial by battle. Some have chosen clubs for these trials, some axes, some daggers, some spears, while others have preferred rifles, pistols, and swords; but a far more civilized mode of deciding thus the merits of a case in dispute is, unquestionably, that which was in a particular instance adopted by the first pugilist. Certainly the practice of doing battle with the fists was the first step towards civilization. When men began to substitute the weapons which nature had provided them for battle axes, tomahawks and knives, society made a most important stride towards perfection. As civilization progresses. men will substitute the use of the tongue for that of the fist. When that has been sufficiently practiced, the use of the brow will supersede that of the tongue; and when we shall have reached the perfection of civilization, men will merely treat with contempt those whom they know to be unworthy of respect.

Learning that it was Lord Byron's intention to send him a challenge, Southey prepared the following letter in reply. The challenge was not sent, however, and the letter was found among Southey's papers after his death:

Sir,—I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and do myself the pleasure of replying to it without delay. In affairs of this kind the parties ought to meet on equal terms. But to establish equality between you and me, there are three things which ought to be done; and then a fourth also becomes necessary before I can meet you on the field. First.—You must marry and have four children; please to be particular in having them girls. Second.—You must prove that the greater part of the provision you make for them depends on your life, and you must be under bonds of four thousand pounds not to be hanged, not to commit suicide, and not to be killed in a duel—which are the conditions upon which I have effected an insurance upon my life for the benefit of my wife and daughters. Third.—I must tell three distinct falsehoods concerning you upon the hustings, or in some other no less public assembly; and I shall neither be able to do this nor to meet you afterward in the manner you propose, unless you can perform the fourth thing—which is: You must convert me from the Christian religion. Till this be accomplished, our dispute must be carried on without the use of any more iron than is necessary for blacking our ink or mending our pens; or any more lead than enters into the composition of the Edinburgh Review.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, sir, yours with all proper consideration,

Robert Southey.

PASSION.

Passion makes them fools, who otherwise are not so; and shows them to be fools, who are so. Plato, speaking of passionate persons, says, They are like men standing on their heads, they see all things the wrong way. If ever you were in a passion, did you not find reason afterwards to be sorry for it? and will you again allow yourself to be guilty of a weakness which will certainly be in the same manner followed by repentance, besides being attended with pain? He who is caught in a passion submits himself to be examined through a microscope. There is no method more likely to cure passion and rashness, than the frequent and attentive consideration of one's own weakness. This will work into the mind and habitual sense of the need one has of being pardoned, and will bring down the swelling pride and obstinacy of heart, which are the cause of hasty passion. The first step to moderation is to perceive that we are falling into a passion. One saying to Diogenes, after a fellow had spit in his face, This affront will surely make you angry? No, said he, but I am thinking whether I ought to be so or no! He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Passion is a sort of fever in the mind, which always leaves us weaker than it found us. If you be consulted concerning a person, either very inconsistent, passionate, or vicious, give not your advice; it is in vain, for such will do only what will please themselves. As nothing is honorable as an ancient friendship, so nothing is so scandalous as an old passion. When the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, we are more ready to receive a new one than when we are entirely cured.

THE PASSIONS.

He is a wise man, who, though not skilled in science, knows how to govern his passions and affections. Our passions are our infirmities. He that can make a sacrifice of his will is lord of himself. Our passions are like convulsive fits, though they make us stronger for a moment yet leave us much weaker afterwards. He that overcomes his passions, conquers his greatest enemies. To triumph over our passions is, of all conquests, the most glorious. No man is free who has not the command over himself, but suffers his passions to control him. No man is master of himself so long as he is slave to anything else. He who is the slave of his own passions is worse governed than Athens was by her thirty tyrants. He who indulges his sense in any excesses, renders himself obnoxious to his own reason; and to gratify the brute in him, displeases the man and sets his two natures at variance. We ought not to sacrifice the sentiments of the soul to gratifiy the appetites of the body. Passions, like wild horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way, they become dangerous in the extreme.

No tyranny is more complete than the tyranny of one absorbing passion. However virtuous and amiable a man may be in every relation of life, yet if he once give himself over to any such influence, he gradually becomes so completely enthralled by it as to feel powerless for self-extrication; and thus he may be driven, irresistibly at last, to the commission of any crime, however monstrous, without having forfeited, by any overt act, the general estimation in which he is held. Like that of a man in a boat that is being drawn towards a waterfall by a current, out of which a moderate exertion will enable him to project himself; not having made that exertion in time, he is carried on faster towards destruction, but still may be saved by a vigorous effort; the time for this goes by, and he is hurried along by the irresistible force of the torrent, until precipitated to his destruction in the depths beneath. Where you see men, later in life, fighting the same battles they began to fight earlier in life, you may rest assured of one thing—namely, that it is a superficial cross they are bearing. The idea of men is to bear as little as they can; but that is not good engineering. The right way is to whip once for all, as thoroughly as you can. In conducting a campaign, do not go into battle if you can help it; but if you must go into it, thunder is mercy, and lightning is pity. The more sternly, and intensely, and consecutively powerful you make your onset, the shorter will be the contest and the more complete your victory. There is no rashness like leniency, holding off, letting alone. What your hands find to do, do it with your might, and be done with it—that is the only safe law. And if it is true in external things, as it is—what is worth doing at all is worth doing well—how much more is it true in things that relate to a man's disposition? Why should he forever carry about in himself a gang of pirate passions? Why should he not say, "Let me come in conflict with the destroyers of my peace and pleasures and subdue them?" A man ought not to be contending with the same evil propensities all the time. He ought to be continually arising to higher and higher conflicts. And late in Christian life is a sign that you have not known what was wisdom. And yet, how many of us say that our old conflicts are all ended? All the passions of our animal nature are increased by indulgence. If they are improperly indulged, they will triumph in our ruin. They will obliterate those heaven-born qualities of our minds, which, if properly cultivated, would assimilate us to angels, and bring us home to God.

Philosophy and religion show themselves in no one instance so much as in preserving our minds firm and steady. Physic has no more remedies against the diseases of the body than reason and religion have preservatives against the passions of the mind. Passion has its foundation in nature: virtue is acquired by the improvement of our reason, and by religion. It is certainly much easier, says Charron, wholly to decline a passion, than to keep it within just bounds and measures; and that which few can moderate, almost anybody can prevent. Moderation of the passions, judgment in counsel, and dexterity in affairs, are the most eminent parts of wisdom. Sobriety and temperance of all kinds; moderate exercise; appetites well governed; and the keeping of one's self from melancholy, and all violent passions and disorders of the mind, do assist, preserve, confirm and finish that which nature at first began.

To be masters of ourselves, it is indispensably necessary that our thoughts and habits be good and regular; which is effected either by converse with good books or persons. Hence we may know ourselves, and adapt particular remedies to our frailties; for there is nothing impossible that is necessary to the accomplishment of our happiness.

It is said that absence cools moderate passions, and inflames violent ones; as the wind blows out candles, but kindles fire.

It is the basest of passions, to like what we have not, and slight what we possess.

The utmost perfection we are capable of in this world, is to govern our lives and actions by the rules which nature hath set us, and to keep the order of our creation.

GAMBLING.

Of all passions, gambling is the most dangerous and inexcusable. A gamester endeavors to enrich himself with the spoils of those whom he calls his friends. But how many armies are in arms against him? Behold that mother, her tears reproach him with the ruin of her only son! That father pronounces his name with horror and contempt to his children; pursued by hatred, overwhelmed by calumny, he feels himself condemned by reason and humanity; and after wandering long in the mazes of vice, he finds nothing before his eyes but ruin and remorse. Who bets should expect to lose. "A diamond polishes diamond," says a German writer, "so man is formed by man." Truly. And we may add, as diamond cuts diamond, so man is fleeced by man. Gaming, like a quicksand, swallows up a man in a moment. Our follies and vices help each other, and blind the bubble at the same time that they make the sharper quick-sighted. Among many other evils that attend gaming are these, loss of time, loss of reputation, loss of health, loss of fortune, loss of temper, ruin of families, defrauding of creditors, and, what is often the effect, is the loss of life itself.

A good man will love himself and his neighbor too well to either gain or lose an estate by gaming.

There is nothing that wears out a fine face, says Addison, like the vigils of a card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester.

A wager is a fool's argument.

FORTUNE TELLING.

One fact alone settles the pretensions of Fortune-tellers: *they all tell essentially the same story to every customer!* One of the TRIBUNE's reporters paid successive visits to fifteen of the New York sorcerers, and wrote down what each of them said, verbatim. An examination of their several communications shows that of all tricks for getting money by false pretences, fortune-telling is the most empty and transparent. Their revelations contain the following ten propositions: 1. You have seen much trouble in your past life. (Who has not?) 2. Brighter days are in store for you. (A prediction, at once, safe and pleasant.) 3. You are in love. (Every young man—we say nothing about the young ladies—supposes himself to be in that interesting predicament.) 4. You have a rival. (Was there ever a lover who did not believe it?) 5. You are about to make a change in your business. (An expectation in which all young men indulge.) 6. You will have two wives. (An extremely common case.) 7. Before many months pass, you will hear of the death of a friend. (Sure to happen to everyone.) 8. You will have sore troubles in the course of your life, but, at length, you will be delivered from them. 9. You will live to a good age. 10. You will, by and by, have plenty of money. This is the substance of what every fortune-teller in New York will communicate to every young man in New York, for the very reasonable charge of one dollar per young man. A rigmarole of similar nature, slightly varied to suit the sex, is at the service of every young lady. Surely, when these facts are generally known, the trade in sham prophecy will fall off. It is a disgrace to the city that this miserable system of delusion and fraud should have flourished so long.

DANDIES AND FOPS.

The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no songs; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, generally have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest of created creatures, are very often ditto. Dr. Holmes, in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," says: "Dandies are not good for much, but they are good for something. They invent or keep in circulation those conversational blanks, checks or counters, which intellectual capitalists may sometimes find it worth their while to borrow of them. They are useful, too, in keeping up the standard of dress, which, but for them, would deteriorate and become, what some old folks would have it, a matter of convenience, and not of taste and art. Yes, I like dandies well enough—on one condition, that they have pluck. I find that lies at the bottom of all true dandyism. A little boy dressed up very fine, who puts his finger in his mouth and takes to crying, if other boys make fun of him, looks very silly. But if he turns very red in the face and knotty in the fists, and makes an example of the biggest of his assailants, throwing off his fine Leghorn and his thickly buttoned jacket, if necessary, to consummate the act of justice, his mall toggery takes on the splendors of the crested helmet that frightened Astyana. You remember that the Duke said his dandy officers were his best officers. The 'Sunday blood,' the super-superb sartorial equestrian of our annual fast day, is not imposing or dangerous. But such fellows as Brummell, D'Orsay, and Byron, are not to be snubbed quite so easily. Look out for '*la main de fer sous le gant de velours.*' A good many powerful and dangerous people have had a decided dash of dandyism about them. There was Alcibiades, the 'curled son of Clinias,' an accomplished young man, but what would be called 'a swell' in these days. There was Aristotle, a very distinguished writer of whom you have heard—a philosopher, in short, whom it took centuries to learn, centuries to unlearn, and is now going to take a generation or more to learn over again. Regular dandy, he was. So was Marcus Antonius: and though he lost his game, he played for big stakes, and it was not his dandyism that spoiled his chance. Petrarch was not to be despised as a scholar, or a poet, but he was one of the same sort. So was Sir Humphrey Davy; so was Lord Palmerston, formerly, if I am not forgetful. Yes, a dandy is good for something as such; and dandies, such as I was just speaking of, have rocked this planet like a cradle—ay, and left it swinging to this day. Still, if I were you, I wouldn't go to the tailor's on the strength of these remarks, and run up a long bill, which will render pockets a superfluity in your next suit. *Elegans*, '*nascitur*, *non fit*.' A man is born a dandy as he is born a poet. There are heads that can't wear hats; there are necks that can't fit cravats; there are jaws that can't fill out collars; there are *tournures* nothing can humanize, and movements nothing can subdue to the gracious suavity or elegant languor, or stately serenity which belongs to different styles of dandyism."

There are a thousand fops made by art, for one fool made by nature. How ridiculous a sight, says Dr. Fuller, is a vain young gallant, that bristles with his plumes, and shakes his giddy head; and to no other purpose, than to get possession of a mistress who is as much a trifle as himself! The little soul that converses of nothing of more importance than the looking-glass. and a fantastic dress, may make up the show of the world; but must not be reckoned among the rational inhabitants of it. A man of wit may sometimes be a coxcomb; but a man of judgment and sense never can. A beau dressed out, is like a cinnamon tree: the bark is worth more than the body. An ass is but an ass, though laden or covered with gold. Fops are more attentive to what is showy than mindful of what is necessary. A fop of fashion is said to be the mercer's friend, the tailor's fool, and his own foe.

BEAUTY.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Cameades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said, that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed, that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid calls it a favor bestowed by the gods. But, as regards the elements of beauty in women, it is not too much to say, that no woman can be beautiful by force of features alone; there must be as well sweetness and beauty of soul. Beauty has been called "the power and aims of woman." Diogenes called it "woman's most forcible letter of recommendation." Caoneades represented it as "a queen without soldiers;" and Theocritus says it is "a serpent covered with flowers;" while a modern author defines it "a bait that as often catches the fisher as the fish." Nearly all the old philosophers denounced and ridiculed beauty as evanescent, worthless and mischievous; but, alas! while they preached against it they were none the less its slaves. None of them were able to withstand "the sly, smooth witchcraft of a fair young face." A really beautiful woman is a natural queen in the universe of love, where all hearts pay a glad tribute to her reign.

Nature, in many other works, has scattered her beauty with an unsparing hand: but none of them impress so strongly upon the mind the *idea* of beauty as the female countenance. The flower may be more delicate in its formation, and may show a more exquisite color—the wide-spread meadow may display its beauty, and fields, and groves, and winding streams may variegate the scene: yet all that is here presented fades before the female countenance. In the countenance of man, there is a certain majesty of look, if we might so term it, which is not found in the other sex; yet where is that softness, that sweet heavenly smile that plays upon the countenance of a female—where is that splendor that dazzles the eye of the beholder—that expression that baffles all description. The more we compare the female countenance with any other object, the more shall we be inclined to give the former the palm for loveliness, and the more ready to exclaim with nature's sweet poet:

> "Where is any author in the world,
> Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?"

As among females there are some which are superior to others, so there are also some seasons when the female countenance excels in loveliness. I have seen her shine at the ball-room; and in all the vivacity and splendor of the assembly, partaking in the common gaiety and enjoying the pleasures of the scene, with all the liveliness of youthful spirits. I have seen her at the fireside, attending to the management of domestic concerns—while her presence seemed to banish care, and her converse enlightened the family circle. I have seen her reposing in gentle sleep, when her eye was unconscious of my look—when the gentleness of her slumbers told that innocence was seated in her breast; but never yet did I see female so lovely as when affliction had rent her bosom, and had chased the smile from her cheek. Affliction, however, though it had deprived her countenance of its vivacity, had given a softening expression to her features, which added to her loveliness. Her eyes were uplifted, in calm resignation, as if imploring help from Him, who is the father of the fatherless, and the comforter of the afflicted.

The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the every day moments of existence. In a particular and attaching sense, they are all those that can partake our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this. Where the mouth is sweet, and the eye intelligent, there is always the look of beauty with a right heart. Beauty without virtue, is a flower without perfume. Virtue is the paint that can smooth the wrinkles of age. An old writer says, that to make an entirely beautiful woman it would be necessary to take the head from Greece, the bust from Austria, the feet from Hindostan, the shoulders from Italy, the walk from Spain, and the complexion from England. At that rate she would be a Mosaic, and the man who married her might well be said to have 'taken up a collection."

The violet will soon cease to smile. Flowers must fade. The love that has nothing but beauty to sustain it soon withers away. A pretty woman pleases the eye; a good woman, the heart. The one is a jewel, the other a treasure. Invincible fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

Beauty has been not unaptly, though perhaps rather vulgarly, defined as "all in my eye," since it addresses itself solely to that organ, and is intrinsically of little value. From this ephemeral flower spring many of the ingredients of matrimonial unhappiness. It is a dangerous gift for both its possessor and its admirer. If its possession, as is often the case, turns the head, while its loss sours the temper, if the long regret of its decay outweighs the fleeting pleasure of its bloom, the plain should pity rather than envy the handsome. Beauty of countenance, which, being the light of the soul shining through the face, is independent of features or complexion, is the most attractive as well as the most enduring charm. Nothing but talent and amiability can bestow it, no statue or picture can rival it, and time itself can not destroy it. Beauty, dear readers, is the woman you love the best—whatever she may seem to others.

Personal beauty is a letter of recommendation written by the hand of divinity, but not unfrequently dishonored by the bearer. An enemy of beauty is a foe to nature. We are always less prone to admit the perfection of those for whom our approbation is demanded; and many a woman has appeared comparatively plain in our eyes, from having heard her charms extolled, whose beauty might otherwise have been readily admitted. As a want of exterior generally increases the interior beauty, we should perhaps generally do well to judge of woman as of the impressions on medals—pronouncing those the most valuable which are the *plainest.* Nature seldom lavishes many of her gifts upon one subject: the peacock has no voice; the beautiful Camelia Japonica has no odor; and belles frequently have no great share of intellect. Beauties sometimes die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. She who studies her glass, neglects her heart. A beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt *others*, her poverty *herself.* "Thine was a dangerous gift," says the poet Rogers, "the gift of beauty; would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast." Many and varied are the female charms that conquer us. Here we find a woman whose strength, like Samson's, is in her hair; a second holds your affections by her teeth; and a third is a Cinderella, who wins hearts by her pretty little foot. But she is the most beautiful woman whom we love most; and the woman we love the most is frequently the one to whom we talk of it the least.

An author says, there are two sorts of persons which are not to be comforted; a rich man who finds himself dying, and a beauty when she finds her charms fading. As flowers fade, and the waters flow to the ocean: so youth and beauty pass away, and our years hasten to eternity.

> "As goods when lost, we know are seldom found;
> As fading gloss no rubbing can excite;
> As flowers, when dead, are trampled on the ground;
> As broken glass no cement can unite;
> So beauty, blemished once, is ever lost,
> In spite of physic, painting, pains and cost."—SHAK.

LOVE.

Humboldt notices that the streams in America run languidly in the night, and await the rising of the sun to quicken their flight. Love is to the heart what the sun is to our American streams—it moves languidly in its absence. Love is the sun of life; most beautiful in morning and evening, but warmest and steadiest at noon. It is the sun of the soul. Life without love is worse than death—a world without a sun. Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a grand relish, without which they would be hard to swallow. Universal love is a mitten which fits all hands alike, but none closely; true affection is like a glove which fits one hand only, but sets closely to that one. You may make your affections too cheap, or too dear, in dealing with your children or your friends. If too cheap, none of them will value them; if too dear, all will despair of securing them. Affections are so many moral objects to be accorded to justice, not to favor, and never to be withheld when due, nor bestowed when undeserved. People who are always talking sentiment have usually no very deep feelings. The less water you have in your kettle, the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke. The love which does not lead to labor will soon die out, and the thankfulness which does not embody itself in sacrifices is already changing to gratitude. Love is not ripened in one day, nor in many, nor even in a human lifetime. It is the oneness of soul with soul in appreciation and perfect trust. To be blessed it must rest in that faith in the Divine which underlies every other emotion. To be true, it must be eternal as God himself. When Zeno was told it was disgraceful for a philosopher to be in love, he replied, "If that be true, the fair sex are much to be pitied, for they would receive the attention only of fools." Some one, speaking of a beautiful girl with enthusiasm, said he was almost in love with her, though her understanding was by no means brilliant. "Pooh!" said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with understanding! We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and heaven knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we *esteem* (if it is brilliant,) and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay, more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions." Love bestows understanding upon women, and takes it away from man. "The lover," says Shakespeare, "can see a Helen in a brow of Egypt."

Woman loves more than man because she sacrifices more. For every woman it is with the food of the heart as with that of the body; it is possible to exist on a very small quantity, but that small quantity is an absolute necessity. Woman loves or abhors; man admires or despises. Woman without love is a fruit without flavor. In love, the virtuous woman says *no;* the passionate says *yes;* the capricious says *yes* and *no;* the coquette neither *yes* nor *no.* A coquette is a rose from whom every lover plucks a leaf; the thorn remains for the future husband. She may be compared to tinder which catches sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting a *match.* Love, while it frequently corrupts pure hearts, often purifies corrupt hearts. How well he knew the human heart who said, "we wish to constitute all the happiness, or if that cannot be, the misery of the one we love." Reason is only the last resource of love.

He that loves upon the account of virtue, can never be weary; because there are always fresh charms to attract and entertain him. Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself. It is by no means certain that Mark Anthony, when he gave the world for love, didn't make a sharp bargain.

He who loves a lady's complexion, form and features, loves not her true self, but her soul's old clothes. The love that has nothing but beauty to sustain it, soon withers and dies. The love that is fed with presents always requires feeding. Love, and love only, is the loan for love. Love is of the nature of a burning glass, which, kept still in one place, fireth; changed often, it doth nothing. The purest joy we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

The affection that links together man and wife is a far holier and more enduring passion than the enthusiasm of young love. It may want its gorgeousness—it may want its imaginative character, but it is far richer, and holier, and more trusting in its attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedlock. No! it burns with a steady and brilliant flame, shedding a benign influence upon existence, a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of philosophy. Domestic love! Who can measure its height or its depth? Who can estimate its preserving and purifying power? It sends an ever swelling stream of life through a household, it binds hearts into one "bundle of life;" it shields them from temptation, it takes the sting from disappointments and sorrow, it breathes music into the voice, into the footsteps, it gives worth and beauty to the commonest office, it surrounds home with an atmosphere of moral health, it gives power to effort and wings to progress, it is omnipotent; God in love.

The love which survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If we still love those we lose, we can not altogether lose those we love. Oh, man, fear not for thy affections, and feel no dread lest time should efface them! There is neither to-day nor yesterday in the powerful echoes of memory—there is only always. He who no longer feels, has never felt. There are two memories—the memory of the senses, which wears out with the senses, and in which perishable things decay; and the memory of the soul, for which time does not exist, and which lives over, at the same instant, every moment of its past and present existence. Fear not, ye who love. Time has power over hours, none over the soul. Love is the great instrument and engine of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe. It is of that active, restless nature, that it must of necessity exert itself; and like the fire, to which it is so often compared, it is not a free agent to choose whether it will heat or no, but it streams forth by natural results, and unavoidable emanations, so that it will fasten upon an inferior, unsuitable object, rather than none at all. The soul may sooner leave off to subsist than to love, and like the vine, it withers and dies if it has nothing to embrace.

At first it surprises one that love should be made the principal staple of all the best kinds of fiction; and, perhaps it is to be regretted that it is only one kind of love that is chiefly depicted in works of fiction. But that love itself is the most remarkable thing in human life, there can not be the slightest doubt. For, see what it will conquer. It is not only that it prevails over selfishness, but it has the victory over weariness, tiresomeness and familiarity. When you are with the person loved, you have no sense of being bored. This humble and trivial circumstance is the great test—the only sure and abiding test of love. With the persons you do not love you are never supremely at your ease. You have some of the sensation of walking upon stilts. In conversation with them, however much you admire them and are interested in them, the horrid idea will cross your mind of "What shall I say next?" Converse with them is not perfect association. But with those you love, the satisfaction in their presence is not unlike that of the relations of the heavenly bodies to one another, which, in their silent revolutions, lose none of their attractive power. The sun does not talk to the world, but it attracts it.

Remember that love is dependent upon forms—courtesy of etiquette guards and protects courtesy of heart. How many hearts have been lost irrecoverably, and how many averted eyes and cold looks have been gained from what seemed, perhaps, but a trifling negligence of forms. Men and women should not be judged by the same rules. There are many radical differences in their affectional natures. Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thoughts, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her ambition seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is bankruptcy of the heart. Some one has said that woman loves with her heart, and man with his head. Madame DeStael says, "Love, in a woman's life, is a history; in man's, an episode." It has been said, that love is the king of the young, and the tyrant of the old; and that coldness strengthens strong love, just as physical coldness makes strong people more vigorous and weak ones more puny.

Some writer asserts that, "a French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the court and the aristocracy; an American woman, if—he has plenty of money.

There are two classes of disappointed lovers—those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy ones who are disappointed after it. To be deprived of a person we love is a happiness in comparison of living with one we hate.

COURTSHIP.

Falling in love is an old fashion, and one that will yet endure. Cobbett, a good sound Englishman, twitted Malthus, the anti-population writer, with the fact, that do all he could, and all that government could—ay, all that twenty thousand governments could—he could not prevent courting and falling in love. "Between fifteen and twenty-two," said he, "all people will fall in love." Shakespeare pushes out this season to the age of forty-five. Old Burton, writing on love-melancholy, gives us a still further extension of the lease: and certainly "there be old fools as well as young fools." But no one is absolutely free from the universal passion. The Greek epigram on a statue of Cupid, which Voltaire, amongst a hundred of others, has happily produced, is perfectly true:

> "Whoe'er thou art, thy master see!
> Who was, or is, or is to be."

Probably no one escapes from the passion. We find in trials, and in criminal history, that the quaintest, quickest of men, the most outwardly saintly, cold, stone-like beings, have had their moments of intense love-madness. Luckily love is as lawful as eating, when properly indulged in. Cobbett tells us how an English yeoman loved and courted, and was loved in return; and a prettier episode does not exist in the English language. Talk of private memoirs of courts, the gossip of this cottage is worth it all. Cobbett, who was a sergeant major in a regiment of foot, fell in love with the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, then in the same province of New Brunswick. He had not passed more than an hour in her company when, noticing her modesty, her quietude and her sobriety, he said, "that is the girl for me." The next morning he was up early, and almost before it was light he passed the sergeant's house. There she was on the snow scrubbing out her washing tub. "That's the girl for me," again cried Cobbett, although she was not fourteen, and he nearly twenty-one. "From the first day I spoke of her," he writes, "I had no more thought of her being the wife of any other man than I had thought of her becoming a chest of drawers." He paid every attention to her, and, young as she was, treated her with every confidence. He spoke of her as his friend, his second self. But in six months the artillery were ordered to England and her father with them. Here indeed was a blow. Cobbett knew what Woolwich was, and what temptation a young and pretty girl would be sure to undergo. He therefore took to her his whole fortune, 150 guineas, the savings of his pay and overwork, and wrote to tell her that if she did not find her situation comfortable to take lodgings, and put herself to school, and not to work too hard, for he would be home in two years. But, as he says, "as the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time." But at the end of four years Cobbett got his discharge. He found his girl a servant of all work, at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisca; and without saying a word about the matter she put into his hands the whole of the one hundred and fifty guineas unbroken! What a pretty tender picture is that!—the young sergeant and the little girl of eighteen who had kept for four years the treasure untouched, waiting with patience her lover's return! What kindly trust on both sides! The historical painters of the Royal Academy give us scenes from English history of intrigue and bloodshed. Why can they not give us a scene of true English courtship like that? Cobbett, who knew better how to write sterling English than many men of his own days, and most men of ours, does not forget to enlarge upon the scene, and dearly he loved his wife for her share of it; but he does not forget to add, that with this love there was mixed "self-congratulations on this indubitable proof of the soundness of his own judgement." It is more than probable that eight girls out of ten would be as prudent and as good if their lovers would be as high-minded.

Courtship, says the Rev. G. S. Weaver, should not seek to captivate, but to learn real character. Love character, not person merely. Feeling, not reason, leads astray. Courting the wrong way is by impulse, and not judgment; by a process of wooing, and not of discovery; an effort to please, and not a search for companionship;

with excitement, and not with calmness and deliberation; in haste, and not with cautious prudence; a vision of the heart, and not a solemn reality; conducted by feeling, and not by reason; so managed as to be a perpetual blandishment of pleasure the most intoxicating and delightful, and not a trying ordeal for the enduring realities of solid and stubborn life; a perpetual yielding up of every thing, and not a firm maintenance of every thing that belongs to the man or woman. In almost every particular false, and hence must be followed by evil consequences.

The ostensible object of courtship is the choice of a companion. For no other object should any intercourse having the appearance of courtship be permitted or indulged in. It is a species of high handed fraud upon an unsuspecting heart, worthy of the heaviest penalty of public opinion, or law. The affections are too tender and sacred to be trifled with. He who does it is a wretch. He should be ranked among thieves, robbers, villains and murderers. He who steals money steals trash; but he who steals affections without a return of similar affections, steals that which is dearer than life and more precious than wealth. His theft is a robbery of the heart.

The young man and young woman who form a solemn matrimonial alliance at any age before they have attained manhood and womanhood, do it more in folly than in wisdom, more in passion than in love, do it at the risk of their life's peace, and the most fearful consequences that follow in the train of such matrimonial adventures. It can only be called a matrimonial adventure. They do it in childish ignorance. It is not possible for a youth at that age to have a judgment sufficiently matured, and a heart sufficiently subdued, to render him capable of forming an absolutely correct opinion upon a subject of such vast importance and such complicated results. Treat it lightly as you will, it is a subject of the most momentous importance to human virtue, prosperity and happiness, and involves much of the most intricate and profound philosophy of human life, conduct and character. A subject of such importance requires the matured powers of manhood and womanhood, and the experience and observation of such maturity.

The name of God is not oftener blasphemed by the vulgar and thoughtless than is the so little understood word of "love" by the millions who think they enter matrimony under its pilotage. It has been wisely but sadly said, that years are necessary to cement a friendship, but months, and sometimes weeks and days, are considered enough to prepare for that holier state of matrimony. From false regard to public opinion, or as a matter of convenience, or for the mere purpose of securing a home and being settled in life, thousands enter into the most sacred of human relations, wth no such feelings towards each other as will lead them to "bear and forbear." There is a popular feeling that it is somewhat a disgrace for a woman to pass through life unmarried; and shrinking from that obloquy, multitudes marry according to the forms of law when they are not drawn together by any qualities of mind and soul, and there is no true marriage of heart. What wonder, then, that discontent and misery arise, and a divorce, if not sought, is often desired! Those who regard love as a flame that comes as a flash of gunpowder, must not feel disappointed if the blackness and desolation that succeed a gunpowder flash is all that is left after their brief infatuation is over. All love before marriage should be a study for love after marriage. If not well understood, its power is apt to become exhausted. Love and courtship is to wedded love what horticulture in books is to horticulture in a garden. The power of love must be measured not by its intensity, but by its effects; by its beneficence in bringing into play a higher range of motives, by the facilities it unfolds, by its skill in harmonizing different natures. One grand mistake is in supposing that love begun is love completed. The orchardist knows that blossoms are not apples, but the lover often thinks they are. The magistrate marries; but marrying is not mating. Not once in a hundred times do two natures brought side by side harmonize in every part. Of nothing are people more ignorant than of human nature.

Very rich and fruitful natures are often side by side with very barren ones; noble ones with sordid ones; exquisitely sensitive with intensely tough. And this all results from the want of forethought evinced by people when about to marry. Nine out of ten look upon marriage much as they look upon the "grab-bag" at a gambling fair—something from which to snatch an article at a venture; and the prizes are not much more numerous in the one than in the other. When there are fewer secret manoeuvres and tricks of courtship before marriage, there will be less unhappiness after. How often we see couples who are "engaged" trying to hide little foibles and eccentricities from the one they are expecting to live a life-time with! How blind such a course is! Then, if ever, the true characteristics of each should appear! If anything is objectionable before marriage, how much more so after, when a lie is added to it! Live true lives when you are "courting." Better an engagement should be broken off, than a life should be wasted. Many counsel the young not to expect too much of love. That is an evil philosophy, however, which advises to moderation by undervaluing the possibilities of a true and glorious love. Happiness in this life depends more upon the capacity of loving than on any other single quality. If men lose all the treasure of love, it does not prove that the treasure is not to be found, but that they have not sought aright. Many men dig for diamonds in love, and only find pebbles in wedded life. The diamonds are there, however, only they know not how to dig for them. In love there are many apartments; but not to selfishness, sensuality, or arrogance, will love yield its full treasure. True love is social regeneration. It is a revolution ending with a new king and with a reconstruction of the soul. The way of the animal is self-seeking; that of man, sacrifice. It is not what we get, but what we give, that makes us happy. It is not self-seeking, but benevolence, that pleases. It is the steady continuity of love that alone can prove all its worth and blessedness. Our advice to the young, then, is, to love, but not love blindly. Justice is represented as blind, in order that under no circumstances can she swerve one hair's-breadth from the right, from personal favor or prejudice; but Love, on the contrary, should use her eyes to the fullest extent that in days of courtship no stumbling-blocks should be left to be an annoyance after marriage.

Courtships are the sweet and dreamy thresholds of unseen Edens, where half the world has paused in couples, talked in whispers, under the moonlight, and passed on, and never returned. Little squalls don't upset the lover's boat: they drive it all the faster to port.

One of the meanest things a young man can do, and it is not at all of uncommon occurrence, is to monopolize the time and attention of a young girl for a year, or more, without any definite object, and to the exclusion of other gentlemen, who, supposing him to have matrimonial intentions, absent themselves from her society. This selfish "dog-in-the-manger" way of proceeding should be discountenanced and forbidden by all parents and guardians. It prevents the reception of eligible offers of marriage, and fastens upon the young lady, when the acquaintance is finally dissolved, the unenviable and *unmerited* appellation of "flirt." Let all your dealings with women, young man, be frank, honest and noble. That many whose education and position in life would warrant our looking for better things, are culpably criminal on these points, is no excuse for *your* short-comings. That woman is often injured, or wronged, through her holiest feelings, adds but a blacker dye to your meanness. One rule is always safe: *Treat every woman you meet as you would wish another man to treat your innocent, confiding sister.*

FLIRTING.

When a young girl embarks upon the dissipation of a fashionable life, I tremble for her as for a fair woman who enters a small pox hospital. Unless her moral nature has been vaccinated by some principle which acts as a preventive, ten to one she will contract that odious disease called flirting. If her heart has been previously vaccinated with love, for instance, she may escape, provided it is not of long standing,—for in the majority of cases, love, after a time, is weakened, and needs renewing just as the vaccine virus does in the physical system. The disease of flirting once contracted—though the patient may recover from it—she will bear the marks to her dying day. Her nature is never again the fair, beautiful thing it once was, but a scarred, defaced mass. There is nothing which so wastes the heart as this same flirting. My bachelor readers, let me whisper something in your ear: No woman who has passed through a flirtation has an entire heart to offer. What shall we say then of her who has grown gray at it? (I mean one who would be gray if a year was added for every flirtation.) Why, if she had any heart left, it is microscopic. But don't confound things. You needn't be afraid of woman because she has loved some other man before you. If it was a true, honest love, it didn't hurt her. Such a feeling enriches and ennobles the heart. A nature penetrated by it is like gold ore permeated by heat—the dross is being consumed and the gold refined; while the heart which is tenanted at one corner—as is the case in a flirtation—may be likened to ice on a glass—melting at one point, while the mass is unaffected. I might, if I couldn't do any better, accept a heart which had been subjected to one such melting, wasting process, but I would not consider myself under any great obligations to a woman who should lay at my feet the little piece of the article which would remain after a dozen such operations.

It is the flirt, and those who sacrifice feminine dignity to giddiness, that make so many men sceptical as to woman's worth, and of course swell the ranks of sneering and cynical bachelors. Passionate men are not so difficult to manage as those cool-headed ones who take no decisive step without mature consideration. Wound their confidence, especially their trust in woman, and the offence is mortal. They may forgive, but the concession is so tinged with scorn. Poets say, a woman slighted is a fury roused; men, however, when they discover that their most tender feelings have been trifled with, paraded in exultant weakness before the gaze of others, shrink within themselves, and generally ever afterwards present to the world at large an outward form cased in steel. A great proportion of these disturbances of the economy of the dearest of the domestic affections may be attributed to the volatility of girls who delight in having *confidantes*, who in the lamentable majority of instances generally turn out snakes in the grass. An engagement between young people should be understood by their friends and acquaintances, not *talked* about in the cant of idle gossip.

One reason why young men defer marrying to a later period of life, is the bad examples they see among their relatives and acquaintances of ill-assorted unions. Giddiness of deportment in young women is not sprightliness, nor excess of vivacity an accomplishment. Men, it must be confessed, are extremely fastidious creatures, and difficult to please, but in one respect they are unanimous and consistent; they prefer in a woman an even, equable temperament. Having, themselves, the more ardent and coarse impulses, they dislike them in women; and hence their lasting, unchangeable love, the fond devotion which the boldest and the most impetuous of men lavish upon the most delicate and reserved of the other sex. We therefore say advisedly, that if woman studied the philosophy of conduct more, and the fashions less, there would not be so many of them unmarried as there are at present.

The cynic sneers at first love, the philosopher analyses it with an inquiring mind, but the poet worships it with the heart's worship. Which is the right? We incline to the poet. His exquisite perceptions and sensibilities direct him like an instinct; and instinct never errs. A first love is like the first bud some young and tender plant puts forth—a thing of promise and of beauty—pure as childhood's kiss—lovely as spring's earliest smile. Neglect may wither, untimely frosts may chill it before it can expand into a fragrant flower, and the plant send forth other buds; but none so delicate and pure, so grateful to the heart and senses. Yet, much as is said about the freshness of a first love, there are many whose second love is better worth having than the first love of others.

All the advice which I have given my bachelor readers, I freely tender to the ladies also. Male flirts should be avoided still more than those of the opposite sex, for the former haven't as much heart to begin with as the latter, therefore they can more poorly afford the waste consequent upon flirtation.

If the men did not encourage coquettes so much there would not be so many of them. If men dislike coquetry, why do they encourage it? Why do they often leave a sensible, well-informed woman to play "wall-flower," while they talk nonsense to some brainless doll, who can only ogle, sigh and simper? It appears to us that men are to blame for most of the faults of women. We always regret to hear a man who has matrimonial views say of a girl, she don't know much, but she is amiable, has a pretty face, and after all, if I need society, it is easy enough to find it anywhere. A man has no right to marry a woman with intentions so widely diverse from those he professes to entertain, when he vows to be a husband; he is responsibly blame-worthy for the consequences that result from such an act; beside, it is a very mistaken notion some men seem to have, that a fool is easily managed; there is no description of animal so difficult to govern: what they lack in brains they are sure to make up in obstinacy, or a low kind of cunning. Then a pretty face cannot last forever, and the old age of a brainless beauty we shudder to contemplate, even at a distance. Women aim to be what men oftenest like to see them; you may, therefore, easily guage the masculine standard by the majority of women one daily meets.

ADVANTAGES OF WEDLOCK.

"When a man hath taken a new wife he shall not go to war, neither shall he be charged with any business, but he shall be free at home one year and cheer up the wife which he has taken."—Deut. 24:5.

None but the married man has a home in his old age.

None has friends then, but he; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfailing assurances of care and love. He may be courted for his money; he may eat and drink and revel; and he may sicken and die in a hotel or a garret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey; but he will never know the comforts of the domestic fireside.

The guardians of the Holborn Union lately advertised for candidates to fill the situation of engineer at the workhouse, a single man, a wife not being allowed to reside on the premises. Twenty-one candidates presented themselves, but it was found that as to testimonials, character, workmanship, and appearance, the best men were all married men. The guardians had therefore to elect a married man.

A man who avoids matrimony on account of the cares of wedded life, cuts himself off from a great blessing for fear of a trifling annoyance. He rivals the wise-acre who secured himself against corns by having his legs amputated. In his selfish anxiety to live unencumbered, he only subjects himself to a heavier burden; for the passions, that apportion to every individual the load he is to bear through life, generally say to the calculating bachelor—"As you are a single man you shall carry double." The *Assurance Magazine,* an English periodical, makes the statement, that in the two periods of life, 20 to 25 and 25 to 30, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor; at 30 it is four times as great; at 60 the chances of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. After the age of 30 the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio; the probability at 85 is not much more than half that at 30, and nearly the same proportion exists between each period of five years afterwards." A married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is a monarch. Jeremy Taylor says, "If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is heaven's last best gift to man—his angel of mercy—minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss the guardian of innocence—her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counsellors—her bosom the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocates of heaven." He considered marriage "a nursery of heaven," and "the greatest interest in the world next to the last throw for eternity."

Doubtless you have remarked with satisfaction, says a writer in *Frazer's Magazine*, the little oddities of men who marry rather late in life are pruned away speedily after marriage. You may have found a man who used to be shabbily and carelessly dressed, with huge shirt-collar frayed at the edges, and a glaring yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, broken of these and become a pattern of neatness. You have seen a man whose hair and whiskers were ridiculously cut, speedily become like other human beings. You have seen a clergyman who wore a long beard in a little while appear without one. You have seen a man who used to sing ridiculous sentimental songs leave them off. You have seen a man who took snuff copiously, and who generally had his breast covered with snuff, abandon the vile habit. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding of bits of orange peel; no touching all the posts in walking along the street; no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man. For the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome though painful shears snipping off the little growths of self-conceit and folly.

Robert Southey says a man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action. The risks of marriage are for the greater part on the woman's side. Women have so little the power of choice, that it is not perhaps fair to say that they are less likely to choose well than we are; but I am persuaded that they are more frequently deceived in the attachments they form, and their opinions concerning men are less accurate than men's opinion of their sex. Now, if a lady were to reproach me for having said this, I should only reply that it was another mode of saying there are more good wives in the world than there are good husbands, which I verily believe. I know of nothing which a good and sensible man is so certain to find, if he looks for it, as a good wife.

Somebody has said, "before thou marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry." And see, my friend, that you make your *house* a home. A house is a mere skeleton of bricks, laths, plaster, and wood; a home is a residence not merely of the body but of the heart. It is a place for the affections to develope themselves—for children to love, and learn, and play in—for husband and wife to toil smilingly together to make life a blessing. A house where a wife is a slattern and a sloven cannot be a home; a house where there is no happy fireside, no book, no newspaper—above all, where there is no religion and no Bible, how can it be a home? My bachelor brother, there cannot, by any possibility, be a home where there is no wife. To talk of a home without love, we might as well expect to find an English fireside in one of the pyramids of Egypt.

There is a world of wisdom in the following :—"Every schoolboy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half-a-dozen blooming responsibilities and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, *tie* yourself to somebody."

"Jenny is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed—so say no more;
And should the bairnies to us come,
As few that wed but do have some;
No doubt but heaven will stand our friend,
And bread as well as children send;
So fares the hen in the farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known her weary every claw,
In search of corn among the straw;
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks among her chirping brood;
With joy we see the self-same hen,
That scratched for one co'd scratch for ten;
These are the tho'ts that make me willing,
To take my girl without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause, you see,
Jenny resolves to marry me."

SELECTING A WIFE.

Lamb says, "Men marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it, how such a woman, in their friends' eyes, will look at the head of a table. Hence we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man that had any fancy at all. These, I call, *furniture* wives; as men buy *furniture pictures* because they suit this or that niche in their dining room parlors. Your universally cried-up beauties are the very last choice which a man of taste would make. What pleases all can not have that individual charm which make this or that countenance engaging to you, only, perhaps, you know not why." The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is mildness in her countenance, wisdom in her speech, modesty in her behavior, and virtue in her life. She who knows merely how to dress, dance and flirt, will never make a good wife. In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body, then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion. Don't marry too smart a girl, for she will outrun you; nor one too simple, for children take their talents from their mother; nor too rich, for she will remind you of it; nor too poor, for she will act the beggar on horseback. *In medio tutisimus ibis.* Many a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the human race, has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife. Not every man who dives into the sea of matrimony brings up a pearl.

We know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors, but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. Don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old he does not know what he wants himself. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble woman is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them.

Take especial and seasonable care, if you are a man, that your children shall not have a fool for a mother; and, if you are a woman, that they shall not have an ass for a father. The leading features in the character of a good woman are mildness, complaisance, and equanimity of temper. The man, if he be a worldy and provident husband, is immersed in a thousand cares. His mind is agitated, his memory loaded, and his body fatigued. He retires from the bustle of the world, chagrined perhaps by disappointment, angry at insolent and perfidious people, and terrified lest his unavoidable connections with such people should make him appear perfidious himself. Is this the time for the wife of his bosom, his dearest and most intimate friend, to add to his vexations, to increase the fever of an over-burdened mind, by a contentious tongue or a discontented brow? Business, in its most prosperous state, is full of anxiety and turmoil. Oh! how dear to the memory of man is the wife who clothes her face in smiles, who uses gentle expressions, and who makes her lap soft to receive and hush his cares to rest. There is not in nature so fascinating an object as a faithful, tender and affectionate wife.

If you want to know certainly, says Dr. W. W. Hall, whether the young lady you think of addressing is a fairy or a fury, tread on her skirt in the street when she is not aware of you being within a mile of her, and "take an observation" of that face, usually "divine," at the instant of its being turned upon you. If, out of any thousand ladies promenading the street, you wish to make a selection for a wife who shall combine taste, tidiness, and a true economy, walk behind and notice if in shawl or dress, mantilla, cloak, or what-not, there are creases, grease-spots, specks of dried mud, or lint, or string, or feather; if you do, let her go, for creases show that she huddles her garments away, because too lazy to fold them up carefully: a grease-spot proves that she will flop herself down any where, consulting personal ease in preference to all other considerations; and any woman who recklessly runs the risk of soiling a garment irretrievably, rather than take the pains to throw her head half round to see whether she is not about sitting on a lump of butter or in a pool of tobacco juice, is utterly unworthy of a husband, and is as destitute of any true moral principle as she is of innate purity. A dried speck of mud or piece of lint shows she is a hypocrite or a slouch, as it proves that she is careful only of such parts of her apparel as she thinks most likely to be seen.

Now, John, listen to me, said an old lady, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you contrive to drop in at the house where she lives, at least four or five times before breakfast. You should notice whether the complexion is the same, or if the morning wash and the towel have robbed her of her bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured or snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend on it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterize her appearance and deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.

Let the young man marry her whom his head and heart both approve. Beware of her who deceives her parents.

"———Have a quick eye to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee."—**Shak.**

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

There is no city, there is scarcely a township, which does not number among its inhabitants women who have married on a very short acquaintance, only to be abused, deserted, and left a life-long sorrow in the families in which they were reared, and which they imprudently and improperly deserted to share the fortune of relative strangers. If young ladies would only realize how grossly indelicate, as well as culpably reckless, such marriages appear to the eyes of the observing, they surely would forbear. A year's thorough acquaintance with the most circumstantial accounts from disinterested and reliable witnesses, of the antecedents from childhood, are the very best guarantees of which any woman who realizes what marriage is, will require of a stranger. Even then, if her parents are not fully satisfied as well as herself, she should still hesitate. Marriage is an undertaking in which no delay can be so hazardous as undue precipitation.

MARRIAGE.

The holiest bond into which two human beings ever entered, is that of marriage as regarded throughout Christendom. It would be easy to show that to both sexes, and to our common civilization, Christian marriage has been as elevating and ennobling, as it is holy. Upon it must ever depend the moral and social equality and the mutual esteem of the sexes. Upon it, also, must depend purity of lineage and harmony of blood relationships. To show how superior are all its influences, it would only be necessary to contrast the peoples who practice monogamic marriage with those who indulge in polygamy. The sturdier physical stamina, the higher and more active intellect, the braver industry and enterprise, the loftier virtues and the purer moralities, will all be found with the races and communities that have put on the Christian marriage curb. Enervation and decadence are stamped upon all the nations in which the companionship of the sexes is not regulated by the Christian rule. And of all things tending to corrupt the influence, and lessen the sacredness of this true marriage principle, none are so blighting and deadly as undue facilities for annulling the marriage tie. Many an "incompatibility of temper," and other domestic difference, would have been smothered and buried, instead of having been nursed to quenchless feud, had there been less accessible legal avenues to divorce. The facilities provided by indiscreet legislation, have been the prime cause of thousands of separations and family wrecks, which would not otherwise have occurred. Therefore, do we rejoice, that in some of the States of our Union, where divorce has been most scandalously accessible, a better sense has moved the law-makers to amend their statutes so as to give greater sanctity and security to the marriage tie. We hold in the very nature of things, as well as from a careful consideration of human nature, and the social history of the world, that the two chief bulwarks of civilization and humanity—as, indeed, of all virtuous progress—are the sacred observance of the Christian marriage, and the Christian Sabbath. Without these, society must fluctuate with the pulse, or impulse of human passion, with no restraint save the retributive reactions periodically inevitable in such a social state.

When the honeymoon passes away, setting behind dull mountains, or dipping silently into the stormy sea of life, the trying hour of married life has come. Between the parties there are no more illusions. The feverish desire for possession has gone, and all excitement receded. Then begins, or should, the business of adaptation. If they find that they do not love one another as they thought they did, they should double their assiduous attentions to one another, and be jealous of everything which tends in the slightest way to separate them. Life is too precious to be thrown away in secret regrets or open differences. And let me say to every one to whom the romance of life has fled, and who are discontented in the slightest degree with their conditions and relations, begin this reconciliation at once. Renew the attentions of earlier days. Draw your hearts close together. Talk the thing all over. Acknowledge your faults to one another, and determine that henceforth you will be all in all to each other; and my word for it, you shall find in your relation the sweetest joy earth has for you. There is no other way for you to do. If you are happy at home, you must be happy abroad; the man or woman who has settled down upon the conviction that he or she is attached for life to an uncongenial yoke-fellow, and that there is no way of escape, has lost life; there is no effort too costly to make which can restore to its setting upon the bosom the missing pearl.

"Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest, all the days of thy life."—Ecclesiastes, ix, 9. How to secure this happiness of married life? "It would be a bold undertaking to answer that question," some determined celibate may say, "You might as well ask how to find the Philosopher's stone, or the elixir of perpetual youth, or the Eutopia of perfect society?" The prime difficulty in the case is the entire thoughtlessness, the want of consideration, common sense and practical wisdom. Not only young persons contemplating marriage—which includes all between the age of eighteen and thirty-five—but also many married people have a vague notion that happiness comes of itself. They wait for certain dreams of Elysium to be fulfilled by beatific realities. Happiness does not come of its own accord nor by accident. It is not a gift, but an attainment. Circumstances may favor, but can not create it. In every Paradise there is a forbidden fruit, some Tree of the Knowledge of good and evil; and, unless the serpent, the tempter, be kept out, the enjoyment of Eden will be as short now as it was when the first married couple lost it. Even where everything promises well, prudence and foresight are needed to prevent fatal mistakes, and moderate expectations should be encouraged, to avoid serious disappointments. Perhaps the best general rule is not to expect too much; for as long as men and women continue to be such, and not cherubim and seraphim, the annoyances and vexations of life can not be avoided. But such advice to those who stand, or mean to stand by the hymeneal altar, falls upon dull ears, and every coupled pair flatter themselves that their experience will be better and more excellent than that of any who have gone before them. They look with amazement at the tameness, and coldness, and diversities, and estrangements, and complainings, and dissatisfactions, which spoil the comfort of so many homes, as at things which can not, by any possibility, fall to their happier lot. But like causes produce like effects, and to avoid the misfortunes of others we must avoid their mistakes.

The first, or perhaps the antecedent duty of the husband is to provide *a home.* When the Scripture says, "God takes the solitary man and sets him in families," it does not mean in boarding-houses or hotels. Home life is the proper and normal condition of marriage, and they who have no home of their own are not much better than half married after all. It is customary, I know, to conside this only from the economic point of view, or as a matter of convenience, or of social respectability, but we regard it in its religious and moral aspects, and, admitting that exceptional cases may exist, as to almost every general rule, we believe that, wisely considered, such cases are extremely rare, and that all the risks of married life are greatly increased and the probability of its permanent happiness very greatly diminished by the want of a proper home of its own. Under the Divine ordinance it is intended that husband and wife should be every thing to each other, constituting a sufficient society for the enjoyment of life, but if they are only two members of a large family, in which they have no special control, such feeling of mutual dependence can not exist, and the exclusive enjoyment of each other's society is continually disturbed. The most important experience of the new relation is to become well acquainted with each other. The acquaintance of courtship is a very one-sided affair, both parties seeing through the peculiar atmosphere which magnifies virtues, changes defects into beauties, and makes the discovery of faults impossible; and for the true development of character which leads to full acquaintanceship, the comparative isolation of a separate home is, if not the indispensable, yet the most favorable condition. For the disenchantment will certainly come, and those who had thought each other next to perfect will soon discover that some few imperfections and the common weaknesses of humanity remain. Disappointment is felt where there is no just reason for it; and the man finds out with unnecessary surprise, that he has not married an angel, and the woman that she has not married a saint. They had thought they were perfectly adapted to each other, and that mutual concessions would involve no self-denial, and that whatever either might desire the other would immediately yield. But experience teaches that the work of mutual adaptation is precisely what they have to learn, to understand each other's peculiarities and tastes, weaknesses and excellences; and by self-discipline and kindness of construction, on both sides, to receive and impart a modifying influence, bringing them nearer each other all the time, until, through this interchangeable, moral and spiritual culture, the beautiful visions of "Love's young dream" are realized. This is by no means impossible. Every true marriage of sensible persons who really love each other, affords illustrations of it. The attachment becomes continually more close, as more perfect understanding of each other exists; and if they live to celebrate their silver or golden wedding, the current of their affection will have become deeper and stronger, though it may seem to flow more noiselessly and quietly along. But the hope of this, which is unquestionably the best happiness this world affords, depends in a great degree upon the manner in which the first few years of married life are spent, and the success with which its earlier unavoidable trials are met and overcome; and the right place, the only proper place for meeting them is one's own home. Any where else it is done under disadvantage, with complications of meddlesome gossip, and officious kindness, and gratuitous advice, and invidious comparisons, and lynx eyed observation to discover, and satirical tongues to report every neglect or fault, with well intentioned wickedness, and with other interferences too tedious to be mentioned, which those who have lived longest in caravansera life can most perfectly comprehend. There are innumerable things to be learned by both parties in performance of their untried duties, involving experiments, and mistakes, and miscalculations, and the sooner they are learned the better, for the shortcomings are a matter of joke and merriment in the earlier years, which become serious annoyances in later life. This is the reason why those who defer establishing their own home for several years, seldom succeed afterward in making one to their mind. They have become accustomed to enjoy the comforts of life without trouble on their own part, to be waited upon, to receive hospitality without returning it, to live without care or labor, and thus contract habits of idleness, or idle visiting, or time killing, and afterward, if a more rational mode of life is attempted, in their own home, they find themselves too old to learn. Indolence and gossiping have spoilt them for the happiness of domestic life and its attendant cares; and husband and wife, having learned not to depend upon each other for society, and having lost the opportunity of that mutual accommodation to each other, of which we have just spoken, are partially unfitted for the exclusive, separate life, which wedlock is intended to establish.

Married people should never be without a home of their own, from the day when they are united to the day of their death. By giving it up, they may save money and avoid trouble, but they are sure to lose happiness and substantial comfort, and a great part of the best uses of life. This is true at all times; but there are no five years in which it is so important as those in which it is most frequently disregarded.

The objection made is the expense. They can not afford the first outlay, and the continued expenditure involved. To which we might give a first and general answer, that until we can afford to provide a home we have no business to be married. But we admit that the objection lies deeper and is more difficult of removal than at first appears. It consists in foolish habits of expenditure and in absurd social ambition, by which unreal necessities are created, and the problem of domestic life is made one of almost impossible solution. It is this which either prevents marriage or destroys its comfort. When a young woman who is accustomed to live and dress like a princess, and a man who has always expended his whole income on himself, contract an alliance, they must either have a large income to maintain the accustomed style, or adopt the very unaristocratic expedient of "lodgings" so as to keep up the appearance before the world, and economize in comfort for the sake of being extravagant in show. How much there is of this let every American city declare. A part of the evil, and no small part, is the fault of parents, who train their daughters so that nothing but wealth can make them happy, and economy is a virtue vulgar and hateful in their eyes; but chiefly it is a general lack of good sense, false ideas of respectability, the want of independence, and an almost servile subjection to the opinion of what we call the world, which generally means some fifteen or twenty of the silliest persons of our acquaintance.

We account these two things essential to the happiness of married life: First, to have a home of one's own; and, second, to establish it upon such a scale as to live distinctly and clearly within one's means—if possible, not quite up to them, and *by no possibility* beyond them. A great proportion of the failures in wedlock may be traced directly to the neglect of the latter rule. No man can feel happy or enjoy the comfort of his own fireside, who is spending more than he earns. Debt destroys his self-respect, puts him at variance with the world, and makes him irritable, ill-tempered, and hard to please. There is no Christian virtue, no Christian grace, that can keep company with the burdensome annoyance of debt. The thought of unpaid bills, and of rent falling due and unprovided for, destroys the relish of one's food and awakens him from the soundest sleep at night, and the luxuries for which the debts were contracted become loathesome in his sight. Then comes fault-finding and recrimination, and love flies out at the window when the sheriff threatens to come in at the door. Romantic people may talk as much as they please about indulgent husbands and fascinating wives, but the plain matter of fact is, that no attraction or charms in the wife, either of person or of mind, are more available in keeping the husband's affection and respect, than the despised virtues of economy and thrift. By such care for his interests she confers daily benefits upon him, she lessens and cheers his labor, she increases his credit, and enlarges his prosperity; "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." The difference of result between such co-operation, and daily negligence and wastefulness, is often the whole difference between a happy and miserable life.

Do not, however, infer that the social ambition, which lives for show and not substance, and barters happiness for style—a birth-right for a mess of pottage—by which American society is so much cursed, is chargeable solely or chiefly to women. They may consent to it and aggravate it, but the men have the chief blame to bear. It is the husband's business to regulate expenses and the scale of living, and the wife will seldom urge him to go beyond his income, if he treats her like a woman, in whom confidence can be placed, and not as a puppet or a child; and if she should so urge him, she would only despise him for yielding, and by proper exercise of authority he should put an end to the unreasonable request. But we are convinced that in this whole matter of extravagance, the wife is not the principal offender. The elegant house and costly furniture, the jewelry and expensive dress, are oftener his choosing than hers, given perhaps as proofs of his affection, but accepted rather than desired by her. She must, indeed, be "as one of the foolish women" who covets them or any other luxury, at the cost of his peace of mind. In the beginning of married life, especially, the young wife is more easily satisfied than her husband, and will generally be contented with whatever simplicity of style his circumstances can afford. If not, he has been crazy to marry her; for if she is not willing to receive the best which he can honestly offer, their prospect of contentment or happiness is very bad, whether he be rich or poor. Shallow both in mind and character must they be who estimate the enjoyment of home by the style of living, or the neighborhood in which they live.

No sensible person will account it a hardship to begin on a moderate scale; and those who do thus begin and afterward attain to the possession of wealth, always look back to the "day of small things" with peculiar satisfaction as the golden age of their hearts, if not of their purses. True affection delights in the opportunities of self-denial and in the little acts of personal service for which there is scarcely any place in the house of the rich. The husband and wife who literally take care of each other, depending comparatively little upon the vexatious intervention of servants, at the same time enjoy the duty and appreciate the kindness. The comforts which one owes directly to the wife's diligent and affectionate care and industry, are wonderfully different from those which money buys and are brought by mercenary hands. The costly gifts of riches, involving no labor or inconvenience, are prized for their splendor and beauty, and are accepted, perhaps as tokens of regard; but they are not half so precious as gifts, comparatively trifling, made valuable by the consecration of pains-taking and self-denial. I speak to many who have tried both experiences—who began in the most humble and moderate manner and have gradually worked upward—and they would all testify that, after the positive inconvenience of straitened circumstances had passed, the happiest part of life was in the enjoyment of neither riches nor poverty, of moderate circumstances and quiet domestic life. They look back to those days as the happiest, when by mutual helping they gave and received the proofs of affection and tenderness.

I am not so absurd as to sing the praise of poverty, for no one remains poor when he can help it; but it certainly has its compensations, and they who are afraid of marriages, or being married, deny themselves the luxury and inherent respectability of a home, because their house must be small and their furniture poplar instead of rosewood, do not deserve to be happy. Let them begin according to their means, however small, and honestly living within them be contented with what they have. Every added comfort, as they go onward, will be prized, and if wealth be at last attained it will be enjoyed, while those who begin at the top of earthly prosperity can at the best only remain there, and in the mutations of human affairs are most likely to come down. The truth is that, as already said, happiness, in any respectable sense of the word, depends very little upon what we have, and almost entirely upon what we are. "Our life consisteth not in the abundance of things possessed," is as true of domestic life as of the individual. If we could only get rid of this absurd social ambition, neighborhood pride, servitude to opinion, worship of appearances, or whatever you may call it! If young married people could only understand that in their home arrangements they themselves are the only ones who have a right to be consulted, it would be easy enough to make home happy.

How many are there who wait year after year without daring to buy the wedding ring, losing all the beauty and freshness of youth; and how many others having ventured so far, remain homeless, the appendages of somebody else's household, in a sort of intermediate condition between single blessedness and connubial bliss, because they have not courage enough to face a frowning, or what is worse, a gossiping world, by living in a house and with furniture such as they can honestly afford! Social ambition is the bane, the destruction of domestic life. To regulate our expenditure by other people's income is the height of folly, and to contract debts for a style of living which is of our neighbor's choosing rather than our own, is nearly akin to insanity. The frog swelling himself to the size of the ox, until "he burst himself indeed," is a fit emblem of it, and financial bursting and domestic misery are the daily consequences. There is no happiness, social, domestic or individual, without independence; and no dependence is so bitter as that of extravagance and debt.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Many a woman has gone into her room and had a "good cry" because her husband called her by her baptismal name, and not by some absurd nickname invented in the days of their folly; or because, pressed for time, he hurried out of the house without going through the established formula of leave-taking. The lover has merged into the husband; security has taken the place of wooing; and the woman does not take kindly to the transformation. Sometimes she plays a dangerous game, and tries what flirting with other men will do. If her scheme does not answer, and her husband is not made jealous, she is revolted, and holds herself that hardly-used being, a neglected wife. She cannot accept as a compliment the quiet trust which certain cool-headed men of a loyal kind, place in their wives; and his tolerance of her flirting manner—which he takes to be manner only, with no evil in it, and with which, though he may not especially like, he does not interfere—seems to her indifference rather than tolerance. Yet the confidence implied in this forbearance is, in point of fact, a compliment worth all the *petits soins* ever invented, though this hearty faith is just the thing which annoys her, and which she stigmatizes as neglect. If she were to go far enough she would find out her mistake. But by that time she would have gone too far to profit by her experience.

Nothing is more annoying than that display of affection which some husbands and wives show to each other in society. That familiarity of touch, those half-concealed caresses, those absurd names, that prodigality of endearing epithets, that devoted attention which they flaunt in the face of the public as a kind of challenge to the world at large, to come and admire their happiness, is always noticed and laughed at. Yet to some women this parade of love is the very essence of married happiness, and part of their dearest privileges. They believe themselves admired and envied, when they are ridiculed and scoffed at; and they think their husbands are models for other men to copy, when they are taken as examples for all to avoid. Men who have any real manliness, however, do not give in to this kind of thing; though there are some as effeminate and gushing as women themselves, who like this sloppy effusiveness of love, and carry it on into quite old age, fondling the ancient grandmother with gray hairs as lavishly as they had fondled the youthful bride, and seeing no want of harmony in calling a withered old dame of sixty and upwards by the pet names by which they had called her when she was a slip of a girl of eighteen. The continuance of love from youth to old age is very lovely, very cheering; but even "John Anderson, my Jo," would lose its pathos if Mrs. Anderson had ignored the difference between the raven locks and the snowy brow. This public display of familiar affection is never seen among men who pride themselves on making good lovers, as certain men do—those who have reduced the practice of love-making to an art, a science, and know their lesson to a letter. These men are delightful to women, who like nothing so much as being made love to, as well after marriage as before; but men who take matters quietly, and rely on the good sense of their wives to take matters quietly, too, sail round these scientific adorers for both depth and manliness. And if women knew their best interests they would care more for the trust than the science.

All that excess of flattering and petting of which women are so fond, becomes a bore to a man if required as part of the daily habit of life. Out in the world as he is, harrassed by anxieties of which she knows nothing, home is emphatically his place of rest, where his wife is his friend who knows his mind, where he may be himself without fear of offending, and relax the strain that must be kept up out of doors; where he may feel himself safe, understood, and at ease. And some women, and these by no means the coldest or the least loving, are wise enough to understand this need of rest in the man's harder life, and accepting the quiet of security as part of the conditions of marriage, content themselves with the undemonstrative love into which the fever of passion has subsided. Others fret over it, and make themselves and their husbands wretched because they cannot believe in that which is not forever paraded before their eyes. Yet what kind of a home is it for the man if he has to walk as if on egg-shells, every moment afraid of wounding the susceptibilities of a woman who will take nothing on trust, and who has to be continually assured that he still loves her, before she will believe that to-day is as yesterday? Of one thing she may be certain; no wife who understands what is the best kind of marriage demands these continual attentions, which, voluntary offerings of the lover, become enforced tribute from the husband. She knows that as a wife, whom it is not necessary to court or flatter, she has a nobler place than that which is expressed by the attentions paid to a mistress. Wifehood, like all assured conditions, does not need to be buttressed up, but a less certain position must be supported from the outside, and an insecure self-respect, an uncertain holding, must be perpetually strengthened and reassured. Women who cannot live happily without being made love to are more like mistresses than wives, and come but badly off in the great struggles of life and the cruel handling of time. Placing all their happiness in things which cannot continue, they let slip that which lies in their hands, and in their desire to retain the romantic position of lovers, lose the sweet security of wives. Perhaps, if they had higher aims in life than those with which they make shift to satisfy themselves, they would not let themselves sink to the level of this folly, and would understand better than they do now the worth of realities as contrasted with appearances. And yet we cannot but pity the poor, weak, craving souls who long so pitifully for the freshness of the morning to continue far into the day and evening, who cling so tenaciously to the fleeting romances of youth. They are taken by the glitter of things—love-making among the rest; and the man who is the showiest in his affection, who can express it with the most color, and paint it, so to speak, with the minutest touches, is the man whose love seems to them the most trustworthy and the most intense. They often make the mistake of confounding this show with the substance, of trusting to pictorial expression rather than to solid facts. And they often make the mistake of cloying their husbands with personal half-childish caresses, which were all very well in the early days, but which become tiresome as time goes on and the gravity of life deepens. And then, when the man quietly keeps them off, or more brusquely repels them, they are hurt and miserable, and think the whole happiness of their lives is dead, and all that makes marriage beautiful at an end. What is to be done to balance things evenly in this unequal world of sex? What, indeed, is to be done at any time to reconcile strength with weakness, and to give each its due? One thing at least is sure. The more thoroughly women learn the true nature of men, the fewer mistakes they will make, and the less unhappiness they will create for themselves; and the more patient men are with the hysterical excitability, the restless craving, which nature, for some purpose at present unknown, has made the special temperament of women, the fewer *femmes incomprises* there will be in married homes, and the larger the chance of married happiness.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

The great secret is, to learn to bear with each other's failings; not to be blind to them—that is either an impossibility or a folly; we must see and feel them; if we do neither, they are not evils to us, and there is obviously no need of forbearance; but, to throw the mantle of affection round them, concealing them from each other's eyes; to determine not to let them chill the affections; to resolve to cultivate good-tempered forbearance, because it is the only way of mitigating the present evil, always with a view to ultimate amendment. Surely, it is not the perfection, but the imperfection, of human character that makes the strongest claim in love. All the world must approve, even enemies must admire the good and the estimable in human nature. If husband and wife estimate only that in each which all must be constrained to value, what do they more than others? It is infirmities of character, imperfections of nature, that call for pitying sympathy, the tender compassion, that makes each the comforter, the monitor of the other. Forbearance helps each to attain command over themselves. Few are the creatures so utterly evil as to abuse a generous confidence, a calm forbearance. Married persons should be preeminently friends, and fidelity is the great privilege of friendship. The forbearance here contended for is not a weak and wicked indulgence of each other's faults, but such a calm, tender observation of them as excludes all harshness and anger, and takes the best and gentlest methods of pointing them out in the full confidence of affection.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is in the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness. Never talk at one another either alone or in company; never both manifest anger at once; never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire; never reflect on a past action, which was done with a good motive and the best judgment at the time; let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other; let self-abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each; never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly; never taunt with a past mistake; neglect the whole world besides rather than one another; never allow a request to be repeated; never make a remark at the expense of the other, it is a meanness; never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence; never meet without a loving welcome; never let the sun go down on any anger or grievance; never consider any fault you have committed settled until you have frankly confessed it and asked forgiveness; never forget the happy hours of early love; never sigh over what might have been, but try to make the best of what is; never forget that marriage is ordained of God, and that His blessing alone can make it what it should ever be; never be contented till you know you are both walking in the narrow way; never let your hopes rest upon anything this side of the eternal home. Preserve the privacies of your house, your marriage state and your hearts from father, mother, sister, brother and all the world. Between you two let no third person come to share the secret joy or grief that belongs to yourself alone. Do you two, with God's help, build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confident of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be veiled and forgotten in moments and years of faithful, devoted love, but never let the wall of another's confidence be built up between you and your wife's or your husband's heart. Promise this to yourselves and to each other. Renew the vow at every temptation; you will find your account in it; your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last be as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this all-important secret, how many marriages would have been happier than, alas, they are!

Be not weary in well-doing. An old story contains a lesson which many married couples have not yet learned. When Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house one day requesting a private interview. He said: "I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?" The governor sat a few moments in thought; then turning to his visitor, said, "How did you treat Mrs. W—— when you were courting her? and how did you feel toward her at the time of your marriage?" Squire W—— replied, "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time." "Well, sir," said the governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result." When a year passed away Squire W—— called again to see the governor, and said: "I have called to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first we were married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel." "I am glad to hear it, Mr. W——" said the governor, "and I hope you will continue to court your wife as long as you live."

ADDISON has left on record the following important sentence:—Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that very action bound themselves to be good humored, affable, joyful, forgiving and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives. Mr. Henry says: "I have heard of a married couple who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed, viz.: "Never to be both angry at the same time;" and he adds, that an ingenious and pious father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children, when they were married:

> "Doth one speak fire? t'other with water come!
> Is one provok'd? be t'other soft and dumb."

The following good counsel is from a wife and mother: 'I will try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, to appear before him with a long face. It is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain forever a husband. I am an old woman, but you can still do as you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect; what need have you to play the part of suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on a rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so in reality. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as being the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and allow no opportunity for speaking an agreeable word to pass. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you, and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings."

Let both parties consider, when they enter upon the duties of domestic life, that the rights of each are equal; and let each feel that it is as much a duty to *do right* as to *exact right.* Let each consider, that, being brought up in different families, and under different influences, it is but natural to expect that each should have opinions, and perhaps prejudices, different from the other; and that the right of each to his, or her, opinion, is equal to that of the other. Let each remember, that the happiness of life depends upon harmony,—that nothing will be gained by strife. Hence, let each consider whether his, or her peculiar notions, are matters of principle, or matters of opinion and taste. If the former, let each regard the other's as sacred. Do not trifle with them. If the latter, let each one consider the liability of every one to err, and try to think and feel alike. Talk over the matter, not for the purpose of convincing, but for the purpose of understanding each other. Weigh each other's reasons fairly, and be willing to give all reasonable credit. In a matter of principle, it will also be proper, if both agree, for each to state the subject of difference fairly, and give the reasons for the difference. Reflect much upon the points of difference with a view to the reconciliation of differences, and always be ready to yield a point when convinced of error. On all important subjects, as they affect the interests of both, take counsel together before acting. Whatever affects both should be understood and decided by both. Avoid having separate interests. Whatever may be said in favor of these, they are certainly unnatural in domestic life, and cannot fail to mar domestic happiness. There can be no separate interests—whatever affects one must affect the other. Never deceive each other. The loss of confidence is one of the greatest evils that can befall a married pair. It destroys all domestic comfort, and renders home a scene of turmoil and confusion. When confidence is lost, all is lost. In fine, let each strive to please the other, even in little things; (the whole of life is made up of little things;) and you will not fail to please. If you see a fault in your companion, think if you have not greater, and be as ready to correct your own, as to require a correction of your companion. Let each lay aside every cause of offense to the other, that every thing may go on smoothly, that the burden of life may be easily borne.

INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE.

I have speculated a great deal on matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of the gay circles, married, as the world says, well. Some have moved into their costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid home for happiness, and have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for them, as the young are sometimes carried away with similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes meeting me in the pride of life, weave a waking dream of future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxuriant sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the not now forbidden tenderness; and how thrilling the allowed kiss and beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their parting joys, and how gladly they will come back from the crowded and empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, wishing he would come, and when he enters at last, with an affection as undying as his pulse, nestling upon his bosom. I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart, and gaze with him upon the graceful form as she moves about in the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty. I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned into dignity and loveliness, chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on with a proud eye, and shows the same fervent love and delicate attentions which first won her, and her fair children are grown about them, and they go on, full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die.

Marriage is to a woman, at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements—her everything upon which she has hitherto depended for comfort—for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she has dared impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her, in turns the counselor and the counseled, and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—all are to be forsaken in one instant; every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action to be changed, and yet she flies with ioy into the untrodden paths before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can blast such hopes—who can, coward-like, break the allusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence which his love inspired.

Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage hath cares, yet single life hath desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin; while the cares are but exercises of piety; and therefore, if the single life hath more privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more variety of it, and is an exercise of more graces. Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relations; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of Heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God; but she carries but one soul to him; but the state of her marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labor of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society, and the union of hearts and hands. It hath in it more safety than the single life; it hath more care, it is more merry and more sad; is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity which makes those burdens delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

Voltaire said: "The more married men you have the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep straight in the path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar can keep a straight course. In nine cases out of ten, where married men become drunkards, or where they commit crimes against the peace of the community, the foundation of these acts was laid while in a single state, or where the wife is, as is sometimes the case, an unsuitable match. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections and his acts."

It is pleasant to contemplate the associations clustering around the wedding morn. It is the happiest hour of human life, and breaks upon the young heart like a gentle spring upon the flowers of earth. It is the hour of bounding, joyous expectancy, when the ardent spirit, arming itself with bold hope, looks with undaunted mien upon the dark and terrible future. It is the hour when thought borrows the livery of goodness, and humanity looking from its tenement, across the broad common of life, shakes off its heavy load of sordidness, and gladly swings to its shoulders the light burden of love and kindness. It is the heart's hour, full of blissful contemplation, rich promises, and the soul's happy revels. We cordially echo the sentiment, "Happy morn, garmented with the human virtues, it shows life to the eye, lovely, as if

> "Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

Leigh Hunt concludes an essay on marriage as follows: "There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divinest courage, than when a young maiden, from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares; when brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trustful friends; from the Christmas gatherings and romps, the summer festivals in bower or garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the holy and secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, looks out into a dark and unillumined future, away from all that, and yet unterrified, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, 'Dear heart! I cannot see, but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust *with thee!*'"

From a lecture recently delivered by Bulwer, we extract a few passages: "The law that binds the one man to the one woman," eloquently exclaimed the lecturer, "is indelibly written by nature, that wherever it is violated in general system, the human race is found to deterioriate in mind and form. The ennobling influences of women cease; the wife is a companion—a hundred wives are but a hundred slaves. Nor is this all, unless man looks to a woman as a treasure to be wooed and won—her smile the charm of his existence—her single heart the range of his desires—that which deserves the name of love cannot exist; it is struck out of the hateful system of society. Now, if there be a passion in the human breast which most tends to lift us out of egotism and self—which most teaches us to love another—which purifies and warms the whole mortal being it is love, as we of the North hold it and cherish it. For even when the fair spring of youth has passed, and when the active life is employed in such grave pursuits that the love of his early years seems to him like a dream of romance, still that love, having once lifted him out of egotism into sympathy, does but pass into new forms and development—it has locked his heart to charity and benevolence

—it gives a smile to his home—it rises up in the eyes of his children—from his heart it circulates insensibly on to all the laws that protect the earth, to the native lands which spread around it. Thus in the history of the world we discover that wherever love is created, as it were, and sanctioned by that equality between the sexes which the permanent and holy union of one heart with another proclaims; there, too, patriotism, liberty—the manly and gentle virtues—also find their place; and wherever, on the contra, polygamy is practiced and love disappears in the gross satiety of the senses, there we find neither respect for humanity nor reverence for home, nor affection for the natal soil. And one reason why Greece is contrasted in all that dignifies our nature, the effeminate and dissolute character of the East which it overthrew, is, that Greece was the earliest civilized country in which, on the borders of those great monarchies, marriage was the sacred tie between one man and one woman—and man was the thoughtful father of a home, not the wanton lord of a seraglio."

Steele says, wherever woman plights her truth, under the sky of heaven, at the domestic hearth, or in the consecrated aisles, the ground is holy, the spirit of the hour is sacramental. That it is thus felt even by the most trivial may be observed at the marriage ceremony. Though the mirth may be fast and furious before or after the irrevocable formula is spoken, yet at that point of time there is a shadow on the most laughing lip—a moisture in the firmest eye. Wedlock, indissoluble, except by an act of God—a sacrament whose solemnity reaches to eternity—will always hold its rank in literature, as the most impressive fact of human experience in dramatic writing, whether of the stage or closet, the play or novel. It must be so. If government, with all its usurpations and aggressions, has appropriated history, let the less ambitious portions of our literature be sacred to the affections—to the family, based upon conjugal and parental love, as that institution is the state which hitherto in the world's annals, has been little else than the sad exponent of human ambition.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, speaking of marriage says:—"Nothing delights me more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple, who, within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge or industry, have joined heart and hand, and engaged to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employed with her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, whilst, perhaps, the little darling sits prattling on the floor, or lies sleeping in the cradle, and every thing seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands, and the best of fathers, when he shall come from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure. Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects, are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment, that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries, that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming to those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy; it fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained, without any care or concern on their part—and thus many a wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a 'help-mate,' but a 'help-eat.'" The Creator found that it was not good for man to be alone. Therefore he made woman to be a "helpmeet for him." And for many ages, history has shown that "The permanent union of one man, with one woman, establishes a relation of affections and interests, which can, in no other way, be made to exist between two human beings." To establish this relation, was one of the great designs of God in giving the rite to man; and by establishing this relation, marriage becomes to him an aid in the stern conflict of life. This it is in a theoretical point of view. This, too, it has often proved in practical life. Many a man has risen from obscurity to fame, who, in the days of his triumphant victory, has freely and gratefully acknowledged, that, to the sympathy and encouragement of his wife, during the long and weary years of toil, he owed very much of his achieved success.

The life of the great English artist, Flaxman, furnishes a good example. At the age of twenty-seven, he married. Soon after, meeting that prince of artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the latter said to him: "I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you, you are ruined for an artist." Flaxman went home and told his wife. She bravely replied: "I will never have it said that Ann Dennman ruined John Flaxman for an artist!" For years he toiled in obscurity. She encouraged, sympathized, counseled. At length they went to Rome; he to study, she to help. Success crowned their labors. His merit and greatness were acknowledged by admirers and rivals alike. They returned to England, whither his fame had preceded them. There he was elected Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy, and won a glorious fame. He was a patient toiler, but to his wife he was largely indebted for his great success. Here we have a practical illustration of what marriage was designed for, and what it ought to be and do for man.

But in these progressive days, we have "sought out many inventions." In our efforts to reform the evils and improve upon the customs of our fathers, we have, in some points, at least, changed to our own injury. On the subject of marriage, there has been a decided change of views. Where is the man, *now*, toiling in obscurity, in hope of a future fame, who would marry for the sake of encouragement and sympathy in his arduous work? Where is the man just starting in life, who would (unless, indeed, his intended had a fortune) think of marriage as lying in the way to success in business?" If such a man exists, he will be found far away from our great cities, and will neither marry a fashionable wife, nor make what the world terms "a good match." A simple incident will illustrate the tendencies of the times and the state of public opinion on this subject. A few weeks since, I entered the store of a man, with whom I wished to transact some business. He was in conversation with a middle aged lady, who said to him as I approached· "You ought to have a wife." His firm, decided reply, seemed to be the language of honest conviction; and there was something of sadness in his tones, as he said: "I calculate it will take me *ten years* to make money enough to support a wife." After transacting my business, I went away, thinking of the ten long, weary years of toil which stood between that man and a happy home. And I have often thought of him since. Nearly thirty, he has already reached an age, when, if ever, he is qualified for marriage; when, if ever, he needs sympathy and encouragement. But he is only one among a multitude. Our papers tell us, that in a single New England city, there are nearly thirty thousand young men, already engaged, who are putting off marriage until they can make enough to support their wives. So it is throughout the country. Young men need the restraining and elevating influences of home. They know it and feel it, but they have no money, and, therefore, can not marry.

As we look on these facts, we are forced to exclaim: what an utter misconception of the ends to be attained; what a degradation of womanhood; what a folly of man, is this modern idea of marriage! The man must commence business alone, fight his own battles without sympathy or consolation, win, if possible, by years of arduous toil, a competence—and when the conflict is over, the toil is past and the victory is won, *then* he can have a wife and a home. If unsuccessful in business, he can not marry.

The young lady who has been educated at boarding schools, and spent the rest of her life in parlors and drawing-rooms, is not qualified to cheer and encourage a man in the stern battles of life. Such a young lady could be but little help in business, and would be a great expense. Men know this, and they know that they *can* *not afford to marry* until their fortunes are made. This is a stern and unpleasant truth, nevertheless. It is a truth which is not flattering to man, and it is a shame to the womanhood of the nineteenth century. The trouble lies, as I firmly believe, in our system of Female Education.

Now, if matrimony is to become more and more difficult, who will suffer more by such a state of things? It must be woman. For, try to make her into a man, as some may, it is impossible; she is his equal, but she is not a man. The grape vine and the oak are equal, but not the same. Whoever builds his ship with the grape vine will come to grief: whoever makes wine with the acorn will have a bitter mouth. Woman needs the strength and courage of man, and he needs her cheerfulness, her sympathy, her consolation. If man does not marry her, he will use her and trample upon her; he does it now in Paris, in London, and in New York. She will be his mistress, if she is not his wife. And then, when she is sick, or ill-tempered, or stupid, he will throw her away. If she is his wife, the mother of his children, the partner of his successes and the consoler of his failures, then, and only as such, will he cherish, defend and sustain her. Time was when woman was described as the *helpmeet* of man. Was it only a phrase, and meaningless? Possibly; but then, words in the Bible mostly did mean something. The time, too, was, and yet is in some quarters of the world, when a woman was a helpmeet, and accepted and worked up to her position as such. She did not demand everything and do nothing. Why is marriage easy and universal in such a country as Japan? Life there is simple; two or three small rooms, a few dishes, a mat upon which to sleep, one dress, a little rice and some fruit—these suffice for all, rich and poor alike, in a great city like Yeddo, which has a civilization as perfect and as old as ours. And it is not a life of stupidity or barbarism; all can read and write; manners are good; books and pictures are plenty; theaters abound; processions and festival days enliven life. It is easy to see, therefore, why marriage is not a fearful thing in that far-off land, and, by contrast, it is easy to understand why few have the courage to dare it here.

The *first* question to be asked by any sane man is, can I properly support a wife if I take one? Then he counts the cost of living as the woman of his preference would wish, and lo! he finds, to his amazement, that his income is vastly too small to support even a modest *modern* establishment; and somewhat saddened by the reflection, he plunges into labor, and courts business with an assiduity that takes away his health eventually, in hope of attaining an income that shall enable him to marry and have a home of his own. And *this* is the secret of all the hard, unending toil of all the young men of to-day who are fast approaching thirty years of age—this is the reason of so many disappointed men and waiting women, deny it or hide it as you may. "But, says some good woman, you do us injustice; for any woman who truly loves a man will adapt herself to his circumstances with the greatest pleasure. But what man of any sensitiveness, or high sense of honor, would take a woman from easy circumstances, and a pleasant and well furnished home, to adorn his little four rooms and do his house work, as the first principles of economy would demand of him? Few will do it; for though the woman signifies her willingness to take up with such experience, we are all such creatures of circumstance that there would be complainings on her part, eventually, and sickness of over-exertion, and unhappiness from many cares—all of which would render marriage anything else than pleasant. And so the young men very wisely think—preferring a few years more of single loneliness, in order to obtain money enough to support a modest house of between twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year expense, rather than to place a modernly educated woman into the house of six hundred dollars a year, where she must do her own work. "Now, what is the remedy? Plainly, that women must fit themselves to be such wives as the young men *must* have. Else the young men must fit themselves to be such husbands as the women want, and spend the very choicest years of their life in the dismal drudgery of a ceaseless toil, breaking down health, happiness, energy, only to give themselves up to marriage when the best of their manhood is gone. The women must choose for themselves which it shall be, for the matter is *solely* in their hands. Let mothers say to their daughters, put on that calico gown, go into the kitchen and prepare dinner, take charge of this household, and fit yourself to become a wife and a mother—let the young woman cheerfully consent to such service; and, instead of lavishing all thought, and time, and money, upon the adornment of the body, seek to accustom the hand to proper industry, and to school the mind to proper tastes—*then* there will be no longer complaint that young men cannot afford to marry, and we shall have beautiful, modest houses all around us, and women will have loving husbands, and life shall once more have something of the truthfulness and virtue which it had in the days of our blessed fathers and mothers, when it was woman's ambition to become the head of the house, and the mother of noble children."

But while young men say they cannot marry because the girls of this generation are too extravagant, the fault by no means is altogether with the girls. In the first place, young men as a general thing, admire the elegant costumes in which many ladies appear, and do not hesitate to express their admiration to those who are more plainly dressed. And what is the natural effect of this? In the second place many young men are too proud themselves to commence their married life in a quiet, economical way. They are not willing to marry until they have money enough to continue all their own private luxuries, and also support a wife in style. The difficulty is not altogether on either side; but if both men and women would be true to the best feelings of their hearts, and careless about what the world would say, pure and happy and noble homes would be more abundant.

Statistics, moralities and sentiments have all been brought forward in discussing the question as to the comparative health, happiness and duration of life of the married and unmarried. The verdict must be considered as given in favor of the married.

In Edinburg, a short time ago, Dr. Stark, read a paper on the influence of marriage on the death-rate of men and women in Scotland: Dr. Stark based his calculations on the statistics issued by the register-general, and brought out results which, to a great measure, he believed, were now presented for the first time. He first showed the results in the case of men. He found that between twenty and twenty-five years of age the death-rate of bachelors was exactly double that of the married men. From twenty years of age to the close of life the mean age attained by married men was fifty-nine and a half years, while that of bachelors was only forty years, in other words, married men had the chance of living nineteen and a half years longer than those who were unmarried. From twenty-five years of age to the close of life the mean age of married men was only forty-seven and seven-tenths. Very nearly one-half of all the bachelors who died had not attained thirty years of age. The results, Dr. Stark thought, clearly proved that the married state was the condition of life best fitted for mankind, and that a prolongation of life by that state was a special provision of nature. It was based on fixed laws of life. Married men were generally more regular in their habits, better housed, better cared for, and more under the condition of health and long life. In the case of women also, the results were in favor of the married as compared with the unmarried, though the difference was not so marked as in the case of the men. Married women died at a greater proportion during the quinquennial periods—from fifteen to twenty, and twenty-five to thirty, but at a lower rate from thirty to forty. The death-rate in the case of married women, was higher between forty and forty-five years of age, but the rate was in their favor again from the latter period to old age.

YOUNG WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

Children should not marry. A young woman cannot be considered in any sense prepared for this union under twenty-one; twenty-five is better. She is not mentally cr physically developed before this. Solemn duties, cares and responsibilities await her, to which she needs large physical development, mature judgment, good calculation, domestic training, and a knowledge of men and things. Girls of sixteen and eighteen cannot have these. They cannot tell what they really like or dislike—who and what will meet their necessity—until they are matured themselves.

You cannot over-estimate the importance of a thorough knowledge of the man you desire to marry. Uprightness, fixedness of principle, an unselfish and generous disposition and good business abilities should be regarded as indispensable. If a young man is a good son and brother, he will make a good husband, provided you do your part. Do not be won by trifles. A handsome face, fine figure and noble bearing may be desired, but they constitute a small part of what you really need. They may be but the gilt which hides some terrible deformity, and which by and by will cause you emotions of disgust, terrible grief or constant unrest. It is not wise to aspire far above your present station in life, as this would give rise to solicitude lest you should fail to adapt yourself to your changed circumstances. Marriage should not be entered upon without a thorough knowledge of its physiological laws, else much domestic misery may be expected. Neither should it be sought for worldly gain or passion. True esteem and affection, united to adaptation and congeniality of taste, should form its basis. When this does not exist before marriage, it is hopeless to expect it afterwards. You must look out for breakers ahead, and feed the flames of love with pure oil. You will need fully as much tact, skill and patience to manage another heart as your own. If you cannot think alike, be resolved to yield rather than differ. Avoid altercation and recrimination. Be forbearing and forgiving if need be. I would also suggest that those graces and charms which won a lover's heart be still kept for the husband. Never consider it too much trouble to dress tastefully and in your best for your husband's eye. Give him freely of those graceful attentions and pleasant surprises which will make him happy, if you expect a continuance of love-like attentions from him. Hide all the disagreeables in person, toilet and home, and keep the best for love.

Do not, as you value life and its comforts, marry a man who is naturally cruel. If he will wantonly torture a poor dumb dog, a cat, or even a snake, fly from him as you would from the cholera. We would sooner see our daughter dying of cholera, than married to a cruel hearted man. If his nature delights in torture, he will not spare his wife, or his helpless children. When we see a man practicing cruelty on any poor, helpless creature, or beating a fractious horse unmercifully, we write over against his name—devil, and shun him accordingly.

We once knew a man, aye, a gentleman, who, during a ride for pleasure, became so demoniacally enraged at his horse, which refused to go, that he sprang from his carriage, drew his knife, and cut out an eye of the poor brute. The lady who accompanied him fainted, suffered a long nervous illness, and will never recover from the horror the outrage gave. And we knew the young lady who, knowing this of him, was foolhearted enough to become his wife. And we know how he tortured her. How he outraged all her feelings; how he delighted to destroy whatever she prized, or took pleasure in. How in his fits of passion he broke up her furniture, seized her by the shoulder and shook her till she could not crawl to bed; how he beat her; how he kept her poor babe black and blue with blows and pinches, until her parents took her home, and sheltered her from his cruelty.

If you have a suitor whom you feel inclined to favor, look narrowly into the temper and disposition of the man. Love may soften it for awhile, or it may induce him to restrain, or disguise it, but, be assured, the natural temper will remain, and the time will come when your presence will be no restraint upon him. We have heard wives complain, "I was so deceived in my husband; men are so deceitful," &c. But we believe in nine cases out of ten, these women deceived themselves. They suffered the romance of their own foolish hearts to adorn their lover with all the excellencies which their fancy attributed to a perfect manly character, and to draw a veil over all his vices and defects, which if it did not conceal them, greatly softened or disguised their features. Men are not perfect—women are not perfect. In all cases, there must exist a necessity to bear and forbear, but it does not therefore follow that you should marry a bad man. If you do so, you deserve chastisement; but a life-long misery is a terrible punishment. A bad man's wife must either live in a continual torment of fear, apprehension, and the bitter disappointment of her fruitless efforts to please; or she must become callous, cold, insensible to pain, and consequently to pleasure. Will you take upon yourselves either of those bitter alternatives? We hope not.

How many young women, by uniting their destinies with tipplers, or men of confirmed intemperate habits, have involved themselves in lives of sorrow and often shame! "Yet in spite of all the wretchedness of drunkards' wives," says Mr. Cuyler, "young women are continually willing to marry men who are in the habit of indulging in the social glass! Ladies often refuse the marriage offers of young men because they are too poor, or of too humble a family, or too plain in person or manners. But only now and then one has good sense enough to refuse to unite herself with a man who will not pledge himself to total abstinence. A rich and fashionable young man has commonly no trouble to get a wife, even though he is hardly sober long enough to pronounce the marriage vow. But a teetotaler in coarse raiment might be snubbed as a vulgar fellow who has never seen society. Ladies! before you begin to scold at me for this impious thing, just look around and see if this is not true." This is an important subject, and you should consider it well. It involves your happiness and respectability in this world, and perhaps your salvation in the next. You should reject the hand of any man who indulges in the intoxicating cup. What is riches, station, or anything worth without sobriety, virtue and character? Beware.

Don't marry a man whom you are sure of not loving, no matter how long you have been engaged to him.

We celebrate the wedding, and make merry over the honeymoon. The poet paints the beauties and blushes of the blooming bride; and the bark of matrimony, with its freight of untested love, is launched on the uncertain ocean of experiment, amid kind wishes and rejoicings. But on that precarious sea are many storms, and even the calm has its perils; and only when the bark has weathered these, and landed its cargo in the haven of domestic peace, can we pronounce the voyage prosperous, and congratulate the adventurer on his merited and enviable reward.

In a great majority of cases, the elopement of a young lady is unwise, giddy, ungrateful, immodest, and evinces a lascivious appetite and reckless disposition. Why should she desert and distress those who have loved, nurtured and cherished her through all her past years, to throw herself into the arms of a comparative stranger, who has done nothing for her, and whose protestations of affection have yet to undergo the first trial? It is every way unworthy of pure and gentle maidenhood. We can imagine but one excuse for her elopement—namely, the efforts of parents or guardians to coerce her into marrying some one she does not love. To avoid such a fate, she is justified in running away; for no parent has or ever had a right to constrain a daughter to marriage against her will. But where the parents are willing to wait, the daughter should also consent to wait, until her choice is assented to or she attains her legal majority. Then, if she chooses to marry in opposition to her parents' wishes, let her quit their home openly, frankly, in broad daylight, and in such a manner as shall kindly but utterly preclude any pretence that her act is clandestine or ill-considered. No one should be persuaded or coerced to marry where she does not love; but to wait a year or two for the assent of those who have all her life done what they could for her welfare, no daughter should esteem a hardship. There is some truth to be told about the "common run" of masculine prowlers by night about garden walls and under bed-room windows, in quest of opportunities to pour seducing flatteries into the ears of simple misses; but we have not time to tell it now. As a general rule, they are licentious, good-for-nothing adventurers, who would much rather marry a living than work for it, and who speculate on the chances of "bringing the old folks round" after a year or two. A true man would not advise, much less urge, the woman he loved to take a step which must inevitably lessen the respect felt for her, and violate the trust reposed in her by those who had loved and cherished her all her days.

YOUNG MEN AND MARRIAGE.

It has long been a theory of ours that a woman is always at the bottom of everything very good, or very bad, which is done in the world. If you find a man achieving greatness, you have only to go back to his cradle, and in the lines of the mother's face that watches there, you will see the lines of energy, determination, will—latent properties they may be, if her life is a calm one—but the properties which made his fortune are transmitted to her child with her blood, and thus nourished with the first blood drawn from her bosom. If a man robs and murders, nine times out of ten he does it to please, or obtain the means to gratify a woman. If he toils honestly, and accumulates wealth by self-denial, it is to pour it into her lap. In short, woman makes or mars our life. The effect she has exercised over all those whom, in the quaint language of an old writer, "unhappy love of poesie and letters had led astray," is shown in a late number of Leigh Hunt's Journal.

Dryden married unhappily, and how much of the venomous sting of his satire, how much of his unpoetic, coarse depreciation of woman, has its origin therein. Addison did by no means equal the bachelor Spectator. Pope refrained from matrimony, (his physique, indeed, was not calculated to win hearts) and may we not imagine that the "divine little artist" might have produced something beyond the sphere of mere art, had successful love and domestic comfort warmed his heart, and so ripened the *Rape of the Lock* into a higher creation of the *Dunciad?* Swift also avoided marriage—wherefore, no man shall know;—with his heart vibrating between a Stella and a Vanesse, and descended, a very questionable moral man, through a morbid old age, to a cheerless tomb; leaving his character as an inexplicable enigma to all times. Nay, in our days have we not seen Lord Byron struggling in his fiery course, without repose, without definite purpose, through a maze of contradiction, wrath and profligacy, to an awful Nowhither?—a man who married most unhappily, whose heart was cauterized by the loss of the only woman he, perhaps, ever truly loved. His writings, his actions tell us that in his deepest abandonment to vice, the ghost of his first and purest love rose ever and anon before him to frown a clear reproof upon his wayward career. But even the loss of Mary Chaworth might have been nullified, had his marriage ended well. It did not; the unwise marriage magnified and prolonged the unwise life, and prepared the early death. These incidents are striking, because the actors in them had the world for a stage, and all men's eyes to watch them; but the truth is quite as great, applied to meaner men. It is the *wife* that makes the *home*, and home makes the *man*. Whenever we see a man walking among men *blameless*, we take it for granted that the angel who keeps his feet is the angel of home, a blameless *wife*.

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures; marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship.

Marriage is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state.

When youth weds youth for love, it is beautiful; when youth weds age for money, it is monstrous, and only hate, misery and criminality can come from it. Of those "thrice sodden fools" who marry their grandfathers and grandmothers, old Thomas Fuller says with equal truth and wit—"They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hopes some one may come and cut the halter."

Who marries for love takes a wife; who marries for the sake of convenience takes a mistress; who marries for consideration takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and its friends, and a lady for the world. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will accommodate you, and your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearance. If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, and your lady will enquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and join partners with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, and your lady your debts. If you are dead, your wife will shed tears, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning. A year after death marries again your wife, in six months your mistress, and in six weeks or sooner, when mourning is over, your lady.

Men and women before marriage are as figures and cyphers. The woman is the cypher, and counts for nothing till she gets the figure of a husband beside her, when she becomes of importance herself, and adds tenfold to the sum of his. But this, it must be observed, occurs only when she gets and remains on the right side of him, for when she shifts from this position, he returns to his lesser estate, and she to her original insignificance.

Marriage offers the most effective opportunities for spoiling the life of another. Nobody can debase, harass and ruin a woman so fatally as her own husband, and nobody can do a tithe so much to chill a man's aspirations, to paralyze his energies, as his wife. A man is never irretrievably ruined in his prospects until he marries a bad woman. The Bible tells us that as the climbing a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man. A cheerful wife is a rainbow in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed on the storms of anxiety and care. A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. A man is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child. Make marriage a matter of moral judgment. Marry in your own religion. Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own. Marry into a family which you have long known.

Husbands and wives of different religious persuasions do not generally live happily. When the spiritual influences are antagonistic, the conjugal union is not complete, for it lacks the unity essential to the fulfilment of serious obligations, and there is an entire absence of that sound and reciprocated confidence—that mutual faith, which, although their roots be in the earth, have their branches in the sky of affection. After a time this spiritual dissension is apt to break out into hostilities. Discussion begins the battle, then persuasion enters the field, and unless one or the other yield, there is silent alienation slumbering under the marble surface of apparent affection, and too frequently open and angry opposition, which at once tears away the mask from a marriage which commenced in doubt and dread, silently glided into delicate hypocrisy, and ended in a strange and terrible revulsion. We have not much faith in conversions, for the memory of early associations, and carefully taught predilections of home, parents, and friends, rarely dies; if it does not fall into a trance, when it awakes it fondly grasps at the body and form of the past, and all that affected the soul in the interim fades away as if it had not been. And there is the solemn question of offspring to be considered. The rule is that the boys should be educated in the faith of the father, the girls in that of the mother. Here is another element of discord introduced into the family, circle it cannot be, there being no continuity of any kind. And what an awful spectacle is presented to us! Brothers spurning the creed of sisters, and sisters lamenting over that of brothers. The after hatred thus engendered staggers the imagination, and shows us what a terrible thing is the human mind when weakened and distracted by opposite opinions, and that rigidity of belief which only a dissolution of the poor mortal frame can melt. But the subject is painful, and however we may wound the susceptibilities of apparently fond lovers—we say *apparently* advisedly, for there can be no real love where there is "no silver chord to bind it"—we unhesitatingly express the opinion that marriages between persons who do not tread in the same religious path, are wholly unadvisable—nay, wrong—for they tend to invite a future teeming with shadows, clouds and darkness.

He who marries a beauty only, is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.

If you observe a gentleman with his arm around the waist of a young lady, it is morally certain that they are not married.

MARRIAGE OF FIRST COUSINS.

The evil consequences of the marriage of blood relations, have become so formidahle that they have finally commanded the attention of Chief Executive Officers and Legislatures of several States—usually the very last parties to whose consideration such important facts are presented. In the State of Virginia, the consequences of family intermarriages have become appalling. In Kentucky, similar disastrous effects have been realized. Governor Magoffin in his message, dwells upon the subject in language which fairly portrays the extent and magnitude of the evils growing out of legalized incest, and earnestly recommends the passage of a law utterly prohibiting the marriage of first cousins. He says there are over 800 idiots and feeble-minded children in Kentucky, and the number is steadily increasing. He attributes the evil chiefly to the cause above assigned, and while recommending the establishment of a School of Imbeciles, he exhorts the Legislature to pass an act for the "prevention of marriage between first cousins," and proceeds to remark: "By a single act of the Legislature you save in the future an immense amount of suffering. You can diminish, according to the opinion of those who have fully investigated this subject, twenty per cent. of the number of imbeciles, insane deaf mutes, and blind children. Render the marriage of cousins illegal, and a great evil is at once eradicated. At least from fifteen to twenty per cent. of all these sufferers, are the offspring of cousins. A gentleman of science, of learning, and enlarged experience, who has for a long time paid a great deal of attention to this subject, recently informed me he never yet had seen all the children so related sound in body and mind. There is always among some of them some defect, mentally or bodily. A large number of the pupils (so say the teachers) in the Deaf and Dumb Asylums are the children of cousins. At Danville there are four sisters, deaf and dumb, the children of cousins; they have two speaking brothers, both in delicate health. There is also, from another family, there, a sister and brother, children of cousins. There is another instance of sister and brother, there, also deaf and dumb, the children of second cousins, showing that the defect extends beyond even the second degree. In the institution at Danville as in other States, I am informed from sixteen to twenty per cent. of the pupils are now, and always have been, the children of cousins."

AT WHAT AGE TO MARRY.

The institution of marriage is one of the wisest in the arrangement of Providence. In no one of the judicial laws, for the perpetuity and happiness of the race, has the Deity exhibited greater wisdom, than in that of instituting marriage between the sexes. The division of the race into families, where equal and joint interests obtain, where each necessarily cares for and feels for the other, is marked by divine wisdom, and is a source of the highest human happiness and felicity. Marriage is honorable. It is desirable. We are so constituted that we naturally engage in it. We have affections. They must have an altar at which to bow—a shrine at which to worship; and what altar or shrine more pure and holy than those of plighted love? The desire to marry is innate. The Poet has it thus:

> " The heart, like a tendril accustomed to cling,
> Let it go where it will, cannot flourish alone;
> But will lean to the nearest and lovliest thing,
> It can twine to itself, and make closely its own."

It has been ascertained by an analysis of 24,000 marriages in Massachusetts, that an unmarried female at the age of twenty has lost one-fourth of her chances of ever becoming united in wedlock; at twenty-five, three-fourths, and at thirty, nine-tenths. Still this is no good reason why hasty and improper connections should be formed. A female at twenty-five is far more likely to marry well, than at an earlier period. Her judgment is more mature; she will be governed less by fancy, and more by common sense, and instead of taking to a dashing young coxcomb, or pert dandy, will prefer a man of more years than herself, who has become established in business—has experience—has character and prospects of success in navigating the sea of life. Solid acquirements, and amiability of heart and disposition, should weigh far more in the mind of the female, when about to give her hand in marriage, than mere show of person and polish of address. I care not if there be considerable disparity of ages, provided other things are equal. I would much rather a daughter of mine would marry a person twenty years older than herself, if he posseses character, influence, goodness, and means of support, united with warm attachment, than to start off in life with some dashing young beau, with more show than brains, and far less affection than romantic love. True and solid virtues are the only foundation for abiding affection; where these exist, they form a basis as enduring as iron, and as lasting as granite. There is no higher or more tranquil bliss, than that experienced when heart communes with heart—when two souls unite and form one, like mingling dew-drops on the rose, that scarcely touch the flower, but mirror the heavens in their little orbs. When perfect love transforms two souls each to the other's image—when one heart beats in two bosoms—one spirit speaks with a divided tongue—when the same soul is eloquent in mutual eyes—there is a rapture, deep, serene, heart-felt and abiding, in that mysterious sympathy between congenial souls, which puts to shame the extatic but short-lived bliss of *romance.* But to the hearts united by virtue's affections, there comes that glad reliance, that sense of trust, that rest of spirit, that exceeding peace, which words cannot portray, which to know is to feel.

A superiority of years in the husband strikes us as most befitting. His position as head of the family—his charge and oversight of all its interests—the stern necessity that he shall have lived long enough in the world to have profited by experience—all conspire to teach this doctrine—to maintain this sentiment. He is the oak and she the vine, and it is of importance that the former be well grounded in experience, and have sufficient age and strength to allow the latter to wind around and lean for support on its manly trunk; and what matters, if it has lived to share in some rude storms, and lost some of its pristine beauty; its true value is none the less, but on the other hand, somewhat enhanced.

"What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comliness of words, or deeds compare?
No! those at first the unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain."

When the mother takes no pains, the marriage of the daughter, even if not in itself ineligible, is likely to be deferred. For the age at which marriage is to be contracted, is a very material consideration. Aristotle was of the opinion that the bridegroom should be thirty-seven years of age, and the bride eighteen, alleging physical relation which I venture to think exceedingly inconclusive. Eighteen for the bride is the least to be objected to, and would yet be rather earlier in this climate. A girl of that age may not be absolutely unprepared for marriage; but she has hardly had time for that longing and yearning affection which is to be her best security afterwards. The woman should marry rather before than after that culminating period of personal charms which, varying much in different individuals, is but a short period in any, and occurs in early youth in almost all. She should marry between twenty and thirty years of age, but nearer the former than the latter period. Now the man at such an age would probably be too light for the man's part in such a marriage; and the more so when marrying a wife equally young. For it is very well known that when two people join together in matrimony, it is as if one sweet pea should be put up as a prop to another. The man, therefore, may be considered the most marriageable when he is a little beyond thirty. In the case of a serious and thoughtful man, it need not be deferred so long, for in such a case, a remark made in a letter of Lord Bacon's will probably be verified—that a man finds himself several years older after his marriage.

Dr. James Johnson, in his "Economy of Health," says, "The most proper age for entering the holy bonds of matrimony has been discussed but never settled. I am entitled to my opinion; and although I can not here give the ground on which it rests, the reader may take it for granted, that I could adduce, were this the proper place, a great number of reasons, both moral and physical, for the dogma I am about to propound. The maxim, then, which I would inculcate, is this—that matrimony should not be contracted before the first year of the fourth Septennial, on the part of the females, nor before the last year of the same in the case of the male; in other words, the female should be at least 21, and the male 28 years old. That there should be seven years difference between the ages of the sexes, at whatever period of life the solemn contract is entered upon, need not be urged, as it is universally admitted there is a difference of seven years, not in the actual duration of life in the two sexes, but in the stamina of the constitution—the symmetry of the form, and the lineaments of the face.

Some who are in doubt upon the question may perhaps be guided by precedence. For their information we will state that Adam married at a very early age indeed,—so early it may be set down at 0. Shakspeare was 18 when he perpetrated the poetic feat; Ben Johnson, 21; Franklin, 24; Dante, Kelper, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho, Brahe, Byron, Washington and Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterling, 28; Linnæ and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth and Peel, 32; Woodworth and Davy, 33; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; old Parr, last time, 120. The last was so much above par that 'twas no wonder he found a ready taker.

LOVE, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

That love is the leading element of the highest happiness in marriage; that love, while it lasts, covers a multitude of errors, privations, misfortunes—even sins—I do not doubt. But the question is, how far is love, when unaccompanied by any other of the conditions which I have mentioned as belonging to a perfect marriage, itself a justification of marriage? True love works wonders; but it cannot prevent the physical and mental ailments which develop themselves in people of feeble organisms. It cannot supply a lack of intelligence, a want of force in either husband or wife; and, as all housekeepers know, it cannot "make the pot boil." Love alone, when we consider its proverbial instability, and the small chance it has of surviving under bleak conditions, is certainly an insufficient capital upon which to commence the partnership of marriage. This is true of even the highest and strongest loved; how much more so of the hasty and passionate attachments which lead to so many thousands of marriages! There is an infinity of false sentiment about the passion of love. While I would not cast a doubt upon the existence of noble love, of devotion, and of passion which no sorrow or trial can tire, which is even refined and strengthened by suffering, yet the value, the office, the very nature of love in our ordinary life is greatly misunderstood. Love is the most exaggerated passion in literature. It holds in our imagination a position which it does not hold in the life of one man or woman in a thousand. "Being the supreme passion of modern art," says a recent writer, "it becomes necessary to sound high its praises. We should suppose, if we read only novels and poetry, that the one thing interesting in life is the relation of the sexes and the anxieties of pairing. Many young people are so dizzy with love that they are unable to go on with the other interests of life. They cannot see men as they are, engaged in their daily work, pursuing their various ends and living a multifarious life, of which love is but a single element." Our regard for the passion oversteps the healthy limit, and becomes morbid; we judge of it untruly; we attend to its promptings with absurd expectations; we teach ourselves that the passion is uncontrollable, and regard it as a kind of fate; and we glorify the supremacy of a first love, as if the heart did not require a training as varied as the intellect. Considering the widespread misery which our misconceptions of love have wrought, we might doubt whether this passion was not the greatest misfortune as well as the greatest blessing in the world. We may conclude, in spite of Chaucer, that Love's allegience is not the *only* thing needful to make a permanently happy marriage.

There are all sorts of weddings and marriages; it would take many pages to register them, from the marriage of true minds to that of a couple of money-bags. Sometimes the bride and bridegroom are masked figures, tricked up and disguised, so that it would be hard to say which is the most deceived in the other. Sometimes it is a living creature united to a shadow. Have you ever known a man married to a doll? He chose her out and paid for her. What a sweet face it is? What high bred calm! And then again come the happy lovers, two and two; and as they pass before the high altars, the long white veils of the brides sweep along the gay aisles of the churches, their happiness brightens up the faces looking on. Then, perhaps, some blooming young girl comes up, bringing a crutch and a bronchial wheeze, and it now and then happens that a youth appears, leading a wig of false plaits, a set of false teeth and half a century of bones to the altar. The disparity is not so great as you might imagine. There may be a heart still beating beneath all these adjustments, while the bridegroom, for all his good looks, has not a single drop of warm blood in his body. So, bad, good and indifferent, they pass their way. Sometimes it is Peace and Goodwill who go by, hand in hand. What does it matter if Goodwill's beard is grizzled, and Peace has crow's feet round about her loving eyes? Sometimes it is Pride and Vainglory that go sweeping past down the long church out into the churchyard beyond. They are a fine couple as they sail along, and they look to see their reflection in the eyes of the by-standers. Sometimes—and this is a very strange phenomenon—it is only the past of one of the contracting parties that is united to the present of the other. They find it out too late.

We believe that the number of "unhappy marriages" is vastly overrated by nearly everybody. There is so much talk on the subject that it is easy to forget that for every instance of complaint there are thousands of beneficent and prosperous unions of which the world never hears. It is natural that wrong and outrage should demand attention, but men and women whose married life is full of good and helpfulness, do not often feel an impulse to go up and down the world defending the system under which they live. Then again we have long been convinced that the fundamental thought or idea of most of these reformers is an error, and a most mischievous one. What is an "unhappy marriage?" What is a happy one? Most people who complain of the present system of marriage show clearly that they think that the chief evils and happiness in the lives of men and women who are "not happily married" result from marriage itself, or from what is false and bad in it. Their criticisms depend chiefly upon the notion that a proper union, a "happy marriage," would ensure a happy and prosperous life for nearly everybody. We think that most people are as "happy in marriage" as they deserve to be—that they have about as much of good in it as they are capable of enjoying. Not everybody, of course, but we think this is true of the great majority of all the married people around us. It is absurd to think that so much misery and wrong, so much selfishness and cruelty, so much that is low, animal and unlovely in the lives of men and women results from their being "mismated." In most cases there is no possible mating that could make the joint life much better. These men and women are undeveloped, selfish, exacting. They have undisciplined tempers, and they are accustomed to think of "happiness" for themselves as the chief end of marriage. No magic of "mating" would make the life of such people very high or perfect. In fact, as things now are, marriage is the source and nurse of many of the best qualities in the lives of most men and women. We think there is nothing plainer than the fact that the average tendency and effect of marriage is beneficial and elevating. Looking at men and women as they are, we think it wonderful that marriage does so much for them, and has such power to lift up their lives to light and beauty. Our reformers trust too much to specific treatment for particular evils. The real problem is far deeper and more difficult. There are no short roads to happiness, or to any kind of heaven on earth, or anywhere else. The men and women who marry must somehow acquire thoughtfulness, self-control, consideration for others, patience, and the other qualities without which life is unendurable in any relation we know of; and we know of nothing so well adapted to accomplish this work of education as marriage itself. It is not by any direct effort to improve marriage that any real reform is to be brought about, but by the gradual instruction and advancement of the people themselves in knowledge and virtue, and in all that makes up excellence of character. We believe that marriage and parentage are indispensable methods of education for the race. Of course we are in favor of any change of the laws which define the property rights of married people which may in any case be required by justice and right, and of any measures that may be needed to remove obstructions which hinder the free and natural working of the system of marriage; but we cannot make the social relations of men and women much better, except by the elevation of the men and women themselves.

There was a period in Grecian civilization when there was a fall from the high esteem in which marriage was at first held. It came to be looked upon as an evil, or at best a convenience. Then population fell off, virtue became but a name, and there was nearly unlimited freedom of divorce. So there was a period in Roman civilization when there was a lowering of the lofty conceptions of the purity and sacredness of the marriage state. Towards the end of the Republic there was almost absolute freedom of divorce, and with the intention of marrying again. Virtue, of course, was at a very low ebb. Native population decreased, as in Greece. Adultery also largely prevailed, contrary to what would at first thought be experienced from the ease with which divorces could be decreed, but in keeping with what seems to be the experience of this country now, notwithstanding the freedom of divorce prevailing. Seneca says—and he was not at all noted for morality—that in his time "no woman was ashamed of divorce"—a fearful thing to say, but only what we are apparently rapidly coming to in these days.

Be it understood that we are opposed to the breaking of the marriage covenant, save for reasons given in the Bible. This does not say that there are not unhappy marriages, where men and women live together because they are married, and not so much because they love to do so. There are heart-burnings growing out of such relations; but is not community in a more healthy condition with the marriage rights respected, than otherwise. While government seeks the good of individuals, she must do so by respecting principles upon which the greatest good will accrue to the masses. And whatever may be the theory of the "moralsuasionists," legal prohibition is the bulwark of a nation's safety. Whatever the future of nations may be—we leave that to be divined. But there is no nation so highly cultivated to-day, as not to need the most rigid restraints of law. And none, perhaps, should be more rigid than that protecting home, life and happiness. The want of congeniality is not the cause of home broils and the villainous mother of divorces. Foreign, poisonous elements are thrown into those hearts and homes. It may be rum, it may be indolence, infidelity or lust. Be the invader who he may, come he on whatsoever pretext, place at the gate of each heart and home the statute of the State. We have no sympathy with a looseness of legislation. Though the gospel is gentleness and sweetness, it makes filth and devils get up and go. If gentle zephyrs do not free the air of unwholesome matter, He sends his lightnings along that way—it must be purified. Punish crime until the criminal feels that it is very unsafe to do wickedly. The forest does not grow from the top downward, but from numerous little seeds upwards. Great reforms do not come from our halls of legislation, but from little seeds germinating in society. These germs must be protected. The State takes care of the fishes of her lakes and rivers in their seasons, and she punishes the violator of the homes of her birds. Let her protect the nestling virtue of her homes. Too high a premium cannot be placed upon the sanctity of her families. Let it be felt whoever or whatever intrudes, does so under penalty. Let the wife feel that she has a husband, and the law will see that he is true, and sober, and industrious. Let the husband feel that he has a wife, home, and heaven on earth, and that the State has an interest in keeping it so. Honor the marriage rite, and punish the invader of its purity.

It is a glorious sight to see two old people, who have weathered the storms and basked in the sunshine of life together, go hand in hand, loving and thoughtfully, together down the gentle declivity of time, with no anger, nor jealousy, nor hatred, garnered up against each other, and looking with hope and joy to the everlasting youth of Heaven, where they two shall be one forever. That is a true marriage, for it is a marriage of spirit with spirit. Their love is woven into a woof of gold, that neither time, nor death, nor eternity can sever.

WHOM DO GREAT MEN MARRY?

Women of course. But they show the same great diversity of taste that is seen in the lower rank, and upon the whole make worse mistakes. They, however, show the same sense in choosing wives that they show in managing other people's affairs, whether it be good or bad. Robert Burns married a farm girl with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plow-field. He, too, was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs. Milton married the daughter of a country squire, but lived with her only a short time. He was austere, exacting, a literary recluse; while she was a rosy, romping lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her; so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the martial vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed. Shakspeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter. She proved faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same of the great bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affections on the other sex. Byron married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift. Benjamin Franklin married the girl who stood in her father's door and laughed at him as he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia with a roll of bread under his arm and his pocket filled with dirty clothes. She had occasion to be happy when she found herself the wife of such a good and great man. Washington married a widow with two children. It is enough to say of her that she was worthy of him, and that they lived, as married folks should live, in perfect harmony. John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John's being a lawyer; he had a bad opinion of the morals of his profession. Thomas Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a childless widow, but she brought him a large fortune in real estate. After the ceremony she mounted the horse behind him and they rode home together. It was late in the evening and they found the fire out. But the great statesman hurried about and rebuilt it, while she seized the broom and soon put things in order. It is needless to say that they were happy, though Jefferson died a poor man, on account of his extreme liberality and hospitality. John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life, and intellectual capacity, and, besides this, she was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "no" for answer; and they were married, and lived happily together until her death, which occurred about two years afterwards. Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife and sage empress. Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy. It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated, but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman. John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and their children fortunately were neither diseased nor idiotic, but they do not evince the talent of the great "State Rights" advocate. Edward Lytton Bulwer, the great English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for a wife. She is now insane.

A HINT TO STERN PARENTS.

It is a sore trial, says Charles Lamb, when a daughter shall marry against her father's approbation. A little hard-heartedness and aversion to a reconcilement, is almost pardonable. After all, Will Dockwray's way is, perhaps, the wisest. His best loved daughter made a most imprudent match, in fact, eloped with the last man in the world that her father would have wished her to marry. All the world said that he would never speak to her again. For months she durst not write to him, much less come near him. But in a casual rencounter he met her in the streets of Ware, that will long remember the mild virtues of William Dockwray, Esq. What said the parent to his disobedient child, whose knees faltered under her at the sight of him? Ha, Sukey, is it you? with that benevolent aspect with which he paced the streets of Ware, venerated as an angel,—"come and dine with us on Sunday;" then turning away, and again turning back, as if he had forgotten something, he added, —"and, Sukey, do you hear? bring your husband with you." This was all the reproof she ever heard from him. Need it be added that the match turned out better for Susan than the world expected?

Pitt was an unfortunate statesman; but he had a lofty eloquence, capacious views, and a noble mind. Sir Walter Farquahar calling one day, the premier observed him to be unusually ruffled. "What's the matter?" exclaimed the premier. "Why, to tell you the truth," replied Sir Walter, "I am extremely angry with my daughter. She has permitted herself to form an attachment for a young gentleman by no means qualified in point of rank and fortune to be my son-in-law." "Now let me say one word in the lady's behalf," returned the minister. "Is the young man you mention of respectable family?" "He is." "Is he respectable in himself?" "He is." "Has he the manners and education of a gentleman?" "He has," "Why then, my dear Sir Walter, hesitate no longer. You are well acquainted with the delusions of life. 'Let your daughter follow her own inclinations, since they appear to be virtuous. You have had more opportunities than I have of knowing the value of affection, and ought to respect it. Let the union take place and I will not be unmindful that I had the honor of recommending it."

The physician followed the direction of his patient; the lovers were united; and the patronage of the minister testified his satisfaction.

He who gets a good husband for his daughter, hath gained a son; but he who meets with a bad one, hath lost a daughter.

To hasten a marriage, lock up the girl and show the lover the door.

AFFECTION.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the manifestation of the affections which spring up and flow forth from the better feelings of our nature—in those traits of holy feeling which prompt a mother's love, in the confiding spirit of the child toward its parents and chosen playmates, and in the influence of that passion which incites to harmonious union of soul with soul. There is something holy in the trusting confidence of woman's love,—something unfathomable in the depth and extent of her influence in the world. The music of an angel's song dwells in her gentle tones of affection, with a power to win from wrong and sin—to incite the noblest courage, and prompt the highest resolves.

Cherish then the spirit of kindly affection. Let the love of childhood find a return, never repulsing the confiding tenderness every child displays when surrounded by kindly influences. Remember how much of the joy of life flows from the sympathetic mingling of congenial spirits, and seek to bind such to you closer and closer with the golden links of affection's easy bondage.

You who declaim so bitterly against the evils of worldly existence, and the wickedness of your brother men, could you but discern the beauty and harmony which now reigns around you unheeded, its power to make you happy unemployed—or would you call forth from the chambers of memory some treasured joy, or dream of happiness known in other years, or rekindle some strong emotion, which has given sunlight to your path, methinks you would oftener thank Heaven for those blessings shared and possessed, and cease to desire what your unthankfulness places above your deserts.

The heaven-born gift of prayer is yours. How sweet, amid the cares and trials of life, to turn from the fickleness of friends—the evils of poverty, or the pains of sickness to that unchanging and steadfast Friend who heedeth the cry of supplication, and noteth every occurrence—even "the sparrows fall." To him we can pour out the sorrows which oppress our hearts, and receive in return His sympathy, and the knowledge that he careth for our welfare. Oh! at such times we feel as though angels were ascending and descending, bearing unto God the burden of our suffering and our sorrow, and bringing down from his blessed Home above, messages of joy and love, the strength and consolation of our wearied soul.

In certain ages, and even to-day in certain places, men have sought to divorce religion and affection—have endeavored to put the two far apart. They have acted upon the mistaken theory that piety means asceticism—that to grow in spiritual grace they must become dead to everything tenderly and lovingly human—must hold themselves separate from their kind and acknowledge no brotherhood with their fellows. So they have become hermits, and have lived the life of the recluse. But all this is wrong. The best men of the Bible were live men,—men who cherished sweet affections and hesitated not to declare them. The most lion-hearted in their dealings with sin were the most lamb-like in loving,—tender and true. In the common things of the world, so-called, those characters, are of most worth in which there abounds fullness of affection—in which there throbs a large, live heart. And so in Christian life, they serve God best whose out-reaching sympathies compel wide service for humanity,—who know all men in a common brotherhood, and are moved by human needs to noble doings.

Sometimes it happens that the husband or the wife hesitates to urge his or her companion on to a Christian walk, fearing separation must come between. But how can separation come, when love to God only increases love to all His creatures? God is not jealous in this matter. Is it a sign, because He took away your child, that He hated the child?—that He was jealous of the love your child drew forth? Not so. He only loved the little one more than you loved it—loved it so well that He would spare it all possibility of sin and pain. God's very nature is love; and what he implanted in the heart of humanity He will not rebuke.

There are Christian homes wherein love seems restrained, in which there is little of manifest affection. Is such a state of things in full accord with our Saviour's Gospel? Did Christ restore Lazarus from the dead simply as an exhibition of His miraculous power? We think not. We prefer to believe the restoration was a tribute to the rare love of those weeping sisters. Human affection is a blessed influence in this religion of ours; the influence broadens and deepens in proportion as this affection is broad and deep, and unrestrained. Say you that we must not worship what God has given us? Love is not worship—it never need be. It is another thing in character, in very essence. Love, indeed, is a Christian duty, and so is worship—of a certain kind: in so far they are kin. Unless we love we are not Christian. Unless religion warms our hearts toward wife and child—toward all human kind—it is scarcely to be trusted.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes, than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Who would not rather bury his wife than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave, than entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, love everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God; love to man.

"To love the little platoon we belong to in society is the germ of all public affections." True, most true! The innocent association of childhood, the kind mother who taught us the first accents of prayer, and watched with anxious face over our slumbers, the ground on which our little feet first trod, the pew in which we first sat in public worship, the school in which our first rudiments were taught, the torn Virgil, the dog-eared Horace, the friends and companions of our young days, the authors who first told us the history of our country, the songs that first made our hearts throb with noble and generous emotions, the burying place of our fathers, the cradles of our children, are surely the objects which nature tells us to love. Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this center our sympathies may extend in an ever widening circle.

Affection is the Fire, confined and guarded, yet carefully cherished,—which gives its cheerful warmth to the household. Through the darkness and gloom of Grief, it sheds its rays of brightness and its influences of cheer over the circle. Amid the intense rigors of Adversity, it still may make the life within doors peaceful and genial. It goes into the drawing-room, with its costly furnishings; into the library, with its ranged books and maps; into the pleasant, familiar place of rest and converse; and it makes them all cheerful. It goes up into the nursery, and folds the little ones in the influence of its power. It makes all more glad to come home from the world, and to gather in groups round the family hearth. It is the cheerer, enlightener, and comforter of life; a serviceable friend, as well as a brilliant and beautiful companion; and without it, the world would be desolate and cold. Passion is the same Fire, broken loose from restraint and devastating life. The choicest powers are swept before it. The finest ornaments, of culture and taste, are despoiled in its hot grasp. The most delightful circles are broken up and destroyed. The home of intelligence and happiness becomes a blackened and charred heap. Who then will say that God does not wisely, in giving the restraints of his Truth and his Law, the guardianships of his Providence, the admonitions of Conscience, the warnings of Penalty, the example of his Son, to hold Affection within its limits? In guarding it—while he also enkindles and cherishes it by the glow of his Word and the breath of his Spirit—in guarding it so vigilantly, from this desolating spread? Take away these restraints, and the world itself would be wrapped in the fury of universal Passion. Let each man for himself hold it firmly in the control of a God-guided Will.

A few days since, as I was carelessly passing through the beautiful cemetery at Cleveland and reading the silent memorials of the dead, my attention was arrested by a monument representing a beautiful little child that had fallen asleep while strewing flowers on the grave of its mother. The affecting tale was depicted in the sculptured marble too plainly to be mistaken. I inquired of the sexton the reason of the design, who informed me that the mother of that child died when she was but six years old. Her father, at the earnest solicitation of his sister, finally consented to part with his little daughter, and let her go and live with her aunt, in Michigan. A sad foreboding told the widowed father it would be their last parting—and as the little girl bid farewell, and stepped on board the steamboat that was to carry her to her new home, the tears coursing down the father's cheeks, told of a sorrowful heart. The little child, as the boat left the moorings, seeing the distress of her father, called to him—"Don't cry, pa, I will come back soon." Scarcely had she reached her new home, when she was seized with a sickness so violent and rapid in its termination, that the same mail that informed her father of her sickness, also brought the sad intelligence of her death. Just as the rattling throat gave warning notice of the death struggle, the little sufferer looked up into the face of her aunt, and evidently was anxious to say something which her feelings rather than her weakness prevented. Her aunt asked her what she wanted to say. "Oh, it's no matter," said the little sufferer—"but when I am dead, tell Pa to bury me by the side of mother." This was the last struggle of Nature—she was dead. "That child," said the sexton, as he brushed a tear from his eye, "was my little daughter."

When hearts are filled with holy affections, and home is happy, then do the young dwell in a charmed circle, which only the naturally depraved would seek to quiet, and across which boundary temptations to error shine out but feebly.

Every word spoken from affection, leaves an everlasting impression in the mind; and every thought spoken from affection, becomes a living creature; and the same also if not spoken, if so be that it be folly assented unto by the mind.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart that seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

Affection or love is what constitutes the life of every person, for whatever the affection is, such is the whole man.

HOW TO AVOID A BAD HUSBAND.

Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesseth. Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silvered cane, and rings on his fingers. Beware!—there is a trap. Never marry a niggard, a close-fisted, mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire, with their eyes wide open. Never marry a mope or drone, one who drawls and struggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course. Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man. Never, on any account, marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or his dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart. Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon. Finally never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, you are better off alone, than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

A lady says:—"Take my advice, ye young maidens contemplating matrimony. Never marry a man who is unkind to his mother, snubs his sisters, helps himself to the best at the table, is afraid of work, or is unable to support you." A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, that you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else." It is related that an Athenian, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. The philosopher, in a spirit of true wisdom, said, "I would bestow my daughter upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man." Marriages for money seldom conduce to social comfort and happiness, and often result in the utter destruction of domestic peace, in crimination, coldness, and estrangement. And yet the love of money is seldom manifest in greater strength than in the formation of those life-long alliances where the parties bind themselves to "take each other for better or for worse," and give their mutual pledge to stand by and aid each other amid all the storms and privations and perils of life.

Those parents who are chiefly anxious to have their daughters marry a fortune, who value money more than character, integrity, enterprise and correct habits, will, in most cases, lament their shortsightedness, infatuation and folly. There is happiness in a cottage where virtue, intelligence and kindness dwell. A palace will not yield it in the absence of these. It is not those families where there is the greatest profusion of wealth, who are most to be envied. In many a splendid mansion there are aching hearts, disappointed hopes, corroding cares and scalding tears. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not depreciating or decrying wealth. It confers and secures many advantages. It gives to its possessor influence, position and power. "*Castaris paribus*," as we were taught in our school-boy days to say, other things being equal, it is desirable, highly beneficial, and eminently comfortable. But it is not worth sacrificing domestic peace to possess, it is not worth enduring the strife of tongues, it is not worth the lifelong reproach, "you married me for my money." Mothers who force their daughters into interested marriages are worse than the Ammonites who sacrificed their children to Moloch —the latter undergoing a speedy death, the former suffering years of torture, but too frequently leading to the same result.

Now heed my words my precious girl!
Affection is the richest pearl,
Nor lightly should be thrown away
On them who cannot love repay;
Beware to whom thou shalt impart
That priceless jewel of the heart!
Care not alone for form or face,
Or winning words, or witching grace,
But choose thou one whose honored name
Thou canst be proud to share and claim;
Let it be one of cultured mind,
Of generous thoughts and feelings kind,
Who never sought nor e'er would seek
To wrong the helpless or the weak,
But ever would employ his best
To shield the friendless and opprest,
Who proudly treads temptation down

Nor shrinks at fortune's darkest frown;
Whose equal soul and mind sedate,
Can stand unmoved each change of fate;
Whose faith is firm, whose honor bright,
Whose love is an immortal light!
Such were the love, and such alone,
That can be worthy of thy own.

BACHELORS.

A bachelor, if he possesses a vivid fancy, can have considerable enjoyment in speculating upon his future fate. While he is making up his mind to what beauty he shall offer his hand, he roams amid a harem of the imagination, a sort of mental polygamist.

The old bachelor looks critically on men's wives. He takes an investigating interest in them. But he does so in a critical and an analytical sort of way, which the husbands did not practice in the first instance, and which they would hardly like to have fully explained to them now. But the bachelor is nothing if not critical. He detects the tinge of red or gray, the inequalities of curve or line, and sees clearly through all the mysteries and artifices of the toilet. He has got an exhaustive sneer: "The poor fellow has married for money," or, "The poor fellow has married for love." "By Jove, sir! Look at that woman's waspish waist! Where can she have crammed her viscera?"—or such like personal observation. Whatever jewel a man may think he has found, the connoisseur bachelor will hold that he can find a flaw in it. Sometimes he will do this quite cynically. Other men will do it just as often, though not cynically. The object of such criticisms is very often some mere self-glorification. If he—the bachelor—had married, no one would have been able to criticise Cæsar's wife. He would not have missed fortune, as one friend has done, or beauty, as a second, or family, as a third. His wife would have far transcended the commonplace wives of average men. She would be everything that a woman ought to be. In short, the bachelor's wife is always perfection in the abstract.

If in that chair yonder—not the one your feet lie upon—but the other beside you—closer yet—were seated a sweet faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of lace running round the throat, and her hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any in your dreams, and if you could reach an arm through that chair-back without fear of giving offence, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck, and if you could clasp with your other hand those little white taper fingers of hers which lie so temptingly within reach, and talk so softly and low in the presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for—if, in short, you were not a bachelor, but the husband of such a sweet image—dream call it, rather—would it not be far pleasanter than a cold, single night, sitting counting the sticks, reckoning the length of the blaze and the height of the falling snow. Surely imagination would be stronger and purer if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind labor, if but another heart grew into this present, soul quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God speed. Her face would make a halo rich as a rainbow atop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illuminate the blackest of crowded cares; and darkness that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair, for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin and spread and float away, chased by that beloved smile. Your friend, poor fellow, dies—never mind; that gentle clasp of her fingers, as she steals behind you telling you not to weep—is worth ten friends. Your sister, sweet one, is dead—buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness. How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon. It is more. She says she will be a sister; and the waving curls, as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes. God has sent his angel surely! Your mother—alas for it!—she's gone! Is there any bitterness to a youth alone and homeless like this? You are not alone. She is there—her tears softening yours, her grief killing yours, and you live again to assuage that kind sorrow of hers. Then these children, rosy, fair-haired; no, they do not disturb you with prattle now. They are yours. Toss away there on the green sward. Never mind the hyacinths, the snow-drops, the violets, if so be they are there. The perfume of their beautiful lips is worth all the flowers of the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish. Flower, tree, gun, all are dead things. Things lovelier hold your soul; and she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving till your own heart grows pained with jealousy. You have no need now of a cold lecture to teach thankfulness; your heart is full of it—no need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf and greenness, to turn thought kindly and thankfully; for ever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit for which eye, heart, and soul are full of unknown, unspoken, because unspeakable, thank-offerings.

Bachelors may be known by their unpolished manners, and generally lack buttons; while married men are distinguished by their ease in ladies society, and domestic looking phizzes.

A judicious wife is always chipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say nothing silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find means of preventing your doing it. And by far the greatest part of all the common sense there is in this world, belongs unquestionably to woman. The wisest things a man commonly does, are those which his wife counsels him to do.

Dr. Stark, of the Scottish Register office, has compared the vital statistics of married and unmarried men, and announces that the mean age of the married at death is 60.2 years, while that of the bachelors is only 47.7—excluding those who die before twenty-five in both classes. We don't wish to see *every* body against the poor bachelors, but this point seems to demand the attention of life-insurance companies—if. indeed, bachelors ever imagine their lives worth enough to any body to deserve insuring. We did not know that to the command "increase and multiply" was tacitly attached the promise "that thy days may be long in the land," etc; but it seems, so far, that if bachelors wish to recover an average of twelve and a-half years of life, or such part thereof as may not be already irretrievably forfeited, they should make haste to be married. Celibacy appears to be one of Nature's capital offenses.

Once for all, there is no misery so distressful as the desperate agony of trying to keep young when one can't. I know an old bachelor who has attempted it. His affectation of youth, like all affectations, is a melancholy failure. He is a rapid young man of fifty. He plies innocent young ladies with the pretty compliments and soft nothings in vogue when he was a spooney youth of twenty. The fashion of talking to young ladies has changed within thirty years, you know, and this aged boy's soft nothings seem more out of date than a two-year-old bonnet. They make you think, somehow, of that time-honored frog-story, wherein is set forth the discovery of galvanic electricity. When you see his old-fashioned young antics—his galvanic gallantry, so to speak, and hear the speeches he makes to girls in their teens, when he ought to be talking to them like a father, you involuntarily call him an old idiot, and long to remind him of that quaint rebuke of grand old John:—"Thou talkest like one upon whose head the shell is to this very day." That is how he seems. He is old enough to have been almost full-fledged before you were born, and here he is trying to make believe that he is still in the days of his gosling-green, with the shell sticking on his head to this day! It is a melancholy absurdity. One can't be young unless one is young. Only once is it given to us to be untried and soft, and gushing and superlative, and when the time comes for it all to go, no sort of effort can hold back the fleeting days.

"I wish that I had married thirty years ago, soliloquised an old bachelor. Oh! I wish a wife and half a score of children would start up around me, and bring along with them all that affection which we should have had for each other by being early acquainted. But as it is, in my present state there is not a person in the world I care a straw for; and the world is pretty even with me, for I don't believe there is a person in it who cares a straw for me." A bachelor editor says: "We never cared a farthing about getting married until we attended an old bachelor's funeral. God grant that our latter end may not be like his."

A lady had been teaching the summer school in a certain town, and a young sprig of the law paid her some attention, so much so that he was joked about her. He replied that he "should look higher for a wife." It came to the lady's ears, and she meditated a little bit of revenge. An opportunity soon offered. They were at a party together, and to redeem her forfeit she was to make his epitaph. She gave the following:

"Here lies a man who looked so high,
He passed all common damsels by,
And they who looked as high as he
Declared his bride they would not be;
So 'twixt them both he died a bach,
And now has gone to the old scratch."

FASHION.

What shall we wear? is a question whose solution has always commanded a large share of the attention of mankind. In no nation is the dress and adornment of the person considered an unimportant matter, and in most nations this solicitude usurps a marked and prominent place among the cares of life. It is true that apparel is not, like food and drink, of vital importance, but it is made a central study with a large class of people, and many a fine lady may be found who cares less for her dinner than for her dress. Spite of all the philosophic depreciation of "externals," and spite of all the solemn preaching against "the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," the art of outward adornment continues to be sedulously cultivated, and multitudes live as if dress were the chief end of woman, if not of man.

Costume has a two-fold adaptation—for use, and for adornment. Were we confined wholly to the former end, not only would the major part of modern wardrobes be swept out of existence, but we should lose much that now constitutes the charm and the attraction of costume. A severe utilitarianism is almost as bad as an extravagant profusion in dress. We cannot afford the ruin of good taste, nor the loss of symmetry and harmony, much better than we can afford the depletion of the purse which such things cost. The ascetic argument about dress is in no danger of carrying the day. A generation liberal enough to tolerate the expansive reign of crinoline is not likely speedily to reduce the sex that wears it to the sober inexpensiveness of drab. However the true text, that "the Kingdom of God cometh not by observation," a majority of the fairer sex would reluct at being seen even in ascension robes as homely as are worn by the stricter Quakers or the Shaker sisterhood.

Decoration is the natural incident or complement of dress, but is too often made its essence. The mere display of ornament marks a rude development of mind and character. Michelet tells us of women of the most savage races, painted and jewelled to the most extravagant degree, but without a rag of clothing to cover them. This love of the finery of dress, wholly distinct from its use, is characteristic of the undeveloped negro race. Surely, some of our would be elegant belles cannot have considered what comparisons they provoke, when they dazzle our eyes with a display of jewelry and of colors which would excite the envy of the sable dames of Congo or Dahomey.

Nothing in human nature is more remarkable than the almost omnipotent power of custom over this matter of dress, as of so many other things. Persons possessed of the greatest independence in other matters, bow to the irresistible dominion of the "fashion." It makes but little difference whether what is called the fashion be rational or ridiculous; it is to be implicitly followed, so long as it remains the mode. When it ceases to be the mode, it ceases to be tolerable, however convenient or admirable it may intrinsically be. It is true, variety is tolerated within a certain range, but none of that perpetual and wide diversity which would give character and piquancy to our social gatherings is encouraged by the leaders of taste and fashion, unless it be in that exception to all rules—a masquerade.

The imitative faculty is one of the strongest implanted in nature, and its exercise is not confined to the uncultivated and the rude. In conventional life, it causes men to follow what is considered the highest standard, however far that standard may be from reason or nature. King Charles has a wry neck, and all the courtiers cultivate the fashion of holding their heads on one side. No people, in civilization or out of it, is insensible to the influence of custom. Curiously enough, England and America borrow their fashions from France, and follow them with a rigidity which far surpasses the originators. Fortunately, we take after a nation remarkable for its fickleness of character, so that no absurdity can be perpetuated. Continual change gives the chance, at least, of continual improvement, and we are in no danger of deteriorating into a stereotype monotony of ugliness. Imitation has its evils, but if the model be a progressive one, variety is not one of them. We should hail with gladness anything which promises to break up the dead level of uniformity which seeks to reduce all characters, costumes and manners to one common standard.

One is almost ashamed to speak of fashion. It is one of those obstinate things that will not budge. It is the only thing that a bad name will not kill. Like the hydra, it always has two heads for the end cut off, a vitality that the highest and holiest things have never yet stood up against. I can conceive that fashion might become not the minister of high art alone, but of morals and virtue; that in the hands of the noble and pure, and the broad and true, it might become a real boon to man. Herbert

Spencer says: "As those who take orders are not those having a special fitness for the priestly office; as legislators and public functionaries do not become such by virtue of their political insight and power to rule, so the self-elected clique who set the fashion, gain this prerogative, not by their force of nature, their intellect, their higher worth or better taste, but solely by their unchecked assumption. Instead of a continual progress toward greater elegance and convenience, which might be expected to occur, did people copy the ways of the really best, or follow their own ideas of propriety, we have a reign of mere whim, of unreason, of change for the sake of change, of wanton oscillations from either extreme to the other—a reign of usages without meaning, times without fitness, dress without taste. And thus life *a la mode*, instead of being life conducted in the most rational manner, is life regulated by spendthrifts and idlers, milliners and tailors, and dandies and silly women!" Oh, that we should so stoop—we who call ourselves, in churches, children of God, and claim that the Almighty hath given us understanding—that we should stoop to become puppets that will respond to any pull that vulgar men or women choose? Jennie June, who is well known as an entertaining fashion writer, says that the Empress Eugenie does not originate the fashions, neither do any ladies of real rank and distinction; they adopt them, and thus set the seal of their acknowledged authority upon them, but no lady would be the first to wear a striking novelty, or a style so new, or so *outre* as to be likely to attract public attention. This is left for the leaders of the *demi-monde*, several of whom are in the pay of Parisian dress-makers and *modistes*. The noted worth, the man-milliner of Paris, who receives all the money and exercises all the impudence which have placed him at the head of his profession, while women do all the work, has in his employ a dozen fashion writers and several of the most noted leaders of Parisian society. These latter are selected for their fine appearance and dashing manners. Toilettes, equipages and boxes at the theatre and opera are provided for them. Dead or dying, they are required to show themselves at these places on all suitable occasions, in extraordinary dresses made by the "renowned" Worth, as the fashion correspondents say, who in this way take up the burden of the song, and echo it even upon these Western shores. It is the height of ambition with some American women to go to Paris, and have a dress made by Worth; and dearly do they sometimes pay for their folly, not only in immense prices for very small returns, but in degrading their American womanhood by following in so disgraceful a scramble with so mixed an assemblage.

An old Scottish preacher is reported to have said, in one of his sermons at Aberdeen: "Ye people of Aberdeen get your fashions from Glasgow, and Glasgow from Edinburg, and Edinburg from London, and London from Paris, and Paris from the Devil."

Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is,—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable for her sake. She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neckkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing. She makes people sit up by night, when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait upon ones' self, and genteel to live idly and uselessly. She makes people visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades our pleasures and interrupts our business. She compels people to dress gaily, whether upon their own property or that of others—whether agreeably to the word of God or the dictates of pride.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistress fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all extinct. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are worthless for all the good ends of life; they have but little force of character, they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life—they accomplish no great ends. They are dolls, formed in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save conceive and give them birth. And when reared what are they? What do they ever amount to but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. No one of them ever had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from women who had as little to do with fashion as with the changing of clouds.

Fashion is sensuous, and so is doomed to an endless search of new stimulants, which leads to weariness and satiation, as these do to callousness and cynicism. A sexagenary of fashion is, from inherent sequence, hard and blase. His best years have been sucked of their sweetest juices by the petulant fevers of levity and ostentation; the ingots of his manhood he has beaten into shallow gilding and fantastic trinkets. His look into old age is like that of the traveler, who, with his back to the green and growing fields, peers over a precipice into an extinct volcano; except that the traveler can turn around to enjoy again the freshness and flavor, while he has forfeited such liberty.

We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one did so; but the multitude make themselves equally ridiculous by slavishly following every new fashion, and by doing just as the leaders of fashion do.

Emerson says an Englishman of fashion is like one of those souvenirs, bound in gold vellum, enriched with delicate engravings, on thick, hct pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies and princes, but nothing in it worth reading or remembering.

Fashion does not often caress the great, but the children of the great; it is a hall of the Past. It usually sets its face against the great of this hour.

To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband, be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress.

To dress, to visit, to gossip, and to thrum the piano, are the chief employments of the modern belle.

> She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
> And simpers, and giggles, and winks;
> And though she talks but little,
> 'Tis a great deal more than she thinks.
> —STARK.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrists.

Fashion is a good friend but a bad master.

It is lost labor, says Queensel, to consult the tastes of the world. They will never approve of our conduct unless we approve of theirs.

Pride, Poverty, and Fashion, once undertook to keep house together.

The three great conquerors of the world are Fashion, Love and Death.

There is one fashion that never changes. The sparkling eye, the coral lip, the rose leaf blushing on the cheek, the elastic step, are always in fashion. Health—rosy, bouncing, gladsome health—is never out of fashion; what pilgrimages are made, what prayers are uttered for its possession! Failing in the pursuit what treasures are lavished in concealing its loss or counterfeiting its charms!

A woman has no right to compress her vital organs with stays, or prison her vitals under masses of whalebone and cotton, which may give a finer appearance of development to the bust, but are a positive injury to the health.

DRESS.

We do not regard the love of dress in women, as any thing very offensive, or wrong. It has been made a subject for satire and ridicule, and with very little cause.

The organization of woman fits her for indoor labors, as that of man for labors in the field, in the workshop, or on the sea; and with the organization, Providence has mercifully joined a taste which makes the labor a pleasure. The labor of the farmer is not all toil; there is enjoyment in the physical exertion, and independent of any profit, enjoyment in the increasing beauty and fertility of his lands. A woman is employed year after year in household labors, in the care of children, and in providing clothing for her family. Suppose that this were all merely a work of necessity, that she took no interest in the appearance of her children, had no taste for dress, and no regard for the look of her home,—what a wretched life hers would be! Providence is wiser and better than we are. By giving her those general tendencies of taste which enable her to enjoy the employments by which she must be occupied, He has scattered sunshine and flowers along the otherwise hard and dreary path she must travel. The taste may be indulged to excess and become a passion, but the possibility of this is no objection to the original tendency. The use is none the less, because the abuse is bad.

"But a taste for dress is frivolous." We see not why it is more so than a taste for handsome houses, or a well-ordered garden, or neatly cultivated fields. The wants which these supply are not more important than those supplied by dress. There may be as much vanity about trees and gardens, about horses and sheep and dwellings, as about clothing. We suppose that the preparation of the dress of a family, furnishes a good discipline for the temper and character. It certainly is a perpetual discipline for the sense of the beautiful. Dress, to a woman of taste, is as much one of the fine arts, as painting.

"But she dresses to secure a frivolous admiration." It is a cruel injustice. Most women are anxious about dress, because they see it pleases brothers or sisters, husbands or parents. We should think but poorly of a young woman who had so got over these affectionate instincts of her sex, had so risen above the natural love of graceful forms and tasteful arrangements, as to care nothing about her personal appearance. Instead of being shocked by a well dressed woman, we confess that we have not thought it altogether an unlovely spectacle. It is an exhibition of neatness, good sense and a taste for the beautiful, which we bear with great composure.

No doubt too much attention is given to dress, or rather it is too much a matter of imitative fashion, and too little a matter of personal taste. In many cases, it is doubtless connected with frivolity and selfishness, but no more so than most other interests. Moreover, we see not why the making of a garment is not as intellectual an employment, and is not as important to domestic happiness, and does not furnish as good a school for taste and temper as the traffic of the merchant, the arrangements of the lawyer, or the labors of the mechanic.

For ourselves, we never see a mother endeavoring to array a child in a becoming garb without being touched by it. Her child is to her the most beautiful object in nature. She delights to have all things beautiful around it. It is the light of her eyes; and this enjoyment is a compensation appointed by Providence for the wearing and exhausting cares which eat away her strength and mar her beauty. We think quite as well of the taste cultivated in dress, as of that which, growing outside of the ordinary round of household life, seeks its gratification in any of the other fine arts.

We have but one word more. Where it is a real taste in dress, and not subserviency to fashion, or selfish craving for display, a woman will show it as much at home, with her own family, as when abroad in company. She will not dress in the same way; but in her simplest attire, every one who sees her will recognize a prevailing sense of the beautiful. Though shut up in her chamber alone, it will still appear, because even when alone, she cannot endure to have around her what offends her refinement and sense of the beautiful. And this delicacy of taste which appears in dress, in manners and in the ordering of her household, will make a poor dwelling attractive and cheap materials ornamental, and in the orderly habits it implies, will have much to do with the culture and happiness of all beneath her roof.

We once heard a mother say to her little girl, "You shouldn't mind your dress. It doesn't matter how you look, if you only behave well." This mistaken woman may have thought it would make no difference if all the trees were Solferino, and were ugly in form, instead of beautiful, provided they gave as cool a shade, and were just as good for the lumber business. If we observe nature closely, we shall see that, with her, the purpose of dress are use and beauty; and that what she clothes, she dresses to perfection. The horse has his thick fur coat for winter, and his silken one for summer. The gay plumage of the birds protects them from the pelting storm, and delights the eye of the beholder. And the earth wears, now a mantle of snow, to shield her from the piercing cold; and now, her robe of green, besprinkled with flowers. Then she is lovely. Then her children rejoice in her beauty as if it were her own.

Dress affects our manners. A man who is badly dressed feels chilly, sweaty, and prickly. He stammers, and does not always tell the truth. He means to, perhaps, but he can't. He is half distracted about his pantaloons, which are much too short, and are constantly hitching up; or his frayed jacket and crumpled linen harrow his soul, and quite unmans him. He treads on the train of a lady's dress, and says "Thank you," sits down on his hat, and wishes the "desert were his dwelling place."

An ill dressed woman suffers torments.

To advise a young lady to dress herself with any serious eccentricity from the prevailing fashion of her day and class, is to advise her to incur a penalty which may very probably be the wreck of her whole life's happiness. A girl begins, perhaps, with some moderate and really rational piece of originality; but it makes her look "odd." She is less welcome in the drawing-room of her friends, and less comfortable when she is there. Men sneer at her, and persons allow coarse jokes at her expense. Women are so busy defending her little eccentricity, that they have no time left to estimate her positive merits. She is like Gibson's tinted Venus. Every stupid spectator criticises the tint, not one in a thousand thinks at all of the loveliness of the statue. By-and-by the eccentricities of our friend are a little exercised. She cannot abandon them without a vast humiliation and confession that she was wrong; she is already singular, she may as well be wholly so. "In for a penny, in for a pound." Unless she is more than mortal she soon feels a little isolated, and shrinks from society. Then she is annoyed in the street. The woman who stands this, and feels no cynicism growing up, and remains sweet, and good-humoured, and gentle, and tender through life under such circumstances, is very little short of a saint. She has secured for herself the conditions under which such virtues are most difficult, almost unattainable; and for the sake of a more comfortable hat, a shorter skirt, or a stronger pair of boots.

But it is only the fault of public opinion that any penalties at all follow innovations in themselves sensible and modest. To train this public opinion by degrees, to bear with more variations of costume, and especially to insist upon the the principle of fitness as the first requisite of beauty, should be the aim of all sensible women. Can anything be in worse taste than to wear clothes by which our natural movements are impeded, and our purposes, of whatever sort, thwarted by our own habiliments. It is, in the strictest sense, barbaric, like a Chinese woman's foot, to load ourselves with long, trailing skirts when we wish to take a brisk walk, or to run up and down stairs. To wear bonnets which give no shade to the eyes, under a summer sun, and need to be supplemented by the imperfect aid of a parasol at every moment, is another fallacy of taste. Still worse is the folly of pinching the feet into thin, tight boots, which permit of fatal damp and chill to the feet, and cramp the limb into a pitiful little wedge of flesh, with the distorted extremities crunched up under it. Not one modern European lady's foot in five hundred could be looked at if placed in an antique sandal. It is certainly a small æsthetic gain to lose the beauty of the human limb to improve the elegance of the shoemaker's manufacture. Worst of all, an evil for which no words can be found strong enough, is the evil of woman's stays. Why American and European women are tormented by these abominable machines, which the lithesome women of the East have never borne, it is hard to imagine. If we desire to find a type of woman's weakness, moral and physical, its causes and its effect, we could hit on no better emblem than a pair of stays.

The true object and importance of taste in dress few understand. Let no woman suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. The instinct may be deadened in his mind by a slatternly, negligent mother, or by plain maiden sisters; but she may be sure it is there, and, with little adroitness, capable of revival. Of course, the immediate effect of a well-chosen feminine toilet operates differently in different minds. In some, it causes a sense of actual pleasure; in others, a consciousness of passive enjoyment. In some, it is intensely felt while it is present; in others only missed when it is gone.

Beauty in dress is a good thing, rail at it who may. But it is a lower beauty, for which a higher beauty should not be sacrificed. They love dress too much who give it their first thought, their best time, or all their money; who for it neglect the culture of mind or heart, or the claims of others on their service; who care more for their dress than their disposition; who are troubled more by an unfashionable bonnet than a neglected duty.

The influence of costume is incalculable; dress a boy as a man and he will at once change his own conception of himself. Yet dress does not *make* the man. We do not value a gem by what it is set in. A man in the finest suit of clothes is often a shabbier fellow than another dressed in rags. A seedy coat very often covers a heart in full bloom. "How do you feel, with such a shocking looking coat on?" said a young clerk of some pretensions one morning to old Roger. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at his victim—"I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which I had paid for—a luxury of feeling which I think you will never experience." It has been said that he is a brave man who is not afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new ones. With dandies, the most unfashionable clothes are those that are paid for. Says Prentice, it is always a waste of raw material to put five dollars worth of beaver on ten cents worth of brains. Those who are incapable of shining but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast between them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage.

An old sea captain used to say he didn't care how he dressed when abroad, "because nobody knew him." And he didn't care how he dressed when at home, because everybody knew him.

A man is first judged by his dress; afterwards by what he turns out to be. There is the story of the celebrated painter and poet, Buchin, who walking one day in very shabby clothes became more an object of derision than regard. He was mortified and went home, and arrayed himself in his best, and again walked out, to receive on every hand obsequious attention. His mortification turned to anger, and going home he threw his gold-laced coat on the floor, and, stamping on it, exclaimed: "Art thou Buchin, or am I!"

Dress does not make the man, but makes him good looking; or at least improves his looks.

Garments of beauty may cover, but they can never impart worth to abandoned character.

The medium between a fop and a sloven is what a man of sense would endeavor to keep; yet I remember Mr. Osborne advises his son to appear in his habit rather above than below his fortune; and tells him that he will find a handsome suit of clothes always procures some additional respect. I have, indeed, myself observed that my banker ever bows lowest to me when I wear my fullbottomed wig; and writes me "Mr." or "Esq." according as he sees me dressed.

"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slights, but my old and shabby hat and coat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So, if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughter, saying, "that they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable."

Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their natures, as the flowers in their petals and colors. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets—they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning-wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or blush-rose. Who has not seen women just like white lillies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like the azaleas. Now and then you see hollyhocks and sun-flowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.

The body is the shell of the soul, and the dress is the husk of the body; but the husk generally tells what the kernel is.

A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold or diamonds. The absence of true taste and refinement or delicacy, cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind measures gold. Gold cannot measure mind. Through dress the mind may be read, as through the delicious tissue of the lettered page.

A modest woman will dress modestly. A really refined and intellectual woman will bear the marks of graceful selection and taste.

Man and woman in pure linen, in unstained apparel, in choice personal adornment, have a sense of dignity and elevation which those in slovenly garb do not experience. And it is no particular sin if this sort of elevation is carried a little too far. Pride, of course, often enters into fine dressing, and many women, particularly, are fond of flaunting their fine feathers in people's eyes; but a great majority love handsome dressing in obedience to an instinct of refinement—in consequence of that sense of personal purity which accompanies the wearing of choice apparel.

Those who think that in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly or gaudily, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its true effect by being overdressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloading beauty. The stern simplicity of the classic tastes is seen in the old statues and in the pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius. In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies have ever excited more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the hues of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess.

The overdressing of American ladies in the streets, at hotels, and in the churches, is a subject of general remark among the travelers from abroad, as well as sensible people at home. American women are slaves to dress; it is the bane of their life, ay, and of the male victims, too, whose lives are connected with theirs. Traveling trunks, almost as large as a small house, must be carried about, filled with all sorts of finery, for a summer jaunt to watering places, and for a winter visit to a city. The father or husband vainly remonstrates; flounced dresses and crinoline must have ample space, and there must be a variety, too, in the costumes. "Heaven save the ladies, how they dress!" may well be exclaimed. Why will they not become more practical? Does the most fastidious critic of female beauty admire a young lady in full toilette more than in simple dress? If beautiful there is no need of ornament; if plain, she should appear without pretension. We have known ladies who have traveled through the continent of Europe, with only a small trunk to contain their wardrobe, and they found a wonderful relief in not having "too much to wear."

As a fashionably dressed young lady passed some gentlemen the other day, one of them raised his hat, whereupon another, struck by the fine appearance of the lady, made some enquiries concerning her, and was answered thus: "She makes a pretty ornament in her father's house, but otherwise is of no use."

A recent lady writer says: "You may be well dressed without great expense. The entire costume of the best dressed lady that we ever saw did not cost twenty-five dollars—she wore her own hair—she had not a puff, a frill, a bit of ribbon, or lace, a jewel or ornament of any kind about her, except a moss rose at her throat where her dainty little collar was fastened. Perhaps it is only fair to say that she was beautiful, and that we may have looked at her more than at her clothes. Be that as it may, from that day to this we have studied simplicity in dress, and we think it has done us good.

A friend of ours, says the Portland *Transcript*, who had long been absent, returned recently, and called upon two beautiful young ladies of his acquaintance. One came quickly to greet him in the neat, yet not precise attire, in which she was performing her household duties. The other, after the lapse of half an hour, made her stately entrance, in all the primness of starch and ribbons, with which, on the announcement of his entrance, she had hastened to bedeck herself. Our friend, who had long been hesitating on his choice between the two, now hesitated no longer. The cordiality with which the first hastened to greet him, and the charming carelessness of her attire, entirely won his heart. She is now his wife. Young ladies, take warning from the above, and never refuse to see a friend because you have on a wash gown. Be assured the true gentleman will not think less of you because he finds you in the performance of your duties, and not ashamed to let it be known. Besides, there may positively be a grace, a witching wildness about an every day dress, that adds to every charm of face and feature. Old Merrick expresses this "delight in disorder," far better than we can:

"A sweet disorder in the dress,
A happy kind of carelessness;
A lawn upon the shoulders thrown,
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher,
A cuff neglectful and thereby
Ribands that flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility—
Do more bewitch me than where art
Is too precise in every part."

In dress and manner, the late Mrs. Seward, wife of the Secretary of State, is described as simple and unostentatious to singularity. A smart mechanic's wife would not have exchanged wardrobes with her, and her milliner's apprentice looked at her in pitying wonder for her lost opportunities. And Mrs. Seward was regarded as one of the excellent of the earth, a woman of wonderful intellectual power and great breadth of attainment—the companion, confidant, counselor of her husband—one who read his written speeches before the printer saw them, and gave an opinion which he valued more than any other—one who read and digested long, tiresome documents, and gave him the substance in a few moments fireside chat, thus contributing largely to that fund of information which distinguished Mr. Seward. She was his "higher law" adviser, and whenever his policy fell below that standard, he had differed with her in opinion. She ever regarded the right as the expedient; or, in other words, aimed always to walk in the narrow path straight toward "the mark for the prize of the high calling which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

DRESS AT CHURCH.

Harper's *Bazaar* is certainly not very Puritanic on questions of dress. Perhaps the good people who are more under bondage to fine dressing than they suppose, will like its opinion on this subject of dressing for church:

"The best bred people of every Christian country but our own avoid all personal display when engaged in worship and prayer. Our churches, on the contrary, are made places for the exhibition of fine apparel and other costly and flaunting compliances with fashion, by those who boast of superior wealth and manners. We shall leave our gewgawed devotees to reconcile humiliation in worship with vanity in dress. That is a problem which we confess we have neither the right nor the capacity to solve. How far fine clothes may affect the personal piety of the devotees we do not pretend to even conjecture; but we have a very decided opinion in regard to their influence upon the religion of others. The fact is, that our churches are so fluttering with birds of fine feathers that no sorry fowl will venture in. It is impossible for poverty in rags and patches, or even in decent but humble costume, to take its seat, if it should be so fortunate as to find a place, by the side of wealth in brocade and broadcloth. The poor are so awed by the pretension of superior dress and "the proud man's contumely," that they naturally avoid too close a proximity to them. The church being the only place on this side of the grave designed for the rich and the poor to meet together in equal prostration before God, it certainly should always be kept free for this common humiliation and brotherhood. It is so in most of the churches in Europe, where the beggar in rags and wretchedness and the wealthiest and most eminent, whose appropriate sobriety of dress leaves them without mark of external distinction, kneel down together, equalized by a common humiliation before the only Supreme Being. The adoption of a more simple attire for church on the part of the rich in this country would have the effect, certainly not of diminishing their own personal piety, but probably of increasing the disposition for religious observance on the part of the poor.

We cannot comprehend how a deep spiritual yearning, an earnest hearty devotion, can co-ordinate with the gaudy plumage of the peacock or the conspicuous exhibition of flashing jewels. Tasteful attire, suited to the wearer's *personale,* is not out of place anywhere; for that which is truly tasteful cannot but be acceptable to all.

The following are given as good reasons for dressing plain on the Lord's day:

1. It would lessen the burdens of many who find it hard to maintain their place in society.
2. It would lessen the force of the temptations which often lead men to barter honor and honesty for display.
3. If there was less strife in dress at church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend.
4. Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts.
5. It would enable all classes of people to attend church better in unfavorable weather.
6. It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptation to vanity.
7. It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptation to be envious and malicious.
8. It would save valuable time on the Sabbath.
9. It would relieve our means for a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprise.

WEARING MOURNING.

We long for the day when this custom shall be obsolete. It is unbecoming the truly afflicted one. The wearer says by the black garment, "I have lost a dear friend. I am in deep sorrow." But true grief does not wish to parade itself before the eye of the stranger; much less does it assert its extent. The stricken one naturally goes apart from the world to pour out the tears. Real affliction seeks privacy. It is no respect to the departed friend to say we are in sorrow. If we have real grief it will be discovered.

When God has entered a household in the awful chastisement of death, it is time for religious meditation and communion with God on the part of the survivors. How sadly out of place, then, are the milliner and dressmaker, the tying on of dresses and the trimming of bonnets. There is something profane in exciting the vanity of a young girl by fitting a waist or trying on a hat, when the corpse of a father is lying in an adjoining room. It is a sacrilege to drag the widow forth from grief to be fitted for a gown, or to select a veil. It is often terribly oppressive to the poor. The widow left desolate, with half a dozen little children, the family means already reduced by the long sickness of the father, must draw on her scanty purse to pay for a new wardrobe for herself and children, throwing away the goodly stock of garments already prepared, when she likely knows not where she is to get bread for her little ones. Truly may fashion be called a tyrant, when it robs a widow of her last dollar. Surely your sorrow will not be questioned, even if you should not call in the milliner to help display it. Do not in your afflictions help on a custom which will turn the afflictions of your poorer neighbors to deeper poverty, as well as sorrow.

Mme. Demorest, in her new book, the *Dressmaker*, in speaking of the French, says: "I believe they never wear crape at all, and I cannot see how any one, living or dead, is the worse for it. In hot weather, to condemn mourners to the use of black cloth is a mild form of *suttee*, and should in common charity be abolished."

It was the rule at the Court of the Byzantine Empire from the foundation of Constantinople by Constantine the Great, when the father, mother, wife, son, or grandson of the emperor died, while they were reigning, for the sovereign to be clothed in white garments for as long a period as he considered proper; afterwards to change them for plain yellow; then for yellow embroidered with gold and precious stones, edged with trimmings of purple; and then to resume his usual imperial costume. During the period of the emperor's white mourning, every one of his subjects, from the highest to the lowest, had to wear black; and during the yellow mourning the near relatives of the dead had to be attired in black for forty days, even in the presence of the emperor; afterwards in blue, until he went out of mourning, when theirs also expired.

ABOUT JEWELRY.

"Like a jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

That is just where it belongs. The love of jewelry is barbaric. In savage countries, where gold or pearls, feathers or shells, and that "kind of motley" is your only wear, ornaments in the absence of all other dress, are the sole evidences of rank and consequence. In such a state, the ear-ring and the nose-ring, the chains, the hoops, the trinkets, trapping and other gauds, are most probably genuine. Paste, perfumery and imposture are the later products of civilization, and belong to the march of intellect and the progress of the race. Mankind have already reached a stage of improvement, when it becomes an important question,—whether jewelry has not exhausted its usefulness, and seen its best days. Can it do anything more for men and women? Having risen with the rich and great, and perhaps helped them up to their present height of refinement, are now these costly gems to fall off soon, and sink down among the unintellectual, barbarous people whence they sprang?

Diamonds and pearls; gold and sapphires; emeralds and carbuncles, and the whole family of gems, have run their race, and become as obsolete and useless as hour-glasses and clepsydras. They all have alike ceased to indicate anything, even the poor merit of being rich. The gold watch astonishes no more; it may be only a Peter Funk. Who can tell whether that yellow cable dangling from the waiscoat is a genuine Californian? Is that gooseberry-looking thing in the bosom a real emerald? Or that glistening bauble, a brilliant or bastard? Time was when these various appendages were diplomas of the condition of the wearer. But now, instead of determining the character of the craft by the flag flying in the rigging, the process is reversed. The face, and hands, and air of the individual are to be carefully scrutinized; his conversation, if possible, listened to; when his words are duly weighed, and his manners duly noted, then, and not before, is the ring upon his finger pronounced a sapphire, or a sham; and the immense chain he patiently lugs about determined to be pure deception or pure dust.

What is the use now of all this savage refinery? It certifies nothing—except it is the silliness of the person who thinks it does. If we know beforehand that the wearer is a nabob, we conclude the yellow glitter is a topaz, and not glass. But we do not then want the information; if it is not an interpreter it is nothing. How ridiculous are all cheating imitations of gold and precious stones! They are nothing till their character is ascertained. When that is done they are worse than nothing—deceiving nobody, but disgusting every man of sense; not useless simply, but ridiculous. Let oysters wear pearls, and toads carry gems, as they have been feigned to do, in their heads; the jewel reputation is the only one worth a real man's care. So universal has the taste for finery become, that a plain dress is now a badge of distinction.

The best dressed men wear the least jewelry. Of all things avoid showy chains, large rings, and gewgaw pins and broaches. All these things should be left to Negroes, Indians and South Sea Islanders.

We have seen young ladies so radiant with the splendors of rings, pins and beads, that they might almost be mistaken for the daughters of savages. We have been tempted to wish that they might have one other piece of jewelry—the fabulous ring of Gyges, which is said to have rendered the wearer invisible.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Extravagance in living is rapidly becoming the besetting sin of all our large cities. In fact, it is getting to be one of our national characteristics, and even foreigners who visit us, and who are familiar with the luxurious habits of the upper classes of European society, are astonished at the recklessness with which Americans now-a-days spend their money.

In this respect, things are different with us from what they were in former times. The days of republican simplicity and frugality, when our fathers were content with the gains of legitimate business, and honesty among the commercial classes was the rule rather than the exception, having given place to an era of fast living, as well as acquiring wealth. But the great trouble with us is, that the personal and family expenses of a large portion of our business men, during the last few years, have increased much faster in proportion than their means of indulgence.

Formerly, the partners of every well-to-do mercantile firm were in the habit of allowing a large portion of their annual profits to be reinvested as additional capital in their business, and of living plainly and economically upon the balance until able to retire upon a competency. Now, every young man, as soon as he becomes established in business, in order to secure his *entre* into society, must affect a princely style of living, which compels him to spend all his income, and sometimes to encroach upon his capital.

It is a notorious fact, since the close of the war, with the great falling off in business profits consequent upon the general shrinkage of value, a great many merchants and manufacturers have been living beyond their incomes. They know very well if they continue to go on in this way they will soon have ruin and bankruptcy staring them in the face. But they prefer to run the risk, and trust to better times, or in some lucky stroke of speculation to retrieve their fortunes, rather than retrench. They are men of the world, courting popularity and influence, whose wives and daughters move in the charmed circle of fashionable society, and they cannot bear to give up any portion, however trifling, of their outward display of opulence, for fear of losing caste.

The private dwellings of our citizens become every year more spacious, more lofty and of more ambitious architecture. Distant quarries are exhausted to supply materials, and the skill of our architects fatigued to furnish imposing plans and to vary the ornaments of the exterior. Within, the inmates tread on the choicest carpets woven in the looms of Brussels and Turkey; and windows are curtained with the costliest and most exquisite tissues; the walls are hidden with immense mirrors; the chimney pieces are of the finest marble of Italy or Egypt, and wrought into the most elaborate carvings. Veins of water are conducted to the uppermost stories to supply the baths, and streams of gas leading to every apartment, break out into jets of white flame at the will of the inmates. The sofas, the chairs, the couches, the tables, are of the latest Paris patterns, and when they have lost their first lustre, or have ceased to be the fashion of the day, they are sent to the auctions for sale.

Luxury and self-indulgence are unfavorable to the physical and intellectual and moral strength of a people. Such indulgence tends to effeminacy. If New York becomes Paris, and our country like France, we shall fall an easy prey to the first giant who lays his hand upon us.

Hon. John A. Dix, in a recent lecture before the Historical Society, made the following just remarks: "Nothing can be more unwise than the erection of costly dwellings, which can only be maintained by princely fortunes. At the death of the head of a family, and a division of the ancestral property, no one of the children, as a general rule, has enough to support the establishment, and it passes into other hands. Nothing can be more cruel than to bring up children with expectations which cannot be fulfilled, and with habits of life which they are compelled to abandon. The parent, for the sake of a few years of ostentation, invests a large portion of his estate in a splendid dwelling, with the certainty that his death will be the signal for the expulsion of his children from it. Nothing can be more inconsiderate, if it is done without reflection, or more unfeeling, if it is done with a full view of the inevitable consequences. Look for the splendid mansions of thirty years ago, and see what has become of them. Scarcely one remains in the family by which it was constructed. They are boarding-houses, places of public exhibition, or the workshops of fashion."

To dress according to one's means, to wear out old clothes, not to change the coat and hat as frequently as the fashion changes, to refrain from too much pleasure riding for want of means to pay, to deny one's self luxuries which may well be dispensed with, to withhold *borrowed* money from various objects of charity—in fine to practice a decent economy, pay one's honest debts, and save a small pittance for a rainy day—this is meanness, littleness, in the opinion of the extreme fashionable world.

The extravagance of the American people is often commented upon in this country and in France. In the luxuries of living I am satisfied no people surpass the masses of the United States, and there can be no question but that this often runs into prodigality in the use of money. In the higher circles and among the nobility of the Old World there is every enjoyment which wealth can purchase, but the great middle class and the poor do not compare with our own in the elegancies and comforts of life. Probably no nation so generally wear costly silks, satins and other fabrics to the extent which is seen in the United States; and a Kidderminster carpet manufacturer recently stated to the writer that America used more valuable articles in that branch than any other people, and the most extensive orders for pattern carpets, woven to fit the rooms, were from that country. He also states that Boston surpassed all other American markets in the demand for these expensive fabrics. In America a family is thought poor indeed which has no carpet on the floor, and most of our readers would have been impressed with the difference if they had walked with me a few days since through the streets of Kidderminster and looked into the rooms of the poorer people, whose doors open on a level with the street into the apartments where they live. Most of these, almost under the shadow of the great factories from which our people get their carpets, were not only uncarpeted, but the floors were of brick or tile, which had been used for scores or hundreds of years. One shudders at the sight of such homes, and wonders that the inmates are not chilled to death in the cold, damp winter. Most of the floors of the cathedrals and churches are of the same material, and bespeak but little of the comfort and neatness of the better class of churches in the United States.

In every portion of Europe, Americans have the name of being the most extravagant people in the world. British opulence and Russian magnificence have palled in the presence of republican grandeur. Every great continental city has some incident to relate which illustrates American lavishness. An incident was recently mentioned in a lace house in Paris, which has become historical. The proprietor called attention to a photograph hung on his wall. He remarked: "That is the picture of the memorable lace purchase by Kate Chase, daughter of Chief Justice Chase, and wife of Senator Sprague." It was understood to be the finest point lace ever made. The Queen of England and the Empress of France considered it too expensive, but the wife of an American Senator did not hesitate to pay $18,000 in gold for six and a half yards. Of course, a woman of such artistic notions is immensely admired in Paris. The Western people, particularly Californians, are considered the most lavish in the use of their money. Two of the fairer sexes from San Francisco recently ordered eighty-five dresses. Even the agent, though an American, was astonished at such an order, but it was faithfully executed. With such evidence of American lavishness, it is not surprising that the Russians and the English have become secondary to the Americans in all the marts of fashion.

No doubt there are extravagant women, but after all, as a class, American women are not extravagant, as a whole; they are, in fact, the best of economists; for they make small means go farther in their own expenses and in their households than any women in the world. That there are extravagant women as there are men, no one of course denies; that there are some who live only to make a show and glitter, is true, but in comparison with the whole number of wives and mothers, and daughters, these are but very few indeed. They will make, more cheerfully and without complaint, more devoted sacrifices, for their husbands and children, than any other women. They bow with more dignity and grace to the loss of property, and bear up with more resolution and fortitude under adverse circumstances, than any other of their sex. There never has been exhibited in the world's history more and nobler heroism or greater self sacrifice than by the women of the United States during the late rebellion.

Go up and down Broadway, through all the streets into all the cities and larger towns, and where you find one place fitted up for women to trade and buy in, you will find ten saloons, restaurants, grog-shops, cigar stores, sample rooms, concert halls, and other places where men pay large sums in the aggregate for things which profit neither "body, mind nor estate," but weaken the one, enervate the other, and waste the last.

Those who live to the future must always appear selfish to those who live for the present.

It is better to be laughed at than ruined; better to have a wife who, like Marshall's Mamurra, cheapens everything and buys nothing, than to be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase everything, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.

The miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

To live above your station shows a proud heart, and to live under it, discovers a narrow soul.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale.

He that accustoms himself to buy superfluities, may, ere long, be obliged to sell his necessaries.

Luxurious living is the highway to poverty.

Confine your expenses or they will confine you.

PRODIGALITY.

Covetous men need money least, yet they most affect it; but prodigals who need it most have the least regard for it.

He that spares in everything is a niggard; and he that spares in nothing is profuse; neither of which can be generous or liberal.

It is as disagreeable for a prodigal to keep an account of his senses, as it is for a sinner to examine his conscience; the deeper they search, the worse they find themselves.

A person who squanders away his fortune in rioting and profuseness, is neither just to himself or others; for, by a conduct of this kind, his superfluities flow in an irregular channel, and those that are the most unworthy are the greatest sharers in them, who do not fail to censure him when his substance is exhausted.

The prodigal has as little charity as the miser. His flinty soul is not to be touched with any tenderness, humanity or commisseration; neither poverty nor distress, innocence nor merit can melt him. That noble Bible truth, that there is more happiness in giving than in receiving, he has never experienced.

There is more money spent to be laughed at than for any one thing in the world, though the purchasers do not think so.

Riches lavishly spent breed grief to our heart, sorrow to our friends, and misery to our heirs.

"'Tis the last golden dollar, left shining alone;
All its brilliant companions are squandered and gone.
No coin of its mintage reflects back its hue,
They went in mint juleps, and this will go too!
I'll not keep thee thou lone one too long in suspense,
Thy brothers were melted and melt thou to pence!
I'll ask for no quarter, I'll spend and not spare,
Till my old tattered pockets hang centless and bare."

IDLENESS.

Everything within us and about us shows that it never was intended that man should be idle. One's own health and comfort, and the welfare and happiness of those around us, all require that man should labor. Mind, body, soul all alike suffer and rust out by idleness; the idler is a source of mental and moral offense to everbody around. He is a nuisance in the world and needs abatement for the public good, like any other source of pestilence.

We have received our earthly existence, not on conditions of our own prescribing, but on conditions prescribed by Him who made us. With respect to the present life, as well as the future one, it is to be expected that the quality of the harvest will be the same as the seed. If we sow the seed of idleness and prodigality, we shall reap the tares of poverty and shame. There is no such thing as abolishing or bending, or evading the fixed laws of nature; whether we like them or not, they will go steadily into effect.

Thomas Carlyle has said, somewhere in his voluminous works, that the world has "one monster—the idle man." Who can doubt it? Young man, are *you* an idler? Are you consenting, under some pretext or other, to live on the earnings of others? Do you plead "bad health," while they are feebler than you? Are you spending your hours in utter idleness, while even your mother and sisters are pricking their fingers with the needle, or skinning them at the wash-tub, to keep you in bread and butter, and hide your lazy carcass with decent clothes? We have *known* some young men (?) as mean as this.

Arouse yourself, young man! Shake off the wretched and disgraceful habits of the do-nothing, if you have been so unfortunate as to incur them, and go to work at once! "But what shall I do?" you perhaps ask. *Anything*, rather than continue in dependent, and enfeebling, and demoralizing idleness. If you can get nothing else to do, sweep the streets. But you are "ashamed" to do that. If so, your shame has been very slow in manifesting itself, seeing how long you have been acting, on life's great stage, the despicable parts of drone and loafer, *without* shame!

Idler! Take the foregoing home to yourself. Don't try to persuade yourself that the cap doesn't fit you. Honestly acknowledge its fitness. It will be a great point gained, to become honest with yourself. It will be a step forward—a step towards that justice to others which your present conduct absolutely ignores!

If you should see a man digging in a snow drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds upon the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections and holy principles! If you desire a virtuous and happy life in youth you must shape your character by the Word of unerring Wisdom, and plant in your bosom the seeds of virtue.

The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is of no benefit to anybody; he is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of every-day life; he is of no advantage; he annoys busy men, he makes them unhappy. He may have an income to support his idleness, or he may "sponge" on his good-natured friends, but in either case he is despised. Young men do something in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world! Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourself. Do not be idle. God's law is that by the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread.

If idleness does not produce vice or malevolence, it commonly produces melancholy. Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die in the consciousness of having done his best.

No greater foe to human health and happiness exists than idleness and its accompanying condition of *ennui*. What is more melancholy to see than idleness in youth, surfeit in the adult, and weariness, disease, and despair in old age. Whatever induces depression is as baneful to existence as the barnacles are to the ship on whose hull they collect. Firmness of will and a cheerful disposition are the two choicest dispositions one can inherit. The force of the will, by giving a high tone to the moral faculties of the soul, strengthens the principle of life, and enables both mind and body to resist all that is pernicious and hurtful to it. Fear or indecision, on the other hand, delivers it up helpless to the enemy. Energy in doing good is still more sustaining than even strength of will devoted to mere selfish ends. Kant used to say that most nervous disorders are due to idleness and mental inertia. Many conditions of debility, discomfort, distress and sickness arise, indeed, from mere fretful and cowardly giving way to corporeal sensations. The great French Revolution roused many poor, sickly and languishing persons to health and activity.

An idle body is a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him. How wretched it is to hear people complain that the day hangs heavy upon them; that they do not know what to do with themselves. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves to the pursuit of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before.

The idle should not be classed among the living; they are a sort of dead men that can't be buried.

The proud and haughty who are daily seen strolling up and down the street in idleness, who engage in no useful employment, nor honorable calling, but who live as drones in society, supported by the legacies of their ancestors, are but little aware of their own insignificance and folly, the small esteem and utter contempt entertained towards them by the wise and better thinking, and of their own miserable enjoyments and false pleasure, when contrasted with the serene happiness and satisfaction of the liberal and open-hearted, who live not only to enjoy themselves, but to benefit their generation, ornament the world and honor their Creator.

Man was never intended to be idle; inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation; whereas, an active life is the best guardian of virtue and the greatest preservation of health.

Pity the man who has nothing to do.

Idleness is the mother of more misery and crime than all other causes ever thought or dreamed of by the profoundest thinker, or the wisest theorist.

Idleness is the nursery of crime. It is that prolific germ of which all rank and poisonous vices are the fruits. It is the source of temptation. It is the field where "the enemy sows tares while men sleep." Could we trace the history of a large class of vices we should find that they generally originate from the want of some useful employment, and are brought in to supply its place.

There are few who know how to be idle and innocent. By doing nothing we learn to do mischief. It is idleness that leads to vice. Idleness is the parent of vice. An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

The Turks have a proverb that the devil tempts industrious men, but idle men tempt the devil.

Solon made idleness a crime; and insisted that each citizen should give an account of the manner of getting his livelihood.

Epaminondas, Prince of Thebes, had such a hatred to idleness, that upon finding one of his captains asleep in the day time, he slew him. For which act, being reproved by his nobles, he replied: I left him as I found him; comparing idle men to dead men.

When Peisistratus, Tyrant of Athens, and the wisest of Grecian statesmen, was one day walking through some of his fields, several persons implored his charity. "If you want beasts to plow your land," said he, "I will lend you some; if you want land, I will give you some; if you want seed to sow your land, I will give you some; but I will encourage none in idleness." By this conduct, in a short time, there was not a beggar in his dominions.

"This we command you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat. 2 Thess. iii, 10.

Bacon says that labor conquers all things, but idleness conquers more people than labor does.

It is a Chinese maxim that for every man who does not work, and for every woman that is idle, somebody must suffer hunger or cold.

Not one in twenty of the idle men have trades. This fact alone should teach parents the necessity of giving their sons a trade, which will in a measure make them independent. It seems to be a prevailing idea among our people that their sons should not soil their hands with dirty machinery, but should adopt the life of a clerk or book-keeper, which they deem more fashionable at least, if not more honorable. To learn to keep a set of books is of much importance if the knowledge be applied to his own financial matters, but to depend upon it for a livelihood is very wrong. Our colleges are turning out ten book-keepers to one business man in the city every year, and all these business men have trustworthy, practical accountants, and there will be no vacancy then until some one of them dies or moves out of the city. So that dependance upon this profession is very slim. Better follow the old Turkish law and place your sons in a mill or foundry, where they can secure an independent trade; a something that they can depend upon when the storm of adversity, which comes to the best of us, bursts upon him and in an instant sweeps his property from him. In an hour like that he can afford to smile, for while he has hands, he has locked away in his brains a mechanical genius which will creep out at the finger nails and earn bread for his little ones, and secure them the comforts of life. The man without a trade can only sit down after the storm is passed and mourn his loss, and unless some kind friend offers him a seat in his office or a place behind his counter, he grows melancholy and dejected, goes down one step after another until he lands in a premature grave. No matter how much wealth you have to offer your sons when your life is done, teach them some handicraft, so that, should adversity come to them, they will not be dependent upon their friends for support.

It is deceiving one's self to believe that it is only violent passions, like those of love and ambition, which are able to triumph over others. Slothfulness, as languishing as it is, permits none to be its mistress; it usurps all the designs and all the actions of life. It destroys and consumes insensibly the passions and the virtues.

More men grow old from having nothing to do, than from overwork. The running machine will keep bright for years—the idle machine will soon rust out.

It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now; just a little beer, or some other drink. In the meantime play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful book. If you read, let it be the dime novels of the day. Thus go on, keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be nobody, unless (as is quite likely) you should turn out a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than a nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons, billiard-rooms and rum-shops just ready to graduate and be nobody.

Rather do nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find thee doing. The bird that sits is easily shot, when fliers escape the fowler. Idleness is the dead sea that swallows all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man. The idle man is the devil's hireling, whose livery is rags, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

If you will be nothing, just wait to be something. That man who waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and finally regret his useless intentions and barren zeal. A young man idle, an old man needy.

Idleness travels very leisurely and poverty soon overtakes her.

Poverty and pride are inconvenient companions; but when idleness unites them, the depth of wretchedness is complete.

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous *visitations* they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff.

An idle man always thinks he has a right to feel affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much of his time as he has leisure to waste.

Idleness destroys character; is the parent of future remorse; the gate of all harms; a fruitful cause of misery.

Who does nothing, knows nothing.

He is idle that might be better employed.

The idle man is more perplexed what to do, than the industrious in doing what he ought.

The only people who have a moment to spare are those who are never idle.

Time never passes so slowly and tediously as to the idle and listless. The best cure for dullness is to keep busy.

Idleness is like the nightmare—the moment you begin to stir yourself you shake it off.

Idleness is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.

If the spendthrift's poverty be imbittered by remembering that he was once rich, how must the idler's obscurity be clouded by remembering that he once had lustre.

To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches; and, therefore, every man endeavors with the utmost care to hide his poverty from others, and his idleness from himself.

Only the idler or the coward rails against his fortune.

The mind, like the body, wearies more from the want of action than from excess of it.

Depend upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart; and the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.

"Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?"
—SHAK.

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting o'er lost days.

INDOLENCE.

Excellence is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence that success may be the reward of industry, and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace.

Self-complacency begets indolence, a condition alike disastrous to nations and to individuals. Indolence, poverty; poverty, misery. Indolence imparts vice; vice leads to crimes, and crimes to the gallows.

It is an error to believe that the vehement passions alone, like love or ambition, triumph over the rest. Indolence, nerveless as it may be, is generally master of every other; it steals dominion over every action of life, and stealthily paralyses alike all passions and all virtues.

Indolence leaves the door of the soul unlocked and thieves and robbers go in and spoil it of its treasures.

Sloth is slow suicide.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Think of that, my little lads. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a lazy, shiftless vagabond when he was old enough to be a man, though he was not a man in character, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearance? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up to do nothing useful. All those who are good men now, and useful to the community, were industrious when they were boys. If you do not like to work now, a love for industry can soon be acquired by habit. Look around at once for something to do, in doing which you can benefit somebody. Shun idleness as you would the evil one.

Those who make our great and useful men were trained in their boyhood to be industrious.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time. "I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller; "I am obliged to work for it."

Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes it. If half the pains were taken by some people to *perform* the labor allotted them that are taken by them to *avoid* it, we should hear much less said about the troubles of life, and see much more actually completed.

The Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison says: "Eight out of every ten come here by liquor, and a great curse is not learning a trade. Young men get the notion that it is not genteel to learn a trade; they idle away their time, get into saloons, acquire the habit of drinking, and then gambling, and then they are ready for any crime."

It is wonderful what people have been enabled to accomplish who have labored under the greatest possible disadvantages. A very marked instance occurred in the city of Augsbourg, of a blind man who had acquired a competence, besides supporting a large family, by selling books. He was a man of great enterprise, and, by one means or another, managed to pick up considerable information. His enjoyment of books naturally suggested the idea of dealing in them. His wife was a sensible woman, and quite indispensable to him in his business. His library consisted of eight thousand volumes, and were arranged so carefully that he could instantly turn to any volume called for. When a new lot of books came in, his wife read over to him all the particulars respecting them, and, after turning them carefully once in his hands, he was able to fix the price. His memory never fails him in regard to his shop arrangements. His manner is most civil and obliging, and to this, no doubt, he owes a large share of his extensive custom. He is also strictly honest, and very well informed in regard to books. Intelligent reading people delight to converse with him, and one friend is sure to make half a dozen others for him. So much a man may accomplish who was born blind, but who sought diligently to cultivate his mind, heart and manners. Surely no energetic young man with two stout arms and good eyes should be discouraged by a few difficulties in his way, and conclude he can never get on in the world.

To be without arms seems more dreadful still. We can hardly imagine a more helpless condition. Yet John Hatter, who was born without arms, can sew with his toes, can write legibly, load and fire off a pistol, and do a great many other wonderful things with the greatest apparent ease.

A lady who had lost the use of her hands learned to manage a paint brush with her lips, and executed many pretty paintings.

Such instances should have their lesson for lazy people, who always see "a lion in the way" of their accomplishing anything. They should nerve the working bees in the great hive to still greater exertions, and should rebuke the spirit of sloth, whenever it endeavors to gain mastery over us.

LEISURE.

None but a wise man can employ leisure well, and he that makes the best use of his time hath none to spare.

Leisure is time for doing something useful; this the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things. No man who improves his leisure hours in useful reading and study, can fail of becoming distinguished and useful in his profession—while he who spends his time in idleness or self-indulgence, is sure to occupy an inferior position.

It is not every one who thinks how wise he may become by learning only a little every day. Four hours a day during six months and two hours a day the balance of the year spent in reading and other means of self-culture, would amount to forty-five days a year. Ten years would be four hundred and fifty days—which would be equal to two good years at college. Is not this worth saving? Is there not a fortune in this? So cheap, too! Money saved by it! Manhood made by it! Respectability won by it! Hundreds of young men will refer their future success or failure to the way they spent the evenings and leisure hours of the present winter. Industry is always attended with success and contentment. Every farmer should provide his boys with plenty of good reading and a well fitted up work shop.

The young abhor the last results of idleness, but they do not perceive *that the first step leads to the last.* They are in the opening of this career, but with them it is genteel leisure, not laziness; it is relaxation, not sloth; amusement, not indolence. But leisure, relaxation, and amusement, when you ought to be usefully employed, are indolence.

Leisure is a very pleasant garment, but it is a very bad one for constant wear.

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

Some one has said: "If bread could be procured as easily as water, men would be more likely to become brutes for the want of something to do, than philosophers from the possession of leisure."

Another writer says: "Whenever you see young men spending their leisure hours at some resort of gaming or some other amusement, it is a sure sign that they will never become great men."

IGNORANCE.

It is better to be poor than ignorant. It is dangerous to be ignorant where the masses, as in our country, are enlightened. In a general illumination, the unlighted windows are often pelted and broken. Says Victor Hugo, in Les Miserables, " destroy the cave Ignorance, and you destroy the mole, Crime."

The truth of this axiom has been constantly demonstrated ever since the construction of this globe. The dark ages have been those when ignorance was more powerful than knowledge. The growth of invention, science and art has yearly added to the world's enlightenment and deliverance from evil. In this great work of reformation, the Church, the Common School and the Printing Press have been the three great agencies which, hand in hand, have dispensed wisdom and virtue. Who would destroy or proscribe these, would, to a corresponding extent, inaugurate crime and degredation. These assertions need no proof; they are self-evident facts to the student of human nature and of history.

Sir Isaac Newton made a confession, which the young might be excused for accepting as the voice of mock modesty, did not the rare truthfulness which history has ascribed to the discoverer of gravitation, forbid such a suspicion. We allude to his declaration, after the contemporaneous world of science was content to own him as its teacher, that he felt as though he had only gathered a few pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of knowledge lay outstretched before him! The experience of the Newtons of the world, is the experience of all its searchers after knowledge. The young, with the mere " pebbles" which they have gathered from the rivulets of academical text-books and collegiate lectures, walk forth as self-confidently, not to say as vauntingly, as one would be entitled to do, who had dived to the depths of the very ocean, and brought up its hidden treasures. But the very first contact with the actual world serves to dissipate the delusions of the ideal. By degrees they come to realize the difficulties before them, and to perceive that no school or college can furnish more than merely the *beginning* of knowledge. The older they grow, if they continue studying, the more deficient they feel themselves to be. When early manhood, with its cares, is once upon them, the remembrance of early opportunities neglected will begin to accuse them. A semi-consciousness of *how much* neglect has cost them, will then steal upon them. The *full* sense of the utter pebbliness of their knowledge such as haunted the great astronomer, will be reserved for a still later experience. But they will be sure to realize it, sooner or later, in their lives. What a volume of hints, young man, is given to you by the confession of Newton.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead. We can perhaps tolerate a man who has just ignorance enough to talk among fools, if he has discretion enough to be silent among men of sense. Yet of all ignorance, that which is silent is the least productive, for praters may suggest an idea, if they cannot start one. It is impossible to make some people understand their own ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; therefore, he that can perceive it, hath it not. Some men do wisely to counterfeit reservedness, to keep their *chest* always locked—not for fear any one should steal treasures thence, but lest some one should look in and see that there is nothing to steal. Ignorant men are always in amaze. Wonder is the effect of ignorance.

Those who know little see little. To the man who cannot read, this page is a blank. In exact proportion as our stock of information increases the sphere of our mental vision is enlarged. Knowledge furnishes eyes to our understanding, and endows them with clearness, precision and magnific power. To the ignorant man the stars are mere specks of light, rather more ornamental he thinks, perhaps, than his tin lantern, but not half so useful as a guide to his footsteps through the night. To the astronomer they are worlds and congeries of worlds, moving through space in obedience to immutable laws, fulfilling in their shining march purposes at which even his educated intellect can only guess, and, seeing them with the eyes of science, he wonders and adores. Botany, chemistry, every branch of natural philosophy, gives us a deeper, truer insight into the mysteries by which we are surrounded. We cannot even understand our own mechanism without the aid of physical science. It has been said that the more men know, the more profound and general their knowledge—the more they are disposed to skepticism in religious matters. The assertion is false. Men of the deepest research are usually the firmest believers in revelation. There are and have been undevout philosophers, but the few exceptions do not militate against the rule. The *greatest* lights of modern learning and science have been sincere Christians.

How many young ladies are there who would be mortified to the last degree, if a frill or a collar or other parts of their dress were displaced, but who, on being detected in ignorance, even in the history of their own country, would own it without a blush.

If thou wilt be cured of thy ignorance confess it. Undisguised ignorance is vastly more endurable than affected learning. It is sometimes quite enough for a man to feign ignorance of that which he knows, to gain the reputation of knowing that of which he is ignorant.

Ignorance pays such a tax that we can't imagine how anybody can afford to be such a blockhead.

Spring commands twice as much wages as his neighbor McCracken. A wide difference, and all caused by Spring's knowing how to read, write and cipher. Thus it will be seen that McCracken's want of knowledge costs him several hundred dollars a year—which shows that ignorance costs him as much as his wife and children, house rent inclusive.

Ignorance takes to dirt as naturally as it does to ugliness. In proof of this, we would mention that a dealer in ashes informed us that the opening of a public school in a ward, increased the sale of soap twenty-five per cent. From this it must be seen that the more people read, the more they think; and the more they think, the more frequently they indulge in wash basins and clean towels.

Ignorance is a cause, and misery an effect, in all matters, in every phase and condition of life. Ignorance of any of nature's laws impels their non-observance, and the punishment surely follows. If a man puts his finger in the blaze, he will suffer pain from the burn he receives; and, if he puts a fire-brand in his stomach, whether in the shape of inflammable food or drink, he will suffer for it. And this brings up a view of the temperance question, that has not received the attention it deserves. People have been so busy lopping off the branches of the tree of intemperance, that they have never once bethought themselves that the proper way would be to cut off and dig up the roots. The world is too superficial, and superficiality is also born of ignorance. John Stuart Mill, the eminent English scholar, and one of the most advanced thinkers of the age, speaking of the temperance question, uses all the resources of his mind to expose the utter folly of those who would make men virtuous by force and law. The true way, he argues, is to elevate the people to self-denial and moderation by improving their material conditions, and by a wise system of education. It is a well-known fact, that, after all the exertions for temperance that have been made by the various temperance organizations, and by philanthropists and reformers generally, the torrent of intemperance still rushes on with increasing volume, and there are more intoxicating liquors sold and drank in the United States to-day than at any former period. Hence it is evident that there is something radically wrong in our treatment of the evil, which has been and still is nothing but the merest quackery. Public opinion has laid the cause to the dram-shops. It would be more philosophical to say that intemperance—the desire to indulge in intoxicating drink—causes dram-shops to appear, to satisfy that desire, than that the dram-shops cause the intemperance. The principal cause of the desire for intoxicating drinks can be traced to what may be called the sensational in eating. People are not satisfied with simple and wholesome food, cooked in a rational manner; but must destroy its simplicity and healthfulness by minor stimulants, which demand greater. This creates what is called a thirst for intoxicating drinks, but which is in no sense a thirst, being rather the cry of the nervous system for its accustomed stimulant. A gentleman who has visited several inebriate asylums says he has invariably observed that inebriates are large eaters, especially of animal food —that being more stimulating than vegetable food. Beef, too, was preferred to mutton and other kind, as being the most stimulating kind of animal food. And it was usually, before being eaten, covered with mustard sufficient in quantity to blister the heel of the thickest-skinned African in creation if applied thereto. Almost everything that was eaten was made literally black with pepper, so much so that he once suggested to the steward that he should put the pepper on the table in bowls, with tablespoons in them, and let the patients ladle it out in that way; for it took too long to get the required quantity from the ordinary style of pepper-box with perforated lid. Coffee and tea of the strongest kind were drank in the largest quantities. And tobacco was used to excess. Everybody seemed to be smoking; smoking continually. A physician attending the institution said they literally "smoked tons of it." Mr. Parton, in his "Atlantic Monthly" article, "Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?" asks, "How could we dispose of the enormous amount of food we consume on festive occasions without the aid of some stimulus to digestion?" As long as people gormandize and gluttonize themselves, their diseased stomachs will crave stimulants. Strong meats and mustard and pepper, with tobacco before dinner and after dinner, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, will create a demand for fiery liquors; and between them all, the poor victim of ignorance is kept in a continual ferment and fever. And, while it may not be true that every one who eats inordinately, and of stimulating and highly-seasoned food is a drunkard, it is nevertheless true, that, by this manner of living, such a person supplies necessary conditions for becoming a drunkard.

And that he does not become one is, perhaps, because of a high moral principle acting in conjunction with a great will-power to restrain his appetite for diffusible stimulants; for we hold that in such a case his appetite exists. Here is where a temperance movement, to be successful, must be begun. As people outgrow their ignorance, they will live more rationally, eat simpler food, discard all high seasoning, and the victory will soon be won. Temperance will become the rule, because there will be no demand nor appetite for intoxicating drinks.

TIMIDITY AND IRRESOLUTION.

Bashfulness is not a fault; it is more a nervous affection than anything else. The over-bashful should mix more in society, and cultivate an indifference to outward symptoms. Too great a distrust of one's self, produces a base fear; while it deprives our minds of their liberty and assurance, it makes our reasoning weak, our words trembling, and our actions faint. By fearing to attempt something, we will do nothing. A man is seldom successful that is diffident of himself. A timid man can never become great; if he possesses talent, he cannot apply it; he is trampled upon by the envious and awed by the swaggering, he is thrust from the direct path which leads to honor and fame, by every aspirant who possesses more spirit than himself. A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them making the first effort—and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of his life, at which man chooses to venture, *if ever*, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity in such instances, of little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. Whatever your hands find to do, do it with all your might.

Never allow yourself to pass for a mere man of silk. Let the world know you have *some iron in you.* It is the inherent vice of half-way men, as it is of half-way measures, that they create as many difficulties as they remove. The cowardly and inactive lie in the ditch where they fall, or under the ruins that crush them. But the hopeful and energetic are upon their feet again, moving once more toward the goal of success, and more cautiously than before.

The "I cant's," says Hunt, in his "Morals for Merchants," are numerous and ubiquitous. You may know them everywhere, in the legislative halls, on the battle-field, in the council-chamber, at the bar, in the counting-house, in the studio, at the bench, or in the furrow, for they are spawned everywhere; and among all classes of individuals—merchants or mechanics, you know "I can't"—as well by what he *does*, as by what he will not try to do; and a miserable, mumbling, mealy-mouthed, mountain raising and mole-hill moving mummy of a man, will you find him in any of these pursuits. He is always for delay. "He hasn't time, or he hasn't tools; he lacks means, or he must have more help;" you "had better wait;" or he knows "it is impossible;" anything rather than *do it.* "I'll try," never comes into *his* head, while to say "I can't," is the easiest, as well as the meanest method of accomplishing his desires. It may be safely assumed that neither Alfred nor Arkwright, Milton nor Maury, Washington nor Whitney, Girard nor Astor, nor any other among the glorious galaxy of determinate, industrial stars, ever yet recognized the canting use to which the phrase is put by such as we describe.

How many occasions for doing good, in greater or less measures, are passed by from irresolution! . While we are saying to ourselves, shall I, or shall I not? the moment flies away, and the blossom of joy which we might have given to it is withered and often cannot be revived by any tears of repentance. The irresolute man cannot perform any action well.

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution,—to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be always intending to lead a life, but never to find a time to set about it.

DISCONTENT.

Some people are never contented with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. We saw a striking illustration the other day of the infirmity we are speaking of, in the conduct of a child about three years old. He was crying because his mother had shut the parlor door. "Poor thing," said a neighbor compassionately, "you have shut the child *out*." "It's all the same to him," replied the mother, "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, if he is left rather suddenly on either side of a door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are older children who take the same view of things.

Every man thinks his neighbor is happier than he is, but if he would change places with him he will want to trade back next morning.

Nearly every one we meet wishes to be what he is not. The boy apes the man; the man affects the ways of boyhood. The sailor envies the landsman; the landsman goes to sea for pleasure. The busines man who has to be continually traveling about to buy or sell goods wishes for the day when he can "settle down," whilst the sedentary man is always wanting a chance to flit about and to travel, which he thinks would be his greatest pleasure. Town people think the country glorious; country folks are always wanting to come to town. No one is satisfied, no one is always contented; and if we can pry into the secrets of those who preach the loudest about contentment, we will wonder at the amount of discontent that reigns in their bosoms.

How universal it is! We never yet saw the man who would say, "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich or the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of muttering, the voice of complaint.

The other day we stood by a cooper who was playing a merry tune with his adze round a case. "Ah! said he, "mine is a hard lot; forever trotting like a dog, driving a hoop."

"Heigho!" sighed the blacksmith, on a hot summer day as he wiped the persperation from his brow, while the red hot iron glowed on the anvil, "This is life with a vengeance, melting and frying one's self over a fire."

"Oh, that I was a carpenter!" ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap-stone. "Here I am, day after day, wearing my soul away making soles for others, cooped up in this seven-by-nine room,—hi, ho, hum!"

"I'm sick of this out-door work!" exclaimed the carpenter, "Boiling under the sweltering sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather,—I wish I was a tailor."

"This is too bad!" perpetually cries the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here plying the needle all the time. Would that mine were a more active life."

"Last day of grace—banks won't discount, customers won't pay; what shall I do?" grumbled the merchant. "I had rather be a truck-horse, a dog, or anything else."

"Happy fellows!" groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some dry musty record; "happy fellows! I'd rather hammer stone all day than puzzle my head on this tedious, vexatious question."

And through all the ramifications of society all are complaining of their condition, finding fault with their particular calling. "If it were only this, or that, or the other, I should be content," is the universal cry—"anything but what I am." So wags the world, so has it wagged, and so will it wag.

A fable has been told about an Egyptian who had a nice little garden of leeks; but he was discontented at having to toil for his daily bread. His good genius came to his aid, and made him owner of a villa, with two slaves to wait on him.

He was delighted with the gift, and promised to crave nothing more. It was not long before he coveted the neighboring garden, with its statues and fountains. The garden was given him, and then he took a fancy to the meadow beyond. The meadow was granted him, and then he wanted the park on the further side of it. The park was bestowed on him, and then, like Ahab, he wanted to rob a poor man of his little vineyard! Open the door to one discontented wish, and you don't know how many will follow.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

There is no one so liable to be angry with others as he who is ill at ease with himself.

The chief source of human discontent is to be looked for, not in real, but in our fictitious wants; not in the demands of nature, but in the artificial craving of desire.

To be discontented, sit by a window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion, which he has recently built and paid for, and fitted out. "Oh, that I were a rich man." Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself: "When shall I be buried here?" Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your kindness, and every hour in the day whisper to yourself: "I wonder if he will ever pay that note?" Think everybody means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine until you have put your neighbor to a great deal of trouble. Put confidence in nobody, believe every man you trade with to be a rogue. Never accommodate if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a cent to assist the poor. Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and the hearts of the unfortunate. Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talents, and believe that at no distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty. Follow these recipes strictly, and you will be miserable to your heart's content—if we may so speak—sick at heart, and at variance with the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you, nothing will throw a gleam of sunshine or ray of warmth into your heart.

Discontent is a sin that is its own punishment, and makes men torment themselves.

A gentleman of vast inherited property, being rather too well off to be contented, began to build factories on a great scale. Whereupon a friend remarked, "Ah! he is fast *turning his dollars into mills.*" The event speedily proved that there was as much truth as wit in the remark. That there is much restlessness among the children of men will not be questioned by any individual. But does not this, in every instance arise from distrust of God? Distrust begets fears, complaining and rebellion. Were your heart such as to lead you to cast *all* your cares upon God, how wonderful would be the relief? What heavenly calmness would possess your mind? How sweet would be your composure, how refreshing your rest? Urge yourself onward then to this duty. Bring your spirits to this fountain. Here drink, and be satisfied. It is like rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, and obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." This is the remedy for all disquietude, for every species of murmuring. These healing waters will remove every ruffling surge from the mind, and refresh the soul with joys unutterable and full of glory.

DIFFICULTIES AND DISCOURAGEMENTS.

Difficulty of achievement stupefies the sluggard, advises the prudent, terrifies the fearful, and animates the courageous. The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests. Be determined that no trial shall overcome your patience, and no impediment conquer your perseverence. The deeper the well, the cooler the water. The stoutest timber stands on Norwegian rocks, where tempests rage, and long, hard winters reign. The muscles are seen most fully developed in the brawny arm that plies the blacksmith's hammer. The Magic, of Bristol, R. I., a boat which beat everything easily at the Bridgeport regatta, in 1864, was built, owned and sailed by a blind man. It is difficulties which give birth to miracles. It is not every calamity that is a curse, and early adversity is often a blessing. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon would never have mounted a throne had not her cradle been rocked in a prison. Surmounted obstacles not only teach but hearten us in our future struggles, for virtue must be learned, though, unfortunately, some of the vices come as if by inspiration. The austerities of our northern climate, says Sharpe in his Essays, are thought to be the cause of our abundant comforts, as our wintry nights and stormy seas have given us a race of seamen perhaps unequalled in the world.

As before swift ships there swims a hill of water, and a corresponding billowy abyss glides along close behind, so always before us is there a mountain, which we hope to climb, and behind us still a deep valley out of which we seem to have ascended. It seems to be the inevitable experience of all important projects, that their incipient steps should be surrounded with difficulties and retarded by opposition.

Nature is a faultless teacher, and she *opposes* all her children into the perfection of their being! The little bird comes out from the nest; it does not understand the doctrine of balancing; it clings convulsively with its little feet to the swinging spray. But, for all that, Nature does not hold it gently in her hand, for she tosses the branch bravely this way and that. The bird does not fall—it only flutters, and, swayed into the doctrine of balancing, the next one sees of it, it is sitting and singing upon the topmost billows of the green pine.

Nothing is really troublesome that we do willingly. Nobody knows what strength of parts he has till he has tried them. And of the understanding one may most truly say, that its force is greater generally than it thinks till it is put to it. A persuasion that we shall overcome any difficulties that we may meet with in the sciences, says Locke, seldom fails to carry us through them. Nobody knows the strength of his mind, and the force of steady and regular application till he has tried. This is certain; he that sets out upon weak legs will not only go farther, but grow stronger, too, than one who, with a vigorous constitution and firm limb, only sits still.

Dr. Bushnell wisely says, "Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proofs that they are poisons. No! A truce to all such impatience. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and to his work, in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it."

Almost all the first works of what are called popular authors, ran the gauntlet of ungentle rejections before a publisher was found to accept the manuscript. Uncle

Tom's Cabin was refused by a well-known publishing house in Boston, but the same house subsequently made the *amende honorable* by a liberal engagement for another book. Charlotte Bronte knew the bitterness of rejection from publishers. Robinson Crusoe was ungently passed along from one house to another till De Foe was fain to take up with a publisher who brought out the book as a mere venture of curiosity. Beresford's Miseries of Human Life, which realized more than five thousand pounds by its publication, was rejected by a bookseller to whom he offered it for twenty. Andrew Millar, who brought out Johnson's Dictionary, sent the author the following letter with the acknowledgement of the receipt of the last sheet of the manuscript: "Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him." The publisher received this reply: "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

Alexander Dumas, Sr., says he commenced life amidst a number of discouraging failures. The girl with whom he had fallen in love never found it out until she had married another man. The first literary article which he carried to the editor of a journal was rejected in almost scornful terms. The first novel which he wrote was burned up at a conflagration. The first servant whom he engaged robbed him of nearly every sou. The first publisher whom he found failed before he had settled with him. The first play of his which was performed was hissed. The first criticism which he read about something he had written was full of virulent abuse. The first dramatic success he met with was dimmed by the insolence with which the manager, in his presence, attributed the triumph that had been achieved, not to the play, but to the skill of the actors. The first house he bought had a bad title and involved him in a lawsuit. The first journal he started was ruined by the malicrous intrigues of a hostile *coterie.*

Carrissimi, a famous composer of music, being praised for the ease and grace of his melodies, exclaimed! "Ah! with what difficulty is this ease acquired!"

Because you find a thing very difficult, do not presently conclude that no man can master it; but whatever you observe proper and practical by another, believe likewise in your own power.

"It is impossible!" said some, when Peter the Great determined on a voyage of discovery; and the cold and uninhabited region over which he reigned furnished nothing but some larch trees to construct his vessel. But, though the iron, the cordage, the sails, and all that was necessary, except the provisions for victualing them, were to be carried through the immense desert of Siberia, down rivers of difficult navigation, and along roads almost impassible, *the thing was done*; for the command of the sovereign, and perseverance of the people, surmounted every obstacle.

"*It is impossible!*" said some, as soon as they heard the scheme of Oberlin's. To rescue his parishioners from a half starved state, he determined to open a communition with the high road to Strasburg, so that the productions of the Ben de la Roche might find a market. Having assembled the people, he proposed that they should blast the rocks, and convey a sufficient quantity of enormous masses to construct a wall from a road about a mile and half in length, along the bank of the River Bruche, and build a bridge across it.

The peasants were astonished at this proposition, and pronounced it impracticable; and every one excused himself on the grounds of private business. He, however, reasoned with them and added the offer of his own example. No sooner had he pronounced the words, than with a pick-axe on his shoulder he proceeded to the spot, while the astonished peasants, animated by his example, forgot their excuses, and hastened with one consent to fetch their tools to follow him. At length every obstacle was surmounted; walls were erected to support the earth, which appeared ready to give way; mountain torrents, which had hitherto inundated the meadows, were divided into courses, or received into beds sufficient to contain them, *and the thing was done.* The bridge still bears the name of the "Bridge of Charity."

"*It is impossible!*" said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forest which covered the rugged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus in Switzerland, and harkened to the darling plan of a man named Rapp, to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the lake of Lucerne, a distance of near nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough of twenty-four thousand pine trees, six feet broad and from three to six feet deep, and the slide, which was completed in 1812, and called the Slide of Alpnach, was kept moist. Its length was forty-four thousand English feet. It had to be conducted over rocks, or along their sides, or under ground or over deep places, where it was sustained by scaffoldings; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle, *and this was done.* The trees slid down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The large pines, which were about a hundred feet long, ran through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes.

A gentleman who saw this great work, says that "such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only hit it once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blow.

Say not hastily, then, "It is impossible." It may be so to do a thing in an hour, or a day, or a week, by thoughtlessness and indolence; but to act with wisdom, energy and perseverance, is to insure success. "Time and patience," says a Spanish author, "make the mulberry leaf satin!" and another remarks, that "care and industry do everything."

We forget, and perhaps it is best not to remember, who it was that proposed to build a railway bridge across the Atlantic Ocean, by constructing a series of artificial islands as piers, but we are reminded of the scheme by the announcement that French engineers suggest the construction of a railway from Paris to

Pekin. To do this would be necessary to bridge the Hellespont, and do some tunneling under the Himalayas and other mountain ranges, in comparison with which the Mt. Cenis tunnel would be but a small affair. Yet there are those who confidently believe all this can and will be done, and perhaps they are right. At any rate it is never safe to pronounce anything impossible which does not require for its accomplishment the setting aside of the laws of nature. Engineers say they never met any difficulty half so hard to overcome as the incredulity of the world.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have, to be good for anything.

Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the wayside to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the struggle when the wind blows, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.

A man may avoid opposition, and strive to pass around difficulties, in the vain hope of accomplishing the ends of life without experiencing the jostle and clash of strife. But how is it with the flint and the steel? The former can be held in the hand for an age, and the sparks lie as dormant as though the fingers pressed but a lump of clay; but smite flint with the opposing clicks of steel and the hand is enveloped in a shower of fire!

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator who knows us better than we know ourselves, and loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

Difficulty is a harsh instructor, but a thorough one. Nearly all the eminent personages in the world's history have attended her school. Difficulty excites the mind to the dignity which sustains and finally conquers misfortunes, and the ordeal refines while it chastens.

Were it not for the scorching drought, we would not appreciate the refreshing shower. With less conflict, we would have less victories; with less trial, less joy. There is nothing worth having that is not difficult; my life, and I suppose the life of every man who has worked with hand or head, has been one long contest with difficulties, and none of us would be the men we are now if we had allowed difficulties to conquer us.

Neither men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties. If any man possessed every qualification for success in life, it is probable he would remain quite stationary. The consciousness of his powers would tempt him to omit opportunities. Those who do succeed ordinarily owe their success to some disadvantage under which they labor. It is the struggle against difficulty that brings faculties into play.

There is a way out of all difficulty if you stoop low enough.

A great deal of trouble is caused by the habit of looking at things "wrong end foremost." "How disconsolate you look!" said a bucket to his fellow-bucket, as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of being filled; for, let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "There now! how strange to look at it in that way!" said the first bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

The saint seeks not to do great things; for that reason he can accomplish great things. He who thinks many things easy is sure to encounter numerous difficulties.

Hence it happens that the saint who estimates everything difficult, encounters no difficulty to the end of his life.

The darkest and most embarrassing trials are sometimes the only means by which men can be brought to give up their own self-dependence, and trust in the Lord with all their hearts.

Trials are of three-fold benefit to true religion. Hereby the truth of it is manifested; also its beauty and amiableness; and thus, too, it is purified and increased.

O, how sweet is a harbor after a long storm, and a sunshiny day after a long, dark, tempestuous night, and a warm spring after a sharp winter! The miseries and the difficulties that a man meets with in this world, will exceedingly sweeten the glory of the other world.

Prudence, as well as courage, is necessary to overcome obstacles.

Better by far not start an object, if its pursuit is to be abandoned at the first difficulty.

Difficulties to be surmounted must be met with energy.

The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them.

It would require but a moment's reflection, were any incredulous, to satisfy all that in the attainment of an enviable eminence, obstacles have proved no hindrance, but rather motives to encourage unwearied exertion, and awake the mind to greater energy and bolder undertakings. Does the beacon on science hill lure one to attempt its climbing, the rough impediments, rugged obstacles detain him not. He pushes on, each obstacle surmounted furnishing tried armor to attack the next, and clear the way for those that follow. Difficulties are requisite to bring to light the hidden might of man's nature, and establish his power to accomplish. The ingenuity, energy and perseverence with which obstacles are met and conquered, by those toiling in the public arena, writes men great on the historic page. Says one, self-knowledge is wisdom, and no man can be truly acquainted with himself till his will to overcome and strength to endure are known. Difficulties, obstacles and trials are teachers, often harsh and severe, in whose schools these lessons are taught. Endurance, energy and perseverance are important qualifications of character, insuring a worthy distinction to their possessors, and nowhere so thoroughly learned as in the guidance of these instructors.

Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and what was their origin and early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No. Such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties, and privations and sacrifices brace their moral nature. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of a few wants. They know nothing of indifference or satiety. There is not an idle fibre in their frames. They put the vigor of resolute purpose into every act. The edge of their mind is always kept sharp. In the shocks of life, men like these meet the softly nurtured darlings of prosperity as the vessel of iron meets the vessel of porcelain. Lift your hearts above the region of wild hopes and cowardly fears. Put on that even temper of mind which shall be a shadow in success and a light in adversity. If wealth and distinction come, receive them in a thankful and moderate spirit. If they do not come, fill their places with better guests. Remember that all which truly exalts and ennobles a man is bound to him by ties as indissoluble as those which links the planets to the sun. Plant yourselves upon God's immutable laws, and fortune and failure will be nothing more than vapors that curl and play far beneath your feet.

Many of the illustrious men whose names blazon the page of history, were the sons of women early left widows. Julius Cæsar lost his father at the age of fifteen. This, De Quincey says, was a decided advantage to him, as it "prematurely developed the masculine features of his character, forcing him while yet a boy under the discipline of civil conflict and the yoke of practical life, without which even *his* energies would have been insufficient to sustain them." When Napoleon was sixteen his mother became a widow. Left with scanty means for the support and education of her eight children, she devoted all her energies to the rearing of her family, with what marvelous success the whole world knows. The brightest character in the annals of our country, or of any country, was at the age of eleven left fatherless. But his mother was eminently qualified, both by nature and religion, to train her children in ways of highest virtue. She united to a strong mind and sound judgment great simplicity of manners, honesty, energy and truthfulness, and took unwearied pains to cultivate in her children the same noble qualities. In literature there are few names more brilliant than those of Sir William Jones and Sir James Mackintosh. These were the sons of widows who devoted their lives to the education of their children. An acute observer for fifty years of the rise and growth of prominent men, in one of our principal cities, was remarking in our hearing the eminent success that the widows of her acquaintance had had in rearing their sons. One reason of it no doubt springs from the nature of things. A fatherless boy, with a noble mother at once to protect and lean upon him, is stimulated by every motive that can appeal to a fine nature. He is urged to supply the place of husband and son, to represent worthily the family dignity, and realize all the aspirations his fond parent, and his own ardent soul. High position and substantial achievement he must win for himself. A conscientious and ambitious mother cannot have stronger incentives to do all that can be done in the formation of noble character than she who feels responsible for the entire education and success of her children. Of many a timid, retiring, dependent, self-depreciating woman, widowhood has made a heroine. The great world may never hear of her triumphs, but they are treasured in the hearts of her family; they are all recorded in the book. He who speaks in Sacred Writ again and again declares himself to be the Father of the fatherless and husband of the widow.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immoderate hope, as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest to the sky.

I once sat on a porch at twilight with a little boy in my lap. His bright, plump face glowed with a coaxing admiration as he turned it upward, saying: "Moon and star come down to me." After an expectant delay he seemed to remember that *please* was a powerful word for procuring pleasures in his happy circle. Feeling sure of success this time, each tiny hand was extended, with palms upward, ready to receive the gifts when they descended, as he said: "Moon and star, *please do* come to me." Finding that even please did not bring down the desired treasures, he gently laid his hands in his lap, and with a soft sigh of resignation, said: "Moon and star too high for me!" but still with radiant face he gazed admiringly. I then thought terror and trouble would come to us if, in maturer years, we had our own way at all times, just as in mercy, moon and stars were held in their course despite childish pleadings. So, when our hopes are deferred, or plans fail, we may by a contemplation of Nature's quiet grandeur grow cool and content, saying: "All this which we asked was too high for us."

Reverses will come, for such is the order of life; they approach unheralded and unbidden, like a summer cloud. Life is full of enigmas; many of its events seem anomalous. Disappointments must often arise, our plans be disarranged, our brightest prospects blighted. Human ingenuity cannot conjecture what the future will be; we have simply to await its developments and abide its issues—trusting in Him who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

The best of people will now and then meet with disappointments, for they are inherited by mortality. It is, however, the better philosophy to take things calmly and endeavor to be content with our lot. We may at least add some rays of sunshine to our path, if we earnestly endeavor to dispel the clouds of discontent that may arise in our bosoms. And by so doing, we the more fully enjoy the bountiful blessing that God gives to his humblest creatures.

It is far more noble to improve each hour in cultivating the mind, and attuning it to the glory of the Creator. For this end it matters not so much whether we spend our time in study or toil; the thoughts of the mind should go out and reach after the higher good. In this manner we may improve ourselves, till our thoughts come to be sweet companions that shall lead us along the path of virtue. Thus we may grow better within, whilst the cares of life, the crosses and losses and disappointments lose their sharp thorns, and the journey of life be made comparatively pleasant and happy.

A little child, with bright, sunny, golden curls, sat in the shadow of a large oak tree on a summer's afternoon, and watched with childish earnestness the flickering sunlight through the leaves as it danced upon the ground beneath. Now attempting to imprison with its tiny palm one ray of sunlight, now clapping his hands in childish merriment at the fantastic forms it assumed. It is the game of life, we see, clutching at the sunlight, and realizing at last an empty shadow. The mother smiles at the infantile amusement, or perhaps catches her darling to her bosom, and dreams of the time when he shall attain to manhood. The mother sees naught ahead but the clear sky of manhood's prosperity. Well it is for us that the future is veiled to our eyes, else we would weary of the trials and allurements that make up the sum of our existence. The child looks forward to manhood; his dreams, are speculative; the man looks backward to childhood, and sings the sunlight of the days of yore. From the time he sits on his mother's knee and plays "goose-head," where the sunlight streams in through the open window, until the last hours of life, he is playing with shadows.

The school-boy, weary of the monotonous and never-to-be-conquered mathematics, envies the ignorant idler with plenty of time at his disposal, and so steals away from school duties, now and then, just for a little enjoyment. Time passes on; the school-boy is not a school-boy forever. The time arrives when he is to go forth in the world and be his own master. Now for the first time he begins to look back and lament the mis-spent privileges; he has learnt a lesson from the past, but will he profit by it in the future? Let us see. He has arrived at that age when he feels the need of a companion to share his joys and sorrows and anticipate his wants. He looks about him, and at last feasts his eyes upon one just suited to his mortal vision. They enter upon life together; but are man's wants satisfied? Not yet. He is still clutching at a shadow. Wealth *must* be gained, even at the sacrifice of a small amount of honor.

The home circle gradually becomes inadequate to supply the requisite amount of enjoyment, and he seeks diversion and amusement elsewhere. Home ties gradually lose their influence over him; and the man of family becomes a man of the world—hard, cold, calculating and morose. Money is the supreme idol of his heart; and to gain money, every finer feeling is sacrificed. One by one his family is called away, until he stands alone in the world, a monument of the past. He plunges deeper in speculation, or perhaps buries his grief in the wine-cup.

Years roll by; the moneyed man succumbs at last to old age; and as his tottering footsteps near the grave, then it is he first realizes the emptiness of life, and the shadow he so long pursued. Death claims the worn out frame at last; and of all the treasures he has hoarded from the land of shadows, none, save the Christain hope, are present with him to smooth the dying pillow.

CHANGE.

Often as we laugh over the quaint epitaph found on an old gravestone: "I was well, I wanted to be better, I took medicine, and I am here," we overlook its general applicability to the affairs of life. As with health, so with business; nine persons out of ten ignore the golden secret of content; they are constantly striving after something different from that they enjoy. We do not depreciate enterprise, but it is the habit of change that we protest against—the habit of shifting from one pursuit to another. There are thousands of almost penniless and disappointed old men, picking up a precarious living at the extremity of life, because they have, in the course of their existence, tried a hundred different things, and abandoned all in turn simply because success was not instantaneous; to few men is it given to do more than one or two things well. The Will Honeycombs, and Master Simons and Admirable Crichtons are apt to be sad charlatans, deceiving themselves as well as others. There is scarcely any pursuit that, if followed out with singleness of purpose, will not yield a rich return.

Everybody is apt to imagine somebody else's occupation easier than his own—to think his neighbor's "lot" luckier than his—to be tempted to rob him of it, perhaps, by supplantation.

The spirit of discontent is very unfortunate. It is worse. It is wicked as well as weak. As such it should be striven against with a hearty, and firmly-pronounced, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" The very entertainment of the thought is enervating—paralyzing—destructive of all that is worthy of the name of "success" in the present business of the entertainer. To accomplish anything, beyond what the common run of business or professional men perform, requires the utmost concentration of the mind on the matter in hand. There is no room, in the thoughts, for repinings over the misfortunes of one's lot, or wishes for an exchange of places with another. Indeed, it might be truthfully predicted that the indulgers of such wishes would fail, utterly, in the new sphere, could they get their wishes.

Do you imagine that all are happy who have attained to those summits of distinction toward which your wishes aspire? Alas! how frequently has experience shown, that where roses were supposed to bloom, nothing but briers and thorns grow. Reputation, beauty, riches, grandeur, nay royalty itself, would many a time, have been gladly exchanged by the possessors, for that more quiet and humble station with which you now are dissatisfied.

It is the fate of mankind, too often, to seem insensible of what they may enjoy at the easiest rate. Much would have more and lost all.

Monotony is pleasant in itself; morally pleasant, and morally useful. Living in the same house is monotonous; but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. I delight in that same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions. It gives a man the blessed invigorating feeling that he is at home; that he has roots, deep and wide, struck down into all he sees; and that only the Being who will do nothing cruel or useless, can tear them up. It is pleasant to look down on the same parish day after day, and say, I know all that lies beneath, and all beneath know me. If I want a friend, I know where to find him; if I want work done, I know who will do it. It is pleasant and good to see the same trees year after year; the same birds coming back in spring to the same shrubs; the same banks covered with the same flowers, and broken (if they be stiff ones) by the same gaps. Pleasant and good it is to ride on the same horse, to sit in the same chair, to wear the same old coat. That man who offered twenty pounds reward for a lost carpet-bag full of old boots was a sage, and I wish I knew him. Why should one change one's place, any more than one's wife or one's children? Is a hermit-crab, slipping his tail out of one strange shell into another, in the hopes of its fitting him a little better, either a dignified, safe, or graceful amimal? The oftener one sees, the better one knows; and the better one knows, the more one loves.

There is a family in New Haven that has moved thirty-two times in twenty-six years. They are totally unable to understand the meaning of the poet when he speaks about a "local habitation and a name."

SOCIAL CHANGES.

Once in two generations, on an average, the social wheel makes a complete revolution, and reverses the position of those who are on it. Those at the top now are they who were at the bottom in the lifetime of their fathers; and the children of those who are down now will be up before their fathers are passed away. The wheel is ever revolving, and it is the very fewest number that manage to maintain their position aloft, while the side that brought them to the top descends. Here and there we find a family that has kept itself up to a condition of wealth, influence and honor, through two or three generations; but the greater proportion plunge headlong to the bottom as rapidly as their fathers mounted to the top. A distinguished lecturer once said with reference to a conspicuous man of wealth in New York: "His father was a peddler, he himself is a millionaire; and his son will die in the poor house." This, perhaps, was carrying the illustration to an extreme; but the idea is only a bold picture of the changes that take place in our social life. Men of wealth and high position have no bitterer reflection than the thought that their children will be outstripped before they reach the stage of middle life, by the sons of blacksmiths, tailors, carpenters and tradesmen whom they refuse to associate with. Their very wealth is often a curse to their children, for it debars them from that healthful competition which sharpens the wits and invigorates the faculties. It teaches them that labor and industry are things to be despised and avoided; it encourages them in the habits of indolence and extravagance, and it withholds from them the stimulus that developes them into active, useful men. It is not true that rich men's sons are fools; but it is true that too many sons of wealthy parents, by scorning healthful employments, and relying upon the riches which their fathers acquired by patient, honest toil, allow their faculties to rust in idleness till they seem to be below the average of intelligence and talent. In fact, so nearly universal is the rule in this country, that poor men's sons rise to respectability and sometimes to eminence, and rich men's sons descend to poverty and oblivion, that it may be said to be a misfortune to be born rich, and an advantage to be born poor. It is not the sons of the rich who will, as a rule, remain rich. The sons of the poor will get rich; and there are to-day, drudging in office, counting rooms, and manufacturing establishments of all kinds, the men who, in twenty-five years, will control the nation socially, politically and financially. Every man of them means to be married; they will as a rule, make excellent husbands; they are all at work trying to win success. They are men who would be easily improved by recognition, and by bringing them into good, intelligent society; yet they are as little noticed as if they were so many dogs. Excellent young men from the country go into the city to live for years without any society, and are regarded by the fashionable young women with indifference or contempt; but these men have a good hold upon the future; and when their success is known, in whatever field of enterprise it may be, the fashionable world will be glad to receive them as belonging to their own number. As a rule, the young men for whom a position has been won by virtuous and enterprising fathers amount to but little in the world; and companions chosen from those having their fortunes to make and their positions to win, are those to whom a well-bred woman can generally with safety intrust her happiness and herself.

MISFORTUNE.

There is a Russian proverb which says that misfortune is next door to stupidity; and it will generally be found that men who are constantly lamenting their ill-luck, are only reaping the consequences of their own neglect, mismanagement, improvidence, or want of application. Dr. Johnson who went up to London with a single guinea in his pocket, and who once accurately described himself in his signature to a letter, as *Impransus*, or Dinnerless, has honestly said, "All the complaints which are made of the world are unjust; I never knew a man of merit neglected; it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success." In the time that men waste in bewailing the perverseness of their fortune, they could gain a competence.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pockets and a pipe in his mouth looking to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come right.

Would you wish to live without trials? Then you would wish to die but half a man. Without trials you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table; they must go into deep water, and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character—if you would know their whole strength—of what they are capable, throw them overboard! Over with them, and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves. If there were no clouds we should not enjoy the sunshine. The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us. We should manage our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in extreme cases. Never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains. Perhaps he will give up his visit in sight of your house. If misfortune comes into your house, be patient, and smile pleasantly, and it will soon stalk out again, for it can't bear cheerful company. Do not think you are fated to be miserable, because you are disappointed in your expectation, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully, when He calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave. The sunshine lies upon the mountain-top all day, and lingers there latest and longest at eventide. Yet is the valley green and fertile, and the mountain-top barren and unfruitful.

The greatest misfortune of all, is not to be able to bear misfortune. Not to feel misfortunes is not the part of a mortal; but not to bear them is not becoming in a man. Philosophy can teach us to bear the calamities of others with magnanimity, but it is religion only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation. Calamity never leaves us where it finds us; it either softens or hardens the heart of its victim. Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it, for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face. Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all others for him to bear; but they are so, simply because they are the very ones he most needs.

Bad fortune is a fancy; she is just—
Gives to the poor hope, and the rich distrust.

From the manner in which men bear their conditions, we often pity the prosperous, and admire the unfortunate. Every man has his chain and his clog; it may be more loose and light to one than it is to another; but he who takes it up is more at ease than he who drags it. It is the part of a cowardly nature to be always predicting disaster. It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss. Divine Providence always places the remedy near the evil. There is no duty to which Providence has not annexed a blessing; nor is there any affliction, for which virtue has not provided a remedy.

Plutarch tells us that when Anaxagoras heard of the death of his son, he only said, I knew he was mortal. So we in all casualties of life should say, I knew my riches were uncertain, that my friend was but a man. Such considerations would soon pacify us, because all our troubles proceed from their being unexpected. A firm trust in the excellence of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind, that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

There is this good in real evils, they deliver us, while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary. The present evil is often the husk in which Providence has enclosed the germ of future prosperity. Misfortunes are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind when it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity. Wise men mingle innocent mirth with their cares, in order either to forget or overcome them. But to be intemperate for the ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy with madness. Instead of fighting misfortune, we too often make it prisoner. He that can endure can overcome.

Misfortune and misconduct were born twins. Our faults are often the parent of our woes, and he who most declaims at the world's frown has generally done its best to earn it.

When fortune humors, she corrupts us. Our own way is often the wrong way. Rugged roads make wary travelers. Dark trials are shining lights; and the more we are diverted from what we covet and love, the better are we adapted to that kind of life which most people are compelled to lead; which they rebel against and denounce, but which is the daily school of wisdom and self-knowledge, whose discipline is sharp and severe, but appropriate to a warring and fluctuating world; whose calms are as stagnating and baneful as its storms are purifying and healthful; and where tranquility is not a fixed and permanent condition, but the casual quiescence and unstable harmony of opposing and conflicting forces.

Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.

A misfortune, like a storm in traveling, gives zest for the sunshine, freshness to the prospect, and often introduces an agreeable companion for the remainder of our journey.

It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men; it is not the calm experiences of life; it is life's rugged experience, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other, which necessitate adaptations, and contsitute a part of that education which makes man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears on his brow the marks of his struggles which he has had to undergo. None of us know what we can live past till we have proved it. God sends us strange strength to carry us on from one great trial to the next that is reserved for us. We live through them—and past them. So that to the world they seem over; so that strangers cheerfully observe to each other, that "we seem quite ourselves."

Every pain you feel is necessary; God does not afflict willingly, or for his pleasure, but for your profit. We can bear all that is ordained for us. Our strength is freshly renewed with every trouble. The right path leading to the ways of earthly happiness and contentment is to know how to measure the trials sent upon us, and how to meet the vicissitudes of this life.

The black cloud makes the traveler mend his pace and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealeth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then, some troubles come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my father's house, and my heritage. As we stand by the sea shore and watch the tide come in, we retreat, think we will be overwhelmed; soon, however, it flows back. So with the waves of trouble in the world; they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

People may rail as they like at rainy days; we are confident the in-door, as well as the out-door world, never could get along without them. The work we accomplish then!—the freedom from distracting intruders!—the odds and ends of fragmentary plans we pick up!—the ideas which have time to hatch and mature and *cluck* success! We rejoice in every rain-drop that spatters against the window;—the more mud in the street, the clearer our brains. Therefore, all hail rainy days, say we. Like their bright, and more cheerful companions, clear days, they have their advantages, and serve their ends.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you, for trouble rarely troubles people who never trouble themselves about trouble.

Should misfortune overtake you, retrench, work harder, but never fly; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance; should you then fail, you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised.

The spirits of some men seem proof against bad fortune. If they are afflicted with jaundice so badly that everything looks yellow to them, they are happy in having always before them *a golden prospect.*

There is always one consolation—whatever our misfortune, it might be worse. Where life hangs on a thread, it would be a comfort to think that it was not hanging on a rope.

Our worst misfortunes are those that never befall us.

If you fall into misfortune, disengage yourself as well as you can; creep through the bushes that have the fewest briars. There is no fortune so good that it may not be reversed, and none so bad that it may not be bettered. While we are looking away off yonder for the solution of our difficulties, the remedy is all the time lying just under our noses!

Trials are the more severe as we look at them, dwell upon them, and ponder them in our hearts. Looking continually at an object magnifies it. Turning from all our surroundings, and fixing the eye on Jesus, and on him alone, obstacles are removed, difficulties vanish, and the soul rests in quietness in the arms of infinite love, secure from all that can harm.

Bury your troubles, but don't linger around the graveyard conjuring up their ghosts to haunt you. There are men who chew misfortunes as asses chew thistles.

It is much better for one to forget his misfortunes than to brood over them, and talk about them. To brood over ills which may happen in the future, is to make of imagination an ever present reality. Grieving for misfortune is adding gall to wormwood. "Don't shiver for last year's snow," a saying of Archbishop Whately's, is peculiarly applicable to those who make themselves miserable over troubles that are past.

It would be no virtue to bear calamities, if we did not feel them.

Some people are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babies; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them; they want you to fret with them, and to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than any body else. If they could, they would have a picture of their grief in a gold frame hung over the mantel-shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them ordinarily selfish —they think more of their dear little grief in the basket and in the cradle than they do of all the world besides; and they say you are hard-hearted if you say "don't fret." "Ah! you don't understand me—you don't know me—you can't enter into my trials."

You know the story of the boy who would not cry, though the wolf was gnawing him beneath his frock. Most of us have some wolf to gnaw us somewhere; but we are generally gnawed beneath our clothes, so that the world doesn't see, and it behooves us to bear it that the world shall not suspect. The man who goes about proclaiming himself to be miserable will be not only miserable, but contemptible as well.

We often live under a cloud; and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. The filter of misfortune is needed to separate true friends from the scum.

> To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
> Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
> What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
> Patience her injury a mockery makes.
> The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
> He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.
>
> —SHAK.

Somebody says, "half the troubles of life are born of trifles." Somebody is not far wrong. Man is so fearfully and wonderfully made that he bears great evils with more equanimity than what are called little annoyances. If Benedick loses the wife of his bosom, the odds are that he bears the dispensation like a Christian; but if he mislays his latch-key he too frequently swears like a heretic. An individual capable of burying his grandmother without a groan, has been known to manifest a remarkable degree of feeling at the absence of a shirt button. The mysterious disappearance of small, inanimate objects, frequently gives rise to the most lively concern. Strong-minded ladies, who would scorn to show undue excitement amid the convulsions of an earthquake, have been heard to use intemperate expressions when they could not find their thimble or their scissors. There are dozens of articles in common use which have a villainously provoking trick of concealing themselves at the very moment when they are most needed, that might well disturb the moral equilibrium of a saint. Indeed, we have known a church-member, in good standing, to say things about a missing pair of spectacles, which were anything but canonical. Devout angels, who would not have winced under the misfortune that befel Jonah, sometimes stamp with rage when their lines, instead of falling in pleasant places, get fast in a submerged snag or an impending tree; and we have seen two Christian women in an omnibus in sublime passion because one of them wanted a window open and the other wanted it shut. Almost any of us can brace ourselves up to encounter with fortitude the *great* difficulties of life; it is the little ones that upset us. He who can bear both without wincing or ill-temper, is not only a hero to the world at large, but even to his family.

It is less difficult to hide a thousand pounds than a hole in the coat. Forty little debts of one dollar each, will cause you more trouble and dunning than one big one of a thousand.

When birds are flying over, and the fowler lies in wait for them, if they fly low, some are wounded, and some swerving sideways, plunge into the thicket and hide themselves. But you will find that immediately after the first discharge of the gun, the flock rise and fly higher. And at the next discharge they rise again, and fly still higher. And not many times has the plunging shot thinned out their number, before they take so high a level that it is in vain that the fowler aims at them, because they are above the reach of his shot. When troubles come upon you, fly higher. And if they will strike you, fly still higher. And by and by you will rise so high in the spiritual life, that your affection will be set on things so entirely above, that these troubles shall not be able to touch you. "Rise higher."

Often when the hand of misfortune has darkened our brightest prospects, and swept away our sunlit dreams of future happiness, has some unseen monitor pointed our drooping spirit towards the day-star of Hope, and bid us struggle on; and as we look forward into the future, fancy points us to a brighter day's dawning. When the soul is often bowed down with the weight of its own sorrows, the heart is well nigh crushed, and despair is slowly preying as a canker worm upon its vitals, even then some faint glimmering of a sunlit future steals upon it like a rainbow of light. Mark that pale mother bending over the couch of a sick and dying child! The night wind howls mournfully around her shattered dwelling, as if to hymn the requiem of the dying one within. The few remaining embers are fast fading away and she knows not where to obtain more; poverty, want and death seem to be her inevitable doom. Then, in this her hour of sorrow, and of woe, she lifts her heart to heaven, and prays for a speedy relief and she prays not in vain. Look for a moment on the dark ages, when Romanism ruled the world, when innocence and virtue became its victims, and ignorance and superstition walked abroad in the land; but ere long truth conquered error, and the night of darkness gave place to the light day. In the last great conflict of our Saviour with the powers of darkness, when the wrath of God seemed overshadowing him, he cried with a loud voice, saying, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Was not even then the vale about to be opened, which separated him and the Great Eternal, and the hidden mysteries of the unseen to be revealed.

Man is ever wishing, and never satisfied—ever changing, and never fixed—ever hoping, and never realizing—and thus many dark and desolate hours fall to the lot of earth's sons and daughters. And although dark shadows may linger round thy pathway, and dark clouds of gloomy despondency steal over thy spirit in the journey of life, yet still hope on, and hope ever, and be assured that though dark may be the night, bright will be the dawning of the day.

ADVERSITY.

No man has a thorough taste of prosperity to whom adversity has never happened. He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects. A wise man takes all adversities and misfortunes as blessings in disguise. He laughs and is always happy, while the poor complaining simpleton fancies happiness to consist in idle pleasure, and never finds it.

Past enjoyments do not alleviate present evils; whereas the evils a man has endured, heighten the present satisfactions. Prosperity is not without its troubles, nor is adversity without its comforts. A good man enjoys comfort in the midst of adversity. To the upright there ariseth light in darkness. Prosperity has always been the cause of far greater evil to men than adversity; and it is easier for a man to bear this patiently than not to forget himself in the other. If you faint in the day of adversity, your strength is small.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, but the virtue of adversity is fortitude, and the last is the most sublime attainment. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity of the New which, therefore, carrieth the greater benediction and clearer revelation of God's favor.

It is more honorable not to have and yet deserve, than to have and not deserve. The Christian knows that life has many trials, and believes that God has appointed this world as the representative for another, and regards not with feelings of envy or jealousy the more prosperous condition of others. The misfortunes of the virtuous often turn to their advantage. When the world persecutes them, they are generally driven into some illustrious career. Misfortunes are the road to great talents; or, at least, to great virtues, which are preferable.

Imprint this maxim deeply in your mind, that there is nothing certain in this human and mortal state, by which means you will avoid being transported with prosperity and dejected in adversity. In contemplating your misfortune always look beneath you—in thinking of your fortune and wisdom, always look above you—thus shall you be kept from despair and from pride. Never allow misfortune to make you selfish, but imitate the example of Fenelon, who, when his library was on fire, exclaimed, "God be praised that it is not the dwelling of a poor man." Repine not if you see others better fed than yourself. Perhaps they are fattened for destruction, and you dieted for health. A main reason why adversity often makes a man scorned is that it makes him abject, thus worthy of scorn. Some people regard all their own afflictions as trials, and all their neighbor's as judgments.

The learned pig didn't learn its letters in a day. True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet, until it finds an opening. The top strawberries are eaten the first. He who leaves early gets the best hat. Pride sleeps in a gilded crown: contentment in a cotton nightcap.

Adversity is a poultice which reduces our vanity and strengthens our virtue; it is the great lapidary, by which all human crystallizations must sooner or later be tried.

From those which possess the hidden diamond it only removes the unseemly coating; the worthless ones, it grinds to powder. Adversity overcome is the brightest glory, and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trials of valliant spirits.

Much adversity is requisite to make us hate life; a beckon from prosperity will recall this hatred instantly.

Adversity abases the loveliness of the world, that might entice us; it abates the lustfulness of the flesh within, that incites us to folly and vanity; and it abates the spirit in its quarrel with the two former, which tends much to the reviving and recovering of decayed graces.

A virtuous man is more peaceable in adversity than a wicked man in prosperity. Nothing but moderation and greatness of mind can make either a prosperous or an adverse fortune easy to us. If you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity. A very little is sufficient for a wise man.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only true balance to weigh a friend. Faith and friendship are seldom truly tried but in extremes. To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common. In prosperity, who will not profess to love a man; in adversity, how few will show that they do it. When we are happy in the spring-tide of abundance, and the rising flood of plenty, then the world will be our servants; then all men flock about us, with bared heads, with bended bodies and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing; when wealth shifteth to another strand; then men look upon us at a distance, and stiffen themselves, as if they were in armor; lest, if they should comply with us, they should get a wound in the close. Our fortunes and ourselves are things so closely linked, that we know not which is the cause of the love that we find. When these two shall part, we may then discern to which of them affection will make wing. Men are often deserted in adversity. When the sun sets our very shadows refuse to keep us company. In our adversity it is night with us, and in the night many beasts of prey range abroad that keep their dens through the day. In time of good fortune it is easy to appear great—nay, even to act greatly; but in misfortune very difficult. The greatest man will commit blunders in misfortune, because the want of proportion between his means and his ends progressively increases and his inward strength is exhausted in fruitless efforts.

Whoever attempts to cross the boisterous sea of life without sound moral principles for ballast, will either be wrecked by the storms of adversity or capsized by the breezes of prosperity.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

The Emperor of Austria has been so affected by the execution of his brother, Maximilian, that he is reported to have declared that he will never again sign a death warrant. "One touch of nature makes mankind kin."

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

He who bears adversity well gives the best evidence that he will not be spoiled by prosperity.

Adversity certainly has its uses, and very valuable ones, too. It has been truly remarked that many a man, in losing his fortune, has found himself and been ruined into salvation. Adversity flattereth no man. Oft from apparant ills our blessings rise. Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys. In prosperity, be humble; in adversity, cheerful. If you have the blues, go and see the poorest and sickest families within your knowledge. To bear the sharp afflictions of life like men, we should also *feel* them like men. The darker the setting, the brighter the diamond. Probably we might often become reconciled to what we consider a hard lot by comparing ourselves with the many who want what we possess rather than with the few who possess what we want. He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to his circumstances. There is a virtue in keeping up appearances. He is a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate; people do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances. If the storm of adversity whistles around you, whistle as bravely yourself; perhaps the two whistles may make melody.

Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out of them till they have been a short time in hot water. The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall. It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first. The man who holds the ladder at the botton is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it. The turtle, though brought in at a rear gate, takes the head of the table. Better to be the cat in the philanthropist's family than a mutton pie at a king's banquet. To enjoy to-day, stop worring about to-morrow. Next week will be as capable of taking care of itself as this one is. No man honors God, and no man justifies God, at so high a rate, as he who lays his hand upon his mouth when the rod of God is upon his back. That moment we can patiently say *from our heart*—under any trial, God's will be done; that moment the smart and pain are taken out of it, and the wound commences to heal. Slowly it may be—with many a halting step in store ere all traces of our faltering shall have disappeared, but yet when that has been *sincerely* said, as certain as life itself, we shall stand strong and erect before him, with smiling face looking into our untried and accepted future, leaving it willingly in his hands who " in love, hath smote us." Prosperity—not adversity—is our foe. We may well pray, when life like a brimming wine cup is held sparkling to our lips, and way is made for us in the public thoroughfare, and our ships ride safely on the ocean, and our coffers are full, for then is the soul too often starved, and lies like Lazarus begging at the gate of Dives. Ah—if we have no ears for that cry! If in rags that soul must be bid to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. If all we have lived for must be left at the tomb's portal—how much more blessed he, who through blinding tears, has yet laid up his treasure in heaven. No man can become truly wise, till, sensible of his spiritual ignorance, like a little child, he comes to God's Word to learn the first elements of truth.

God denies us nothing, but with a design to give us something better.

Adversity, sage, useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best.
It is from these alone we know,
Justly to value things below.

DAYS OF DARKNESS.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun; but if a man lives many years, and rejoices in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many."—*Ecclesiastes* 11: 7, 8.

Behold that young man just leaving the parental home to work out for himself the deep and intricate problem of human life. Health blooms upon his cheek, and nerves his arm; hope inspires his breast; and fancy beguiles him with enchanting prospects. The light is golden that illumines his morning sky, and its roseate hues rest beautifully on the western hill-tops, over whose craggy summits lies the path which he must tread, footsore and weary often, when clouds meet above his head, and thunders roll, and lightning flash, blasting perhaps the beloved objects that ministered to his comfort and happiness. Trace him in the scenes of busy life,—there is a mark of sadness on his countenance,—why is it? A day of darkness is approaching. A parent, a brother, or sister, a child, or wife, it may be, is lying on a bed of death. Grief bows him to the dust,—gloom gathers around him,—pleasure has lost its charms; the season of calamity has come. And this is but the "beginning of sorrows;" for the days of darkness shall be many.

Opulence has rewarded his toils; he counts gold and calls it his own; he dwells in a luxurious mansion; he has houses and lands, and flocks and herds. But the raging flames sweep away his structures; the thief purloins his treasures; reserves swallow up his substance;—he is penniless. Adversity weighs him down; friends forsake him; servitude is his portion; and he eats the bread of poverty. It is a day of darkness.

He has gained the respect and esteem of his fellow men; his integrity and uprightness have earned for him the confidence of his neighbors; but suspicious rumors are covertly circulated in the community, tending to disparage him in the estimation of the good; foul slanders gain currency, blackening fearfully his hitherto fair character; circumstances are against him; he is unable to redeem his reputation, and, though innocent, the stain cannot be removed. Old friends, with whom he has spent many happy hours, now shun his society, and the vile and abandoned cast their reproach upon him. His sun is clouded,—it is a gloomy day in his history.

Or, perhaps, his cheeks lose their rosy blush, and become wan and sunken; his pulse, bouncing once, is sluggish and dull; his eye has lost its fire; his brawny arm is powerless; his boasted strength is vanished; disease has fastened itself upon his frame, and he looks forward sorrowfully to weary months,—years, perchance, —of suffering and anguish, terminated, it may be, by death; or, which is scarcely less to be dreaded, left with a broken constitution, and dragging out a miserable existence, beset by pain and distress. Then will he bethink him of "the days of darkness;" for many indeed are his portion.

Pressed down thus by accumulated misfortunes,—bereaved of friends,—deprived of property,—spoiled of reputation,—undermined in health,—it were not strange if despondency should seize upon his mind, and completely unfit him for exertion to better his sad lot. His ambition, that once soared so high and plumed its wings for such daring flights, crest-fallen and unnerved, may trail its gaudy pinions in the dust; hope, whose inspiring words in former times, rang upon his ear like the tone of a trumpet, is silent now; or, if that silence is occasionally broken, it speaks but in whispered words, and with faltering accents; love, that in more propitious seasons warmed his heart and vivified his whole nature, has yielded up its dominion to stern and sullen misantrophy; and life itself may seem to him a burthen too heavy to be borne. Ah, how dark and cheerless are such days!

But far more deplorable is the state of him, who, having run through life's brief years in the sweet sunshine of comfort and earthly happiness, comes at length to the unwelcome hour when Death summons him away, and who, as he glances his spirit's eye through the vast future that awaits him, sees no cheering light, no rising sun, to gladen his endless career, and remembers, with bitterness of soul, that although he has rejoiced in many years upon the earth, many, many " days of darkness" now lie before him, even an Eternity of sorrow and unavailing repentance.

Thrice happy he, whose path is that of the just, which, beaming brighter and brighter day by day, is lost at length in the noontide splendors of the Heavenly Glory!

AFFLICTION.

They are always impaired by affliction, who are not thereby improved. Some natures are like grapes—the more they are down-trodden the richer the tribute they supply. It may be affirmed, that good men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions, than bad men do from their prosperities; for what they lose in wealth, pleasure, or honor, they gain in wisdom, goodness, and tranquility of mind. No creature would be more unhappy, said Demetrius, than a man who had never known affliction. The best need afflictions for the trial of their virtue. How can we exercise the grace of contentment, if all things succeed well? or that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies?

A good conscience is to the soul, what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. When we pity those that endure sickness and distress, or any other temporal afflictions; let us remember how much worse it is with the prosperous and gay sinner, with them who are given over to a reprobate sense, and are cut off in the midst of their wickedness. As no man lives so happy, but to some his life may seem unpleasant; so we find none so miserable, but that one may hear of another that would change calamities with him.

Nothing, perhaps, has a happier effect upon the human heart, than the lessons affliction and suffering teach, provided we show proper submission. To rebel against these has the opposite effect. It creates a petulance that very much aggravates our difficulties. To bear the ills of life patiently, is one of the noblest virtues; and one, too, that requires as vigorous an exercise of the will, as to resist the encroachments of wrong. The virtue of endurance is nearly allied to that of perseverence. Children should be taught to bear their yoke in their youth. One month in the school of affliction will teach us more wisdom than all the grave precepts of Aristotle in seven years. The way to make calamities easy is to make them familiar.

What are honor, fame, wealth and power when compared with the expectation of a being without end, and a happiness adequate to that end? How poor will these things seem at our last hour! and how joyful will that man be who hath led an honest, virtuous life, and hath traveled on to heaven, though, perhaps, through the roughest ways of poverty, affliction and contempt. Says Chrysostom: "Oh! how many have been coached to hell in the chariots of earthly pleasure, while others have been whipped to heaven by the rod of affliction!"

St. Paul teaches us that tribulation worketh patience, patience, experience; and experience hope.

God's aim in afflicting his children is either to keep them from sin, or, when they have sinned, to bring them to repentance for it, and from it. Burn me here; scourge me here; only spare me there.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

There is an old story in the Greek annals of a soldier under Antigonus, who had a disease about him, an extremely painful one, likely to bring him soon to the grave. Always first in the charge was this soldier, rushing into the hottest part of the fray, as the bravest of the brave. His pain prompted him to fight, that he might forget it; and he feared not death, because he knew that in any case he had not long to live. Antigonus, who greatly admired the valor of his soldier, discovering his malady, had him cured by one of the most eminent physicians of the day; but, alas! from that moment the warrior was absent from the front of the battle. He now sought his ease; as he remarked to his companions, he had something to live for—health, home, family and other comforts, and he would not risk his life now as aforetime. So when our troubles are many, we are often by grace made courageous in serving God; we feel we have nothing to live for in this world, and we are driven by hope of the world to come, to exhibit zeal, self-denial, and industry. But how often is it otherwise in better times! for then the joy and pleasures of this world make it hard for us to remember the world to come, and we sink into inglorious ease.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotion.

Afflictions, when accompanied with grace, alter their nature, as wormwood eaten with bread, will lose its bitterness.

Afflictions are designed to impress the mind with its obligations, and lead men to Christ. If improved by Christians, they will contribute to their holiness, their activity and zeal, and their advancement in the divine life. If improved by those who have been before indifferent to their soul's interest, they will lead them to repentence, and to the devotion of their hearts to God in faith and affection. There is a voice in the providence of God which speaks with solemnity, and which it is extremely dangerous to disregard.

During Dr. Payson's last illness, a friend coming into his room remarked, familiarly, "Well, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back." "Do you know what God puts us on our backs for?" asked Dr. Payson, smiling. "No," was the answer. "In order that we may look upward." His friend said to him, "I am not come to condole but to rejoice with you; for it seems to me that this is no time for mourning." "Well, I am glad to hear that," was the reply; "it is not often that I am addressed in such a way. The fact is I never had less need of condolence, and yet everybody persists in offering it; whereas, when I was prosperous and well, and a successful preacher, and really needed condolence, they flattered and congratulated me." Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and if we endure chastening, God dealeth with us as with sons and daughters.

SUFFERING.

The Mexicans salute their new born infants in this manner: "Child, thou art come into the world to suffer; endure and hold thy peace." All mankind must taste the bitter cup which destiny has mixed. It is better to suffer than to injure. It is better to suffer without a cause than that there should be a cause for our suffering. By experiencing distress, an arrogant insensibility of temper is most effectually corrected, from the remembrance of our own sufferings naturally prompting us to feel for others in their sufferings, and if Providence has favored us, so as not to make us subject in our own lot to much of this kind of discipline, we should extract improvement from the lot of others that is harder, and step aside sometimes from the flowers and smooth paths which it is permitted us to walk in, in order to view the toilsome march of our fellow creatures through the thorny desert.

> "Behind the steps that misery treads,
> Approaching comforts view."

It is a groundless assertion that suffering works out a moral purification by a natural law. Sometimes temporal afflictions lead men to consider their spiritual wants, and to seek the good of their higher nature. And when once the heart has been renewed by grace, and has entered into filial relations with God, the discipline of suffering has a tendency to purify its affections from earthly dross, and to bring into a fuller participation of the divine holiness. But this is not strictly the tendency of suffering as such, but of that gracious disposition which leads the humble and believing soul to use suffering for its own profit. How often, alas, does suffering not only fail to purify the soul from sin, but aggravate and intensify its selfish and malignant passions, and make it a very fiend.

It is true that fire, borne for the sake of truth, is martyrdom; but the hand burnt in ascetic severity does not give the crown of martyrdom, nor even inspire the martyr's feeling. Fastings such as St. Paul bore, from inability to get food, give spiritual strength; but fastings endured for mere exercise, often do no more than produce feverishness of temper. This holds good, likewise, of bereavement. The loss of those dear to us—relations and friends—when it is borne as coming from God, has the effect of strengthening and purifying the character. But to bring sorrow wilfully upon ourselves can be of no avail towards improvement. The difference in these two things lies in this: that when God inflicts the blow, He gives the strength; but when you give it yourself, God does not promise aid. Be sure this world has enough of the cross in it; you need not go out of your way to seek it. Be sure there will always be enough humiliation and shame, and solitariness for each man to bear, if he be living the Christ life. They need not be self-inflicted.

Be mindful of the sufferings of the poor.

SORROW.

A French wit and philosopher has said: "Our path through life is thick set with thorns. We may as well *brush quickly and lightly past them.*" He who tastes only the bitter in the cup of life, who looks only at the clouds which lower in one quarter of the heavens, while the sun is shining cheerily in another, who persists in pricking and scratching himself with the thorn, and refuses to enjoy the fragrance of the rose—is an ingrate to God and a torment to himself. The record of human life is far more melancholy than its course; the hours of quiet enjoyment are not noted; the thousand graces and happiness of social life, the loveliness of nature meeting us at every step, the buoyancy of spirit resulting from health and pure air, the bright sun, the starry firmament—all that cheers man on his road through his probationary state, that warms the heart and makes life pleasant, is omitted in the narrative, which can only deal with facts; and we read of disappointment, and sickness, and death, and exclaim, "Why is man born to sorrow?" He is not so; years of enjoyment brace the soul for the grief when its comes; and when it does come, it comes with so many alleviating circumstances, for those who do not wilfully reject all the lesser pleasures which the loving Father of all his works has with so tender a care scattered at our feet, that even the grief is far less in the reality than it appears in the relation.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble. When a gloom falls upon us, it may be we have entered into the cloud that will give its gentle showers to refresh and strengthen us. Heavy burthens of sorrow seem like a stone hung round our neck, yet they are often only like the stone used by pearl-divers, which enables them to reach the prize and rise enriched. Without suffering there could be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy. Many of the brightest virtues are like stars—it must be night or they cannot shine.

Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad. Give not thy mind to heaviness; the gladness of the heart is the life of man, and joyfulness of a man prolongeth his days. Remove sorrow far from thee, for sorrow hath killed many, and there is no profit therein; and carefulness bringeth age before the time. Says Pope:

> "One truth is clear: whatever is, is right."

Melancholy is but the shadow of too much happiness, thrown by our own spirits upon the sunshiny side of life. Look up and God will give you a song in your heart instead of a tear in your eye. Night brings out the stars as sorrows show us truths; we never see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus it is with truth. When you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh. Nothing dries sooner than tears. Sorrow, in its exaltation, has an instinctive sympathy with the sufferings of others. Shakspeare says:

> "Give sorrow words, the grief, that does not speak,
> Whispers the o'er fraught heart, and bids it break."

We fancy that all our afflictions are sent us directly from above; sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would be well, however, if we attempted to trace the cause of them; we should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from the earth. Excess of sorrow is as foolish as profuse laughter. Loud mirth, or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behavior, either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in a man that is born to die. Some are refined, like gold, in the furnace; others, like chaff, are consumed in it. Sorrow, when it is excessive, takes away fervor from piety, vigor from action, health from body, light from reason, and repose from the conscience.

> "Receive what cheer you may;
> The night is long, that never finds the day."

To mourn without measure, is folly; not to mourn at all, is insensibility. God says to the fruit tree, bloom and bear; and to the human heart, bear and bloom—the soul's great blossoming is the flower of suffering.

Sadness contracts the mind; mirth dilates it.

Sorrow is to youth what experience is to maturity.

There are people who think that to be grim is to be good, and that a thought, to be really wholesome, must necessarily be shaped like a coffin. They seem to think that black is the color of heaven, and that the more they can make their faces look like midnight, the holier they are.

> "Sorrow is like a child that needs no nursing."

Sorrows are like tempest clouds: when afar off, they look black, but when above us scarcely gray. Sorrow is the night of the mind. What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence.

Sorrow is one of God's own angels in the land. Her pruning-knife may not spare the tender buds of hope that make glad the garden of the soul, but her fingers sow the seeds of a quick sympathy with the woes of a common humanity, which, springing into leaf, and bud, and blossom, send perfume and beauty into the waste-places of lonely lives, and permeate with fragrant incense the soil that gave them birth.

Sorrow's mission is divine. At her touch the scales of selfishness fall from blinded human eyes; her breath dissolves the mists that hang about the secrets of our being, and hitherto unknown possibilities are revealed to the life whose sweetest sweets are never yielded till from its heart the red blood flows as wine from the over-pressed grape.

They are true kings and queens, heroes and heroines, who, folding a pall of tenderest memory over the faces of their own lost hopes and perished loves, go with unfaltering courage, to grapple with the future, to strengthen the weak, to comfort the weary, to hang sweet pictures of faith and trust in the silent galleries of sunless lives, and to point the desolate, whose paths wind ever among shadows and over rocks where never the green moss grows, to the golden heights of the hereafter, where the palms of victory wave.

Sorrow can never wholly fill the heart that is occupied with other's welfare. Constant melancholy is rebellion. He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

Strangely do people talk of getting over a great sorrow! No one ever does that—at least, no nature which can be touched by a feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very wave of misery will divide and become to us as a wall on the right side and the left, until the gulf narrows before our eyes, and we land safely on the opposite shore.

Causeless depression is not to be reasoned with, nor can David's harp charm it away, by sweet discoursings. As well fight with the mist as with this shapeless, undefinable, yet all-beclouding hopelessness. If those who laugh at such melancholy did but feel the grief of it, for one hour, their laughter would be sobered into compassion. Resolution might, perhaps, shake it off, but where are we to find the resolution, when the whole man is unstrung?

It is a fearful thing to see how some men are made worse by trial. It is terrible to watch sorrow as it sours the temper and works out into malevolence and misanthropy.

It is a poor relief from sorrow to fly to the distractions of the world; as well might a lost and wearied bird, suspended over the abyss of the tempestuous ocean, seek a resting place on its heaving waves, as the child of trouble seek a place of repose amid the bustling cares and intoxicating pleasures of earth and time. Make God thy rest.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

When we are dead there will be some honest sorrow. A few will be really sad, as we are robed for the grave. Fewer, probably than we now suppose. We are vain enough to think our departure will produce considerable sensation. But we over estimate it. Out of a small circle how soon shall we be forgotten! A single leaf of a boundless forest has fallen! That is all.

> The gay will laugh
> When thou art gone; the solemn brood of care
> Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
> His favorite phantom.

The world will go on without us. We may have thought a very important wheel in the great machinery will be ungeared when we are gone. But the world goes clattering on as if nothing had happened. If we filled important stations in society; if we have wondered what would, or could be done, if we were removed; yet how soon others will fill our stations! The world will be a bustling active world without us. It was so before we entered it. It will be so when we are gone.

When we are dead, affection may erect a monument. But the hand that set it up will soon be powerless as ours, and for the same cause. How soon they that weep over us will follow us! The monument itself will crumble, and it will fall on the dust that covers us. If the marble or the granite long endures, yet the eye of affection will not endure to read the graven letters. Men will give a glance at the name of one they never knew, and pass on with not a thought of the slumberer below.

> On my grassy grave
> The men of future time will careless tread
> And read my name upon the sculptured stone;
> Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
> Recall my vanished memory.

When we are dead our influence will not be dead. We leave epitaphs upon indestructible materials. Our manner of life has been writing them. We have stirred up thought and awakened emotion. The wonderful machinery of mind has felt our presence. We have pressed the stamp of character into the warm wax of our moral sensibilities around us. Our places of business, our social resort, may know us no more; but living accountable beings feel the influence that involves our personal departure.

"The sorrow for the dead," says Irving, "is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude.

"Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

"No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart?

"Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

"Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

"But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy. There it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene.

"The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities, the last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh, how thrilling! pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection. Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

"If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

"Then weave thy chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living."

TEARS.

There is a sadness in tears. They are not the marks of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong, convulsive emotion of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated; when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. O, speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence! Break not the solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despise not a woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

Tears generally tremble in our eyes when we are happy, and glisten like pearls, or dew-drops on the flower cup; but when we first realize any overwhelming and unlooked for happiness, we gaze round with a smile of bewildered ecstacy, and no tears tremble in our eyes. The extremes of joy and sorrow are too great, too deep for tears.

It is a striking fact that the dying never weep. The sobbing, the heart-breaking agony of the circle of friends around the death-bed, call forth no responsive tears from the dying. Is it because he is insensible, and stiff in the chill of dissolution? That cannot be, for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of his mother, sister or brother, in still conscious affection. Just before expiring, he calls the loved ones, and with quivering lips says:—"Kiss me," showing that the love which he has borne in his heart is still fresh and warm. It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for earthly sorrows, too transcendant for weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier things, with the Father in Heaven and His angels. There is no weeping in that blessed abode to which the dying man is hastening.

GRIEF.

It is true that sore affliction makes the heart sad, but time will at length restore joy and serenity. As cheerfulness promotes health and adds length to days, how important, if grief must at any time be indulged, that the proper remedy be applied to assuage it.

We find one sitting in solitude whose tearful eye and sad expression, bespeak the heart under sore opposition from grief. The hand of sympathy is extended, but it is not recognized, and is therefore of no avail. We pass on, and again meet the individual. Time has not mellowed his anguish, and taken the cloud from his brow, and in place is a calmness and serenity that speak of different feelings in the heart. What remedy is there for grief so effectual as Time?

There are griefs too sacred to be babbled to the world; and there may be loves which one would forbear to whisper even to a friend. Real grief is not clamorous. It seeks to shun every eye; and breathes in solitude and silence the sighs that come from the heart.

There is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intenseness. We may make of grief itself a fiery chariot for rising victorious over the causes of grief.

The grief of some men vents itself in ferocity and not in tears. The clouds of their hearts contain lightning but not rain. Grieve not for that which cannot be recalled. What a fine sentiment Kossuth expressed in his address at Southampton, when he said, referring to his own sufferings. "But I will not look to the past for griefs—only for instruction." There is no greater grief, says Dante, than to remember, in our misery, the happiness of the past. We suffer more from anger and grief, than from the very thing for which we anger and grieve. Nature has assigned two sovereign remedies for human grief: Religion, surest, firmest, first and best; strength to the weak, and to the wounded balm; and strenuous action next.

Grief humbles to the dust; but also exalts to the clouds; it shakes as with an ague, but also steadies like frost; it sickens the heart, but also sickens its infirmities.

Give to a grief a little time and it softens to regret and grows beautiful at last; and we cherish it as we do some old dim picture of the past. Time and thinking tame the strongest grief.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

He who acquainteth others with his moan,
Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his own.

MELANCHOLY.

If we would habituate ourselves to look upon the pleasant side of things, to rejoice over what we have, and grieve not for what is not, we should find ourselves much more pleasantly handled than we usually are.

We conceive it to be a shame, and, when regarded in its connections, a sin, to be moping about under such bright skies and over such pleasant fields with "the blues" on. Boys should be taught to cover up their melancholy thoughts as they would bury out of sight their dead canaries. Girls should be educated to the notion that "the demps" are not genteel, and that to be sad when there are no good grounds for it, is vulgar. "Just as the tree is bent," &c. A generation we hope for, who will hold it a religious duty to reflect the happy face of nature from their happy faces. Everything so universally wheels into the right line at last, and proves that "it is all for the best," that we verily believe a long face ought to be put down as a nuisance in the street, and a bore within doors; and if that were not sufficient to abate it, let it be authoritatively announced that it will be considered the black flag thrown out as a token of an evil conscience. Sorrow is sacred, and grief is not always to be avoided. But melancholy is a humbug, a sham, an improper thing generally, and a very unpleasant mental habit.

Melancholy falls upon a contented mind like a drop of ink upon white paper—which is none the less a stain because it carries no meaning. Melancholy attends on the best joys of a merely ideal life.

DESPAIR.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; thou knowest not what a day may bring forth, and, for the same reason, despair not of to-morrow, for it may bring forth good as well as evil; which is a ground for not vexing thyself with imaginary fears; for the impending black cloud, which is regarded with so much dread, may pass by harmless. Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day may by to-morrow have passed away. Despondency is the last of all evils, it is the abandonment of all good, giving up the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can infuse courage into the soul is the best physician.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immoderate hope, as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest the sky. How many a man, by throwing himself to the ground in despair, crushes and destroys a thousand flowers of hope that were ready to spring up and gladden his pathway. With time, patience and labor, the plain mulberry leaf at last becomes glossy satin. They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose; who have rather breathed than lived.

There are dark hours that mark the history of the brightest years. For not a whole month in any of the thousand of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. And there have been cold and stormy days in every year. And yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hours were dissipated, and flitted heedlessly away. The cruelest of the ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm loses it power to alarm. What a parable is all this of human fear, of our inside world, where the heat works at its destined labor. Here, too, we have the overshadowing of dark hours, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core.

But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only by darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and best development and illustration; then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then, disappointment will be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one; but only be honest and struggle on, and it will all work well.

What though once-supposed friends have disclaimed and deserted you—fortune, the jade, deceived you—and the stern tyrant, adversity, roughly asserted his despotic power to trample you down? "While there's life there's hope." Has detraction's busy tongue assailed thy peace, and contumely's venomed shaft poisoned thy happiness, by giving reputation its death blow;—destroyed thy confidence in friendly promise, and rendered thee suspicious of selfishness in the exhibition of brotherly kindness; or the tide of public opinion well nigh overwhelmed you 'neath its angry waves? Never despair. Yield not to the influence of sadness, the blighting power of dejection, which sinks you in degrading inaction, or drives you to seek relief in some fatal vice, or to drown recollection in the poisoning bowl. Arouse, and shake the oppressive burden from overpowering thee. Quench the stings of slander in the waters of Lethe—bury despondency in oblivion—fling melancholy to the winds, and with firm bearing and a stout heart push on to the attainment of a higher goal. The open field for energetic action is large, and the call for vigorous laborers immensely exceed the supply. Much precious time is squandered, valuable labor lost, mental activity stupefied and deadened by vain regrets, useless repinings, and unavailing idleness. The appeal for volunteers in the great battle of life, in exterminating ignorance and error, and planting high on an everlasting foundation the banner of intelligence and right, is directed to you, would you but grant it audience. Let no cloud again darken thy spirit, or weight of sadness oppress thy heart. Arouse ambition's smoldering fires. The laurel may e'en now be wreathed, destined to grace thy brow. Burst the trammels that impede thy progress, and cling to hope. The world frowned darkly upon all who have ever yet won Fame's wreath, but on they toiled. Place high thy standard, and with a firm tread and fearless eye press steadily onward. Persevere, and thou wilt surely reach it. Are there those who have watched, unrewarded, through long sorrowful years, for the dawning of a brighter morrow, when the weary soul should calmly rest? Hope's bright rays still illume their dark pathways, and cheerfully yet they watch. *Never despair! Faint not*, though thy task be heavy, and victory is thine. None should despair; God can help them. None should presume; God can cross them.

In the city of Munich, kingdom of Bavaria, dwelt, some sixty or seventy years ago, a young man, an actor, who, in one of his performances, so utterly and completely failed, that the enraged and disappointed manager peremptorily dismissed and turned him away to earn his living elsewhere. Sad, unutterably sad, and heavy was the young man's heart, as he went for the last time from the theater; and well might he be so, for in a dreary lane toward which he now bent his footsteps, stood one of those old dilapidated buildings, the abode of misery, poverty, and want, within whose walls, away up in a wretched garret, was all that his heart held most dear. There lay the corpse of his father; there a widowed mother looked up to him as her only stay and support; there waited for his coming a group of little brothers and sisters, dependent on him for daily bread. O, how bowed down was the heart of this poor youth! With the few crowns he had left in his pocket, he bought bread for the hungry family, and a plain coffin for the departed. That night saw him a watcher by the side of his lost father. In the morning he followed his remains to a lonely grave, and then wandered off to assuage, if possible his grief. Strolling on the banks of a neighboring river, he thought, in his despair, of throwing himself in; but a moment's thought checked him, and, shuddering at the thought of the great crime he had been tempted to commit—that of suicide—he fell on his knees and asked forgiveness of his Heavenly Father, and prayed long and earnestly. At last, quite worn out, and completely overcome by mental distress and bodily fatigue, he lay down on the grass and fell asleep—sleeping long and heavily. When he awoke with the morning sun, the birds were singing merrily, as though returning thanks to their Creator in songs of praise; the river still flowed peacefully on in its course, the trees shook their leaves in the summer's breeze, and all nature looked beautiful. Thanking God that he was still alive, he rose to return to the city. But a small white chalkstone pebble caught his eye, and on it was an exquisite tracing or outline of some little creature. Here was a subject for thought and study. He examined it long and attentively, and finally took it home with him. He experimented, and at length saw the possibility of obtaining impressions from stone. Continuing his experiments, he succeeded so well that from the little white pebble finally rose the art of Lithography. His name was Aloise Senefelder. Remember this, that God always helps those that help themselves, that he never forsakes those who are good and true, and that he heareth even the young ravens when they cry. Moreover, remember too, that come what may, we must never give up in life's battle, but press onward to the end, always keeping in mind the words—NEVER DESPAIR.

Despair is the death of the soul. If we will sympathize with God's system of salvation, there is no occasion for despondency or a feeling of condemnation, as we discover our defects from time to time; but, on the other hand, of cheerful hopefulness, and confidence of this very thing, that "He who hath begun a good work in us will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

TEMPTATION.

The young man, as he passes through life, advances through a long line of tempters ranged on either side of him; and the inevitable effect of yielding is degradation in a greater or less degree. Contact with them tends insensibly to draw away from him some portion of the divine electric element with which his nature is charged; and his only mode of resisting them is to utter and to act out his "No" manfully and resolutely. He must decide at once, not waiting to deliberate and balance reasons; for the youth, like "the woman who deliberates, is lost." Many deliberate without deciding; but "not to resolve *is* to resolve." A perfect knowledge of man is in the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." But temptation will come to try the young man's strength, and once yielded to, the power to resist grows weaker and weaker. Yield once, and a portion of virtue is gone. Resist manfully, and the first decision will give strength for life; repeated it will become a habit. It is in the outworks of the habits formed in early life that the real strength of the defence must lie; for it has been wisely ordained, that the machinery of moral existence should be carried on principally through the medium of the habits, so as to save the wear and tear of the great principles within. It is good habits, which insinuate themselves into the thousand inconsiderable acts of life, that really constitute by far the greater part of man's moral conduct. That fly which has been hovering and humming around our lamp for some time, to our great annoyance and disturbance, and to his own manifest though seemingly unperceived peril, has at length darted frantically into the flame—and then follows the catastrophe; a loud singing and hissing sound, and down he goes to the table, and lies there on his back, a wingless and legless wretch, spinning and buzzing, and screaming (as well as flies can scream) in his torture and helplessness. It is a sad sight, but it can't be helped. When we drove him away from the flame, back he came to it again, and there he is. Poor fellow! its all over with him. For what is a fly good for without legs or wings? Now, as he lies there writhing before us, let us see if we cannot make—(last product of folly and misery)—a moral out of him. Here it is: *Beware of temptation!* What is that brilliant light into which you are gazing with charmed eyes, and round which you are careering in circles which grow less with every revolution? It is the fire of passion. Whether it be drink or gaming, or any of the many forms of coarse and low excitement,—if you continue to gaze into it, and hover round it, you will presently fling yourself into it with frantic abandonment, and then you will fall from the flame, like that poor fly, without limbs to work or wings to soar—despoiled of every useful energy, every noble aspiration—a mere scorched and wretched remnant of a man. Many a gay and gaudy fly has had his legs and wings scorched off in one night's careering around the lights on the gaming-table. Others have found the same fate in the sparkling flow of the wine-cup, or in the maddening excitement of the midnight revel, or the eye of woman, fallen from virtue, and acquiring, in her deep degradation, at once the malignity and the power of a demon. All these belong, thus far, to the same category with this poor insect on my table—(for, now I see, his buzzing and spinning has ceased—he is still and dead). They, too, are *dazzled to death!* Break away, then, from the charmed circle. Shut your eyes and turn your back to the fatal fascination. One manly effort, and you are your own master again. Go forth into the pure, cool, wholesome air. Sober your senses, brace up your energies by useful toil and innocent enjoyments. The world is full of them. Home, nature, the pursuit of knowledge, any career of honorable exertion, minister excitements which are as wholesome as they are pleasurable. They prolong life while they cheer and ennoble it. The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honors.

The path is smooth that leadeth to danger. Beware lest thou be led into temptation. There is a charm in danger, a fascination in the look of death, which often allures brave men from the path of duty. Men and women are oftener ruined by brilliancy than by dullness. If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. If you cannot resist sin, then avoid temptation.

He who avoids temptation avoids the sin.

He that would not fall into temptation must have a presence of mind, a watchful eye over himself; he must have great things in view, distinguish betwixt time and eternity; or else he will follow what passion, not what reason and religion, suggest. Despise not little temptations; rightly met they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial. Keep yourself from opportunities, and God will keep you from sins. The difference between those whom the world esteems as good, and those whom it condemns as bad, is in many cases that the former have been better sheltered from temptation. John Newton says: "Satan seldom comes to a Christian with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with your little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no great harm in this," "no great peril in that," and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." An intelligent man will not yield to petty temptations like an ignorant one; and great temptations do not often conquer until the moral integrity has been previously sapped by minor delinquencies. Temptation assails us in every form, from the low and sensual appetite working upon the baser feelings of our nature, to the high and lofty, but no less sinful passions of ambition, which, leaving the more sordid minds as unworthy of attack, assails only the noblest natures, and unless manfully withstood, but too surely causes a being but little lower than the angels to sink from his proper sphere, and by the abuse of his talents, prostrate his highest hopes for the mere applause of man. The greatest victory of man is that achieved over the difficulties and trials that beset him; and he who overcomes the worldly feelings within him, is mightier than the conquerors of armies, even could he subjugate the whole earth. Resist a temptation till you conquer it.

We gain strength from conquering strong temptations, just as the Sandwich Islander thinks that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills pass into himself.

We must never be astonished at temptations, be they ever so outrageous. On this earth all is temptation. Crosses tempt us by irritating our pride, and prosperity by flattering it. Our life is a continual combat, but one in which Jesus Christ fights for us. We must pass on unmoved while temptations rage around us, as the traveler, overtaken by a storm, simply wraps his cloak more closely about him, and rushes on more vigorously toward his destined home.

If you have been tempted to evil, fly from it; it is not falling into the water, but lying in it, that drowns.

'Tis wisdom to beware,
And better to avoid the bait than struggle in the snare.—DRYDEN.

If angels fell, why should not men beware.—YOUNG.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done.—SHAK.

DEBT.

A recent philosopher discovered a method to avoid being dunned! "How? how? how?" every body asks.—"*Never run in debt.*" A man who has no bills against him, belongs to the order of no-bil-i-ty, in more than one sense. Debt is the worst kind of poverty. Credit never permits a man to know the real value of money, nor to have full control over his affairs. It presents all his expenses in the aggregate, and not in detail. Every one has more or less of the miser's love of money—of the actual gold pieces and the crisp bank notes. Now, if you have these things in your pocket, you see them, as you make your purchases, visibly diminishing under your eye. The lessening heap cries to you to stop. You would like to buy this, that, and the other; but you know exactly how much money you have left, and if you go on buying more things, your purse will soon be empty. You do not see this when you take credit. You give your orders freely, without thought or calculation; and when the day of payment comes, you find that you have overrun the constable.

On every hand we see people living on credit, putting off pay day to the last, making in the end some desperate effort, either by begging or borrowing, to scrape the money together, and then struggling on again, with the canker of care eating at their heart, to the inevitable goal of bankruptcy. If people would only make a push at the beginning, instead of the end, they would save themselves all this misery. The great secret of being solvent, and well-to-do, and comfortable, is to get ahead of your expenses. Eat and drink this month what you earned last month—not what you are going to earn next month. There are, no doubt, many persons so unfortunately situated that they can never accomplish this. No man can to a certainty guard against ill health; no man can insure himself a well-conducted, helpful family, or a permanent income. There will always be people who cannot help their misfortunes; but, as a rule, these unfortunates are far less trouble to society than those in a better position who bring their misfortunes upon themselves by deliberate recklessness and extravagances. You may help a poor, honest, struggling man to some purpose, but the utmost you can do for an unthrift is thrown away. You give him money you have earned by hard labor—he spends it in pleasure, which you have never permitted yourself to enjoy. Some people use one-half their ingenuity to get into debt, and the other half to avoid paying it. An old merchant gives this sound advice: "Never owe any more than you are able to pay, and allow no man to owe you any more than you are able to lose."

The best pleasures—those which sweeten life most, and leave no bitterness behind,—are cheap pleasures. What greater pleasure can man enjoy than the sense of being free and independent? The man with his fine house, his glittering carriage, and his rich banquets, for which he is in debt, is a slave, a prisoner, forever dragging his chains behind him through all the grandeur of the false world through which he moves. "Owe no man anything," was the injunction of a Christian Apostle. If we were to express the sentiment, we should prefer the motto of John Randolph, "Pay as you go," because it is more explicit. Owe men we must, in all the courtesies and kindnesses which belong to and grace humanity; it is a debt collateral with our being—an obligation of our nature—therefore the Apostle was not definite enough, (not that he was at fault, but rather the translator,) but Randolph hit the mark when he confined his maxim to debts pecuniary, which men, under the present order of things, are liable to incur. He touched with a healthy philosophy one of the greatest and commonest of society evils.

We take it for granted that, as a general rule, debts pecuniary are contracted to be paid, sooner or later. As a general rule, their burthen is least the sooner they are paid. Interest, usury, dependence, law-suits and costs of many kinds, that hang over standing and litigated debts, add, if we could but get at their total in this country for a single year, millions of dollars to the original obligations. Friendships are broken over debts; forgeries and murders are committed on their account; and, however considered, they are a source of cost and annoyance—and that continually. They break in everwhere upon the harmonious relations of men; they render men servile or tyrannous, as they chance to be debtors or creditors; they blunt sensitiveness to personal independence, and, in no respect that we can fathom, do they advance the general well-being. The rich have no excuse for not paying as they go, and the poor depend upon the payments of the rich to make their own ends meet. It is a shameful fact of the credit system, that the rich presume upon credit, and abuse it far more than the poor. Blessed will be the day when all men pay as they go.

Somebody truly says that one debt begets an other. If a man owes you a dollar, he is sure to owe you a grudge, too, and he is generally more ready to pay interest on the latter than on the former.

Neither farmer, mechanic, nor anybody else, should run up bills from week to week for food and clothing, but should make a point of paying for his subsistence as he may require it. The neglect of this rule is one main cause of the prevalence of extravagance, overtrading and general insolvency, frequently resulting in mercantile bankruptcy and general revulsion. The humble cultivator who owes for half his farm and cannot turn off more then two or three hundred dollars worth per annum out of which one hundred dollars must be paid as interest on his debt, is often tempted by the facility of obtaining credit, to buy silks and satins for his wife and daughters, broadcloth and fine boots for his sons, or allow them to buy such for themselves on his account, when he can by no means afford such expenditures. It is the duty of the true merchant to resist and correct this tendency, by insisting on prompt payment for all purchases, except under peculiar circumstances. Cash should be the general rule; credit the rare exception. The poor man who has encountered some sudden and severe calamity, such as the burning of his house or the destruction of his crops by hurricane or flood, may very properly be proffered credit for a season at cash prices; so may the poor widow whose children, this year at school, will be earning wages and able to help her next season. But in all ordinary cases the merchant, if only from a patriotic regard for the general well-being, should inflexibly refuse to sell on credit, since such selling is, and ever must be, to the uncircumspect majority, a temptation and facility for general improvidence and overtrading. Mr. President, said the eccentric John Randolph, interrupting himself in one of his senatorial diatribes, I have discovered the Philosopher's stone! It consists of four short words of homely English—*Pay as you go!*

Traders are sometimes so eager to get customers, and so fearful that rival houses will get a portion of their trade, that they give credit to Tom, Dick, and Harry, and "take the risk" of getting their pay. When a man wants credit, you should question him closely and pointedly as to his *present* position, capital, and means, write down his replies, require him to sign the statement, and then, if at all, sell him the goods he wants, *on that statement.* If, under such circumstances, he deceives you, you can proceed against him for fraud, and turn the thumbscrews on him until he pays your bill. A merchant, jobber, or importer, who is weak enough to sell goods to unsafe men, on credit, because he is afraid some rival will "get his custom away," deserves to be a loser.

General Jackson remarked, that "men who do business on borrowed capital ought to fail." Though this hard-hearted maxim has been denounced beyond measure, it certainly has the sanction of Providence, for they nearly all do fail. The statistics of General Dearborn show that out of every hundred men who do a credit business, ninety-seven become bankrupt. Famous financiers are especially certain to fail. We never knew one, from Nicholas Biddle down, who did not finally run out. The really shrewd and thrifty men, such as A. T. Stewart and James Gordon Bennett, never have any occasion to borrow money— to financier. Financiering is simple—and they are simple who practice it.

"Of what a hideous progeny of ill," says Douglas Jerrold, "is debt the father! What meanness, what invasions of self-respect, what cares, what double-dealing! How in due season, it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles; how like a knife it will stab the honest heart. And then its transformations. How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; how with the evil custom of debt, has the true man become a callous trickster! A freedom from debt, and what nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsomeness in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg! Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be a biscuit and an onion, dines in "The Apollo." And then, for raiment, what warmth in a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in your pocket! what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for; how glossy the well worn hat, if it covers not the aching head of a debtor! Next the home sweets, the out door recreation of the free man. The street door falls not a knell on his heart; the foot of the staircase, though he lives on the third pair, sends no spasms through his anatomy; at the rap of his door he can crow "come in," and his pulse still beats healthfully, his heart sinks not in his bowels. See him abroad! How he returns look for look with any passenger; how he saunters; now meeting an acquaintance, he stands and gossips, but then this man knows no debt; debt that casts a drug in the richest wine; that makes the food of the gods unwholesome, indigestible; that sprinkles the banquets of a Lucullus with ashes, and drops soot in the soup of an emperor; debt that like the moth, makes valueless furs and velvets, enclosing the wearer in a festering prison, (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for;) debt that writes upon frescoed halls the handwriting of the attorney; that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that makes the heart quake at the haunted fireside; debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man, now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and now bringing to his face the ashy hue of death as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him! Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, and sometimes can with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker makes wry faces, there may, after all, be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however courteously it may be offered, is the cup of Syren; and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, is poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, although clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday —a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; see thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the only wear; and acknowledge a whitewashed garret the fittest housing place for a gentleman; do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at rest and the sheriff confounded."

Of all the safeguards that young men can provide themselves with, we know of none that is a prophylactic against more troubles than a rule firmly laid down, and resolutely adhered to, never to go in debt. It will require no small amount of courage and self-denial to live up to it; but, in the end, the result will compensate for all troubles and sacrifices. The rule will bring its own reward. It is the easiest thing in the world to get in debt; it is one of the hardest things in the world to get out after once getting in; and it is a task of no small difficulty to keep out. John Randolph said that the philosopher's stone was comprised in the words; "Pay as you go;" and it is certain that if the rule were made an inflexible law in ordinary human dealings, it would bring more peace and comfort to mankind than all the elixirs, transmuters, solvents and stones that are likely to be found in the alchemist's alembic. Keeping out of debt is not so much a positive advantage as it is a protection against incalculable disadvantages—though the emphatic satisfaction and freedom which a debtless man feels in daily contrasting his condition with those who are embarrassed with obligations is not to be lightly thought of. These troubles of a debtor are myriad, and they assail their victim every hour of the day. They turn his youth into age before its time; they make him thoughtful and anxious when he should be gay and cheerful; they take the light out of his eye, and the bloom out of his cheek; they obtrude a spector into all his enjoyments; they remind him that he is laboring for another than himself, and that the fruits of his labor are not his own. His honest sweat belongs to another; his triumphs and success must be shared by some one else; his hands and head are mortgaged; in short, he is half a slave. The interest on his debts never slumbers; it goes on accumulating every hour of the day, and night, and every day of the week, through sickness, misfortune and idleness, with the pitilessness of an inexorable enemy; and even when the poor debtor has succeeded in keeping even with the interest, the principal remains in its original bulk, unreduced a single dollar. A man in debt never knows what he is worth, nor how he is getting along; he is liable to a constant delusion. He imagines he is properous, when he is succeeding in making money for another. He imagines he owns the home his family live in, when, in fact, it may belong to some one else; and he cherishes the fond fraud on himself till the remorseless mortgage, or deed of trust comes and sweeps all away. Good credit is a treasure; but the chief advantage of it is in having it, not using it. Any person, whether rich or poor, whether employer or employed, whether living in the city or country, that cherishes a desire to enjoy anything which he or she has not fairly and squarely earned the right to enjoy, is doomed to unrest, infelicity, discomfort and unhappiness in this world, and a sharp chance for a residence in the torrid zone of the future. There is no discount on this—not a mill, not a moment. Let the reader look honestly into his or her own heart and life and experience thus far in the world, and see how absolutely and relentlessly true this is.

We read a few years since in the *Buffalo Express*, the following: A friend called upon us yesterday morning, and paid a small balance due with this remark:—"I have watched with peculiar interest the late trial of Prof. Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman—I have read the testimony attentively and carefully to satisfy myself of the guilt or innocence of the accused, and of the motive which prompted the act, if guilt should be established. The man has been convicted. His trouble and disgrace has been brought upon him by being in debt. I have firmly resolved, as God will aid me in the effort, to owe no man anything." We were struck with the impression this lesson had made upon the mind, and could but secretly and fervently wish that its teachings might become universally effective. "Pay as you go," is a golden maxim. Eschew tea, coffee, tobacco, new dresses, new coats, new carriages and everything in the line of luxuries, until you can pay ready money. Money cheapens everything. It is a great economizer. You think twice and buy cheap with the ready cash. People who run store debts, buy thoughtlessly many things not needed, and at high prices. Owe no man anything.

Mr. Spurgeon tells this of his early life:

"When I was a very small boy, in pinafores, and went to a woman's school, it so happened that I wanted a slate-pencil, and had no money to buy it with. I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often, for I was a careless little fellow, and so did not care to ask at home; what, then, was I to do? There was a little shop in the place, where nuts, tops, cakes, and balls, were sold by old Mrs. Dearson; and sometimes I had seen boys and girls get trusted by the old lady. I argued with myself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and perhaps even a whole silver sixpence. I would, therefore, go into debt for a slate-pencil, and be sure to pay at Christmas. I did not feel easy about it, but still I screwed my courage up, and went into the shop. One farthing was the amount; and as I had never owed anything before, and my credit was good, the pencil was handed over by the kind dame, and I was in debt. It did not please me much, and I felt as if I had done wrong; but I little knew how soon I should smart for it. How my father came to hear of this little stroke of business I never knew, but some little bird or other whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right earnest. God bless him for it; he was a sensible man, and none of your children-spoilers; he did not intend to bring up his children to speculate, and play at what big rogues call financiering, and he therefore knocked my getting into debt on the head at once, and no mistake. He gave me a very powerful lecture upon getting into debt, and how like it was to stealing, and upon the way in which people were ruined by it; and how a boy who would owe a farthing might one day owe a hundred pounds, and get into prison, and bring his family to disgrace. It was a lecture, indeed; I think I can hear it now, and feel my ears tingling at the recollection of it. Then I marched off to the shop, like a deserter marched into barracks, crying bitterly all down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed, because I thought everybody knew that I was in debt. The farthing was paid amid many solemn warnings, and the poor debtor was set free, like a bird out of a cage. How sweet it felt to be out of debt! How did my little heart vow and declare that nothing should tempt me into debt again! It was a fine lesson, and I have never forgotten it."

It makes a great difference whether you put Dr. before or after a man's name.

The proverb says that "an empty bag cannot stand upright;" neither can a man who is in debt. Debt makes everything a temptation. It lowers a man in self-respect, places him at the mercy of his tradesmen and his servant, and renders him a slave in many respects, for he can no longer call himself his own master, nor boldly look the world in the face. It is also difficult for a man who is in debt, to be truthful, hence it is said that lying rides on debt's back. The debtor has to frame excuses to his creditor, for postponing payment of the money he owes him; and probably also to contrive falsehood. It is easy enough for a man who will exercise a healthy resolution, to avoid incurring the first obligation; but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second; and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood; almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course, debt after debt, as lie follows lie. Hayden the painter, dated his decline from the day on which he first borrowed money. He realized the truth of the proverb, "Who goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing." The significant entry in his diary is: "Here began debt and obligation, out of which I have never been and never shall be extricated as long as I live." Dr. Johnson held that early debt is ruin. His words on the subject are weighty, and worthy of being held in remembrance. "Do not," said he, "accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Let it be your first care, then, not to be in any man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty; and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wont help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare."

It is the bounden duty of every man to look his affairs in the face, and to keep an account of his incomings and outgoings in money-matters. The exercise of a little simple arithmetic in this way will be found of great value. Prudence requires that we shall pitch our scale of living a degree below our means, rather than up to them; but this can only be done by carrying out faithfully a plan of living by which both ends may be made to meet. "Nothing," said Locke, "is likelier to keep a man within compass than having constantly before his eyes the state of his affairs in a regular course of account." Said the Duke of Wellington, "I make it a point of paying my own bills, and I advise every one to do the same; formerly I used to trust a confidential servant to pay them, but I was cured of that folly by receiving one morning to my great surprise, duns of a year or two's standing.

The fellow had speculated with my money, and left my bills unpaid." Talking of debt, his remark was, "It makes a slave of a man. I have often known what it was to be in want of money, but I never got into debt." Washington was one of the most particular persons in matters of business detail; and it is a remarkable fact, that he did not disdain to scrutinize the smallest outgoings of his household—determined as he was to live honestly within his means—even while holding the high office of President of the United States.

A British Admiral, (Earl St. Vincent,) has told the following story of his early struggles, and determination to keep out of debt: "My father had a very large family, said he, "with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at the station (at sea), I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise, which I have kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trousers out of the ticking of my bed; and having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill; and from that time to this I have taken care to keep within my means." For six years he endured pinching privation, but preserved his integrity, studied his profession with success, and gradually and steadily rose by merit and bravery to the highest rank. Samuel Drew thus describes his first lesson in economy: "When I was a boy, I somehow got a few pence, and coming into St. Austell on a fair day, laid all out on a purse. My empty purse then reminded me of my folly; and the recollection has since been as useful to me as Franklin's whistle was to him."

Sir Charles Napier held that the habit of being constantly in debt made men grow callous to the proper feelings of a gentleman. Says D'Israeli, "If youth but knew the fatal misery that they are entailing on themselves, the moment they accept a pecuniary credit, to which they are not entitled, how they would start in their career! how pale they would turn! how they would tremble, and clasp their hands in agony, at the precipice on which they are disporting! Debt is the prolific mother of folly and crime; it taints the course of life in all its streams. Hence so many unhappy marriages, so many prostituted pens, and venal politicians! It hath a small beginning, but a giant growth and strength. When we make the monster, we make our master, who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions forever in our sight. The slave hath no overseer so severe. Faustus, when he signed the bond with blood, did not secure a doom so terrible.

That feeling of over-due bills, of bills coming due, of accounts overdrawn, of tradesmen unpaid, of general money cares, is very dreadful at first, but it is astonishing how soon men get used to it. A load which would crush a man at first, becomes by habit not only endurable, but easy and comfortable to the bearer. The habitual debtor goes along jaunty and with elastic step, almost enjoying the excitement of his embarrassments. One is almost inclined to believe that there is something pleasurable in the excitement of such embarrassments, as there is also in the excitement of drink. But then at last the time does come when the excitement is over, and when nothing but the misery is left. If there be an existence of wretchedness on earth, it must be that of the elderly, worn-out *roue*, who has run this race of debt and bills of accommodation and acceptances—of what, if we were not in these days somewhat afraid of good, broad English, we might call lying and swindling, falsehood and fraud—and who, having ruined all whom he should have loved, having burnt up every one who would trust him much, and scorched all who would trust him a little, is at last left to finish his life with such bread and water as these men get, without one honest thought to strengthen his sinking heart, or one honest friend to hold his shivering hand! If a man could only think of that as he puts his name to the first little bill, as to which he is so good-naturedly assured that it can easily be renewed!

He that once owes more than he can pay, is often obliged to bribe his creditor to patience by increasing his debt. Worse and worse commodities, at a higher and higher price, are forced upon him; he is impoverished by compulsive traffic, and at last overwhelmed in the common receptacles of misery, by debts which, without his own consent, were accumulated on his head. Never go in debt. Credit is the great evil of the age. It is the financial plague which every now and then decimates the world of business. The ease with which an exaggerated credit can be maintained, leads to reckless speculation; and how often that worst species of gaming leads to ruin, disgrace and suicide. It is an old saying, but none the less valuable, that ready money is a ready medicine. How much it can relieve of human grief! How many obliterate of human afflictions! None know the value of ready money so profoundly as he who has forever lived within the suffocating atmosphere of incessant debt. None enjoy so proudly the pure sovereignty of individual independence as he who ever uses the authority of ready cash, and resists the temptation to enter the gaudy and intoxicating world of debt. The grand object of most men's exertions is to grow rich. Some are more enamored of art, and some of science. Some yield themselves up to a delicious dream of fame, and some to the laborious pursuit of metaphysical phantoms. But wealth is the deity idolatrously worshipped by man, in the mass; and wealth and credit are, in some minds, indissolubly associated as reciprocating motors in the machinery of trade. "Give us credit," they exclaim, "and we have capital." Very true; they have the capital of others. Every dollar's worth for which you owe, is a dollar borrowed from somebody else to contribute to the sum on which you do business for yourself; but oh! the days of care—the nights of thought—the hours of anguish you endure, lest, building on so precarious a foundation, the storm of a moment may not topple about your feet the structure of toilsome years. On the contrary, the man of cash entertains no such apprehensions. Appreciating the value of his little hoard, he indulges in no magnificent illusions. He contemplates everything through the serener medium of a cool and careful judgment. He struggles slowly, but surely, up the steep hill of affluence; and if he never realizes, till the end, any of the golden hours of inebriate exultation, he escapes, at the same time, all the sombre ones of crucified hope and self-invited despair. Never go in debt! That is the safe man's motto. It points the road to fortune. It indicates a road full, perhaps, of privations for a time, but exempt from all those embarrassments which dog the footsteps of the victim of credit, harrass his mind, dampen his energies, weigh down his spirit of enterprise, and crowd his way with innumerable obstacles, separately of little moment, but in the aggregate, painfully exhausting. It is not an easy matter for an ambitious heart to march contentedly in the rear of the rushing, leaping, excited multitude, and sturdily refuse to avail itself of the inebriating draught held out to every lip in the Circean cup of credit. But "they stumble who run fast." The reaction to all this over-excitement must have its turn; and when it comes, the bounding crowd lag wearily along overcome with a weariness the result of their own wild and superfluous vivacity; while plodding sobriety, so long overlooked in the background, advances with vigorous foot, and passes triumphantly on to the goal, in advance of all competitors. In the race for success, he who eschews all indebtedness runs lightly, and is prepared for a laborious contest, in view of the importance of the prize. He who accepts credit only fills his pockets with so many stones; and carrying weight, either breaks down before he attains the winning-post, or only reaches it by a double consumption of power and vitality. So never go in debt! Debt is a species of enslavement, and, as such, an evil to be shunned —often a "crying evil." Let all, who can, avoid it as they would the pestilence.

To have paid one's debts, is a great comfort. Out of debt, out of danger. Pecuniary dependence naturally degrades the mind, and depraves the heart. Our debts and our sins, says Franklin, are generally greater than we think for. It is not so painful for an honest man to want money as it is to owe it. Never associate with a man who never pays his debts. "If a fellow wont pay, his company wont." Remember this—No man can ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief, you must work for it. You must make more and spend less, than you did while you were running in debt. The borrower is servant to the lender. Never borrow more than the lender is willing to lose if you cannot repay it. And never borrow anything except in a case of most extreme necessity. Don't let the notion that you might do a great deal better business if you only had a few more hundreds of capital, tempt you into borrowing or hiring money which you may never be able to return. It may seem to you next to impossible that you should not be able to double and treble the money long before the time for payment comes, but as long as you know that it is not impossible, don't you risk it; unless, as was said before, your lender is willing to oblige you and take whatever consequences may follow. The more independent you can be in money matters, the happier and more of a man you will be. It is a thousand times better to commence life on a dollar business, or in as small a way as "The Little Wool Merchant" of admirable memory did, who laid the foundation of a large fortune by hunting on the moors for locks of wool which the bushes had torn from the sheep, than to start on a large borrowed capital. Of course there are some men who do so start that are successful, and soon pay principal and interest of the borrowed sum, but the risks are very great. When you consider that hardly one man in ten prospers in business, how can you presume that you shall be the fortunate one? and if you be not, what a miserable addition to the burden of your ill-luck will be debt. Keep clear of it by all practicable means. For if you do not, one of two things will certainly befall you, unless you prosper and can pay up. You will live all your days in shame and annoyance because of that debt, or your moral sense and your manly character will be lowered and undermined.

You will cease to be respectable or respected. Whatever your means are, if they will sustain life, let it be your effort to live within them. If you want to do so, and your wife don't want to, your case is certainly a hard one; but you must play the man now, or you are gone, lost overboard, and you will never see land more. Stand by the right, no matter where it hurts you. Don't let the tears and poutings of a Circe prevail against you. If she says, "You don't love me, or you would never ask me to come down to such mean living; I never would have married you if I had not thought you could support me," swallow the bitter pill the best way you can, but don't budge from your position. Honor and the right should be dearer than the wife or child. A man whose wife takes that position has a hard road to walk, and in all probability his heart's blood will mark it. One thing is sure, if your wife don't love you well enough to share your fortune, whether good or ill, and to try and encourage you in all that is your duty, she did not love you well enough to marry you, and she is an unworthy wife. But where there is one such woman there are a hundred others who are true helpmeets for their husbands, and who will hold up both hands to the aspiration and the sentiment, "Even though we must struggle long with want and hardship, let us keep out of debt."

FAILURE.

The world is full of experiments and consequently is full of failures. It could not be well otherwise. Nothing truly great is the product of instant suggestion. It is usually the result of painfully slow, but important accretions of intelligence. When complete it is a combined series of successive improvements, the contribution of many minds, even though all be filtered through a single idea, devoted in every respect to the reduction of differing elements to a homogeneous mass. In this progressive motion, how many a wayward step must be expected! How many a brilliant thought, led astray by some glittering *ignus fatuus*, falls headlong into some slough of despond, or sinks in despair at the verge of some impassable precipice! But other brilliant thoughts catch up the thread of light at the point of departure, and carry it on until they, too, become bewildered and wander off; when, still others grasp the quivering line at its critical mark, and exultingly follow it up to its glorious termination. This is the history, alas! of almost every noble invention, although, in pity to the world of sanguine hope, custom blinds us to all but the incipient gropings in the dark, and the god-like emergence of the victor into the broad, noon-day sunbeam of complete success. *Experientia docet*—there is no instructor like misfortune. It teaches us what to avoid. And the fatal error in every attempt to carry out an original conception, is the disposition to yield to some one or more of the ten thousand fanciful chimeras which obtrude themselves as auxiliaries in the work, and little by little, betray the absorbed attraction into a labarynth of petty errors and inextricable difficulties. We need never despair, then. The wreck of one thought remains a monitor for the next; and instead of grieving over the lost idea, we should remember how many, and still more valuable ones might have been placed in peril but for such a timely warning.

It is said that ninety-five in a hundred of all our mercantile men fail once at least in their business life-time, or that there are few who succeed in business who have not made at least one failure. What is the secret of the frequency of failures among business men? "Overreaching," you will probably say,—the secret of *it*, in turn, being a too great making of haste to get riches. No doubt the secret does often lie in miscalculation and mismanagement in the counting-room and the storehouse, including all the evils of borrowing and endorsing without judgment or discretion. But we think a full investigation—if it were allowable—would demonstrate that the difficulty often lies in quite a different quarter, viz: in the extravagantly provided home of the bankrupt, and the needless expenditures of his family. It is always much more difficult for a business man to pay the debts contracted by his wife and daughters than those contracted by himself. The latter, being within the regular programme of trade, are provided for, while the former are not thought of, perhaps, till the bills are presented and payment is urged. In other words,—it is the *surprise* of these outside liabilities which renders them so embarrassing. If provided for they would have been merest trifles and paid as such. Now, they become serious annoyances, interfering with the payment of notes, and ultimately proving so much poison to his credit and his comfort. The prudent wife and daughter of the merchant and the manufacturer consider these things, and so become *helps*, instead of hindrances, to even the operations of business life!

But there are other causes of failure. An ambition to be rich. Aversion to labor. An impatient desire to enjoy the luxuries of life before the right to them has been acquired in any way. The want of some better principle for the distinguishing between right and wrong, than reference merely to what is established as honorable in the society in which he happens to live.

The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. If you fail now and then, do not be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man; and the most successful men often have the most failures. Yes, if we have the right stuff in us, these failures at the outset are grand materials for success. To the feeble they are, of course, stumbling blocks. The wretched weakling goes no farther; he lags behind, and subsides into a life of failure. And so by this winnowing process the number of the athletes in the great Olympics of life is restricted to a few, and there is clear space in the arena. There is scarcely an old man among us—an old and successful man—who will not willingly admit that he was made by failures, and that what he once thought his hard fate, was in reality his good fortune. And thou, my child, thou that thinkest thou can'st carry Parnassus by storm, learn to possess thyself in patience. Not easy the lesson, I know; not cheering the knowledge that success is not attainable, by a hop, step and a jump, but by arduous passages of gallant perseverance, toilsome efforts long sustained, and most of all, by repeated failures. Hard, I know, is that last word, grating harshly upon the ear of youth. Say, then, that we mollify it a little,—that we strip it of its outer crustaceousness and asperity; and truthfully may we do so. For these failures are, as I have said, but stepping-stones to success;—at the worst, non-attainments of the desired end before thy time. If success were to crown thine efforts now, where would be the great success of the hereafter? It is the brave resolution to "do better next time" that lays the subtrate of all real greatness. Many a promising reputation has been destroyed by early success. The good sap runs out from the trunk into feeble offshoots or suckers. The hard discipline of the knife is wanted. I repeat that it is not pleasant; but when thou feelest the sharpness of the edge, think that all who have gone before thee have been lacerated in like manner.

It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

Doubtless a deeper feeling of individual responsibility, and a better adaptation of talent to its fields of labor, are necessary to bring about a better state of society, and a better condition for the individual members of it. But with the most careful adaptation of talent and means to pursuits, no man can succeed, as a general principle, who has not a fixed and resolute purpose in his mind, and an unwavering faith that he can carry that purpose out. It is the taking hold of the plough and looking back at the furrow, instead of forward to the unbroken sod, that causes so many failures. There is, with a great majority of men, a want of constancy in whatever plans they undertake. They toil as though they doubted that life had earnest and decided pathways; as though there was no compass but the shifting winds, with each of which they must change their course. Thus they beat about on the ocean of time, but never cross it, to rest on delightful islands or mainlands. Those who are familiar with the Scottish history will remember the incident which inspired the faltering Bruce to become the saviour of his country. Lying in a shed, despairing over his fate, he saw a spider striving to reach the ceiling by a slender web. Again and again the resolute insect struggled up and fell backward. But the ceiling was its desired goal, and it returned each time with greater vigor to the trial. Obstacles only stimulated it, and at length it triumphed. The despairing Bruce made the faithful instinct of the spider his lesson—it gave him a new inspiration, and he went forth to beat back the Saxon invaders, to triumph over England, and to become a hero and a king. It is this spirit of earnest, hopeful and constant faith that man wants in pursuing the object he has set before him. His motto must be "There is no such word as fail." No man ever rose to fortune, or to fame, save chance exceptions, scarcely creditable in themselves—without encountering obstacles, and at times almost despairing of his toil. It is the great virtue and glory of life to buffet the wave and breast the storm, and he who does it with a good purpose is surely rewarded. Suppose Columbus had yielded to the mutinous spirit, around him, in his search for a new hemisphere—suppose the mariner, with his sails bent for gold coasts or spice islands, was to surrender to every cross current or baffling wind, would the new hemisphere have been found, or the gold coasts and spice islands be gained? Life, with every man, is a barque on the sea of time. Every man is a voyager and has a port to gain. He selects his port, and he must start with undeceiving compass, and, against wind and tide, bear on to that port, or he will never reach it. With the brave, considerate soul there is no such word as "fail."

> Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife
> Their fate we should na censure,
> For still th' *important end* of life
> They equally may answer;
> A man may hae an honest heart,
> Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
> A man may tak a neebor's part,
> Yet, hae nae *cash* to spare him.—BURNS.

REVERSES IN NEW YORK.

Firms are constantly changing. Splendid mansions change hands suddenly. A brilliant party is held in an up-town house, the sidewalk is carpeted, and the papers are full of the brilliant reception. The next season the house will be dismantled, and a family, "going into the country," or "to Europe," will offer their imported furniture to the public under the hammer. A brilliant equipage is seen in Central Park in the early part of the season, holding gaily dressed ladies and some successful speculators. Before the season closes some Government officer or sporting man will drive that team on his own account, while the gay party that called the outfit their own in the early part of the season have passed away forever. This grows out of the manner in which business is done. There is no thrift, no forecast, no thought for the morrow. A man who makes $50,000, instead of settling half of it on his wife and children, throws the whole into a speculation with the expectation of making it a hundred thousand. A successful Dry Goods Jobber, who has a balance of $75,000 to his credit in the bank, instead of holding it for a wet day or a tight time, goes into a little stock speculation and hopes to make a fortune at a strike. Men who have a good season launch out into extravagancies and luxuries, and these, with the gambling mania, invariably carry people under.

A gentleman, who had a very successful trade, built him an extraordinary country seat in Westchester county, which was the wonder of the age. His house was more costly than the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch. His estate comprised several acres laid out in the most expensive manner, and the whole was encircled with gas lights, several hundred in number, which were lit every evening. As might have been expected with the first reverse, (and it comes sooner or later to all,) the merchant was crushed, and as he thought disgraced; and he was soon carried to his sepulchre, the wife obliged to leave her luxurious home, and by the kindness of creditors was allowed, with her children, to find temporary refuge in the coachman's loft in her stable.

A SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

Genesis, 39th ch. and 3d v. "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man." The secret of the signal success of Joseph throughout an eventful life, was that God took care of him from his youth. There is no safety for any man who does not start right, in this respect. The difference between prosperity and failure lies in the pious fear of God. "I speak what I know." I don't look at the world from my study window. I have been *down in it!* I know what it is; what its perils are, where its hidden breakers are, and how many are the dangers of young men. I shall point out some of the critical moments in a young man's life.

That is a critical moment when he *chooses his occupation.* Then the youth should earnestly pray: *God help me! God grant me wisdom, guidance, light.* There are five hundred callings, but only *one* for this particular person; hence there are four hundred and ninety-nine chances that he will make a wrong selection; and if he mistakes here *he is gone.* His life will be a series of false steps beginning with this one; it will be filled up with fruitless endeavors, with frustrations, with humiliating failures, and it will end in disappointment, and unavailing regrets. I knew a man at sixty who had passed his years under the shadows of successive misfortunes; and he confessed that at twenty-one the Lord impressed him with the feeling that he ought to be a minister of the gospel. But he turned to secular pursuits, and the Lord let him go on, and flounder to the end. I knew another who had a genius for surgery, but who, after achieving early successes in that line, took up the notion that he was called to preach, and following that conviction, he entered the ministry, but in every move he failed; his way was hedged about, and he had to go back to his true vocation, as a Christian surgeon. What is the reason that ninety-nine-one-hundredths who enter mercantile life fail? The Lord is not consulted by them in their choice, and is not sought to go with them in their pursuit. They do not prosper because they rely on their own judgment, and then on their business tact. It is dangerous to venture forth alone. It is prudent to seek advice of friends, to hearken to the counsel of parents, to listen to the experience, to take lesson from the lips of the wise. But human counsel is at least fallible. God only can be safely trusted as a counsellor. It is madness to disregard His will, to slight His wisdom, to reject His aid, His favor, His presence.

It is a critical time when a young man sets up his own household. It is not too much to say that when a man chooses a wife he weds for heaven or for hell, accordingly as he brings into his house and heart a good influence; if it be a bad influence he will go down. The Godless youth is infatuated by a fair face, and is lured to his fate by a syren's smile. He takes no counsel of the Lord and is left to follow his own shallow fancies or the instigations of his passions. The time will surely come in his life when he will not so much want a pet as a heroine. In dark and trying days, when the waves of misfortune are breaking over him, and one home comfort, and another, and another is swept away, the piano—the Chickering grand—gone to the creditors, the family turned out on the side-walk by the heartless landlord, then what is the wife good for if her lips that accompanied the piano in song cannot lift alone the notes, "Jesus, lover of my soul," &c. The strongest arm in this world is not the arm of a blacksmith, nor the arm of a giant; it is the *arm of a* *woman*, when God has put into it, through faith and submission to His will, his own moral omnipotence. If there is one beautiful spot on earth, it is the home of the young family consecrated by piety, the abode of the Holy Spirit, above which the hovering angels touch their wings, forming a canopy of protection and sanctity.

Another critical time is that of the first success. It will come soon or late. It will break upon the young man some day and surprise him. He will leave his business to go home under the exhilaration of his first success. He will take his seat in the street car elated and buoyant. He will see a lady enter and stand; he will spring up and give her his seat; she will thank him; she will be one of that sort. He will bound into the hall, and his merry voice will ring glad shouts from basement to attic. Soon he will find himself perplexed about what to do with his money, and how to adapt himself to his new circumstances. That is a critical moment! Shall he be still a man or shall he be a thrall of mammon? He may be as good a Christian walking on an Axminster carpet as on the bare floor of a shanty. But if he is not a Christian already, if the Lord is not with him in that sudden sunburst of prosperity, he is in imminent danger of falling in love with money. He may, in his new-born infatuation, try to make a whole caravan of camels go through the eye of a needle. First success is extremely dangerous. Then Godliness is indispensable to avert pride, covetousness, vain glory and ruin.

The first trouble is a crisis in life. It may be *business failure.* It may break up not fortune only, but character, credit, and courage, and wreck the whole man for life. There are gray-haired, grand-headed men now in petty clerkships who were merchant-princes thirty-five years ago; but the financial crash of 1837 took them down into bankruptcy, and cowed them into spiritless mediocrity. They were without God in the world, and therefore had no hope when the storm strewed their fortunes on the rock-bound coast of ruin. "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." If the Lord be with a man when he sinks amidst the waves of adversity, he will come up again and stand upon the rock. He will be able to say "Cast down, but not destroyed." The first trouble may be bereavement. Business success is often followed suddenly by family affliction. The first-born may be taken. The light of the house is darkened. The harp-strings of joy are all unstrung when one is snapped. Then the tender hand of God is sufficient to tune again the chords.

It may be sickness. The busy man, in too much haste to be rich, has bankrupted his health. His physician orders him home, he takes his bed, he has a fever, his chamber is shaded, noise is shut out, the prattle of children, the footstep on the stair, are hushed. In fitful dreams he hears a dash of waves against his pillow; it is the rolling of the waters of the Jordan! He hears at the door the pawing of a horse, *pawing*, PAWING; it is the pale horse. O, in death you will need Jesus! To be a conquerer in that last crisis of life you must have the Lord, the Captain of salvation, with you.

SOCIETY.

Women and men for the first time in history are really companions. Our traditions of the proper relations between them have descended from a time when their lives were apart, when they were separate in their thoughts because they were separate both in their amusements and in their serious occupations. The man spent his hours of leisure among men—all his friendships, all his intimacies were with men—with man alone did he converse on any serious subject; the wife was either a plaything or an upper servant. All this among the educated classes is changed. Men no longer give up their spare time to violent outdoor exercises and boisterous convivialities with male associates; the two sexes really pass their time together; the women of the family are the man's habitual society—the wife is his chief associate, his most confidential friend, and often his most trusted counsellor. The time is come when woman, if not raised to the level of men, men will be pulled down to their's. The women of a man's family are either a stimulus and support to his highest aspirations, or a drag upon him. Men and women are really companions. If the women are frivolous, the men will be frivolous. If women care for personal interests and thrilling amusements, men in general will care for little else. The two sexes must rise and sink together.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed and at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. The asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like the gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant, by studs and knots of good and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare. Thackeray has said that all men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club-swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a zany; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her daughter Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world, and the greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful. No improvement, that takes place in either of the sexes, can possibly be confined to itself; each is a universal mirror to the other.

Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat; a just emblem of the strength, happiness, and security derived from mankind. The savage who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers, dark, dead, useless; they neither give nor receive heat, neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? How often in the busy haunts of men, are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth? And how in the bosom of the recluse do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint? It is good to meet in friendly intercourse and pour out that social cheer which so vivifies the weary and desponding heart. It elevates the feelings and makes us all the better for the world. Yes, yes, give to all the hearty grasp and the sunny smile. They send sunshine to the soul and make the heart leap as with new life and joy. Thus may we become brothers in every good word and deed, and Peace and Good Will spread in the earth. We are not well enough acquainted each with each and all with all. We are not social enough. Many members of the same church congregation are nearly or wholly unacquainted, one with another. We are not found, often enough at one another's houses. We are specially delinquent in the duty of calling upon such as come among us and connect themselves with us. We do not welcome them and seek to make their stay as pleasant as possible. We do not take the kindly notice we should of such as only occasionally come to our places of public and social worship.

We do not ask such as we may see about the door and in the vestibule to take seats with us, and we suffer strangers to sit through the service and go away unrecognized and unspoken to, and so they go in search of a warmer welcome elsewhere. We do not have social gatherings enough. We carry our unsocialness too much into our so-called social religious meetings. There is too much stiffness, formality and iciness there. Too few participate in them. Too few take up the duty, or seize upon the privilege of saying a word, or offering a prayer or breaking out in some familiar song. There is too much distance there, too much indifference to each other's presence, too much haste in leaving the place at the close of meeting. We should, at least, clasp hands and exchange greetings before we go. Says Daniel Webster, "We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing distinct from all natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy—the forced smile—the checked conversation—the hesitating compliance, the well-off are too apt to manifest to those a little down, with whom in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance."

After all that can be said about the advantages one man has over another, there is still a wonderful equality in human fortunes. If the heiress has booty for her dower, the penniless have beauty for their's; if one man has cash, the other has credit; if one boasts of his income, the other can of his influence. No one is so miserable but that his neighbor wants something he possesses; and no one so mighty but that he wants another's aid. There is no fortune so good but it may be reversed; and none so bad but it may be bettered. The sun that rises in clouds may set in splendor; and that which rises in splendor may set in gloom.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale has been philosophizing on social relations and duties, and among other things, he said this: "For all I can say, or any body else can say, it will be the manner of some people to give up meeting other people socially; I am very sorry for them, but I cannot help it. All I can say is that they will be sorry before they are done. I wish they would read Æsop's fable about the old man and his sons and the bundle of rods. I wish they would find out definitely why God gave them tongues and lips and ears. I wish they would take to heart the folly of this constant struggle in which they live, against the whole law of the being of a gregarious animal like man." Westerly writes me, "I do not look for much advance in the world until we can get people out of their own self." "The human race is the individual of which men and women are so many different members." You may kick against this law, but it is true. It is the truth around which, like a crystal round its nucleus, all modern civilization has taken order. "From social intercourse," says Addison, "are derived some of the highest enjoyments of life; where there is a free interchange of sentiments, the mind acquires new ideas, and by a frequent exercise of its power, the undersigned gains fresh vigor." Martin Luther once said: "When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and bruises the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat in it, it still grinds on; but then it is itself it grinds, and wears away."

The typical American is not an uusocial person. Indeed, he is very far from being anything of the kind. Foreigners regard the American as one who has a particular fondness for living with his windows up and his doors open. Yet it is doubtless true that there is a notable lack of freedom and ease in the intercourse of American society, and that the coming together of men and women for the interchange of thought and feeling is attended with difficulties that only the rich may successfully encounter. If half a dozen friends are invited to dinner, it is deemed necessary to crowd the table with superfluous viands and dainty and costly dishes. Now we protest that there must be a better way than this. The great multitude are those who, in some calling or profession, work for their bread. To furnish a dinner and tea such as we have described, would be felt by them as a severe tax. No matter how intellectual and socially valuable these people may be, they shrink from entering society that imposes such burdens. As they feel it to be impossible for them to return in kind the expensive civilities which a wealthy neighbor extends to them, they shrink back into their own houses and go nowhere. Everywhere, and all the time, these costly entertainments, at dinner and tea and social assembly, operate as a bar to social intercourse. Indeed, they have become, in the full, legitimate meaning of the word, nuisance. To those who give them they are not pleasant in any respect. They are provided with no expectation of a compensating pleasure; and few besides the young—to whom any opportunity for dancing and frolicking is agreeable—take the slightest satisfaction in them. They are glad when their toilet is made, glad when the refreshments are offered, glad when the show is over and they can go home, glad when they get safely to bed, and particularly glad the following morning if they can look over their coats and dresses and find that they are not ruined. The essential vulgarity of the phase of social life which we are considering is decided by the simple fact that the great question of the hostess concerns the stomach of her guests, and the great question of her guests relates to the decorations of their own backs. It elevates nobody, it refines nobody, it inspires and instructs nobody, and it satisfies nobody. Yet we go one year after another upholding these social usages which we despise. Let us find the right way, and follow it!

The spirit of life is society; that of society is freedom; that of freedom, the discreet and moderate use of it. A man may contemplate virtue in solitude, and retirement; but the practical part consists in its participation, and the society it hath with others; for whatever is good, is better for being communicable. As too long a retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it. Too much company is worse than none. A man secluded from company, can have none but the devil and himself to tempt him; but he that converses much in the world has almost as many snares as he has companions. Dean Swift had a better relish for good society than for choice viands. When invited to the houses of great men, he sometimes insisted upon knowing what persons he was likely to meet. "I don't want your bill of fare, but your bill of company."

Property continually tends to become a more vivid idea than right. In the struggle for private accumulation, the worth of every human being is overlooked. The importance of every man's progress is forgotten. We must contend for this great idea. They who hold it, must spread it around them. The truth must be sounded in the ears of men, that the grand end of society is to place within reach of all its members the means of improvement, of elevation, of the true happiness of man. There is a higher duty than to build almshouses for the poor, and that is, to save men from being degraded to the blighting influence of an almshouse. Man has a right to something more than bread to keep him from starving. He has a right to the aids, and encouragements, and culture, by which he may fulfill the destiny of a man; and until society is brought to recognize and reverence this, it will continue to groan under its present miseries. It is a delicate secret, that of being attractive and charming in company. Some think it requires beauty and knowledge, or eloquence in the speaker; it requires no such thing. It is true that beauty brings the hearers near, but it does not keep them. Some people think that it requires the speaker to be clever herself, or agreeable or interesting; instead of which it only requires that she should, with nice and delicate tact, so address herself to others, as to make them feel themselves clever, agreeable, and interesting; and that will please and gratify them infinitely more than by displaying the most brilliant and extraordinary power of her own.

The clergy are amongst the most agreeable of all companions. The best conversationist we ever knew was a clergyman. In these days, when education and refinement pervade all classes, the race of clergymen described by the novelists and playwrights of the last century have entirely passed away. The punch-making parson, with his wig awry, exists only on the canvass of Hogarth, or in the pages of Smollett. This country can now boast of a body of clergy unequaled by that of any other nation in the world, who bring to society a fund of information and knowledge, tempered by philanthropy and benevolence, and untinctured by gloom or affectation.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we would gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker. Good offices are the cement of society.

The art of pleasing in company is not to explain things too circumstantially, but express only part and leave your hearers to make out the rest. "When you come into any company," says Sir Isaac Newton, "observe their humors; suit your own carriage thereto, by which insinuation you will make their converse more free and open. Let your discourse be more in queries and doubtings, than peremptory assertions, or disputings. He that in company only studies men's diversions, may be sure at the same time to lose their respect. Resolve to speak and act well in company, in spite of those that do different; whose vice set against thy virtue, will render it the more conspicuous and excellent."

The great object of society is refreshment of spirit. This is not to be obtained by luxury or by the cankerous habit of speaking against others, but by a bright and easy interchange of ideas on subjects which, even in their lightest and most playful aspects, are worthy to engage the thoughts of men.

Society is the atmosphere of souls, and we necessarily inhale from it what is either healthful or infectious.

The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.

In good society, we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society we are required only to say them.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

Society is like the air, very high up it is too sublimated for comfortable breathing; too low down it is a perfect choke damp.

Fashionable society has generally two faults—first in being hollow-headed, and second in being hollow-hearted.

He cannot bestow to society who lives upon society; he only gives who provides for his own.

Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations or its colors will deceive us.

Society rarely pardons those who have discovered the emptiness of its pleasures, and who can live independent of it and them.

ASSOCIATIONS.

An author is known by his writings, a mother by her daughter, a fool by his words, and all men by their companions.

Intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful; we are creatures of imitation, and, by a necessary influence, our tempers and habits are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate. Better be alone than in bad company. Evil communications corrupt good manners. Ill qualities are catching as well as diseases; and the mind is at least as much, if not a great deal more, liable to infection, than the body. Go with mean people, and you think life is mean.

The human race requires to be educated, and it is doubtless true that the major part of that education is obtained through example rather than precept. This is especially true respecting character and habits. How natural is it for a child to look up to those around him for an example of imitation, and how readily does he copy all that he sees done, good or bad. The importance of a good example on which the young may exercise this powerful and active element of their nature, is a matter of the utmost moment. To the Phrenologist every faculty assumes an importance almost infinite, and perhaps none more so than that of imitation. It is a trite, but true maxim, that "a man is known by the company he keeps." He naturally assimilates, by the force of imitation, to the habits and manners of those by whom he is surrounded. We know persons, who walk much with the lame, who have learned to walk with a hitch or limp like their lame friends. Vice stalks in the streets unabashed, and children copy it. Witness the urchin seven years old trying to ape his seniors in folly, by smoking the cigar-stumps which they have cast aside. In time, when his funds improve, he will wield the long nine, and be a full-fledged "loafer." This faculty is usually more active in the young than in adult life, and serves to lead them to imitate that which their seniors do, before their reasoning powers are sufficiently developed and instructed to enable them to reason out a proper course of action. Thus by copying others, they do that which is appropriate, right, or wrong, without knowing why, or the principles and consequences involved in their actions.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German: Tophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his own grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter, "It will not burn you, my child; take it." Eulalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation. "Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

The awfully sad consequences of evil associations is exhibited in the history of almost all criminals. The case of a man named Brown recently executed in Toronto, Canada, is an example. He was born in Cambridgeshire, England, of parents who were members of the Church of England; and in a sketch of his life written at his dictation, he attributes his downfall to early disobedience and to bad companions, which led to dissipation and finally plunged him into associations with the most dissolute and lawless characters. They led him on in transgression and sin, which ended in his being brought to the scaffold. On the gallows he made the following speech:—"This is a solemn day for me, boys! I hope this will be a warning to you against bad company—I hope it will be a lesson to all young people, and old as well as young, rich and poor. It was that that brought me here to-day to my last end, though I am innocent of the murder I am about to suffer for. Before my God I am innocent of the murder! I never committed this or any other murder. I know nothing of it. I am going to meet my Maker in a few minutes. My the Lord have mercy on my soul! Amen, amen." What a terrible warning his melancholy example affords to young men never to deviate from the straight line of duty. Live with the culpable, and you will be very likely to die with the criminal. Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven in up to the head, the pinchers cannot take hold to draw it out, which can only be done by the destruction of the wood. Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away taint of it. "Let no man deceive himself," says Petrarch, "by thinking that the contagions of the soul are less than those of the body. They are yet greater; they sink deeper, and come on more unsuspectedly." From impure air, we take diseases; from bad company, vice and imperfection. Avoid as much as you can the company of all vicious persons whatever; for no vice is alone, and all are infectious.

Lord Chief Justice Holt, when a young man, was very dissipated, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was convicted of highway robbery, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt, thinking the fellow did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, replied: "Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but your lordship and me." One unruly animal will learn all others in company bad tricks, and the Bible says, "One sinner destroys much good." "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Keep good company, for by conversing and associating with others you become assimilated to, or like those whose company you keep. If they be good, it is a great means to make you good, or to confirm you in goodness; but if they be bad, it is twenty to one that they will corrupt or infect you. If they be intelligent, prudent and wise, they will improve you in intelligence, prudence and wisdom; but if they be ignorant, rash or foolish, to keep their company will greatly tend to make you so. Water will seek its level. So do the various elements of society. If ever you see any common rascal let as readily as yourself into a house you visit, go out of it immediately. No matter how urgently a bad man may invite you to his house, be very careful not to "put your foot in it." It is said to be a property of the tree-frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, when found on growing corn it is commonly of a dark-green. If found on the white oak, it assumes a color peculiar to that tree. Just so it is with men. Tell us whom you choose and prefer as companions, and we certainly can tell who you are like. Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? in your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Had you rather take the lowest seat among these than the highest seat among others? Then you have already learned to be good. You may not make very much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way, and seek to be the companion of those that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

No man of position can allow himself to associate, without prejudice, with the profane, the Sabbath-breakers, the drunken, and the licentious, for he lowers himself, without elevating them. The sweep is not made the less black by rubbing against the well-dressed and the clean, while they are inevitably defiled. The Persians have this beautiful fable to show the value of good company. "A philosopher was one day astonished by the fragrance of a piece of clay. On asking how it came to have so sweet a perfume, the clay answered: "I was once a piece of common clay, but I was placed for some time in the company of a rose, and the sweet quality of my company was communicated to me; otherwise, I should only be a piece of common clay, as I appear to be." Tell me with whom thou art found, and I will tell thee whom thou art: let me know thy chosen employment, and what to expect from thee I know. Describe your company and you will describe yourself.

Kings have been declared to be "lovers of low company:" and this maxim, besides the reason sometimes assigned for it, viz., that they meet with less opposition to their wills from such persons, will, we suspect, be found to turn at last on the consideration, that they also there meet with more sympathy in their tastes. The most ignorant and thoughtless have the greatest admiration of the baubles, the outward symbols of pomp and power, the sound and show, which are the habitual delight and mighty prerogative of kings. The stupidest slave worships the gaudiest tyrant. The high minded and the low minded come in contact without mixing, like oil and water. Keep company with persons rather above than below yourself, for gold in the same pocket with silver loseth both of its color and weight. Never take into your confidence, or admit often into your company, any man who does not know, on some important subject, more than you do. Be his rank, be his virtues, what they may, he will be a hindrance to your pursuits, and an obstruction to your greatness. Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior, to our own. What is companionship, where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller?

Washington was won't to say, "Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence." It should be the aim of young men to go into good society. We do not mean the rich, the proud and fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent and good. Where you find men that know more than you do, and from whose conversation one can gain information, it is always safe to be found. It has broken down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar, where the ribald song and the indecent story were introduced to excite laughter and influence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon has attributed his success and happiness in life, to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than himself. If you wish to be respected—if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for mental excellence and strict integrity, and you never will be found in the sinks of pollution, and on the benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course—once secure a love of good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for a half a day to associate with the low and vulgar. Try to frequent the company of your betters. In book and life it is the most wholesome society: learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admire—they admire great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly. It is an authentic anecdote of the late and learned Dr. Bowditch, of Massachusetts, that at the age of twenty-one, he sailed to the East Indies, and that during the voyage he taught the ship's crew the art of navigation. Every one of these sailors subsequently became ship-masters. Such were the consequences of associating with a man whose mind was richly stored with useful knowledge, and whose heart was full of good will toward his fellow man.

To be fully up with the century, live habitually, when young, with those older than yourself, and, when old, with those younger. A good rule—to keep good company, and be one of the number. Out of good men choose acquaintances, of acquaintances, friends.

We naturally associate with the gay in our days of happiness, but turn to the sympathising when misfortune overtakes us; as we seek the festive hall in our hours of mirth, and fly to the solitude of our chamber in those of sorrow.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

NEIGHBORS.

Little meddling makes fair parting.

Endeavor to make peace among thy neighbors. It is a worthy and reputable action, and will bring greater and more just commendations to thee, and more benefit to those with whom thou conversest, than wit or learning, or any of those so much admired accomplishments. The honest man will rather be the grave to his neighbor's errors, than in any way expose them. A man stopping at a tavern for rest and refreshments began to talk about his journey. He had come from a neighboring town;

he was moving away, and glad enough to get away, too. Such a set of neighbors as he had there, unkind, disobliging, contrary, it was enough to make any one want to leave the place, and he had started, and was to settle in another region, where he could find a different set of inhabitants. "Well," said the landlord, "you will find just such neighbors where you are going." The next night another man stopped at the inn. He, too, was on a journey—was moving. On inquiry, it was found that he came from the same place from which the former traveler had come. He said he had been obliged to move from where he lived, and he did not mind leaving so much as he did leaving his neighbors, they were so kind, considerate, accommodating and generous, that he felt very sorrowful at the thought of leaving them and going among strangers, especially as he could not tell what kind of neighbors he would find. "Oh, well, said the landlord, "you will find just such neighbors where you are going." Does it not seem possible that men will generally find such neighbors as they are looking for? Some people are always in trouble; others "follow peace with all men." Who knows but we can have just such neighbors as we wish for, simply by treating them as we ought to?

The practical good sense of Jefferson's family letters is characteristic of the man. In a letter to his eldest daughter (Mrs. Randolph,) he says:—"I am happy to find you are on good terms with your neighbors. It is almost the most important circumstance in life, since nothing is so corroding as frequently to meet persons with whom one has any difference. *The ill-will of a single neighbor is an immense drawback on the happiness of life, and therefore their good will cannot be bought too dear.*" This is home philosophy which all will feel, and would do well to practice.

One's pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant, bright face at the window is surely better than a discontented, cross one; and a house that has the air of being inhabited is preferable to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy. We like to see glancing, cheerful lights through the windows of a cold night, or watch them as evening deepens, gradually creep from the parlor to the upper stories of the houses near us. We like to watch the little children go in and out the door, to play or go to school. We like to see a white robed baby, dancing up and down at the window in its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or any of these cheerful impromptu home glimpses, which, though we are no Paul Pry, we will assert make a pleasant neighborhood to those who live for comfort instead of show. Sad, indeed, some morning on waking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and know that death's angel, while it spared our threshold, has crossed that of our cheerful neighbor; sad to miss the robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at night-fall borne into the house; sad to see innocent little faces pressed at eventide against the window-pane, watching for the "dear papa" who has gone to his long home.

The divine injunction, "love thy neighbor as thyself," is the great second command, and as such requires the ready and full compliance of those who love the Lord.

FRIENDS.

One old friend is worth two new ones.

Old friends! What a multitude of deep and varied emotions are called forth from the soul by the utterance of these two words. What thronging memories of other days crowd the brain when they are spoken; ah, there is a magic in the sound and the spell which it creates is both sad and pleasing. As we sit by our fireside, while the winds are making wild melody without the walls of our cottage, and review the scenes of by-gone years which flit before us in swift succession, dim and shadowy as the recollections of a dream—how those "old familiar faces," will rise up and haunt our vision with their well remembered features. But ah, where are they? those friends of our youth—those kindred spirits who shared our joy and sorrows when first we started in the pilgrimage of life. Companions of our early days, they are endeared to us by many a tie, and we now look back through the vista of years, upon the hours of our communion, as upon green oases in a sandy waste. Years have passed over us with their buds and flowers, their fruits and snows; and where now are those "old familiar faces?" They are scattered, and over many of their last narrow homes, the thistle waves its lonely head; "after life's fitful fever they sleep well." Some are buffeting the billows of Time's stormy sea in distant land's; though they are absent our thoughts are often with them. A few perhaps yet remain, and we meet them oft as we pursue our daily vocation. To those we cling with a closer grasp as the auburn of their locks fade into grey. They are as a cluster of sere leaves in winter which have withstood the chill winds of November; each one that drops off binds the others yet closer unto us. Time and changes cement our friendship, and when an old friend passes off the stage, his absence creates a blank which new ones can never fill. Our life is a devious path and as we pass along, our companions drop off one by one, and new faces supply their place, until we seem to move in a strange world and amid strange people. The rocks and the hills, the streams and the trees remain in the places which they filled of yore, but the "old familiar faces" with whom we wandered along their banks and beneath their shade, have long since departed, and a sensation of loneliness comes over us, even when mingling in a crowd. The thoughts which fill the mind when musing upon the joys of "lang syne" are of a chastened character. We are freed for a time from the shackles of selfishness and contemplate the purer and kindlier traits of the soul. We behold the footprints of Time as marked by the pencilings of decay—in the scenes of the past we behold a type of the future—the fate of our friends shadows forth that of ourselves, and dull are we if we arise not from fancied communication with old friends, both wiser and better men.

It is a wretched fate, generally, to be cut off from all intercourse with the relatives and friends with whom one's first years were passed. There are affections and interests between you and them which can never exist between later friends and familiars, however dear these may become. No matter how true and kind may be the intimates of mature life, there will always be wanting something to our intercourse with them, and that something is the common interests which *they* have whose first decade, or score of years, was spent amid the self-same scenes and people. To childhood's friends the heart opens more easily than to any others—at least that portion of it that had become unsealed before we parted. We feel perfectly natural and at our ease with those that know us well. We are not careful to keep anything back lest we be misunderstood. We are not afraid to give our old-time thoughts, feelings and actions free play, for they did not disgust us once, and we don't think that they will now. In all that we remain unchanged, we feel ourselves as unfettered as though we were actually alone, when we are with those that knew and loved us in childhood. But—and here comes in the other side—if we have *changed*, if we have moved onward and away from what we once thought about the right and only path, among our early friends is the last place on earth to look for toleration. They walk and act and think still in what to them is "the good old way," and though they might allow wide differences in strangers that sojourn among them, be sure that they never abide any such thing in us. If we have taken on stricter notions than their's, they feel that we are stiff and proud, and that we must be brought down; if bolder and more liberal, they treat us with holy horror, and urge us to return to the right ways of our youth. If we differ in anything from their ideas of the best way, we must be pestered, and rebuked, and annoyed, until we submit to renounce or conceal our sentiments. Every one who has been much from home has had more or less of this experience. Great men are peculiarly subject to it. Abroad in the world they are respected, almost feared; their privacy and their rights are carefully secured to them. None think of intruding on them. Every one speaks to them and treats them with the utmost consideration. Their very whims are respected, and there is not a man who would be so bold as to find fault with their habits. Oddity is considered quite excusable in them. They are hardly held accountable to the same laws that rule other people. But just let the great man go *home*, where he is at once *invested* by brothers and sisters, cousins, aunts, former playmates, &c., and what has become of his greatness?

Goethe says:—"Old friends, who have been long absent, should not meet. They do not understand one another. Each has learned a new language. Whoever is interested in his own culture should especially avoid this, for the inevitable misunderstanding can only work upon us unfavorably, and destroy the image of the former relations."

The hardest trial of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a pretence, a mask to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivolous followers of the world desert those upon whom they have fawned; but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm, as the leaves cling to a tree in summer weather, but drop off at the breath of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens settled down for a banquet, and suddenly scared by a noise, how quickly at the first sound of calamity these superficial earthlings are specks on the horizon. But a true friend sits in the centre, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revealers, the difference being that in the former our friends know us, in the latter we know them. But, notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among men, there is a vast deal more of esteem and fellow-yearning than is ever outwardly shown. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity, than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our side real friends, before unknown. Benevolent impulses where we should not expect them, in modest privacy enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amidst the plaudits of angels. And, upon the whole, fairly estimating the glory, the uses, and the actual and possible prevalence of the friendly sentiment, we must cheerily strike lyre and lift voice to the favorite song, confessing, after every complaint is ended, that

"There is a power to make each hour
  As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
  Though few there be to find it!
We seek too 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."

There is no pain like that caused by the *loss of faith* in our friends. It is the undermining of the very foundation of our earthly happiness. To know that words stand for anything save sincerity; to know that treachery lurks under a caress, vengeful feelings under a smile, deception in every look, word and action—what has life left to offer when, the film being removed, *this* dreadful truth becomes apparent? Nothing, to the soul untrue to itself—to the soul who has anchored its all *here*; everything, to him or her believing that "Our Father's" hand is in it. That grasping madly, blindly, after earthly love, with the yearning nature which He himself has given us, though *not* to be chained to earth—He has but taken this way—so seemingly cruel—to teach us to put our trust where no falsehood can cause our tears to flow; where no defection can torture us; where no Judas gains the ear, which we trustingly believed inaccessible to the traitor. Blessed those who, knowing this, arise courageously from the dust, where they have sunk mourning, and, leaning on the arm that never fails, accept life and its crosses, as did He who knew them all.

The members of the great human family appear to have scarcely begun to learn how much we depend on one another. "I perish for the want of friends!" cried Napoleon Bonaparte, in a paroxysm of anguish. With what intense anxiety did Washington call for friends from Congress in the darkest days of our revolution! Even the Saviour of the world has left on record the fact that he did not many mighty works in the city of his kindred, because he wanted friends. It is said to be an old and practical maxim that "there is no friendship in trade." We do not believe it, and we do not mean our readers shall, if we can help it. That maxim is a selfish, wicked, cruel one; and we call on honest and fair men everywhere to scout it out of existence. No friendship in trade! No unselfish kindness among business men! Can this be so? Is it indeed true that in commercial circles every man is to look on his neighbor as a villain and a scoundrel? Has confidence between man and man been destroyed by the tricks of traffic? We do not believe it. Go preach such a doctrine to Hottentots, savages and pirates. It cannot be true of the mercantile classes in America. In the haste of men to be rich, when the facilities of intercourse, and the appliances of trade are so greatly increased, the obligations of kindliness and friendly regard are very liable to be overlooked. With many active business men, business becomes a scrabble, and they will climb and climb to reach the topmost round of the ladder of wealth, at times not stopping to think how hard they may tread on the hands of those who have grasped the rounds below them. Look back a moment and see who is struggling by your side! Do not act as if all the world was made for you and your family. Be friendly. Be kindly. Others must live as well as you. Remember how hard you have had to struggle yourself, and lend a helping hand to your neighbor. What if you lose now and then? What if you are disappointed in your calculations of men? Do not refuse to do a new friendly act on that account. Think of your own shortcomings. Be forgiving. Befriend the needy in time of trial, and you will be the gainer in the end.

Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes; "but, wanting that, have wanted everything." And again: "My heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to." We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealously or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before love grows cold! "Life is too short to quarrel in," or to carry black thoughts of friends. If I was wrong, I am sorry; if you, then I am sorrier yet, for should I not grieve for my friend's misfortune? and the mending of your fault does not lie with me. But the forgiving it does, and that is the happier office. Give me your hand and call it even. There! it is gone; and I thank Heaven I keep my friend still! A friend is too precious a thing to be lightly held, but it must be a little heart that cannot find room for more than one or two. The kindness I feel for you warms me towards all the rest, makes me long to do something to make you all happy. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one when he comes.

Friends that are worth having are not made, but "grow" like Topsy in the novel. An old man gave this advice to his sons on his death-bed, "Never try to make a friend." Enemies come fast enough without cultivating the crop; and friends who are brought forward by hot house expedients, are apt to wilt long before they are fairly ripened. "Friends are discovered rather than made," writes Mrs. Stowe. "There are people who are in their own nature friends, only they don't know each other; but certain things, like poetry, music and painting, are like the Freemason's sign—they reveal the initiated to each other."

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy. A friend—a real, true-hearted friend—is more rare than he should be. Why is it that selfishness predominates in the heart?—that he only is considered a friend who has money and influence! In the higher walks of life, how rarely is a true friend found —one who will act as he feels, and speak as he thinks. But among the humble and pure, you will occasionally find the germ of pure friendship. Ye who have found a true friend, appreciate his worth. If he labors to benefit you, say not a word, perform not an act, that will send a thrill of pain to his bosom. If there is a crime that betrays a vile heart, it is the wounding of pure affection. Many a one has seen too late the error of his course. When the grave has concealed his best friend, he felt—ah! words will not describe the feeling. Ye who are surrounded by the kind and good—the watchful and true-hearted—appreciate them, we pray you. Love them in return for their kindness, and to the close of life they will continue to guard and bless you. Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from a scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that only interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him to adversity. Let him know that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

We are too negligent of "the small sweet courtesies of life" to make friends, and then sit down and complain that nobody cares for us. In William Wirt's letter to his daughter occurs a passage which I will extract for the benefit of those who have made themselves friendless. He says—"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him. And the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls 'the small sweet courtesies of life,' in which there is no parade; whose voice is so still, to ease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment—at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing." These may seem like small things, but try them, my friends, and see what good to yourselves will grow out of them. The greatest of all earthly blessings is to be able to lean your heart against another heart, faithful, tender, true and tried, and record, with a thankfulness that years deepen, instead of diminishing, "I have a friend."

If you have a good friend you should be proud of him. If you would retain him as such don't presume to meddle with his purse. His interest, interposition, recommendation—in short, his services, generally speaking, you may expect, but you must not expect his money. Ask it of him and he may give it without hesitation, but mark my word for it, every cent that passes from his pocket to yours quenches a spark in friendship's furnace. The moment you undertake to weight your own interests in the scale against his gold, your interests are found wanting; therefore if he is a friend worth having, do not try it. The man who looks upon his friends as sheep whom he can fleece at pleasure, will soon present the sad spectacle of a person entirely friendless. When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow money, consider which of the two you had rather lose. It was a saying of Pithagoras that "all things should be common between friends; our friend is another self. However many friends you have, do not neglect yourself. Though you have a thousand, not one of them loves you so much as you ought to love yourself."

The following parable is translated from the German: There was a man who had three friends; two of these he loved exceedingly, but was indifferent to the third, who nevertheless dealt most honestly with him. One day he was sommoned to appear before the tribunal, where he was severely accused. Thinking himself innocent, he spoke thus to his three friends:—"Who of you will go with me and give evidence of my innocence? For I have been severely accused, and the King is angry." The first of his friends immediately excused himself that he could not, on account of other affairs, go with him. The second accompannied him as far as the door of the court of justice, and then turned away and went home, fearing the anger of the judge. The third, upon whom he had least reckoned went in, spoke in his behalf, and testified his innocence so joyfully that the judge released the accused and loaded him with presents. Man has three friends in this world. How do they conduct themselves, in the hour of death, when God summons him to his tribunal? Wealth, his best worldly friend, is the first to abandon him. His relatives and friends follow him to the grave, and then return to their homes. The third friend, whom he often during his life forgot, are his beneficent deeds. These alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge; they lead the way, speak in his behalf, and obtain mercy and grace.

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied, "Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends." These, indeed, are all that a wise man would desire to assemble; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. Without friends the world would be but a wilderness. It has ever been my opinion, says Horace, that a cheerful, good natured friend is so great a blessing, that it admits of no comparison but itself. Cicero used to say, that it was no less an evil for a man to be without a friend, than the heavens to be without a sun. It is not the seeing of one's friends, the having them within reach, the hearing of and from them, that makes them ours. Many a one has all that, and yet has nothing. It is believing in them, the depending on them, assured that they are true and good to the core, and therefore could not but be good and true towards everybody else, ourselves included, aye whether we deserve it or not. It is not our deserts which are in question; it is their goodness, which, once settled, the rest follows of course. They would be untrue to themselves, if they were insincere or untrue to us.

Princes have courtiers, and merchants have partners; the voluptuous have companions, and the wicked have accomplices; none but the virtuous can have friends.

If you wish to know how many friends you have, get into office; if you wish to know how many friends you haven't, get into trouble.

There are three kinds of friends—friends who love you, friends who do not trouble themselves about you, and friends who hate you.

We have need either of faithful friends or sharp enemies. It is less dangerous to have a prudent enemy than an indiscreet friend. There is more danger from a pretended friend than from an open enemy. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy his crimes.

The man who has friends who would die for him, and foes who would love to see him broiled alive, is usually a man of some worth and force. The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies; cold friends, cold enemies; half friends, half enemies; fervid enemies, warm friends. Those who reprove us are more valuable friends than those who flatter us. True progress requires either faithful friends or severe enemies. Those who seem most indifferent to us in our joy may prove the warmest friends in our sorrow. The springs that are coldest in summer never freeze in winter. He who will break his last loaf with you, but never his faith, is a true friend. Account him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good-will. He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you. Worthy minds deny themselves many advantages to satisfy a generous benevolence, which they bear to their friends in distress.

He is a good friend who supplies our wants, but he is a better one who anticipates them. Showers that are prayed for always come too late. Though we ought not to love our friends only, for the good they do us; yet it is plain they do not love us, if they do not assist us when it is in their power. He that hath but few books, and those good, may receive more improvement from them, than another who hath a great number of indifferent ones. So it is in the choice of our friends; no matter how few, if they be discreet and virtuous. It was a saying of Aristotle that he is happy that finds a true friend in extremity; but he is much more so, who findeth not extremity, whereby to try his friend.

There is no pre-eminence among true friends; for whether they are equally accomplished or not, they are equally affected to each other. A false friend is like the shadow on the sun-dial, appearing in sunshine, but vanishing in shade.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends in. A man never has the least difficulty in finding a devoted friend, except when he needs one. Real friends are wont to visit us in our prosperity only when invited, but in adversity to come on their own accord. A friend is never known till needed. A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity. If we lack the sagacity to discriminate nicely between our acquaintances and our friends, misfortune will readily do it for us. Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them. As it is virtue which should determine us in the choice of our friends; so it is that alone which we should always regard in them, without inquiring into their good or ill fortune. A friend will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hands and heart in adversity.

A friend should be one in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and its sincerity. Relatives are not necessarily our best friends, but they cannot do us an injury without being enemies to themselves. A friend is often more valuable than a relative. Go to strangers for charity, acquaintances for advice, relatives for nothing. A friend of everybody is a friend to nobody.

How to make and lose friends: You may win a friend by doing him a service—but, in nine cases out of ten, you will probably lose him again if you require him to do you one. It is always in our power to make a friend by smiles; what a folly, then, to make an enemy by frowns. Never purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give, they will cease to love. A friend that you buy with presents will be bought from you. If you hear a person saying that he hasn't a friend in the world, you may be pretty sure that he doesn't deserve one. An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, for revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude. Some persons choose their friends as they do other useful animals, preferring those from whom they expect the most service. Procure no friends in haste, nor, if once secured, in haste abandon them.

Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all; intimate with few; slight no man for poverty, nor esteem any one for his wealth. Good friends should not be easily forgotten, nor used as suits of apparel, which, when we have worn them threadbare, we cast off, and call for new. When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavor to be always such. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them. Whoever moves you to part with a true and tried friend, has certainly a design to make way for a treacherous enemy. To part with a tried friend without very great provocation, is unreasonable levity. Nothing but plain malevolence can justify disunion. The loss of a friend is like that of a limb; time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired. You will never have a friend if you must have one without a failing. It was a fine and true remark that they who will abandon a friend for one error, know but little of the human character, and prove that their hearts are cold as their judgments are weak. All men have their frailties. Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections, will never find what he seeks; we love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner. If we have not the indulgence to pardon our friends, nor they the same to pardon us, our friendship will last no longer than it can serve both our interests.

One friend is not bound to bear a part in the follies of another, but rather to dissuade him from them; even though he cannot consent to tell him plainly, as Phocian did Antipater, who said to him, I cannot be both your friend and flatterer. It is a good rule always to back your friends and face your enemies. Whoever would reclaim his friend, and bring him to a true and perfect understanding of himself, may privately admonish, but never publicly reprehend him. An open admonition is an open disgrace.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices. He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

The friends of this world are but spies on our conduct.

A faithful friend is a good defense.

The friend who pardons a great wrong, acquires a superiority that wounds the self-love of the pardoned man; and, however much the latter may admire the generosity of the forgiver, he can love as he had previously done—no more.

To all men the best friend is virtue, the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

Every deceased friend is a magnet that draws us into another world.

He who is a friend to himself has seldom any lack of enemies; but he who is his own enemy, is generally considered a clever fellow, and has a plenty of friends and well-wishers.

"And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
And who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
But who in want, a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy."

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.—SHAK.

FRIENDSHIP.

There is certainly something refining in an intimacy cemented by the pure principles of Friendship. Mind naturally seeks to commingle with its kindred spirit, and doing so it grows better and wiser for the intercourse. It seeks, too, for expansion—for a greater scope of power—for a higher and holier state; and in congenial society, where high moral principles prevail, it finds food for its growth. Hence we should cultivate the "ties of friendship," and strive to enlarge that communion of spirit whereby one is made better. We should seek ardently for that better and higher state, and though we find we may not make that rapid progress we desire, yet we should take hope to secure all the improvement possible from our privileges. We should strive the more to cultivate and merit the friendship of those whose worth shines pre-eminent in their characters, making them patterns of excellence for others to admire and imitate.

Friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart toward the merit we esteem or the perfections we admire, and produces a mutual inclination between two or more persons, to promote each other's interest, knowledge virtue and happiness. The sweetest and most satisfactory connections in life are those formed between persons of congenial minds, equally linked together by the conformity of their virtues, and by all the ties of esteem. Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds. Trusts of confidence, without any express stipulation or caution, are yet, in the very nature of them, as sacred as if they were guarded with a thousand articles or conditions. Friendship has a notable effect upon all states and conditions. It relieves our cares, raises our hopes, and abates our fears. A friend who relates his success, talks himself into a new pleasure; and by opening his misfortunes, leaves part of them behind him. Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing our grief. Charity is friendship in common and friendship is charity inclosed.

Friendship is but one of the manifold modes of expressing the Universal Brotherhood of the race. All nations, kindred, tongues and people are bound together in a deep and everlasting bond of Fraternity and Love, the harmonial and universal expression of which externally would inaugurate the long-hoped-for millenium. This fraternal sentiment, paradoxical as it may appear, underlies all wars, insurrections, social strife and personal antipathies and antagonisms. If men would, in all their disputes, national and individual, revert to this fact, and consider that its orderly manifestation takes place only through the law of Justice and equal rights, and their perceptions were so clear as to trace it in all cases, however complicated, war, bloodshed and massacre would disappear from the earth. If the military heroes, who were parties to the following anecdote, had made friendship before they broke each other's skulls, it would have been just as cordial and enduring. So, if nations would make friendship on the basis of Equity before they butchered each other, it would be just as lasting and loving. Powder and ball, since the world began, never made wrong right or right wrong. Neither do wars, massacres or butcheries alter in the least the natural, underlying fraternal relations of the belligerents. They may modify the external international relations, but they can never essentially divorce man from man or nation from nation. The fraternal bond was just as perfect and authoritative before as after. Lieut. Montgomery had seen military service. However, the wars were over, and he had nought to do but lounge as best he could through half pay. He was one day taking his ease at his tavern, when he observed a stranger, evidently a foreigner, gazing intently at him. The Lieutenant appeared not to notice the intrusion, and shifted his position; but the stranger shifted too, and still with unblenched gaze stared. This was too much for Montgomery, who arose and approached the scrutinizing stanger. "Do you know me, sir?" asked the Lieutenant. "I think I do," answered the foreigner, who was evidently a Frenchman. "Have we ever met before?' continued Montgomery. "I will not swear to it," said the stranger; "but if we have—and I am almost sure we have—you have a saber cut, a deep one, on your right wrist." "I have," cried Montgomery, turning back his sleeve and displaying a very broad and ugly scar. "I did not get this for nothing, for the brave fellow who made it was repaid by me with a gash across his scull." The Frenchman removed his hat, bent down his had, and parting his hair with his hands, he said, "You may look at the receipt!" The next moment they were locked in each other's arms. They became true friends for life.

Friendship is a flower that blooms in all seasons; it may be seen flourishing on the snow-capped mountains of Northern Russia, as well as in more favored valleys of sunny Italy, every where cheering us by its exquisite and indescribable charms. No surveyed chart, no national boundary line, no rugged mountain or steep declining vale, put a limit to its growth. Wherever it is watered with the dews of kindness and affection, there you may be sure to find it. Allied in closest companionship with its twin sister, Charity, it enters the abode of sorrow and wretchedness, and causes happiness and peace. It knocks at the lonely and disconsolate heart; and speaks words of encouragement and joy. Its all-powerful influence hovers o'er contending armies, and unites the deadly foes in the closest bonds of sympathy and kindness. Its eternal and universal fragrance dispels every poisoned thought of envy, and purifies the mind with a holy and priceless contentment, which all the pomp and power of earth could not bestow. In vain do we look for this heavenly flower in the cold, calculating worldling; the poor, deluded wretch is dead to every feeling of its ennobling virtue. In vain do we look for it in the actions of the proud and aristocratic votaries of fashion; the love of self display, and of the false and fleeting pleasures of the world, has banished it forever from their hearts. In vain do we look for it in the thoughtless and practical throng, who with loud laugh, and extended open hands, proclaim obedience to its laws—while at the same time the canker of malice and envy and detraction is enthroned in their hearts, and active on their tongues. Friendship, true friendship, can only be found to bloom in the soil of a noble and self-sacrificing heart; there it has a perennial summer, a never-ending season of felicity and joy to its happy possessor, casting a thousand rays of love and hope and peace to all around.

The first law of friendship is sincerity; and he who violates this law, will soon find himself destitute of what he so erringly seeks to gain; for the deceitful heart of such an one will soon betray itself, and feel the contempt due to insincerity. The world is so full of selfishness, that true friendship is seldom found; yet it is often sought for paltry gain by the base and designing. Behold that toiling miser, with his ill-got and worthless treasures; his soul is never moved by the hallowed influence of the sacred boon of friendship, which renews again on earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings hope's halcyon halo over the wastes of life. The envious man,—he, too, seeks to gain the applause of others for an unholy usage, by which he may usurp a seat of pre-eminence for himself. Self-love, the spring of motion, acts upon his soul. All are fond of praise, and many are dishonest in the use of means to obtain it; hence it is often difficult to distinguish between true and false friendship—for

> "Disguise so near the truth doth seem to run,
> 'Tis doubtful whom to seek or whom to shun;
> Nor know we when to spare or when to strike,
> Our friends and foes they seem so much alike."

There are in human life three tragedies of friendship. First, the deficiency of it—there is so much less than we want. Few are satisfied with their share, or would be if they thought and felt enough to know the depths of their own hearts. "The friend is some fair, floating isle of palms, eluding us mariners in the Pacific seas." Many and many a man might sigh from his death-bed, "I have pined and prayed all my life, and never found one friend to satisfy my heart;" and the breast-harp of millions, tuned to the same experience, would murmur in melancholy repose through the halls of the world. Secondly, the decay or loss of it. Sometimes it cools from day to day—warm confidence giving gradual place to chill civility, civilities swiftly becoming icy husk of neglect and repugnance. Sometimes its relics touch us with a pang, or we stand at its grave, sobbing, "wounded with a grief whose balsam never grew." Thirdly, the desecration and expulsion of it by hypocrites and traitors. The harshest draught in the cup of life is wrung from betrayed affections. When the guiding light of friendship is quenched in deception, the freezing gloom that surrounds our path grows palpable, and drooping faith and hope perish in its shade. Let one find cold repulse or mocking treachery where he has garnered up his dearest treasures, and it is not strange if he feels as though the firm realities of time and sense had become shadows, and the solid globe broken like an empty bead of foam.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships, says Sidney Smith. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence. If I lived under the burning sun of the equator it would be a pleasure to me to think that there were human beings on the other side of the world who regarded and respected me; I could not and would not live if I were alone upon the earth and cut off from the remembrance of my fellow-creatures. It is not that a man has occasion to fall back upon the kindness of his friends. Perhaps he may never experience the necessity of doing so; but we are governed by our imaginations, and they stand there as a solid bulwark against all the evils of life. Friendship should be formed with persons of all ages and conditions, and with both sexes. I have a friend who is a bookseller, to whom I have been very civil, and who would do anything to serve me; and I have two or three small friendships among persons in much humbler walks of life, who, I verily believe, do me a considerable kindness according to their means. I am for a frank explanation with friends in cases of affronts. They sometimes save a perishing friendship, and even place it upon a firmer basis than at first; but secret discontent must always end badly. Friendship, founded on the principles of worldly morality, recognized by virtuous heathens, such as that which subsisted between Atticus and Cicero, which the last of these illustrious men has rendered immortal, is fitted to survive through all the vicissitudes of life; but it belongs only to a union founded on religion, to continue through an endless duration. The former of these stood the shock of conflicting opinions, and of a revolution that shook the world; the latter is destined to survive when the heavens are no more, and to spring fresh from the ashes of the universe. The former possessed all the stability which is possible to sublunary things; the latter partakes of the eternity of God. Friendship founded on worldly principles is natural, and though composed of the best elements of nature, is not exempt from its mutability and frailty: the latter is spiritual, and therefore unchanging and imperishable. The friendship which is founded on kindred tastes and congenial habits, apart from piety, is permitted by the benignity of Providence to embellish a world, which, with all its magnificence and beauty, will shortly pass away; that which has religion for its basis will ere long be transplanted in order to adorn the paradise of God.

There is true enjoyment in that friendship which has its source in the innocence and uprightness of a true heart. Such pleasures do greatly sweeten life, easing it from many a bitter burden. A sympathizing heart finds an echo in sympathizing bosoms that brings back cheering music to the spirit of the loveliest. Be all honor, then, to true friendship, and may it gather yet more fragrant blossoms from the dew-bathed meadows of social intercourse to spread their aroma along the toil-worn road of life. What a blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly upon any subject; with whom one's deepest thoughts come simply and safely. O, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort, of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh the thoughts nor measure the words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them; keep what is worth keeping, and then, with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away.

A time comes in every human friendship, says Thomas Hughes, when you must go down into the depths of yourself, and lay bare what is there to your friend, and wait in fear for his answer. A few moments may do it; and it may be that you never do it but once. But done it must be, if the friendship is to be worth the name. You must find what is there, at the very root and bottom of one another's hearts; and if you are at one there, nothing on earth can, or at least ought to, sunder you. There can be no friendship where there is no freedom. Friendship loves a free air, and will not be penned in straight and narrow enclosures. It will speak freely, and act so too; and take no ill where no ill is meant; nay, when it is, it will easily forgive, and forget too, upon small acknowledgements. Without confidence, friendship is a mockery, and social intercourse a sort of war in disguise. The highest pleasure in friendship, is a free communication of all thoughts, designs, and counsels. Aristotle says, friendship is one soul in two bodies.

A great advantage of friendship, is the opportunity ot receiving good advice; it is dangerous to rely always upon our own opinion. Miserable is his case, who, when he needs, hath none to admonish him. It will be very fit for all that have entered into any strict friendship, to make this one special article in the agreement, that they shall mutually admonish and reprove each other. The difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend should always be strictly just and not too frequent.

The best friendship is to prevent a request, and never put a man to the confusion of asking. To ask is a word that lies heavily on the tongue, and cannot be uttered but with a dejected countenance. We should therefore strive to meet our friend in his wishes, if we cannot assist him. Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings than by attachment to excellences. The former is valued as kindness which cannot be claimed, the latter is exacted as a payment of a debt to merit. The longer we live and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and friends. If we are loved by those around us, we can easily bear the hostility of the world; just as, if we are before a warm fire, we need not care for all the ice in the Polar regions.

A Mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters and if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust. A friendship that makes the least noise is often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one. Friendship is a silent gentleman that makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue. Friendship is like phosphorus. It shines best when all around is dark.

That friendship which consists only in the reciprocation of civil offices, is but a kind of traffic; and it abides no longer than whilst such men can be useful to one another. It is a negotiation, not a friendship, that has an eye to advantages. A friendship of interest lasts no longer than the interest continues: whereas true affection is of the nature of a diamond; it is lasting, and it is hard to break. The friendship of an artful man is mere self-interest; you will get nothing and may lose much by it. The friendships of the world are often confederacies in vice or leagues of pleasure. Never contract friendship with a man who is no better than thyself.

Many begin friendships, and cancel them on slight occasions; and great enmity often succeeds a tender affection. Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath. Friendship often ends in love; but love in friendship—never. A gentle acceptance of courtesies is as material to maintain friendship, as bountiful presents.

There is requisite to friendship more goodness and virtue, than dexterity of wit, or height of understanding; it being enough, that men have sufficient prudence to be as good as they should be, in order to the completing of a virtuous friendship. The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in the winter. And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity. Nothing can impair perfect friendship, because truth is the only bond of it.

Friendship can never suffer so much by any other kind of wrong, as by that of a causeless suspicion. Dr. Johnson says that "among the enemies of friendship are *suspicion and disgust.* The former is always hardening the cautious, the latter always repelling the delicate." Nothing is more grievous than the loss of his friendship whom we have greatly esteemed, and least feared would fail us. Friendship is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it never can be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly, do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never. There is so great a charm in friendship, that there is even a kind of pleasure in acknowledging ourself duped by the sentiment it inspires.

Friendship with a generous stranger, is commonly more steady than with the nearest relation. Being sometimes asunder heightens friendship. The great cause of the frequent quarrels between relations is their being so much together. Constant companionship is not enjoyable, any more than constant eating is a possibility. We sit too long at the table of friendship when we out-sit our appetites for each other's thoughts.

If the minds be consonant, says Dr. Fuller, the best friendship is between different fortunes. Says Lord Bacon, there is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, who are wont to be magnified. That which is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend each other.

Whatever is excellent hath most of unity; and as a river divided into several streams, is more weak, so friendship shared amongst many, is always languid and impotent. It is said to be a certain principle, that friendship cannot long subsist between many persons.

HUMAN NATURE.

Every man is a volume, if you but knew how to read him. There is a great deal in a face; all the interest of life depends on face. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of love, and purity, and truth—habits of falsehood, malice and uncleanness—silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.

One of the most interesting branches of physiognomy would be the study of that influence which a frequent repetition of analogous sentiments and thoughts exercises on the countenance. Difficult as this examination is, its object is not chimerical. Often-recurring emotions act on the features like those geological changes by which a rock is either gradually disintegrated, or slowly raised up to a higher level. Close observations can establish a relation between an expression and the fact that is most likely to have influenced it. Thus it may be ascertained that there is an indescribable sort of flash or light in the eye of a person telling a falsehood, as if the mind was making an effort, as it were, to swerve from the truth, thereby causing more nervous power to be evolved from the eye than on usual occasions. Frequent acts of deception imprint a peculiar cast to the features. Again, frequent mental labor appends its signet to the features; a number of occupations leave their stamp on the face. Who cannot discover the gambler as he promenades Broadway? Dress him as you will; put on him the blackest of broadcloths, and the whitest neckcloth, and you cannot disguise the hard, coarse features which his thoughts and mind have chiselled on his face.

It is asserted that married people who have lived long together, and have thought, and cared, and worked for the same object, come at last to look like each other, and even if the features are very unlike, the expression of both faces will be the same.

The Rev. Orville Dewey in one of his lectures on the Problem of Human Destiny, remarks:—"The expression of the face is a beautiful distinction of humanity. We are little aware of the influence which it constantly exerts. If the dumb animals, on whom man exerts his cruelty, if the horse or dog, when suffering by a blow from the violence of man, could turn upon him with a look of indignation or appeal, could any one resist the power of mute expostulation? How extraordinary, too, the difference of expression in the human face, by which the recognition of personal identity is secured. On this small surface, nine inches by six, are depicted such various traits, that among the millions of inhabitants of the earth, no two have the same lineaments of the face. What dire confusion would ensue if all countenances were alike; if fathers did not know their own children by sight, nor husband their wives! But now we could pick out our friends from among the multitudes of the universe."

"Nature," says Thackary, "has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces, which is honored almost wherever presented."

With regard to the study of the face, a story is told of the great French satirist, which finely illustrates his knowledge of human nature. He was traveling in Germany, in entire ignorance of its language and currency. Having obtained some small change for some of his French coins, he used to pay coachmen and others in the following manner—taking a handful of the numismatical specimens from his pocket, he counted them one by one, into the creditor's hands, keeping his eye fixed all the time on the receiver's face. As soon as he perceived the least twinkle of a smile, he took back the last coin deposited in the hand, and returned it, with the remainder, to his pocket. He afterwards found that, in pursuing this method, he had not overpaid for anything.

The mouth is a feature upon which very much of the character of the face depends. No woman can be a pretty woman who has an ugly mouth. To the most regular features a gaping mouth, or ugly, drooping, badly formed lips, will give an air of listless ignorance, or half idiocy, which is repulsive. Firmness, general decision, cruelty, softness and gentleness of mind, love of our fellows, eloquence, spite, vindictiveness, generosity, and strength of character, are all indicated by the mouth. It is incumbent, therefore, with astute and cunning men—with those who are crafty and politic, and who plot against humanity—to conceal the workings of the mouth. As Cæsar covered his baldness with a laurel crown, so a modern Cæsar covers his lips with a thick drooping moustache; in this, too, nature has admirably aided him. Forrester, the Bow street runner, and Fouche, Napoleon's celebrated *chef* of police, almost invariably detected the guilty by noticing the play of the lips. Forrester, in his curious "Memoirs," has frequently told us that he saw "guilt upon the lip" of more than one whom he suspected; and his sagacity, if not unerring, was great. But who can watch the play of the mouth when it is covered by a thick grove of moustache! All the celebrated police agents, from Fouche to inspector Whicher, have been completely puzzled by such. It is well, therefore, on important occasions, to conceal the mouth. It is too sure an index of character. Thin, pale lips, are supposed to be indicative of ill-temper. They are more surely, perhaps, the consequence of a weekly and not too healthy habit of body. A very thin nether lip, clenched teeth, and a pale cheek, have been for ages the stock in trade of the fictionist when he wishes to draw a conspirator; and the painter has followed him. Judas, in many of the early Italian pictures, is seen biting his under lip. Richard the Third, as portrayed by Holingshed, and by Shakspeare, had a similar habit. Men of nervous and excitable temperament have, especially if suspicious, a habit of plucking at their lips and distorting their mouths. Small mouths are very much praised, and have been for a long time much in fashion. Fashionable painters and artists for the "Book of Beauty" have carried this smallness of mouth to an absurdity. You will see engravings of ladies with mouths considerably smaller than their eyes, which, of course presuming the face to be in due proportion, is as much a monstrosity as if the mouth, like that of a giant in a pantomime, extended from ear to ear. The female mouth should not be too small. From what we can gather from contemporary portraits, supposing them to be true, both Queen Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, had mouths much too small to be handsome. That of the former, the greatest female monarch who has ever existed, should have at least indicated her capacious mind. That of Queen Charlotte was ugly; that of the princess of that name was a true Brunswick mouth, exhibiting the two front teeth, from the shortness and curious elevation of the upper lip, which is perpetuated in the males of the present royal family. The house of Hapsburg had also a very ugly mouth, celebrated as the Austrian mouth.

Certain masters of ceremonies have written much on the expression of the mouth. "It is," says one, "the feature which is called into play the most frequently; and, therefore even where beauty of form exists, careful training is needed, to enable it to perform correctly its manifold duties. An elegant manner of utterance renders words, insignificant in themselves, agreeable and persuasive. In the act of eating, skillful management is necessary. A laugh is a very severe test to this feature." Mr. Dickens, whose observation is very wide, has ridiculed such teaching, when he makes one of his superfine old women instruct his pupils in the formation of the lips by uttering three magic words—potatoes, prunes, and prism. And we presume that when Lord Byron nearly fainted at the sight of his wife enjoying a rumpsteak, the skillful management of his Ada's mouth was neglected.

Turning from such foppery to the poets, we may conclude by saying that from the Greek Anthology, downward to the fluent young fellows who write songs for the music publishers, thousands of lines have been written in praise of ladies' mouths. The Latins and the Italians have paid great attention to this feature; rosy lips, pearly and violet breath, have been for ages the stock in trade of the poets. But, perhaps, the best things said of them are by an Irish and an English poet. The Irishman, hyperbolically, likens the mouth of his charmer to "a dish of strawberries smothered in crame;" and Sir John Suckling paints to the life the pretty pouting under lip of a beauty, in his "Ballad on a Wedding:"

> "Her lips were red, and one was thin,
> Compared to that was next her chin—
> Some bee had stung it newly."

What I am about to record may surprise some people; but I have always noticed that in women who have an extremely small mouth, there is seldom observed that amiableness of disposition and character, which is so frequently found in those who have a handsome mouth of moderate size. It would seem that too small a mouth indicates a weakness which degenerates into affectation. The last mentioned quality seems to be so inseparably attached to smallness of the mouth, that even those females who have an ordinary mouth, when they are going to be affected, always begin by contracting that part.

The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man allows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offices of hospitality if there be no holiday in the eye. How many furtive invitations are avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips. A man comes away from a company; he heard no important remark, but if in sympathy with the society he is innocent of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eye. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blackberries. Others are liquid, and deep wells that men might fall into. And others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice. There are asking eyes, and asserting eyes, and prowling eyes, and eyes full of faith—some of good, and some of sinister omen.

Says Oliver Wendell Holmes, look a man calmly through the very center of his pupils and ask him for anything with a tone implying entire conviction that he will grant it, and he will very commonly consent to the thing asked, were it to commit Hari-Kari.

It is said that all the Presidents of the United States, except General Harrison, had blue eyes. Among the great men of the world, the blue eyes appear to have been predominant. Socrates, Shakspeare, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Napoleon and Humboldt, all had blue eyes. The blue-eyed boys win all the prizes in shooting at the English volunteer trials. Black eyes are at a discount, therefore, since they fail early too. Dr. Leask wrote years ago, "Men with gray eyes are generally keen, energetic and at first cold; but you may depend upon their sympathy with real sorrow. Search the ranks of our benevolent men, and you will agree with me." Dark blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined, or effeminate nature; light blue, and much more gray eyes, in the hardy and active. Greenish eyes have generally the same meaning as the gray. Hazel eyes are the more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous and profound.

"Black eyes most dazzle in a hall;
Blue eyes most please at evening fall;
The black a conquest soonest gain,
The blue a conquest most retain;
The black bespeak a lively heart,
Whose soft emotions soon depart;
The blue a steadier flame betray,
That burns and lives beyond a day;
The black may features best disclose;
The blue may feelings all repose."

"A gray eye
Is still and sly;
A roguish,
Is the brown;
The eye of blue
Is ever true;
But, in the black eye's
Sparkling spell,
Mystery
And mischief dwell!"

The eye is both the inlet and outlet of a great deal of wickedness—witness Joseph's mistress, Samson and David; and we read of eyes full of adultery, that cannot cease from sin. We need, therefore, with holy Job, to make a covenant with our eyes; a bargain with them, that they should have the pleasure of beholding the light of the sun and the works of God, provided they would never fasten or dwell on anything that might occasion impure imaginations or desires. What have we the covering of the eyes for but to restrain corrupt glances, and to keep out defiling impressions? And if looking be lust, they who dress, and deck, and expose themselves, with design to be looked at and lusted after, like Jezebel, who painted her face, tired her head and looked out of the window, are no less guilty. Men sin, but devils tempt to sin. A chaste eye exiles licentious looks.

It is said that Napoleon selected his officers with reference to their noses. Napoleon used to say: "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good hard work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head together."

We extract the following from *Temple Bar:* "The more any one studies the nose, the more will he appreciate its importance. Noses mark the peculiarities of races, and the gradations of society. The noses of the Australians, the Esquimaux, and the Negroes—broad, flat, and weak, mark their mental and moral characteristics. The striking differences between the African Negro and the North American Indian are sculptured on their noses. In the mingled races and different classes of our own country we find the largest variety, and everywhere, if we but examine, the nose is the index of the class as well as of character. The noses of the aristocracy are not those of the democracy; and how could one more appropriately express his contempt for an inferior than by turning up his nose at him? Do you see the same kind of noses at the east end of the town as at the west? in the stalls and dress circle of the opera, and in the sixpenny pit and three-penny gallery of the minor theatre? at a prize fight and a fashionable evening party? In smaller towns where social grades are brought nearer together, and can be more readily examined, the contrast is very remarkable. Dublin, for instance, presents us with a perfect gamut of noses, from the most diminutive small potato pug to the symmetrical Grecian and haughty Roman. The pug in rags drives along in a picturesque donkey cart, the elegant Grecian, in its statuesque beauty, glides past on the side-walk; the Roman reclines in a carriage, whose panels exhibit the insignia of ancient rank and dominion. There are Irish faces of children and of savages, simply good or fearfully bad, and there are also those of the highest culture and refinement. Beauty, genius, valor, and nobility have their home there; but these find their opposites, in a strange proximity. If you look at the progress of the individual life, the contour of the nose marks all its stages. Who ever saw a baby with a Roman or aquiline nose or even a Grecian? The baby nose is a little snub, the nose of weakness and undevelopment. The child's nose keeps its inward curve; in youth it straightens; and then comes, in certain characters and races, the bold outward curve of the aquiline or the stronger prominence of the Roman. It may stop at any point in this march of progress, and present a case of arrested development. And we all feel instinctively that a certain shaped nose is the proper index of a certain character."

Josh Billings says, "There iz probably no feetur uv the human countenance, that hez been diskivered yet, that so much advertises the insides uv a man's karacter, ez the nose."

One may judge of the spirits and disposition of a man by his gait and mien in walking. He who habitually pursues abstract thought, looks down on the ground. He who is accustomed to sudden impulses, or is trying to seize upon necessary recollection, looks up with a kind of jerk. He who is a steady, cautious, merely practical man, walks on deliberately, his eyes straight before him; and even in his most musing moods, observes things around sufficiently to avoid a porter's knot or a butcher's tray. But the man with strong impulses—of pushing, lively temperament, who, though practical, is not speculative—the man who is emulous and active, and ever trying to rise in life—sanguine, alert, bold—walks with a spring, looks rather above the heads of his fellow passengers, but with a quick, easy turn of his own, which is lightly set on his shoulders; his mouth is a little open; his eye is bright, rather restless, but penetrative; his port has something of defiance; his form erect without stiffness.

Observing persons move slow—their heads move alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn round. Careful persons lift their feet high, and place them down flat and firm. Sometimes they stoop down, pick up some little obstruction, and place it quietly by the side of the way. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets, and their heads slightly inclined. Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed. Timid persons often step off from the side-walk on meeting another, and always go round a stone, instead of stepping over it. Wide awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing to their arms, while their hands shake about mischievously. Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes. Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk and then on the other. Very strong-minded persons have their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of stamp movement. Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns. Venturous persons try all roads, frequently climb the fences instead of going through the gate, and never let down a bar. One-idea persons and very selfish ones "toe in." Cross persons are apt to hit their knees together. Good-natured persons snap their thumb and finger every few steps. Fun-loving persons have a kind of jig movement. Absent minded persons often take the wrong road, and sometimes find themselves up to their knees in the mud-puddle, although the side-walks are excellent. Dignified men move slow and erect. Fast persons cut across the corner, kick every dog they meet, knock down the little children; run against the ladies, and hit every twelfth man's ribs with their elbows. Very neat men occasionally stop to wipe the dust from their boots—their hands hang by their sides. Very polite persons are sometimes seen bowing in their course to black servants and sometimes to black stumps.

There is culture not less in carriage than behavior. The seneschal in old castles could rank all the guests without error, by their conduct.

The hands are, by the very instincts of humanity, raised in prayer; clasped in affection; wrung in despair; pressed on the forehead when the soul is "perplexed in the extreme;" drawn inward to invite; thrust objectively to repel; the fingers point to indicate; and they are snapped in disdain; the palm is laid upon the heart as an indication of subdued feeling; and on the brow of the compassioned in benediction. The expressive capacity of the hands was never more strikingly displayed than in the orisons of the deaf and dumb. Their teacher stood with closed eyes and addressed the Deity by those signs made by the fingers which constitute a language far from speechless. Around him were grouped more than a hundred mutes, who followed with reverent glances, every motion. It was a visible but not an audible worship.

The ancients believed that the individual whose hair was straight and lank, was weak and cowardly. Frizzly hair was indicative of coarseness and clumsiness. The hair that specially won their admiration was that which, flowing down, terminated in ringlets. The Emperor Augustus was favored by nature with wonderfully fine and abundant hair. Auburn or light brown tresses were thought the most distinguished, and the possessor of hair of either tint was pre-supposed to be intelligent, industrious, and of a peaceful disposition. Black hair was not held in esteem by the Romans. Red hair was positively hideous in their eyes. Ages before the time of Judas it was an object of aversion. It was even held to be an omen of wickedness in its possessor. Fortunately, these old-time prejudices have quite worn away. Men no longer base their estimate of character upon the color of the hair.

There is a true saying in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, to the effect that when men talk about "studying human nature," they almost invariably mean studying it on the bad side. One of the first things a young man proceeds to do when he "starts in life," or gets old enough to begin to think on his own responsibility, is to "study human nature." As a rule, the first few months complete his education in this direction, and he spends the remainder of his life in learning that he knows very little about human nature after all. A young man flatters himself that he is "studying human nature" when he visits all kinds of vile places, dance houses, concert saloons, and the various haunts of vice which a great city affords, as if human nature sunk, beneath masses of moral filth, and blackened by contact with wretchedness and crime, were especially worthy of the student's attention as representative of the race; it is an insult to humanity. All honor to those, like Charles Dickens, who have been among the wretched and vicious, among the sons and daughters of darkness, for a direct purpose, and that purpose one of good to our race. They have found pearls covered with filth, and diamonds among the rubbish and offal of humanity. But we have no sympathy with that morbid curiosity, that affectation of studying human nature, which continually leads so many of our young men into places where some such excuse is necessary for the sake of decency and respectability. Is there not as much "human nature" to be studied in the decent walks of life where nature is nature, and not where she is forced out of her own chosen paths by suffering and desperation? He who seeks for vice, and falsehood, and treachery, as exponents of human nature, will find enough of each around him and above him; he need not go below his own level. Business men often flatter themselves that they have accomplished the study of human nature when they can detect the face of the rogue or the hypocrite among their customers or acquaintances. This is a very low branch of the study. There are all the forms of purity and virtue, love, charity, gentleness, the thousand delicate emotions of the heart, and the exquisite shades of thought and feeling, hopes and aspirations—are none of these worth studying?

It is said a woman never confesses that she laces tight; that her shoes are too small for her; that she is as old as she looks; that she paints; that she is ever tired at a ball; that she has been more than five minutes dressing; that she has kept you waiting; that she blushed when a certain person's name was mentioned; that she ever says a thing she does not mean; that she can't keep a secret; that she is ever in the wrong; that she don't argue; that she is ugly; that she has a bad memory; that she intended to give offence; that she has ever been in love; that she ever "jews" a shopkeeper; that she is hard to please; that she is vain; that she has ever flirted; that she is too old to marry.

The following anecdote told by Dr. Baird in a recent lecture, will bear repeating: Shortly after Bonaparte was made First Consul and had installed himself in the Palace of the Tuilleries, he held a grand reception and ball. But he experienced at an early day of his career no little difficulty in organizing his court and making matters go smoothly. When the supper was ready, the ladies were summoned first, the gentlemen being under the necessity of waiting until their "betters" were served. Two thousand ladies, showily, if not tastefully dressed, rushed forward to the doors of the great dining hall, one of the largest and most splendid dining rooms in Europe. The great folding doors were closed, and the officers of the palace found it impossible to get them open, for the ladies pressed against them, and were engaged in high dispute among themselves as to who of them had the entre or right to go first. One lady said the right was hers, for her husband was a great General; but she soon found that others maintained, on one ground or another, that their claims were greater. Meanwhile the officers could not get the doors open, and in consternation one of them hastened to the First Consul and asked him how they should settle the question of precedence. "O" said Bonaparte, "nothing is easier; tell them that the eldest is to go first!" The officer reported to the ladies the First Consul's decision, and instantly they all fell back! This gave the officers an opportunity to get the doors open, when to their astonishment none of the ladies were willing to go first. After standing in that ridiculous position for a moment, they began to laugh heartily at their own folly, and all marched into the dining-hall without further delay.

Human nature shows many strange inconsistencies. How often do we find the strong and great possessed of petty foibles that would seem ill in even the lowest and weakest; and how often do we find in the weak temporary gleams of greatness. A crooked tree will have a crooked shadow. Beware of a silent dog, and still water. Too much cheek shows deficiency of brain; for Nature does not give lavishly of both. A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool. When a fish is wounded, other fishes fall upon and devour him. There's some human nature in fishes.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of others than their own. Men can better philosophize on the human heart, but women can read it better. Do not judge of a person from first impressions; it is not liberal; often your warmest friends prove to be those you were prejudiced against. If you want to "prove" the best friend you have, ask him to lend you some money. If it is important for you to know whether a man will cheat you if he can, sound him as to his willingness to help you cheat somebody else. Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all. Shakspeare makes Cæsar say:

> "Let me have men about me that are fat;
> Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
> Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
> He thinks too much: Such men are dangerous."

When a man attains power he has all the virtues of an epitaph; let him fall into misfortune, he has more vices than the prodigal son. To know a man, observe how he *wins* his object rather than how he loses it; for when we fail, our pride supports us, when we succeed, it betrays us. Every man has, so to speak, several strings by which he may be pulled. An English writer says you can tell when you are surrounded by a dozen Americans, by the following unerring test; three will always be found smoking cigars, and nine reading newspapers.

"What's the Time?"—Did you ever after asking this question, notice the different style in which it would be answered, according as the person interrogated had a gold watch or a silver watch? It is a rare chance to learn a lesson in human nature. In the one case, your friend turns around till his back is nearly squared towards you, and drawing out his "pinchbeck" barely to the edge of the fob, steals a quick, furtive glance at the dial, then hurries back the article like lightning into its receptacle; in the other he draws out his splendid, full-jewelled repeater slowly and deliberately, with great pomposity and flourish, and extending it at arm's length between his two hands, gives you the desired information, and one of his blandest smiles in addition.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

THE POWER OF SULKINESS.

Great is the power of sulkiness. Fortunately for the world, it rarely exists in its highest and most concentrated form, for if united to real intellectual or moral force, it would be a despotism so thorough as to be injurious to the welfare of humanity. But in a less and more ignoble form it is not uncommon, and the dead weight and the steady, choking pressure which mankind endure in consequence, go to make up an almost intolerable grievance. There are people who have the gift of being sulky for an indefinite length of time, and assert that they act thus on principle; but it is almost invariably found that the principle harmonizes with the nature, for to tempers that are short and sweet, hot, inconsistent, or quickly placable,—and any of these are liable to be suddenly vexed for an hour or two,—it is always a difficulty to sulk. It is a bit of acting, and not reality, even when carried out, and the assumption of it is felt to be a burden too heavy to be borne.

The capacity for steady, solid, concentrated sulkiness is a mighty power to him who possesses it; it implies many curious and varied accomplishments and gifts, among others that of the complete mastery of the five senses. It is for a man to be blind whenever it is desired that he should open his eyes, dumb whenever words would be acceptable, deaf to all allurements or submission, insensible to all efforts at conciliation. It can create gloom, and, having created it, it can perpetuate and deepen it, until it becomes a clinging atmosphere as unwholesome as a malaria. It comprehends an absolute control over the facial muscles, so that no softness or sign of yielding, not a ripple of a smile, or an expression of pleasure, may replace even for a moment the sullen apathy or illumine the habitual scowl of the confirmed sulker. In a word, it is the faculty of simulation to such a degree that a person shall appear to be blind, deaf, dumb, stupid, paralyzed, ill, or dead, whenever and for as long as he chooses. Mr. Helps has truly said, "Unreason always governs. Nothing prevents your having your own way so much as being at all amenable to reason." And sulkiness neither gives reasons nor listens to them. The sulky being sometimes wears a depressed, spiritless, and utterly dejected appearance, as though crushed and heart-broken by long-continued oppression; sometimes a heavy, displeased, dragging step, and a black and lowering brow are the chief signs which indicate the disturbance within, and the form of the vengeance which is to be taken in respect of it. The latter is the musculine type; the former is, properly speaking, feminine. Mr. N. P. Willis, in one of his earlier volumes, has a clever little tale, describing the power of an "injured look." By virtue of it a young American lady contrived to persuade a whole house full of boarders to regard her as a martyr, and to speak the worst and think the worst they could of her husband; and all this, without uttering one word herself, was produced solely by the "injured look." And if there is an "injured look" there is also such a thing as a "dumb devil;" if the power of one is great, the provocation induced by the latter is unutterable. It is a curious, and to some it will appear an unaccountable circumstance, that in sulkiness a woman is more often possessed with a dumb devil than a man.

Sulkiness is visible even in the nursery, where it exists, so to speak, in the form of a bud; but it is merely an outbreak of bad temper, for at that age a child has not learned the method of using it as an instrument with which to punish his playmates. And the wisest way is to leave it entirely unnoticed, "efface" the offender, as the French say, until there is an obvious return to a more amiable disposition. But boys and girls soon learn to estimate the power of sulkiness either by practice or endurance, and a large school is the best check on a despotism of this kind. Sulkiness is not a tyranny which can be safely exercised in society at large, and it is commonly reserved for private or home exhibition. The smaller the circle the more concentrated its force; in a family, in a house, in one room, the power of sulkiness oppresses, searches, and pervades every corner of it. In love-making sulkiness is a deplorable blunder. Smile or strike, or smile and strike, too, if that seems more advisable; but no good ever follows a sullen enmity, which chills, disconcerts, and often actually destroys love. Even that simulated sulkiness, that toothless vengeance, which consists in pouting coldness, is an experiment full of danger, and in the worst possible taste. But if between lovers it is a blunder, in married life it is simply the greatest madness of which a human being can be guilty. There they are men and women yoked together like goats, and as the countryman justly observed, "that's been a trouble to more than goats," and if either of them is endowed with the faculty of persistent sulkiness, one shudders to think of the life the other one may be made to lead. It might be reasonably urged as a cause for judicious separation, possibly even for divorce, since the practice of quietly pressing the spirit and life out of a human being, no matter how many years the operation spreads over, is not one that ought to be permitted in a Christian country;

"vævictis!" the weak go to the wall, and too often the weak are the pleasantest and most lovable of earth's creatures.

Sometimes a person is seen to exhibit something which resembles and yet is not sulks. It is a silent moodiness of manner arising from a sense of failure, mortification, or secret discouragement and vexation which he cannot get over all at once. It is often seen in youth, but in reality the man is struggling with his infirmity, and a kind word, or a friendly overture will always float him over the difficulty. But genuine sulkiness is essentially premeditated and of a forethought; it is also vindictive, sometimes even malignant, in its nature, and if much indulged in causes the manners to become habitually morose, and the face and person acquire a heavy, sodden appearance as of a substance too long steeped in unwholesome juices. Dragging the feet along the floor, and slamming the doors of the house for weeks and months together are vulgar and ignoble, but neither uncommon nor inexpressive modes of sulking. We all know of other ways more refined, but not less disagreeable, and remember them too well. The fashion in which the very few words which custom and convenience render absolutely necessary are dropped from the lips as if they were so many leaden bullets; the steadfast surprised stare, that you or any one else should venture to ask such questions as shall require reply of any kind, the pertinacious coldness, the carefully averted glance, the steady gloom, the hand withheld, the smile unreturned, and the hardly muttered acknowledgment of the morning or evening salutation,—who that has witnessed or endured these amenities can forget the effect of them? In fact, the severity of the pressure which a really able, discriminating, and obstinate sulker can bring to bear on others for an indefinite space of time amounts to a tyranny, dumb, indeed, but sufficiently unholy of its kind; neither soft coaxing nor urgent cursing affect it, and though to yield is humiliating, it is well-nigh hopeless to resist it.

HINTS ON TALKING.

He is a better man who wisely speaks, than he who talks at random. It is a great master-piece to speak well, without affecting knowledge. A gentleman should talk like a gentleman, which is like a wise man.

Talking is an art, susceptible of improvement and elaboration, like any other art, and capable of being seriously impaired by neglect, like any vocation which, after being learned, may be forgotten. It is a mistake to imagine that all good talkers are born with the endowment; some, indeed, possess it as a native talent, but many others acquire it by long, careful, and painful effort. As a general thing, persons with wide mouths and thin tongues are able to express their ideas with ease, and to converse and speak with envied fluency, while those with narrow mouths and thick tongues stammer through a conversation with labor to themselves, and little satisfaction to those who listen to them. But even this latter class may by attention and effort overcome the infirmities of their organs of speech, and learn to express themselves easily and gracefully. The faculty of fluent and graceful expression is a most charming and enviable one, and where it does not exist as a natural gift, is worth the years of attention and labor that the acquisition costs. It requires, in the first place, deliberation—and this is why so few cultivate it in the midst of the hurry and haste of business pursuits. The words should be selected with care and with taste, and pronounced with distinctness and precision of utterance. At first this will produce an appearance of affectation and stiffness; but after a little practice it will become an easy and facile habit; the very effort to select choice and apt words will cause them to flow spontaneously to the tongue, and the clear, distinct pronunciation of them will become an easy task, for the organs of speech will adjust themselves to the work, and perform it without constraint. Every one who has tried to announce the best that is in him—the deepest thoughts, the highest aspirations, the warmest affections—has been conscious that his words fell short at least of his meaning, if not, indeed, greatly misrepresenting it. This is not owing to the poverty of the language, as some may think. Words and ideas grow side by side, and there are always means of adequate expression at hand, if we can find and arrange them. But to do this requires a previous training, that the schools alone can not give, and that only personal attention and constant habit can produce. The thoughts and ideas that rise in our mind must not be permitted to tumble together like an unorganized mob; they must be disciplined, systematized, and placed under control, so that we can express each at its proper time, and leave unexpressed those which we would conceal. Our ideas being thus disciplined, will reflect their own good order upon our words, and we shall find that to think and speak accurately are parts of the same task. Strange and high sounding words should be avoided, for good speech does not consist in belching the dictionary upon your hearers' heads, and stunning them with an awful sense of your profound wisdom. In conversation, simple plain words, clearly and pointedly spoken, are the most effective; for knowledge really consists in ideas and thoughts, instead of words, and thoughts and ideas may be expressed in simple language as well as in intricate terms.

Words are the pledges and pictures of our thoughts, and therefore ought not to be obscure and obsolete. Truth (as Euripides says,) loves plain language. We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language be past in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers, and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use —avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast, which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind. To the young I would say, never use unbecoming words or indelicate language. It shows a perverted mind, and does not speak well of the company you keep. Indelicate words offend the ear of modesty, and make your presence an offense to all good people. A vain and vulgar young man is loathed and abhorred by all, although for the sake of his friends, he may be sometimes tolerated by decent and respectable society. Avoid then all expressions, all faint allusions to what is unbecoming and improper; unless you do this, you never will be respected. Never make an expression that you would not be willing all your friends should hear.

> "Indecent words allow of no defence,
> For want of decency is a want of sense."

Good talkers are about as rare as the black swan of the Roman proverb. *Great* talkers are abundant. But a *good* talker is a different thing. In the first place grammar must be unexceptionable—though too much nicety of phrase is worse than occasional carelessness. Secondly, he talks on proper subjects, at suitable times and places. Thirdly, he talks in a low tone, and only raises his voice with the spirit of his topic. Wit is not important to a good talker, though a spice of humor is, and good sense is indispensable. Adaptation to persons and occasions is a great point, and the want of it a glaring defect in many otherwise good talkers. They discuss very eloquently of books to ignoramuses, of balls to devotees, of philosophy to women, and of science to sailors. They talk politics at the opera, describe a funeral at a pic-nic, and crack jokes on hemp before people who have lost relations by hanging. To editors they offer improvements in the art of conducting a newspaper—to ministers (unsuspectingly) diatribes on the immorality of the clergy, and to lawyers (but that is not always amiss) excellent homilies on the knavery of the bar. To think well needs more than a ready wit and a nimble tongue.

Talking in the rough comes by nature; talking well is an art. It requires a certain self-confidence, much frankness, patience and quickness of sympathy; and the more humor it can get the better. Practice enters so largely into this process of cultivation, that it is said but few young girls can talk well except to their lovers.

When you are in company talk often, but never long. In that case, if you do not please, you are sure not to tire your hearers. There are many persons, who, though they have nothing to talk of, never know when to leave off talking. There are some who labor under so great and insatiable a desire for talking, that they will even interrupt others when about to speak. We should in society never talk of our own or others' domestic affairs. Your's are of no interest to them, and their's should not be to you. Besides, the subject is of so delicate a nature, that with the best intentions it is a chance if we do not make some mortifying mistake, or wound the feelings of some one of the company.

The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions and value others that deserve it.

One should be silent, or give utterance to such thoughts as are better than silence. Throw a stone at hazard rather than an idle and useless word; and never say *little* in many words, but in few words say much. Better say nothing, than not to the purpose; and to speak pertinently, consider both what is fit and when it is fit to speak. Some people write and others talk themselves out of reputation. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out the music.

"There are," says Roger L'Estrange, "braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for what's loud and senseless talking and swearing other than braying?" The less a man knows the wider he wears his mouth open. It is as impossible for a fool to keep his mouth shut, as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell closed. It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out. Men are like wagons; they rattle most when there's nothing in them. Talkers are no good doers. Many talk like philosophers and live like fools. Words are but poor fig-leaves to cover the nakedness of deeds.

It is presumable that those who talk the most tell the most untruths. But perhaps we are ungallant in saying it.

Evil and idle words may seem, as they are uttered, light and trivial things; yet if light, they are like the filaments of the thistle-down, each feathery tuft, floating on the slightest breeze, bears with it the germ of a noxious weed. A desire to say things which no one ever said, makes some people say things which nobody ought to say. Over-earnest asseveration give men a suspicion that the speaker is conscious of his falsities. It is not a good plan, after you have driven a nail in a sure place, instead of just clinching and leaving it, to keep hammering away till you break the head off or split the board. Superlative commendations, besides bringing in question the sincerity of the speaker, often give offence to the hearer, and do no credit to the person commended. It is frequent with many, upon every trivial matter, to pawn their reputation: which is a most trivial thing; for what is so often lent, and passeth so many hands upon every occasion, cannot but lose much of its value. Care for what you say, or what you say will make you care. There is only the difference of a single letter between "words" and "swords."

He whose honest freedom makes it his virtue to speak what he thinks, makes it his necessity to think what is good. People who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk. Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend or made his fortune. To speak ill of a man in his absence, shows a base mind; and to do so to his face, is adding an affront to the scandal. A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock another down. Never touch the sore place in any one's character, for be assured, whoever you are, you have a sore place in you. It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in any one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many. "Those who admonish their friends," says Plutarch, "should observe this rule, not to leave them with sharp expressions." Ill language destroys the force of reprehension, which should be always given with prudence and circumspection. Instructions are entertained with better effect, when they are not too personally addressed. We may with civility glance at, but cannot, without rudeness, stare upon the faults and imperfections of any man.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's. There is something unsound about the man whom you have never heard say a good word about any mortal, but who says bad words about a good many mortals. Never speak bad of others, even with a cause; remember we all have our faults, and if we expect charity from the world, we must be charitable ourselves. Think that a word once spoken can never be recalled; therefore it is often prudent to think twice before we speak. Let No be ever the firm answer of Manhood and Womanhood to the overtures of Fraud and Wrong; but let Yes always drop tenderly from the lips of the prosperous and the happy, when the poor, the miserable, and the oppressed petition for help and succor. "In table talk," says Montaigne, "I prefer the pleasant and witty before the learned and the grave."

Bacon tells us that, to use too many circumstances ere one comes to the matter is wearisome; to use none is blunt. It is neither grateful or discreet to dwell too long upon a subject, the brain being like a field; though ever so rich, if you over harrow it, you may be sure to turn up barren ground at last. A good tale badly told, is a bad one. Avoid telling idle tales, which is like firing arrows in the dark; you know not into whose heart they may fall. He that is peremptory in his own story, may meet with another that is peremptory in the contradiction of it; and then the two sir positives must have a skirmish. Too much asseveration gives a ground of suspicion. Truth and honesty have no need of loud protestations. The strongest words are generally the oftenest broken. You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be the truth. If you find a person telling an absolute falsehood, let it pass over in silence—it is not worth your while to make any one your enemy, by proving him a liar.

There is no man, says a learned author, but that delights to be questioned in his profession; who being moved by others, may see to publish his knowledge without ostentation. Young folks tell what they do; old ones what they have done; and fools what they will do. Some people are always boasting of their services, but the spoke of the wheel that creaks, does not bear the greatest burden. To talk intentionally above the comprehension of those we address, is pedantry. We oftener say things because we say them well, than because they are sound and reasonable. To talk well is a gift, just as much as a taste for music is. But fine talkers are seldom good thinkers. They like to float on the surface—not to dive into the depths of the sea of existence. The great game is not to talk with those who know less than ourselves, but rather tilt with those who are wiser than ourselves. We shall then be overthrown and learn true wisdom thereby.

A good word for another is easily said, and costs us nothing. If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak. Never tell a friend what you would conceal from an enemy; for the friend may become your bitterest foe.

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of. How many people would remain dumb were it forbidden them to speak good of themselves and ill of others. First, talk of yourself without being vain; second, talk of others without slander. Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive. Shut your ears when evil things are said. Those who boast of plain speaking generally like it only in themselves. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself. It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out. The Talker must be, of necessity, the smallest of human souls. His soul must dwindle, dwindle, dwindle, for he utters great feelings in words, instead of acts, and so satiates his need of utterance, the need of all. Talkativeness is usually called a feminine vice, but it is possible to go into masculine company, where it will be as hard to wedge in a word as at a female gossiping. What is said from the feeling of the moment, should excite but the feeling of the moment. Say what is right, and let others say what they please. "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will." When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

What an evil disposition is that which leads people to say "hateful" things for the mere pleasure of saying them! You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling very kindly and pleasantly, out will pop some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend—a sneer which is masked, but which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at your person, your mental feeling, your foolish habits of thought, or some little secret opinions confided in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how sacred it may be to ycu, he will have his fling at it; and since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush, and an eye lose its brightness, only spoken because he is afraid you are too happy or too conceited. Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender-hearted men! How after them one awakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before everything—that bright, sharp, well-aimed needle of a speech that probed the very center of your soul!

How fond we are of making other people uncomfortable! It's very natural, but very wrong, after all. People are wretched enough on their own account, as a general thing, and we might bottle up our woes if we had the proper feeling. But we don't. We tell them, "How sick we feel!" "What a cold we have!" "How our heads ache!" "How we didn't sleep a wink last night!" "How cold we are!" "How hot we are!" etc. We never cry out, "I am so well!" "I haven't a sign of a cold!" "I'm so delightfully comfortable!" at least very seldom, in comparison with the reverse of the question; and the only comfort is that people very rarely care enough about their neighbors to suffer from sympathy. They are only dreadfully bored by it, that is all; just as they are when we tell them that our Aunt Tompkins has been "miserable all summer," and that our cousin Jones has lost his youngest by scarlet-fever, and that there's a dreadful war in France, and a terrible flood in Virginia, and ever so many people starved to death in Asia. Sit quiet and listen, if you can, the very next time you find a select circle of friends collected together for convivial purposes, and you will discover that the conversation turns principally on these subjects: their own woes and illnesses; those of their relatives and of their friends; the fault of the weather; the failings of government; the calamities of a nation, and other uncomfortable topics too numerous to mention, over which, nevertheless, they are decidedly cheerful, considering, and which do not diminish the consumption of refreshments to any perceptible degree.

When will American women learn to believe—and what is more, practice upon that belief—that a "low, soft voice is an excellent thing in woman?" Wherever we go—in the horse-cars, on the steamboats, in the lecture rooms and concert halls, on the street, in every public place, in short, we are perpetually and involuntarily receiving confidences from unknown females, in regard to family matters, love affairs, matrimonial spats and other subjects, important or the reverse. We cannot help it. We don't want to know that A abuses his wife, and B's better half flirts outrageously; we don't care why a certain match said to be on the *tapis* was broken off; we are not deeply interested in the particulars of C's last illness, inasmuch as to us he is a total stranger, nor do we mind about knowing how much his coffin cost or whether it was real rosewood or a base imitation; that D's son is rather fast and E's daughter bids fair to turn out a "girl of the period." All these, and plenty more facts of the kind, are of no special moment to us, and we are not interested in hearing them discussed, yet we cannot see how we are to avoid becoming depositories of all sorts of secrets, pleasant or otherwise. Just as long as we are forced to travel to and fro on the earth, the American women will talk of private matters at the top of their voices in public.

From hearing comes wisdom; from speaking, repentance.

CONVERSATION.

There is one defect in American education, or rather in American character, and that is, our young people do not learn to converse well. They think—they act—when roused they are eloquent—but they seldom converse well. The boy is taught to declaim—to store his mind with those ideas that will instruct and even move the multitude—but very rarely to converse with ease and elegance. The girl is disciplined to sing, and play, and dance, and sit gracefully. She is even prepared for those womanly duties she must perform in after life—duties of the nursery and the household. Her moral powers are cultivated likewise in this country, so that she becomes a useful, benevolent, amiable being. But she is not taught to converse.

"She can talk enough," says the crusty old bachelor, "pray do not teach her, to any greater degree, the use of her tongue." Talking is not conversing. There is no deficiency in the former with our girls. To talk, and to talk well, are very different. The latter requires ease, tact, self-confidence, good sense, a well conducted education, a desire to please, and an amiable temper.

In neither sex should conversation be high flown, declamatory, or above the condition of the hearers. The voice should be modulated to the subject, and never raised to an oratorical pitch. The style should be easy, natural, playful if the occasion require it, with no strained and far-fetched attempts at wit or glitter.

There are occasions when the very essence of entertaining and successful conversation consists in being a good listener, and in drawing out others upon those topics about which you know they can furnish information. We have said before that the great secret of pleasing consists in making others pleased with themselves. It is so in conversation. To be a good listener, is one of the secrets of a conversational power. It is said that Daniel Webster remarked that he never was in any sensible man's company a quarter of an hour, but he learnt something. He had the tact of drawing them out on subjects with which they were familiar, and in this way, gained information himself, and made others pleased with him.

When girls think too much of their beauty, they are very apt to forget that the powers of conversation are needed to please. Beauty may strike a severe blow on the heart, but it requires conversational powers to follow up the blow and render it effective. A plain woman who converses well will soon cause the want of beauty to be forgotten by her powers of entertainment. Madam De Stael Holstein was an exceedingly plain woman, but such were her conversational talents, that Byron declared she could talk down her face in a quarter of an hour, and be felt to be positively beautiful.

But the question occurs, how can this power be acquired? It needs some native confidence and much good judgment to lay the foundation for it. Instructors can create it, by always requiring their pupils to give the ideas of their lessons in their own language, and not in the words of the text book. Parents, too, can early begin to encourage their children to converse on sensible topics, by calling out their opinions. All should learn to converse.

Were children accustomed from infancy to hear nothing but correct conversation, there would be but little need of their learning arbitrary rules of grammar—they would naturally speak and write correctly. Hence it is, that children of educated parents are generally so much more easy and graceful in their conversation, than the children of the uneducated. Our language, like our manners, is caught from those with whom we associate; and if we would have the young improve in this important part of education, we must be careful that they hear no vulgarisms from us. Parents and teachers cannot be too particular in their use of language in the presence of imitative children.

The art of imparting our ideas easily and elegantly to others may be improved by ourselves, if there are opportunities of mingling in good society, with a little study. The mind must first be cultivated; but it should not abash those who are conscious of moderate talents, or imperfect cultivation, from taking a due part in conversation, on account of their inferiority. It is a very different thing to shine and to please; to shine in society is more frequently attempted than surpassed; to please is in the power of all. The effort to shine, when fruitless, brings a certain disgrace, and engenders mortification; all good people are inclined to take the will for the deed when they see a desire to please. A gentle, deferential, kind manner, will disarm even the most discerning from criticising too severely the deficiencies of the inexperienced; confidence, disrespect of others, volubility, eagerness to dispute, must irritate the self-love of others, and produce an averseness to acknowledge talent or information when they may even happen to exist.

Voice and manner have much to do with the qualifications of a pleasant speaker. It was this that lent the irresistible charm, which all his listeners acknowledged, to the conversation of Chateaubriand. It is really not so much what is said, as how it is said, that makes the difference between the talkers of society. In public discussions, in parliament or elsewhere, though the grace of voice and manner are valuable adjuncts to the speaker, especially in the opening of his career, he soon commands the attention of the audience, in spite of personal defects in these particulars, when it is once found that he can speak to the purpose. But all the good sense and ability in the world will not make up, in society, for a hesitating and embarrassed manner, or even for a very disagreeable voice. We may be conscious that the man has plenty to say, but we receive no pleasure from his talk.

The art of conversation is a rare gift, and to be cultivated as one would cultivate any desirable art. With some it is a spontaneous faculty; with all, it can be acquired in a greater or less degree of perfection. An old book upon etiquette, among an immense deal of twaddle, contains some grains of sound sense, which would profit all to heed. On the subject of conversation, we are told to "interrogate without display, not to interrupt a profitable speaker, nor desire ambitiously to put in a word of one's own, to be measured in speaking and hearing, not to be ashamed of receiving, or to be grudging of information, nor to pass another's knowledge for one's own." And again, that the "middle tone of voice, neither so low as to be inaudible, nor ill-bred from its high pitch," is the most desirable. And, also, that "one should reflect first what he is going to say, and then give it utterance; be courteous when addressed, amiable in social intercourse, not aiming to be pleasant by facetiousness, but cultivating gentleness in kind admonitions. Harshness is ever to be put aside, even in censuring."

Nothing is better than conversation as a corrective of self-sufficiency. In educated conversation a man soon finds his level. He learns more truly than from books, in converse with living men, to estimate his powers modestly and justly. A book is passive; it does not repel pretensions; it does not rebuke vanity. Indeed, reading and study become to many but the nature of conceit. If some persons value themselves on the books they own, it is not surprising that others should value themselves on the books they read. As knowledge grows on the thoughts in books, so pedantry feeds on their words, and is proud, lean and solitary. In conversation, a man is not long in discovering that he alone does not know everything, and that, though he were to die, wisdom would not perish with him.

A talent for conversation has an extraordinary value for common, every-day uses of life. Let any one who has this gift enter into a social circle anywhere. How every one's face brightens at his entrance. How soon he sets all the little wheels in motion, encouraging the timid, calling out unostentatiously the resources of the reserved and shy, subsidizing the facile, and making everybody glad and happy.

To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessarily to talk with great brilliancy. A man may talk with such surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company into silence, or excite their envy, and so produce a chill where his aim should be to produce warmth and sunshine. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation, or how small may be their's, they find it insensibly just as natural and pleasant talking to him, as hearing him talk. The talent for conversation, indeed, more, almost, than anything else in life, requires tact and discretion. It requires one to have more varied knowledge, and to have it at instant and absolute disposal, so that he can use just as much, or just as little as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass instantly and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men, from the mere phrases of courtesy to the expressions of sentiment and passion.

If, says a writer in the *Corn Hill Magazine*, our talk is to prosper, the subject of it must be led up to gradually.

It must be led up to gradually, and what is more, naturally; the conversation reaching it by easy stages, and, as one may say, in the course of nature. And this leading up must, you are entreated to remember, be the work of destiny, and by no means brought about by you who wish to profit by it. Next in magnitude to the fault of dragging in your subject neck and heels, is the error of leading up to it yourself in a forced and unnatural manner. You must wait for your opportunity. Self-control and patience are as necessary to the attainment of conversational, as any other distinction. You must be patient then, but you must also be vigilant; a combination of qualities rare but indispensable to those who would be great in anything. You must be ready when that opportunity which has been spoken of does come, to seize it and hold it fast. You must hold your remark, your description, your story, or whatever it is, in check, as a skillful gillie does a deerhound, but you must be ready to let it slip when the right moment comes. If that moment is missed, your chance is gone. Not the proverbial mutton, not Queen Anne herself, are more utterly dead than is a subject which has once been disposed of and dropped. You cannot revive it; to assert that such resuscitation is possible would be to mislead many unoffending and, perhaps, deserving persons. If a good thing comes into your head after the opportunity for letting it loose upon society has gone by, the best thing you can do is to gulp it down altogether or keep it by you, in case a use for it should come in the course of time. Conversation is a very serious matter. There are men with whom an hour's talk would weaken one more than a day's fasting.

Conversation should be studied as an art. Style in conversation is as important, and as capable of cultivation, as style in writing. The manner of saying things is what gives them their value. Avoid provincialisms in your language and pronunciation.

The art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize—you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but irresistible. Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit. Intelligent conversation is the great charm of man, the finest solace of intellectual labors, and the simplest yet the most effectual and delightful mode of at once resting and invigorating the mind, whether wearied by study or depressed by struggles with fortune. All good conversation, manners and action, says Emerson, come from a spontaneity which forgets usages and makes the moment great. While the gift of conversation proves a clever man, the want of it is no proof of a dull one. If we enter into conversation upon equal terms with the lowest of the people, unrestrained by circumstance, unawed by interest, we shall find in ourselves but little superiority over them. If we know what they do not, they know what we do not. In general, those who do things for others know more about them than those for whom they are done. A groom knows more about horses than his master.

> Would you both please and be instructed, too,
> Watch well the rage of shining, to subdue;
> Hear every man upon his favorite theme;
> And ever be more knowing than you seem;
> The lowest genius will afford some light,
> Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.

It is a sure method of obliging in conversation, to show a pleasure in giving attention. In discourse it is good to hear others first; for silence has the same effect as authority. The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you; they want to please. The most honorable part of talk is to give the occasion. Coleridge was very luminous in conversation, and invariably commanded listeners; yet the old lady rated his talent very lowly, when she declared she had no patience with a man who would have all the talk to himself. No one, says dean Loker, will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things. To please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad. This last rule of the Dean's is rarely violated in society. Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, learned without pedantry, novel without falsehood." There is nothing, says Plato, so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive. Dr. Johnson said "that to speak truth always, one must of course, be continually watching." One drop of ink will blacken a whole glassful of pure water. So will one evil communication make the whole heart foul. In the lightness of conversation we should respect modesty and piety. To make them blush or to wound them is a course play, a social crime.

In conversation, humor is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge. Few desire to learn, or to think they need it; all desire to be pleased, or if not, to be easy. In conversation condescend to a compliance rather than continue a dispute. It is the union of parts and acquirements, of spirit and modesty, which produces the indefinable charm of conversation. Steele says that the most necessary talent in a man of conversation, is a good judgment.

One of the foremost arts of life—conversation—is also one of the least understood, and most poorly cultivated. How seldom we meet a conversable person! How immensely does our interest in persons depend upon their conversational skill. We are forever measuring men's capacity, wit, judgment, sense, and knowledge of the world, by the fragments of their talk which we hear. This is the standard to which we bring all our companions, just or unjust, superficial or profound, we do unconsciously erect this criterion of the tongue by which to judge the whole man. We advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be past in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure their education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time, that pedantic precision and bombast, which show rather the weakness of a vain and ambitious than the polish of an educated mind.

Some people never attempt to obtain a clear idea of the exact meaning of the words which they employ in writing and conversation. They utter them at random, and if they happen to convey the idea which they intended them to convey, the result is to be attributed rather to chance than to their knowledge and discrimination. This fault is very common among those who love big, sonorous words,—more common, indeed, among them than among the ignorant and uneducated. Those who are in the habit of selecting long words for use in conversation, generally are not worth listening to. The plainest and commonest words in the English language are the best for both conversation and writing.

William Cullen Bryant gave the following excellent advice to a young man who offered him an article for the *Evening Post*: "My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance when I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language. Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well known oblong instrument of manual industry; let home be a home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality, and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of your meaning; and in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability. The only true way to shine even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence, say what you are. Avoid all oddity of expression. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air. When I hear a person use a queer expression, or pronounce a name in reading differently from his neighbor, the habit always goes down, minus sign before, it stands on the side of deficit, not of credit. Talk as sensible men talk; use the easiest words in their commonest meaning. Let the sense conveyed, not the vehicle in which it is conveyed, be your subject of attention. Avoid in conversation all singularity of accuracy. One of the bores of society is the bore who is always setting you right; who, when you report from the paper that 10,000 men fell in some battle, tells you that it was 9,999; who when you describe your walk as two miles out and back, assures you that it lacked half a furlong of it. Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail, but in conveying a right impression; and there are vague ways of speaking that are truer than strict fact would be. When the Psalmist said "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law," he did not state the fact, but he stated a truth deeper than fact and also truer.

Delight not yourself with lampoons, satires, and jests;

for whatever pleasure they procure at first, the reflection that follows, is rarely favorable to the author. Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse, and evil speaking, slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offence, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and as you avoid vulgarities you will increase the enjoyments of life, and grow in the respect of others.

Beware of impure words. Filthy conversation is a fruitful means of corruption. It is a channel by which the impurity of one heart may be communicated to another. And we know who hath said, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Words are an index of the state of the heart. Hence says Christ, "By thy words thou shalt be condemned; for every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." There are those whose conversation is filthy and disgusting. Parents should guard their children from such. They should themselves avoid every indelicate expression and check the first appearance of any such thing in their children. Avoid foolish talking and jesting. Let your words always be pure. The frequent use of the name of God or the devil; allusions to passages of Scripture; mocking at anything serious and devout; oaths, vulgar by-words, cant phrases, effected hard words, when familiar terms will do as well; scraps of Latin, Greek or French; quotations from plays spoken in a theatrical manner—all these much used in conversation render a person very contemptible to grave and wise men. Let your subject be something of necessity and use; something that may advance the love and practice of virtue, reform the passions, or instruct the understanding; such as may administer advice to men in difficulties, comfort them under afflictions, assist them in the search of truth, give them a reverend sense of God, and an awful admiration of his divine excellence. We should always accommodate ourselves to the capacity of those with whom we converse. The discourse of some men is like the stars which give little light because they are so high. This rule should be observed in all conversation, that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them. This would make them consider, whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say; and whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom it is spoken. Speak to old men of the past, to the middle-aged of the present, and to the young of the future. It is the art of conversation not only to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment. One reason why we see so few agreeable in conversation, is, that almost everybody is more intent upon what he himself has a mind to say, than upon making pertinent replies to what the rest of the company say to him. The object of conversation is to entertain and amuse. To be agreeable, you must learn to be a good listener. A man who monopolizes the conversation is a bore, no matter how great his knowledge. A man of good sense will seem to be less knowing, more obliging; and choose to be on a level with others, rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius. The thread of conversation is sustained among many persons, by each knowing when to take a stitch in time. If in conversation, you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction. Be not easily exceptious, nor rudely familiar; the one will breed contention, the other contempt. It is to the virtues and errors of our conversation and ordinary deportment, that we owe both our enemies and our friends, our good or bad character abroad, our domestic peace and troubles, and in a high degree the improvement and depravations of our minds. Let us then so order our conversation in the world that we may live when we are dead in the affections of the best, and leave an honorable testimony in the consciences of the worst.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next is good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.

The whole force of conversation, says Oliver Wendell Holmes, depends on how much you can take for granted. Vulgar Chess players have to play their games out; nothing short of the brutality of an actual checkmate satisfies them. But look at the masters of that noble game! White stands well enough so far as you can see; but the red says "mate in six moves." White looks, nods—the game is over. Just so in talking with first-rate men, especially when they are good natured and expansive. Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge to balance the account perpetually betwixt you, the trade stops at once. A man's want of conversation generally arises from his supposing that his mind is like Fortunatus' purse, and will always furnish him without his putting anything into it.

Sala says, "In all seriousness and sincerity, I render to the young ladies of America the tribute of being the most accomplished talkers in the world. Their readiness of diction, the facile flow of ideas, their quickness of apprehension, are really and truly astonishing." Among all the "accomplishments" which our young ladies are expected to acquire, the art of conversation is included. No grace of person or manners can compensate the lack of this. In youth, the conversation of our women is too apt to be trifling and insipid, and in middle-age is too often confined to complaints of health and the scandal of the day. Lively conversation upon instructing and elevating topics is but little practised, but whenever it is found it gives a charm to the society of females which nothing else can. It triumphs over deformity and old age, and makes ugliness itself agreeable. Curran, speaking of Madame de Stael, who was by no means handsome, but a splendid conversationalist, said that she had the power of *talking herself into a beauty*. Ladies should think of this. Beauty lies in other things than fine features or cosmetics. Women, however lovely they may be in person, rarely excite true admiration, if they are ignorant of the art of conversing well. No man can be master in conversation who has not talked with woman. In conversation lies the greatest charm to a thoughtful mind. It is instructive, and yet so elegant—so winning, and still sensible, that its fascination is like a spell cast over the human being to invigorate the functions of the brain, and rouse into activity every pure emotion of the heart. There is nothing in the world like it, except love; and as that divine passion would be nothing without it, they may be considered inseparable. Commend us to conversation, for it improves, adorns and sanctifies, and in no place is more delightful than by the fireside of an agreeable-tempered, intelligent, family group.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as Pope expresses it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose, in his elocution, what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations; of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present; but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly. Addison, who is acknowledge to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived, was awkwardly stupid in conversation. The conversation of Goldsmith was so notoriously flat and pointless as to provoke the remark that he "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras" that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of the opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Some one pithily says, "Authors ought to be read and not heard." The biography of men of letters, in a great measure, confirms this opinion. Some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow men. They had golden ingots, which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency, but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market-place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher, Lafontaine, celebrated for his witty fables, and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friends said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him." Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was either sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsociable and irritable when pressed into conversation. Kirwin, though copious and eloquent in public address, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourses. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Cornelius in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Johnson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in conversation never flagged, his animation and vivacity were inexhaustible. Dr. Bently was loquacious, as was also Grotius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was a pleasant stream in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects and constantly demurs.

Conversation of the ignorant is generally confined to indifferent, low, or perhaps vicious subjects; and all that is serious or good, is almost banished. Some are so polluted in the mouth, as to utter nothing that is decent; supplying the want of wit for the want of modesty, and the want of reputation for the want of shame. As a bird is known by his note, so is a man by his discourse. Our conversation should be such as to afford youth improvement, women modesty, the aged respect, and all men civility. It is a fair step toward happiness and virtue, to delight in the conversation of good and wise men; and where that cannot be had, the next thing is to keep no company at all. They who have the true taste of conversation, enjoy themselves in a communication of each other's excellencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. He who treats men ingeniously, and converses kindly with them, gains a good esteem with a very little expense.

The true art of conversation seems to be this: An agreeable freedom and openness, with a reservedness and as little appearing as possible. Freedom, which is the life of conversation, must be reciprocal, or it cannot be agreeable. Too much familiarity breeds contempt.

How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn between two persons only, is curiously set down in the following passage from Count Gonfallioner's account of his imprisonment: "Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square. During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone. I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity, in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had nothing to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away—I never heard where, to execution or liberty. But I was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than the pale, vacant face. One day, it must have been a year or two after my companion left me—the dungeon door was open, whence proceeding I knew not, the following words were uttered: "By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago." Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had flung this great agony upon me, and left me alone with it.

The most casual remark lives forever in its effects. There is not a word which has not a moral history. And hence it is that every "idle word" which men utter, assumes a character so important, that an inquest will be held on it in the general judgment. Good, kind, true, holy words, dropped in conversation, may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flower or fruitful tree falling by the wayside, borne by some bird afar, happily thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness. Bishop Latimer, when examined before Bonner, at first answered without much thought or care; but hearing the movement of a pen behind the curtain, he perceived that a writer was taking down his words, and the effect was to make him considerate and wary. He said he then realized as never before the force of his Lord's premonition —"By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." How changed would be much of our conversation if we were suitably aware that an invisible hand is recording our utterances! As there is an eye that sees our actions, however hidden from human observation, so there is an ear that hears whatever we speak. Every word is registered, and we shall have to meet it in our final trial at the great day.

The following advice Shakspeare makes Polonious give to his son Laertes, when about to set out on his travels:

> Give thy thoughts no tongue,
> Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
> Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
> The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
> But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
> Of each new-hatched, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
> Bear't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.
> Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
> Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
> Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
> For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
> Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
> This above all—to thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

HEARERS.

It is a Jewish proverb that hearers are of four sorts—the sponge, which swallows up everything; the funnel, which allows that to escape at one end which it receives at the other; the filterer which allows the liquor to escape and retains the dregs; the seive, which rejects the chaff and retains nothing but the wheat.

To listen well is a most rare accomplishment. Indeed, it is a thing beyond an accomplishment. It takes a great man to make a good listener. The ordinary hindrances to good listening are very considerable, such as the desire to talk one's self, proneness to interrupt, the inaccuracy,—if one may use such an expression,—of most men in listening.

But there is something which prevents good listening in a much more subtle way, and to a much more dangerous extent, than any of the above named hindrances. It is this:—As soon as you begin to give utterance to some sentiment or opinion, narrate some story, declare some fact, you will find that your hearer, in nine cases out of ten, strikes at once a mental attitude in reference to what you say. He receives it as a friend, or as a foe, or as a critic, or as an advocate, or as a judge. Now, all these characters may afterwards be fairly taken up; but the first thing is to listen, if it may be so expressed, out of character,—to be a *bona fide* listener and nothing more. This requires some of the simplicity of greatness. It indicates the existence, too, of that respect which really great men have for other men, and for truth.

It is a sure method of obliging in conversation to show a pleasure in giving attention.

The following are given as hints to hearers:—1. Turn a deaf ear to slanders; be sure never to mention them again. 2. Feed not the innate desire to hear ill of another. 3. Listen to no tale against another, which you are requested not to repeat. 4. Beware of conversation with a tale-bearer, or with one who revealeth secrets. 5. Beware of the busy, self-important messenger; remember that "he that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him." 6. If you should hear ill of another, remember that your informant may be mistaken or deceived; he may be misinformed, or prejudiced by party spirit. 7. In any doubtful case, communicate with the party before forming a judgment. 8. Ask counsel of God before mentioning a report again. 9. Prejudice distorts innocent and even praiseworthy acts; beware of taking even a fact from a prejudiced person. From other lips matters might appear very different. 10. Charity puts the best—the want of it, the worst—construction on what is told us. 11. "Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips."—Prov. xx. 17.

The art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much time and money is expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage of life, I am caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door. Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any further.

Some people feel very anxious to hear every thing that will vex or annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set about searching and finding it out. If all the petty things said of one by the heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my head a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy, when among good men open your ears; when among bad, shut them.

It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say when they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.

THOUGHT.

To think correctly is a great accomplishment. Sir Isaac Newton, on being asked how he had discovered the system of the universe, replied, "By continually thinking upon it." At another time he said, "By thinking I have triumphed." There never was a great action which had not nearly or remotely, a great thought for its ancestor.

Thinking, not growth, makes perfect manhood. There are some, who, though they are done growing are only boys. The constitution may be fixed, while the judgment is immature; the limbs may be strong, while the reasoning is feeble. Many who can run and jump, and bear any fatigue, can not observe, can not examine, can not reason or judge, contrive or execute—they do not think. Accustom yourself, then, to thinking. Set yourself to understand whatever you see or read. To run through a book is not a difficult task, nor is it a profitable one. To understand a few pages only, is far better than to read the whole, where mere reading it is all. If the work does not set you to thinking, either you or the author must be very deficient. It is only by thinking that a man can know himself. Yet all other knowledge without this is splendid ignorance. Not a glance merely, but much close examination will be requisite for the forming a true opinion of your own powers. Ignorance and self-conceit always tend to make you overrate your personal ability; as a slight degree of knowledge may make a timid mind pass upon himself too humble a judgment. It is only by thinking, and much impartial observation, that a man can discover his real disposition. A hasty temper only supposes itself properly alive; an indolent indulger imagines he is as active as any one; but by close and severe examination each may discover something nearer the truth. Thinking is, indeed, the very germ of self-cultivation—the source from which all vital influence springs. Thinking will do much for an active mind, even in the absence of books, or living instructors. The reasoning faculty grows firm, expands, discerns its own powers, acts with increasing facility, precision and extent, under all its privations. Where there is no privation, but every help from former thinkers, how much may we not expect from it! Thus great characters rise. While he who thinks little, though much he reads, or much he sees, can hardly call anything he has his own. He trades with borrowed capital, and is in the high road to literary or rather to mental bankruptcy.

Next to the good heart and clear conscience, is the clear head. Dull thinkers are always led by sharp ones. The keen intellect cuts its way smoothly, gracefully, rapidly; the dull one wears its life out against the simplest problems. To perceive accurately and to think correctly, is the aim of all mental training, and—I had almost said—of life itself. But I will not say that. Heart and conscience are more than the mere intellect. Yet we cannot tell how much the clear, clean-cut thought,—the intellectual vision, sharp and true, may aid even these. Some say that a man never feels till he sees, and when the object disappears, the feeling ceases. So we cannot exaggerate the importance of clear, correct thinking. We should eat, drink, sleep, walk, exercise body and mind, to this end. Just so far as we fail, we make dolts and idiots of ourselves. We cast away our natural armor and defense. The designing make us dupes, we are overreached by the crafty, and trodden under foot by the strong. Very likely there is a low murmur of conscience, too, for falling below its pure ideal. This adds a sharp sting to the shame of conscious dullness. A man's great power in the natural world,—among Nature's forces, water, steam and lightning,—is not in his muscle, but his brain. Any horse can pull harder, lift more and endure it longer than the most perfectly developed man. But a single human brain can rule a nation of horses. It is for us, then, to look out for this. If we would share what has not only given Napoleons, Cæsars and Alexanders their power, but the great conquerors of natural forces as well,—the Fultons and the Morses,—let us look out for brain; see that late suppers and indigestion do not rob it of vitality, that alcohol does not harden it, nor want of sleep goad it on to insanity; but that natural, honest living may render it the clear, strong, glorious thing it may become.

All mental superiority originates in habits of thinking. A child, indeed, like a machine, may be made to perform certain functions by external means; but it is only when he begins to think that he rises to the dignity of a rational being. It is not reading, but thinking, that gives you the possession of knowledge. A person may see, hear, read and learn, whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases; but he will know very little, if anything, of it, beyond that which he has thought over, and made the property of his mind. Take away thought from the life of man, and what remains? You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking. Dr. McClintock says: "It is a great guilt in any man to allow any mental faculties he may possess to become rusty from disuse, or to submit implicitly to another."

But deep thinking implies earnest acting. Let an individual give careful, rational, intelligent thought to any principle, and his actions will be characterized and influenced by that principle. What stupenduous thoughts must have revolved in the mind of Columbus, that he should give a new world to civilized man. What grand ideas must have glowed in the soul of a Newton, that he should reveal the occult laws of the planetary universe. The great inventions of the present and former ages, have been the result of deep and oft times painful thought. Evil thoughts, too, have had their sway. Ambition has heaped the earth with mangled slain, and Avarice and Malice brought great calamities in their train. Let every person cultivate the powers of deep thinking, connected with those of high moral action—of subjection in all things to the precepts of right,—and a world of new power would be given to society;—a world of thorough-working, intelligent minds would become active co-operators in carrying forward the great Reforms of the age. Every improvement of our time, whether in science, politics, or religion, would be characterized by a higher spirit,—would tend to the elevation of the people in the scale of virtue and intelligence.

Our thoughts very greatly influence our actions. It is questionable whether a man could long think on any subject, without the course of his life being colored by it. Like certain silkworms which yield silk colored according to the food they have fed on, so our life gradually takes the tinge and hue of the thoughts to which we most accustom ourselves. We have had in our police-courts of late, frequent instances of this. Boys have been studying literature of the Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin order—and they have become thieves of necessity. Men who have been deeply read in French novels, Byronic poetry, and German metaphysics, have become dissolute and sceptical, and none could wonder. You can not send the mind up the chimney, and expect it to come down white. Whatever road the thoughts traverse, all the faculties of manhood will go after them. On the whole, it is of as great importance for a man to take heed what thoughts he entertains, as what company he keeps; for they have the same effect on his mind. Bad thoughts are as infectious as bad company; and good thoughts solace, instruct and entertain the mind, like good company. And this is one great advantage of retirement, that a man may choose what company he pleases from within himself. As in the world we oftener light in bad company than good, so in solitude we are oftener troubled with impertinent and unprofitable thoughts, than entertained with agreeable and useful ones; and a man that hath so far lost the command of himself, as to lie at the mercy of every foolish and vexing thought, is much in the same situation as a host whose door is open to all comers; whom, though ever so noisy, rude, or troublesome, he cannot get rid of; but with this difference, that the latter hath some recompense for his trouble, the former none at all, but is robbed of his peace and quiet for nothing. Carlyle says that each man carries under his hat a "Private Theatre," whereon a greater drama than is ever performed on the mimic stage is acted, beginning and ending in Eternity.

We cannot guard too much against indulging in thoughts and actions, which, trivial as they may at first appear, would give a cast to our whole character, should they become settled habits. Good thoughts are companions; often our best. Impure thoughts are the seeds of sin. If dropped into the soil of the mind and heart, they should be cast out immediately; otherwise they will germinate, spring up, and bear the fruit of sinful words and acts. Entertain no thoughts which you would blush at in words. Beware of evil thoughts. They have done great mischief in the world. Bad thoughts come first, bad words follow, and bad deeds finish the progress. Watch against them, strive against them, pray against them. They prepare the way for the enemy of souls.

> "Bad thought's a thief; he acts his part;
> Creeps through the windows of the heart;
> And if he once his way can win,
> He lets a hundred robbers in."

The value of our thoughts depends much upon the course thy take—whether the subject in hand is examined fully and carefully, or only given an undecided glance, when our thoughts revert to other matters, to be treated in the same desultory way. Many minds from want of training cannot really *think*, and it is of great importance that right habits of thought be formed and fostered in early life. That mental discipline is of great value which will enable us to give our close and undivided attention to any subject which we wish to investigate. In order to judge rightly, we must look at a matter on all sides—we must take it in all its bearings, or our judgment is an imperfect and partial one;—and this task is an almost impossible one to those without the habit of close, consecutive thinking. They try to investigate a matter, but the mind wanders—the thoughts will not be controlled, and they can arrive, but with great effort, at the results so easy to the mind trained from early life to right habits of thought. Parents and teachers can do much to form this habit in those under their care; and when once acquired, its daily exercise on the subjects brought before us in our intercourse with the world and with good books—the repositories of the thought of the past ages,—cannot fail to preserve and improve it.

He who cannot command his thoughts must not hope to control his actions. All mental superiority originates in habits of thinking. Become master of your thoughts, so that you can command them at pleasure. Whenever you read, have your thoughts about you. Make careful observations as you pass along, and select subjects upon which your mind shall dwell when your book shall have been laid aside. He who reads only for present gratification and neglects to digest what he reads, nor calls it up for future contemplation, will not be likely to ever know the extent of his own powers, for the test best calculated to make them known will remain unemployed. Consider the great field which is open before you. The manifold works of nature—earth, sea, air with their inhabitants, and the heavenly bodies, all invite your attention. Into whichever department you take your way, you will be amazed at the magnitude and grandeur of the objects by which you are surrounded, and your mind will be filled with the most exalted conceptions of the goodness, wisdom and power of the Creator.

As a creature of memory, every thought which man voluntarily entertains will abide with him forever. If it be a thought in harmony with divine will, and he has acted in harmony with it, it will never cease to yield him good; if he have not so acted, it will never cease to reproach and condemn him. If it be an evil thought, and he have repented of it, and not carried it out into action, it can never yet cease to be an occasion of regret. If he have not repented of it, it remains with him in effect, as an over-running fountain of pollution. How terrible the ordeal of having to meet the sinful thoughts of a long life of guilt! How fearful the prospect of having to confront them not for an age merely, or a million of ages, but to have the ordeal repeated through every point of endless duration.

In the best of all books, we read, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Reader, did you ever think of this? Did you ever consider the power, the majesty and the philosophy of thought? Do you comprehend the full measure and meaning of the inspired words, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he?" Man is not as he seems nor as he acts, but as he thinks. It is thought and not deeds that makes the man. Deeds are the paper currency of character stamped in the mint of purity. Deeds make reputation—thought makes character. Reputation is what a man is thought to be—character is what a man is. Thought surpasses deeds in its essential power and grandeur in the same ratio as character surpasses reputation. As a man's thoughts are so is his life. As a man thinks so he acts; his life is the perpetual index of his thoughts. As he thinks of sales, and schemes, and bargains, so is he in politics. As he thinks of truth and virtue, so is he in morals. As he thinks of Christ and Religion, so is he in piety. The statement, then, that it does not matter what a man thinks or believes, so his life is right, is as false in fact as it is dangerous in theory. A man's character is good or bad, in exact correspondence with his thoughts. Doctrine and duty are as inseparably joined together as principle and practice, and both are alike indispensable to the formation of a beautiful and consistent character. Believe me, this world is not a world in which we can do well without thinking, and least of all, do well in the matter of our souls. "Don't think," whispers Satan; he knows that an unconverted heart is like a dishonest tradesman's book,—it will not bear a close inspection. "Consider your ways," says the word of God—stop and think—consider and be wise. Well says the Spanish proverb, "Hurry comes of the devil." Just as men marry in haste, and repent at leisure, so they make mistakes about their souls in a minute, and then suffer for it for years. A thinking man, says Carlyle, is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a shudder through the nether empire; and new emissaries are trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him.

Evil is wrought from want of thought
As well as want of heart.

Young man, in the flush of early strength, stop and think ere you take a downward step. Many a precious life is wrecked through thoughtlessness alone. If you find yourself in low company, do not sit carelessly by till you are gradually but surely drawn into the whirlpool and shame, but *think* of the consequences of such a course. Rational thought will lead you to seek the society of your superiors; and you must improve by the association. A benevolent use of your example and influence for the elevation of your inferiors, is a noble thing; even the most depraved are not beyond such help. But the young man of impressible character must, at least, think, and beware lest he fall himself a victim. *Think* before you touch the wine; see its effect upon thousands, and know that you are no stronger than they were in their youth. *Think* before you allow angry passions to overcome your reason; it is thus that murderers are made. *Think* before, in a dark hour of temptation, you borrow without leave, lest you become a thief. Think well ere a lie or an oath passes your lips; for a man of pure speech only can merit respect. Ah! think on things true and lovely, and of good report, that there may be better men and happier women in the world.

Nothing promotes fixation of thought more than the closing of our eyes; for according to the Arabian proverb; when the five windows of the senses are shut, the house of the mind is fullest of light.

The blind man thinks more constantly than the seeing man; this from his habit of uninterrupted introspection. Out of blindness came the Iliad and the Paradise Lost. Thoughts weighed in silence are most likely to develop into wisdom. The revolutions produced by a genius in the world of thought, actually end in actual revolution in society. Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried. The best thoughts are ever swiftest winged, the duller lag behind. A thought must have its own way of expression, or it will have no way at all. The thought that lives is only the deeds struggling into birth. It is with our thoughts as with our flowers—those that are simple in expression carry their seed with them; those that are double charm the mind, but produce nothing.

To think clearly is among the first requirements of a public teacher. The faculty must be improved, like other faculties of the mind and body. One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking is to think over some subject before you read upon it, and then to observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid, in what you have exceeded, and by this process you will insensibly catch a great manner of viewing questions. It is right to study, not only to think, but from time to time to review what has passed; to dwell upon it, and see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit of some minds to refer the particular truths that strike them to other truths more general; so that their knowledge is beautifully methodized, and that the general truth at any time suggests the particular exemplifications, or any particular exemplification at once leads to the general truth. This kind of an undertaking has an immense and a decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another without the least attempt at classification and arrangement.

Perhaps few persons are aware how much a habit of thought creates a power of thought. Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper, another will follow, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come in lumps—homely and shapeless—but no matter; time and perseverance will polish them. Learn to think and you will learn to write; the more you think the better you will be enabled to express your ideas.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim. A thinker very truly says that he who cannot clearly express a thought cannot *think* one, for thoughts, like Minerva, are born with their clothes on. Some persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts, when the real trouble is they cannot find thoughts for their words. The man who thinks laboriously will express himself concisely. It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy. It is not depth of thought which makes obscure to others the work of a thinker; real and offensive obscurity comes merely of inadequate thought embodied in inadequate language. What is clearly comprehended or conceived, when what is duly wrought and thought out, must find for itself and seize upon the clearest and fullest expression. That grave and deep matter should be treated with the fluency and facility proper to light and slight things, no one is foolish enough to desire; but we may at least demand that whatever of message a speaker may have for us be delivered without impediment of speech. A style that stammers and rambles and stumbles, that stagnates here, and there overflows into waste marsh, relieved only by thick patches of powdery bulrush, and such bright flowerage of barren blossoms as is bred of the fogs and the fens—such a style gives no warrant of depth or soundness in the matter thus arrayed and set forth. To be a good thinker, you must be a little abstemious in eating. The writer who gorges his stomach gives thin gruel to his readers.

St. John, the biographer of Montaigne, says he made it, as it were, a business to think at his castle. He was ever on the look-out for ideas and images. A thought would suddenly strike him in the family part of his house, and he would often, not having his tablets at hand, hurry across the court and climb his tower, in order to set it down. Experience, however, had taught him that the thought might be lost on the way, whisked out of sight, by some sudden gust of sensation; so he used to take care before setting out to tell it to his wife, his daughter, or anybody else who might happen to be at hand. Says Channing, one great and kindling thought, from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them is obliterated; and, like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations. It is a terrible thought to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read that not an oath is uttered that does not continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide-spreading current of sound,—not a prayer lisped that its record is not to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will. Let no one imagine, as too many are apt to do, that it is a matter of indifference what thoughts he entertains in his heart. Most of our thoughts and actions may be minute, and unnoticed by ourselves and others, and yet their result is, character for eternity. Prof. Park tells us there are some things which it is allowable to write, which had better not be printed; some things which one may speak in very private conversation, which he would not commit to paper; and some things which he may think of, which he would not utter to his most intimate friend; and finally, some things which it is a shame even to think of.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts; and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

MEMORY.

Some one has said that of all the gifts with which a beneficent Providence has endowed man, the gift of memory is the noblest. Without it life would be a blank—a dreary void, an inextricable chaos, an unlettered page cast upon the vast ocean of uncertainty.

Memory is too often accused of treachery and inconstancy, when, if inquired into, the fault will be found to rest with ourselves. Although nature has wisely proportioned the strength and liberality of her gifts to the various intellects around, yet all have it in their power to improve it, by classing, analyzing and arranging the different subjects which successively occupy their minds. By these means habits of thought and reflection are acquired, which will materially conduce to the invigorating of the understanding, the improvement of the mind, and the strengthening and correction of the mental powers, or, to use an Eastern aphorism, "The weakest capacity, by aiming at excellence, will be above mediocrity; the strongest, by aiming at mediocrity, will fall short of it."

A quick and retentive memory, both of words and things, is an invaluable treasure and may be had by any one who will take the pains. Theodore Parker, when in the Divinity School, had a notion that his memory was defective and needed looking after, and he had an immense chronological chart hung up in his room and tasked himself to commit the contents—all the names and dates from Adam and the year one down through Nimrod, Ptolemy, Soter, Heliogabalus and the rest. Our verbal memory soonest fails us, unless we attend to it, and keep it in fresh order. A child will commit and recite verbatim easier than an adult, and girls easier than boys. To keep the verbal memory fresh, it is capital exercise to study and acquire new languages, or commit and treasure up choice passages, making them a part of our mental wealth. Sir William Hamilton tells some huge stories in his lectures on Memory. Ben. Jonson could not only repeat all he had ever written, but whole books he had read. Niebuhr in his youth was employed in one of the public offices of Denmark, where part of a book of accounts having been lost, he restored it from his recollection.

The following examples of the marvels of memory would seem entirely incredible had they not been given to us upon the highest authority. Cyrus knew the name of each soldier in his army. It is also related of Themistocles that he could call by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to 20,000. Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew all his 80,000 soldiers by their right names. Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age because he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 names in the order in which they were read to him; and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies, 200 unconnected verses having been recited by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order, proceeding from the last to the first. Lord Granville could repeat, from beginning to end, the New Testament in the original Greek. Cooke, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory all the contents of a large daily newspaper. Racine could recite all the tragedies of Euripides. It is said that George III. never forgot a face he had once seen, nor a name he had ever heard. Mirandola would commit to memory the contents of a book by reading it three times, and could frequently repeat the words backward as well as forward. Thomas Cranmer committed to memory in three months, an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician, could repeat the Æneid; and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word. It is said that Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works.

Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of Holy Week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere* of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner, and gave the strictest attention to the music, and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time, and following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the *Miserere* at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome, that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.

The following instance illustrates the retentive memory of Sir Walter Scott. He and the poet Campbell had been enjoying a sail on the river. The poet took the opportunity to read aloud in manuscript his poem of Hohenlinden to the great delight of the novelist, who was particularly fond of heroic verse. Some days after, Campbell remarked to Sir Walter that he had lost the manuscript of his poem, and could not recollect a word of it. "I think I can assist you," said Scott, humorously;

"get your pen and I will dictate," and, to the profound astonishment of the bard of Hope, he repeated the entire poem *verbatim.*

Edward Everett was accustomed to deliver his celebrated orations on Washington, and on Webster, and others without the aid of any note whatsoever. This extraordinary power of memory enabled him to give to his great addresses all the exquisite *finish* which the most sedulous care in composition can bestow, while by long practice he was enabled to impart quite an air of extemporaneous effusion to the delivery of fervors a week, a month, or perhaps several years old.

A good memory is a good thing, but we would not advise any of our young readers to depend on it. You must learn to think as well as to remember, and don't crowd your minds with all sorts of rubbish merely because you can remember. Memory should be a storehouse, not a lumber room.

Memory is a precious, a golden key, opening to us life's richest treasures. It is often debated which is the most enjoyable, the anticipation of a pleasure or its realization; but the power of recalling, mellowed and hallowed by the lapse of time, is more potent than either. Memory is not so brilliant as Hope, but it is almost as beautiful, and a thousand times as true.

Memory is the only paradise we are sure of always preserving. Even our first parents could not be driven out of it. The memory of good actions is the starlight of the soul.

The man that forgets a good deal that has happened, has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

THE MIND.

Man is feeble of body; his principal strength lies in his mind. Apart from his superior intellectual faculties, he would be one of the most helpless, forlorn, and wretched animals, upon the face of the earth. It is man, it is mind, it is intelligent spirit, that gives to this grand theatre of the material universe all its worth, all its glory.

Chapin eloquently says that music, sculpture, poetry, painting—these are glorious works; but the soul that creates them is more glorious than they. The music shall die on the passing wind, the poem may be lost in the confusion of tongues, the marble will crumble, and the canvass will fade, while the soul shall be quenchless and strong, filled with a nobler melody, kindling with loftier themes, projecting images of unearthly beauty, and drinking from springs of imperishable life.

A beautiful mind is like a precious and prolific seed—the mother of loveliness—the fountain of bliss—the produce of many treasured and inestimable flowers—no canker can deface, nor time destroy. Even should there be those of its lovely produce that pass away, yet the source is there—the seed remains to revive, to modify—to place again on our bosom, and near our hearts, in renewed beauty—in the same deep interest and winning power as at first. We would gather it in as the richest possession—as the well spring of the purest, most abundant and enduring joys—as our support, our comfort, and the cherished object, worthy of our highest admiration; and we would cling to it, thanking God that it is immortal—living forever.

The mind is like a glowing spark, which, when suffered to rest, is ever in danger of being smothered by the dross and ashes which life deposits. It must be kept constantly in motion, lest it perish in its youth. The quiet monotony which is so suitable to the body, as it becomes impelled by age, is fatal to the mind.

Is not the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing this side of Heaven? Is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love—yes, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel innocence, it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world, unvexed by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre. If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other! To stand as a watcher at the temple, least any unclean thing should enter it. A straw will make an impression on the virgin snow. Let it remain a short time, and a horse's hoof can hardly penetrate it. So it is with the youthful mind. A trifling word may make an impression upon it, but after a few years the most powerful appeals may cease to influence it. Think of this, ye who have the training of the infant mind, and leave such an impression thereon as will be safe for it to carry amid the follies and temptations of the world.

The mind ought to be apprenticed, as well as the limbs and muscles; the skillful intellect, as well as the cunning hand, enters into the stock-in-trade of the successful artisan. Knowledge does not impair a man's ability to labor, but increases it. A man is none the less competent in any branch of industry for uniting with his activity, the skill and tact of a cultivated understanding or a disciplined heart. So far from it, these qualities form the most active elements of his strength, and the surest pledges of his success. Knowledge cannot, indeed, supply the place of energy and strength. A good mind without the strong muscle would make a bad mechanic; a replenished memory is no substitute for persevering industry. But the completest artisan is he who combines the two in best proportions, and who has the enlarged mind to enrich the energies of the strong and well-disciplined body.

Lord Canarvon, in addressing the people of Birmingham, used the following illustration: "Travelers tell us that in some of the Eastern seas, where those wonderful coral islands exist, the insect that forms the coral within the reefs, where they are under shelter of protecting rocks, out of the reach of wind and wave, work quicker, and their work is, apparently to the eye, sound and good. But on the other hand, those little workers who work outside those reefs in the foam and dash of the waves, are fortified and hardened, and their work is firmer and more enduring. And so I believe it is with men. The more their minds are braced up by conflict, by the necessity of forming opinions upon difficult subjects, the better they will be qualified to go through the hard wear and tear of the world, the better they will be able to hold their own in that conflict of opinion which, after all, it is man's duty to meet."

Said Daniel Webster, "The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action; and by its own action and free will it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, educate himself. Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the maker of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. Strength of mind is exercise, not rest."

The gifts of the mind are able to cover the defects of the body; but the perfections of the body cannot hide the imperfections of the mind. Where the senses, and their perceptions, are vigorously employed, there the intellectual powers cease to act. Body and mind are harnessed together for the journey of life. They will get along badly if the coachman, judgment, drives one faster than the other.

The mind's vegetative power can not be idle. If it is not laid and planted in flowers, it will shoot up in noxious weeds. The mind, in its everlasting progress in the upward course of virtue, or downward course of vice, must ere long be infinitely happy or inconceivably miserable. Old age will prove a joyless and dreary season, if we arrive at it with an unimproved, or a corrupted mind. Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they increase by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment. It is the duty of every one, to cultivate the heart and mind. A cultivated mind and good heart will give an intellectual and even beautiful expression to the face. The health of the mind is more important than the health of the body. Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none.

The mind of the child has been called a sheet of white paper, but how often nurses and nursing maids are allowed to write all over with their pot-hooks and hangers.

Daniel Webster never uttered a truer or grander thought than the following—couched, too, in that sturdy Saxon he handled so well: "If we work upon marble, it will perish. If we work upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples; they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles—with the just fear of God and of their fellow-men,—we engrave upon those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity." In this way we may all be artists; and even the most ordinary and unlearned, if he have but an earnest and loving heart, may produce a master-piece. The professor or lecturer may cut deep lines and fashion wondrous forms on the unwrought material before him. The teacher in the common school or the Sabbath school may, with the sunlight of truth, photograph upon the tender minds committed to his charge a thousand forms of holy beauty. The humblest, most quiet man may write upon his neighbor's heart good thoughts and kind words which will last forever. And such a monument will be a *real* immortality; "more enduring than brass, and loftier than the regal majesty of the pyramids." Such a record, instead of growing dim with time, will grow deeper with eternity; and will still be bold and legible, when the sculptures of Nineveh, which have outlasted the centuries, shall have all faded out, and the steel pictures of modern art shall be all forgotten. And when the things which the dimness of time obscures shall be revealed by the light of eternity, the names of these unknown artists shall be found written, not on tables of bronze or stone, but on "the fleshy tables of the heart" and the unfading pages of the soul.

The mind is like a trunk. If well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill-packed, next to nothing. Like the soil, it rises in value according to the nature and degree of its cultivation. It is always a sign of poverty of mind when men are ever aiming to appear great; for they who are really great never seem to know it.

One good head is better than a great many hands. As any action or posture long continued will disfigure the limbs; so the mind likewise is crippled and contracted by perpetual attention to the same set of ideas.

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if we would but furnish the apartments. It is but an ill-filled mind that is filled with other people's thoughts. He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread. A purse without money is better than a head without brains; the first may be filled, but the other can't. A vacant mind is open to all suggestions, as the hollow mountain returns a response to all sounds. If we may be allowed to compare intellectual wealth to pecuniary, we may say, that, from a man's speaking, we can guess how much ready money he has; from his reading, what legacies have been left him; and from his writing, how much he can sit down and draw for on his banker. Neither wealth nor birth, but mind only, should be the aristocracy of a free people.

There is no sight in the eye, when the mind does not see. We all know that our intellectual perceptions greatly depend on our moral standpoint. We see those things which we are willing to see, and if there is anything in the heart which points in a particular direction we find it exceedingly difficult to prevent the intellectual from going in that direction too.

It rarely happens that one artificial mind can succeed in forming another; we seldom imitate what we do not love. A quiet mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained. Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius, as the owl rejoices at an eclipse. Large minds, like large pictures, are seen best at a distance. The more mind we have, the more original men do we discover there are. Common people find no difference between men. A rabid mind continually struggles, a feeble one limps, but a great mind selects the surest points, and upon these it stands. The mind that is much elevated and insolent with prosperity, and cast down with adversity, is generally abject and base. A generous mind does not feel as belonging to itself alone, but to the whole human race. A mind full of piety and knowledge is always rich; it is a bank that never fails; it yields a perpetual dividend of happiness. In many minds, great powers of thinking slumber on through life, because they have never been startled by any incident calculated to take them out of the common routine of every day occurrence. Strong minds are like the firm grained wood, which kindles slowly, but burns long. Some minds are like almond-trees; they have no foliage, and their thoughts, like the white blossoms, spring from bare and leafless branches. The minds of some people are like the pupil of the human eye, and contract themselves the more the stronger light there is shed upon them.

It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire, and many things to fear. A strong mind is more easily impressed than a weak one; you will not as readily convince a fool that you are a philosopher, as a philosopher that you are a fool.

The same rule, that a disease well known is half cured, holds as true in the distempers of the mind as in the indisposition of the body. We would rather a child's right shoulder should grow higher than his left, than that his mind should get the start of his body; for the former would only affect his symmetry, the latter is frequently a fatal symptom. Minds like Dr. Johnson's, acute, but melancholy, resemble strong solvents, consuming the vessels that hold them. It is noticed that people who change their minds often never get a good one. An uncultivated mind, like neglected ground, will soon be overrun with weeds.

Beauty, as the flowering blossom, soon fades; but the divine excellency of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of the plant, remain in it when all those charms are withered. Personal attraction may for a time fascinate, dazzle the eye. Beauty may please, but beauty alone never captivates. The lily droops, the rose withers, and beauty sooner or later must decay; but the charms of the mind are imperishable—they bud and bloom in youth, and continue to flourish as long as life remains. These, and these alone, are the charms that must and will forever enchant. The mind may be overburdened; like the body, it is strengthened more by the warmth of exercise than of clothes. The most delicate and beautiful mind, like the most delicate flower, is the soonest blighted; yet it is the source of the most exquisite happiness, as well as countless evils, owing to its refined sensibilities. Nature has made two kinds of excellent minds; the one to produce beautiful thoughts and beautiful actions, the other to admire them.

Mind may act upon mind, though bodies be far divided, for the life is the blood, but souls communicate unseen.

The soul is always busy, and if it be not exercised about serious affairs, will spend its activity upon trifles.

The soul needs a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment to give it strength adequate for the daily struggle in which it is involved.

There is no sculptor like the mind. The man who thinks, reads, studies, meditates, has intelligence cut in his features, stamped on his brow, and gleaming in his eye. There is nothing that so refines, polishes, and ennobles face and mein as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, become idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics, which can contribute a tithe so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm. But more powerful still than any of these, as a beautifier of the person, is the overmastering purpose and pervading disposition of kindness in the heart. Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution. Woman is fairer than man, because she has more affection than man. Loveliness is the outside of love. Kindness, sweetness, good-will, a prevailing desire and determination to make others happy, make the body a Temple of the Holy Ghost. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose by inherent impulse grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly and so perfectly beautifies a face, transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness as a pervading, prevailing kindness of heart. The angels are beautiful because they are good, and God is beauty because He is love.

GENIUS, TALENT AND TACT.

The world always receives talent with open arms, but often does not know what to do with genius.

Genius is that quality or character of the mind which is inventive, or generates; which gives to the world new ideas in science, art, literature, morals, or religion; which recognizes no set rules or principles, but is a law unto itself, and rejoices in its own originality; which admitting of a direction, never follows the old beaten track, but strikes out for a new course; which has no fears of public opinion, nor leans upon public favor—always leads but never follows, which admits no truth unless convinced by experiment, reflection, or investigation, and never bows to the *ipse dixit* of any man, or society, or creed.

Talent is that power or capacity of mind which reasons rapidly from cause to effect; which sees through a thing at a glance, and comprehends the rules and principles upon which it works; which can take in knowledge without laborious mental study, and needs no labored illustrations to impress a principle or a fact no matter how abstruse, hidden, complex, or intricate. Differing from genius by following rules and principles, but capable of comprehending the works of genius—imitating with ease, and thereby claiming a certain kind of originality, talent is the able, comprehensive agent; while genius is the master director.

Genius is rather inward, creative, and angelic; talent, outward, practical, and worldly. Genius disdains and defies imitation; talent is often the result of universal imitation in respect to everything that may contribute to the desired excellence. Genius has quick and strong sympathies, and is sometimes given to reverie and vision; talent is cool and wise, and seldom loses sight of common sense. Genius is born for a particular purpose, in which it surpasses; talent is versatile, and may make a respectable figure at almost anything.

Talent is full of thoughts; but genius full of thought. Genius makes its observations in short hand; talent writes them out at length. Talent is a very common family-trait, genius belongs rather to individuals; just as you find one giant or one dwarf in a family, but rarely a whole brood of either. Men of genius are often dull and inert in society, as the blazing meteor when it descends to earth is only a stone.

It is one of the mysteries of our life that genius, that noblest gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloon, furnished with every comfort and elegance; not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth, green lawn, or a broad expanse of scenery; not in ease and competence—is genius born and nurtured; more frequently in adversity, and destitution, amidst the harrassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contentions, and in the deep gloom of uncheered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birth-place, and in scenes like these, unpropitious, repulsive, wretched, have men labored, studied and trained themselves, until they have at last emanated out of the gloom of that obscurity the shining lights of their times; become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercise an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual legislation.

Genius, says Irving, seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The house where Shakspeare was born was a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, and, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard an apprentice to a grocer. Benjamin Franklin, a journeyman printer. Claude Lorraine was bred up a pastry cook. Molliere was the son of a tapestry maker. Cervantes served as a common soldier. Homer was a beggar. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Terence was a slave. Daniel DeFoe was a hosier, and the son of a butcher. Whitefield son of an inn-keeper. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, rear admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin boy. Bishop Prideaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford. Cardinal Woolsey was the son of a butcher. Ferguson was a shepherd. William Hogarth was but an apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots. Dr. Mountain, Bishop of Durham, was the son of a beggar. Virgil, son of a porter. Horace of a shop-keeper.

There have been very popular writers who were apparently brought out by accident. They did not know what precious vein of thought they had at command, till they stumbled upon it as if by chance, like the Indian at the mines of Potosi. It is not much we know of Shakspeare, but it seems certain it was in patching up old plays for acting, that he discovered within himself a capacity for producing that which men will not easily let die. When a young military man, disheartened with the service, sought for an appointment as an Irish commissioner of excise, and was sadly disappointed because he did not get it, it is probable that he had as little idea as any one else had that he possessed that aptitude for the conduct of a war which was to make him the Duke of Wellington.

The faculty of genius is the power of lighting its own fire. Genius has its individuality; it cannot exist without it. As each flower has its own fragrance, so is genius, expressive, distinct. Circumstances cannot control genius: it will wrestle with them; its power will bend and break them to its path. This very audacity is divine. In every work of genius we recognize our own projected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. Mediocrity can talk; but it is for genius to observe.

The great and decisive test for genius is, that it calls forth power in the souls of others. It not merely gives knowledge but breathes energy.

What Hume said of Jean Jacques Rosseau—that he was a thin-skinned man among furze-bushes—is too true of most geniuses in their intercourse with men and society.

What we want in natural abilities may generally and easily be made up in industry; as a dwarf may keep pace with a giant, if, he will but move his legs a little faster. "Mother!" said the Spartan boy going to battle, "my sword is too short." (Add a step to it,) was the reply.

To excel others is a proof of talent; to know when to conceal superiority is a proof of prudence.

A recent English writer gives the following amusing off-hand portraiture of tact and talent. The writer recognizes the just distinction between these two qualities. Tact in its highest manifestation we have considered only a little short of absolute genius. Talent is something, but tact everything. Talent is serious, grave and respectable; tact is all that and more. It is not a sixth sense, but the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact will make a man respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent—ten to one. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster—tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps—it hits the right nail on the head—it loses no time—it takes all hints—and by keeping its eye on the weather-cock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. It has the air of commonplace, and all the force and powers of genius. It can change sides with hey-presto movement and be at all points of the compass, while talent is ponderously and learnedly shifting a single point. Talent calculates clearly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradicting, puzzles the profound with profundity, and without wit outwits the wise. Setting them together on a race for popularity, pen in hand, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no man follows; tact follows where humor leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity that will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passion of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity, tact on short lease, and gets good interest. Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always marketable; it is the talent of talents, the availableness of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.

Hazlitt says, Genius rushes like a whirlwind—Talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses—Cleverness skims like a swallow in the Summer evening, with a sharp shrill note, and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances here, there and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories, the clever man will assail the individual, and slander private character. But the man of genius despises both; he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength; he interferes with none, and walks forth an example that "eagles fly alone—they are but sheep that herd together." It is true, that should a poisonous worm cross his path, he may tread it under his foot; should a cur snarl at him, he may chastise it; but he will not, cannot, attack the privacy of another. Clever men write *verses*, men of *talent* write *prose*, but the man of *genius* writes *poetry*.

The drafts which true genius draw upon posterity, although they may not always be honored so soon as they are due, are sure to be paid with compound interest in the end.

It would be a great comfort to men of genius, whether authors, artists, statesmen, or inventors, if they were to recognize this inevitable fact, namely, that the people who live nearest to them, and probably love them most, are less interested in their doings than any other persons. They know all about them, as they think. They have made up their mind about them, and they do not want books, or pictures, or statues, or speeches, or inventions, to tell them what sort of persons are their husbands, or fathers, or sisters, or intimate friends. Domestic familiarity has killed curiosity; and curiosity has something to do with the interest with which we regard any new work of a worker who is not familiarly known to us.

Do not lightly doubt your own genius, but have strong faith in your inspiration.

Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessors, so much as they bring duties. A cotemporary, in dilating on genius, thus sagely remarks: The talents granted to a single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world; every one shares them, for every one suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a light-house, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock upon which the light-house is built.

Hath God given you genius and learning? It was not that you might amuse or deck yourself with it, and kindle a blaze which should only serve to attract and dazzle the eyes of men. It was intended to be the means of leading both yourself and them to the Father of lights. And it will be your duty, according to the peculiar turn of that genius and capacity, either to endeavor to promote and adorn human life, or, by a more direct application of it to divine subjects, to plead the cause of religion, to defend its truths, to enforce and recommend its practice, to deter men from courses which would be dishonorable to God and fatal to themselves, and to try the utmost efforts of all the solemnity and tenderness with which you can clothe your addresses, to lead them into the paths of virtue and happiness.

THE TONGUE.

Xanthus, upon a certain occasion, designing to treat some of his friends, ordered Æsop to provide the best things they could find in the market, who therefore made a large provision of tongues, which he desired the cook to send up with different sauces. When dinner came, the first and second courses, the side dishes, and the removes were all tongues. "Did I not order you," said Xanthus, in a violent passion, "to buy the best victuals the market afforded?" "And have I not obeyed your orders," said Æsop. "Is there anything better than tongues? Is not the tongue the bond of civil society, the key of sciences, and the organ of truth and reason? By the means of the tongue cities are built, and governments established and administered—with that, men instruct, persuade, and preside in assemblies; it is the instrument with which we acquit ourselves of the chief of all our duties, the praising and adoring of the gods." "Well then," replied Xanthus, thinking to catch him, "go to the market again to-morrow, and buy the worst things you can find, this same company will dine with me, and I have a mind to diversify my entertainment." Æsop the next day provided nothing but the same dishes; telling his master the tongue was the worst thing in the world. It is said to be the instrument of all strife and contention, the fomentor of lawsuits, and the cause of divisions and wars; it is the organ of lies, of error, of calumny and blasphemy.

Sweet and loving words bless every one. Truthful words carry goodness and benefits upon them. Generous words are richer gifts than silver or gold, and keep bright forever. Pitying words bear smiles and joy, and drive away tears. Prayerful words touch God's heart, and bring to us whatever we most need. All these the tongue can speak. And so, when it can speak both these and the many untrue and evil words, it is at once the best and the worst thing we know of.

The tongue of *kindness* is full of pity, love and comfort. It speaks a word of comfort to the desponding, a word of encouragement to the faint-hearted, of sympathy to the bereaved, of consolation to the dying. Urged on by a benevolent heart, it loves to cheer, console and invigorate the sons and daughters of sorrow.

The tongue of *discretion* knows when to speak and when to be silent. It is not cowardly; it dares to say all that needs to be said. But it does not tell all that it knows. It is careful what it speaks, when it speaks and to whom it speaks.

The tongue of *knowledge* takes no pains in retailing small talk, scandalous reports or little penny-bit affairs of any kind. It prefers sense to nonsense. It aims to say something that may edify the hearer, though it is not ambitious to teach. To please, to enlighten, to do good, is its delight.

The tongue of *truth* never stretches itself like India-rubber for the sake of a great story. It dreads all lies, white or black. It is content to tell what it knows, and no more. It loves truth for its own sake and for the sake of its glorious Author. Hence it never ornaments a story with the gaudy ribbons of fancy. Its motto is "Truth"—naked truth—nothing but truth!

The tongue of *humility* does not "speak great swelling words" about astonishing exploits. It boasts not of its own great deeds. It has very little to say of its own merits, except now and then a word or two by way of self-defense. It takes a great deal more delight in praising others than itself.

By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the disease of the body—philosophers of the mind. It is better that the foot slip than the tongue. The tongue is like a wild beast, very difficult to be chained when once let loose.

The tongue is like a race-horse, it runs faster the less weight it carries.

The hardest thing to hold in this world is an unruly tongue.

Never carry a sword in your tongue to wound the reputation of any man.

Life and death are in the power of the tongue.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.

SPEECH.

We must speak well, and act well. Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

Let a good thing be well said. Expression is valuable as well as thought.

A word once uttered can never be recalled. Words should drop from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint,—deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight.

Studied figures and ornaments in speech are not always conformable to good sense; they serve more to amuse than to instruct, and are often a burden to the speaker as well as the hearer.

When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words, as you would rouge; love simple ones, as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings and those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are sometimes employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best *conceal* their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common but very egregious mistake to suppose the long words are more genteel than short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation; and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affectation delight in what Horace calls "*verba sesquipedalia*"—words a "foot and a half long."

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting, without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty.

Wisdom leads us to speak and act what is most proper; prudence prevents our speaking or acting improperly.

Better say nothing, than not to the purpose; and to speak pertinently, consider both what is fit and when it is fit to speak.

"If wisdom's ways you wisely seek
Five things observe with care:—
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
And how—and when—and where."

The greatest wisdom of speech, is to know when, what, and where to speak: the time, matter, and manner. The next is silence.

There is a time when nothing, a time when something, but no time when all things are to be spoken.

Speak always according to your conscience; but let it be in the terms of good nature, civility, and good manners.

Bad words, like bad shillings, are often brought home to those who utter them.

Wherever the speech is corrupted, the mind is. Indulgence in verbal vice soon encourages corresponding vices in conduct. Let any one of you come to talk about any mean or vile practice with a familiar tone, and do you suppose, when the opportunity occurs for committing the mean or vile act, he will be as strong against it as before? It is by no means an unknown thing that men of correct lives talk themselves into crime, into sensuality, into perdition. Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any iniquity you please; suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who approves or relishes it, and I need not tell you how soon your moral sense will lower down to its level. Becoming intimate with it, you lose your horror of it. This obvious principle, of itself, furnishes a reason for watching the tongue.

WORDS.

Words are nice things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew and the summer rain—but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest.

A casual word, mere sounding breath, how light its import seems! how "big with fate" it often proves! Not alone words that are the voice of daily thoughts, but words that are only the utterance of a transient emotion, forgotten as soon as felt; words that are but an idly-spoken impulse melt not away with the air that holds them, but assume mysterious shapes of good or evil to influence and haunt the hearer's life! These casual words are seeds, scattered perchance by liberal, perchance by thoughtless hands; though lightly, unpremeditately dropped, if they fall upon open, fertile soils, they strike vigorous roots—germinate in silence and darkness, and, before we know that they are planted, bring forth grapes or thistles. Blessed are they whose paths on earth may be tracked by the good seed sown in passing words!

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips, and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising therefrom. Be not stingy of kind words and pleasing acts, for such are fragrant gifts, whose perfume will gladden the heart and sweeten the life of all who hear or receive them. The Scotch have this proverb: "A gude word is as soon said as an ill one." A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little. Words fitly spoken are indeed both precious and beautiful—like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Words, thoughts, actions! They are all important, and every one of them tells upon our present life and future state. The effect of an action—a thought—a word, may not be immediately evident, it may never be discovered by us or other mortals, but it is *there;* it is in our lives, and it will continue to work upon our destiny for evil or good when our bodies shall lie mouldering beneath the sod. Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seeming unimportant events of life succeed one another; and, as the snow gathers together—as the avalanche is formed, so are our habits established and our character determined. No single flake that is added to the drift produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms inhabitants and habitations, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together, by imperceptible accumulations, may overthrow the principles of truth and virtue. How important is it, then, that we maintain the most sleepless guard upon our passions, and scrupulously weigh our every word, thought and action.

There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the actions. The latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul. Be careful of your words as well as of your thoughts. A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends the spot and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin his soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able, also, to control the mind, and save that from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering or by preventing bad thoughts bursting out in language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female or the most religious man. Try this practice a little while and you will soon have command of yourself.

That which is not fit to be practiced, is not fit to be so much as mentioned. Vile and debauched expressions are the sure mark of an abject and grovelling mind, and the filthy overflowings of a vicious heart. Immodest words are in all cases indefensible.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of modesty is a want of sense.

SIMPLICITY.

A servant in a family near Princeton used to attend a school-house meeting, where the students of the seminary preached. One day, upon returning, she told her mistress that a plain old man preached a sermon not near as deep as the productions of the students. She understood every word he said. On inquiry it was ascertained that the preacher, that day, was Dr. Alexander, the teacher of the young men. The late Judge Pease, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and having thrown himself on the wings of imagination into the cloud-land, was preparing for a still higher ascent, when the Judge struck his ruler on the desk, and exclaimed to the astonished orator, "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! don't go any higher; you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court!" A story is told of a lady who was handling a pair of artificial plates in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist described them, asked him, "Can a body eat with these things?" "My dear madam, mastication can be performed with the facility scarcely excelled by Nature herself," responded the dentist. "Yes, I know, but can a body eat with 'em?" replied the woman. A learned theological professor was once engaged to address a Sunday school. He read a number of verses from the Bible, and then said, "Children, I intend to give you a summary of the truth taught in this portion of the Scriptures." Here the pastor touched him, and suggested that he had better explain to the school what "summary" meant. So he turned around, and said to the children, "your pastor wants me to explain what 'summary' means, and I will do so. Well, children, 'summary' is an abbreviated synopsis of a thing."

Use simple, familiar Anglo-Saxon words, in preference to those of Latin and French origin. The latter may seem finer and more high sounding, but the former are stronger and more expressive, and you will be able to set forth more clearly in them what you have to say. If your thought is a great one, simple words will befit it; if it is trifling or common-place, your grand phrases will only make it seem ridiculous. Father, mother, brother, sister, home, happiness, heaven; sun, moon, stars, light, heat; to sit, to stand, to go, to run, to stagger, are Anglo-Saxon words; as are most of those used to express habitual actions, and designate persons and objects familiar and dear to us. Mark the strength, expressiveness and majestic movements of the following lines from Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," in which nearly all the words are Anglo-Saxon:

> "For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
> And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
> And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
> And their hearts beat but once, and forever lay still!"

The French and Latin elements of our language, of course, have their place and use, and cannot be left out; but the Anglo-Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk.

SARCASM.

Satire often proceeds less from ill-nature than from the desire of displaying wit. But the talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing those we converse with, is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers. The greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters. What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities; to observe his imperfections more than his virtues!

I abhor the spirit of ridicule. I despise it, because it is the usual resource of the shallow and base mind; and when wielded by the strongest hand with the purest intentions, an inefficient means of good. The spirit of satire, reversing the spirit of mercy, which is twice blessed, seems to me twice accursed; evil in those who indulge it—evil to those who are the objects of it. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of ridicule, than you can enjoy life if you live in constant fear of death.

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover every body's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.

He that indulges himself in ridiculing the little imperfections and weaknesses of his friends, will in time find mankind united against him. The man who sees another ridiculed before him, though he may, for the present, concur in the general laugh, yet in a cool hour, will consider the same trick might be played upon him.

"I suppose we all begin by being too savage," says Thackeray in a letter to a friend. "*I know one who did*," meaning himself. "As for Swift," he once wrote to his friend Mr. Hannay, "you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power as much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty, shall we say? Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred; and, when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of of the kind ways, I think, rather than the cruel ones."

Carlyle, after emptying his quiver of more satirical arrows than any brother essayist, cooly says, "Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the devil; for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it."

There is no weapon in the armory of Wit more effective than repartee, and the French, from whom the word is borrowed, excel in the use of the missile. An anecdote in point occurs to us. Talleyrand had a crooked leg. Madame De Stael squinted. The two hated each other cordially, and meeting one day in an ante-room of the palace of Versailles, the following little passage at arms occurred between them: "Monsieur," said the lady in a tone of mock sympathy, "how is your poor leg this morning?" "Crooked—*as you see*, Madame," was the quiet reply. That was what might be called a palpable hit. It took the authoress of "Corinne" completely aback, and before she could frame a rejoinder Talleyrand had hobbled out of ear-shot.

But repartee, indeed sarcasm of any kind, is an "edge tool" that cuts two ways. Its wounds, thoughtlessly inflicted, are long remembered by the recipients and often to the great prejudice of those who deal them. Many men can more easily forgive a deliberate wrong than a smart personality, if it touches a tender point; and, therefore, as it is never good policy to make an enemy for the sake of a joke, it is often better to let a brilliant opportunity for repartee pass, than to risk the consequences of improving it. Smart sayings as well as cures, not unfrequently "come home to roost."

The chasm that divides friends—sarcasm.

JESTS.

Many are pleased with a jester but never esteem him. A merry fellow is the saddest fellow in the world.

Avoid those who take pleasure in exposing others to contempt by jeering, mocking, or mimicking. Keep off from such as from the heels of a horse that kicks all near him.

There is nothing more disagreeable than continual jesting. By endeavoring to purchase the reputation of being pleasant, a man often loses the advantage of being thought wise. Many who are wits in jest are fools in earnest. He that makes himself the common jester of a company, has but just wit enough to be a fool. Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown.

No injury makes so deep an impression in one's memory, as that which is done by a cutting, malicious jest; for let it be ever so good, yet it is always bad when it occasions enmity. A bitter jest is the poison of friendship. Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend; but thou mayst a friend into an enemy.

As a man should not construe that in earnest which is spoken in jest; so he should not speak that in jest which may be construed in earnest. Nothing is more ridiculous than to be serious about trifles, and to be trifling about serious matters.

Sharp jests are blunted more by neglecting than by responding, except they be suddenly and wittily retorted. But it is no imputation to a man's wisdom to use a silent scorn.

A jest told in a grave manner has the better effect; but you extinguish the appetite of laughter in others, if you prevent them by your own. But be always careful how you jest. The richest jest of the season may be a very unseasonable one. A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it, never in the tongue of him who makes it. Yet we may always jest when we please if we are always careful to please when we jest. A pleasant jest in time of misfortune is courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

Too much love of the ridiculous is the dry-rot of all that is high and noble in youth. Like a canker, it eats away the finest qualities of their nature; and there is no limit to the sacrifices made to it.

Old Thomas Fuller tells us of writers and speakers in his day, two hundred years ago, who carefully cultivated solemnity of manner, and "for fear their orations should giggle, will not let them smile." Dr. Thomas Brown, of our day, intimates that writers are wanting in seriousness. He says:—"It is too much the way with all of us now-a-days to be forever joking." The Christian Register remarks: "It is said that the drawing up of the Declaration of Independence would have been committed to Benjamin Franklin if it had not been feared that he would 'put a joke into it.'" Nothing less than the martyrdom of Abraham Lincoln could have saved his memory in certain quarters from the taint of levity unbecoming his high position.

Washington seldom indulged in a joke or a sarcasm, but when he did he always made a decided hit. During the debate on the establishment of the Federal army, a member of Congress offered a resolution, limiting it to three thousand men; to which Washington suggested an amendment, providing that *no enemy should ever invade the country with more than two thousand men.* The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution.

The Arabs have a saying, "It is not good to jest with God, death, or the devil: for the first neither can nor will be mocked; the second mocks all men one time or another; and the third puts an eternal sarcasm on those who are too familiar with him."

It is of great importance that we should resist the temptation, frequently so strong, of annexing a familiar, facetious, or irreverent idea to a Scriptural expression, a Scripture text, or a Scripture name. Nor should we hold ourselves guiltless, though we may have been misled by mere negligence, or want of reflection. Every person of good taste will avoid reading a parody, or a travestie of a beautiful poem, because the recollection of the degraded likeness will always obtrude itself upon our memories when we wish to derive pleasure from the contemplation of the elegance of the original. But how much more urgent is the duty by which we are bound to keep the pages of the Bible clear of any impression tending to diminish the blessings of habitual respect and reverence towards our Maker's law.

LOQUACITY.

A great talker is seldom a wise man. Weak men are generally most loquacious, thinking to make up that in number of words, which is wanting in weight. It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

He can never speak well that can never hold his tongue. It is one thing to speak much, and another to speak pertinently. Much talk and much judgment seldom go together; for talking and thinking are quite different faculties; and there is commonly more depth where there is less noise. Boisterous people are like shavings, they make a great fire, but don't last long.

As men of sense say a great deal in a few words, so the half-witted have a talent of talking much, but of saying nothing. Men are like wagons, they rattle most when there is nothing in them. The deepest waters are the most silent; empty vessels make the greatest sound, and tinkling cymbals the most music. They who think least, commonly speak most. The smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth. The less weight a race horse carries, the quicker he runs; and the same holds good with the human tongue; the less weight the tongue carries the faster it runs.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

He that talks all he knows, will talk more than he knows. Great talkers discharge too thick, to always take true aim. It is a great deal better to say less than half what you think, than to think only half what you say.

A great talker will always speak, though nobody minds him; nor does he mind any body when they speak to him. A talkative fellow wishing to learn of Isocrates, he asked double price: because, said he, I must both teach him to speak, and hold his tongue. Zeno, hearing a young man speak too freely, told him, for this reason we have two ears, and but one tongue, that we should hear much, and speak little. Garrulous people are always superficial.

If you think twice before you speak once, you will speak twice as well for it. Speak little and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody. The man who does most has the least time to talk about it. Some cannot be too dumb; an utterly unthinking person should say only what he thinks.

Says Kossuth, "I beg you to take to heart one maxim, which for myself I have ever observed, and ever shall—it is, never to say more than is necessary. The unspoken word never does harm; what is once uttered can never be recalled, and no man can forsee its consequences."

BREVITY.

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The quality some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you have to say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to nobody; though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon Nothing.

There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it when in their presence. On all occasions it is produced till it is worn as thin as charity. Short letters, sermons, speeches, and paragraphs, are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father—"Dear Sir, I am going to be married;" and also to the old gentleman, who replied, "Dear son, go ahead." Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose in life.

When a man has no design but to speak the truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass. If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sun-beams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn. Every body has heard of the famous letters that passed between the adverse chiefs of Tir Connell and Tyrone, the most laconic correspondence in history:—

> "Pay me my tribute, or if you don't—
> *O'Connell.*"
>
> "I owe you no tribute, and if I did—
> *O'Niel.*"

One of the finest specimens of laconic speech on record is that of Rochejacquelin—"If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me." The speech of the ancient Grecians was usually short, and very significant; when Philip, king of Macedonia, sent a threatening letter, that if he entered into Laconia, he would overthrow them: they wrote back to them only this word, *If.*

The value of things is not in their size; and so of reason, which, wrapped in a few words has the greater weight. Press your thoughts, pack them, bring everything to a focus. Give the pith, the cream, the marrow, the essence, the fire. Avoid prefaces, circumlocutions, say what you have to say—and stop, stop! A tremendous thought may be packed into small compass—made as solid as a cannon ball, and alike projectile, and cut all down before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. Pack your thoughts closely together, and though your articles may be brief, it will have more weight and will be more likely to make an impression. Ye who write for this busy age, speak quick; use short sentences; never stop the reader with a long or an ambiguous word; but let the stream of thought flow right on, and men will drink it like water.

It is said of the three most influential members of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, that, in all the debates of that body, no one of them made a speech of more than twenty minutes. We have good authority for stating that Alexander Hamilton, though reckoned among the more diffuse orators of his day, did not occupy more than two hours and a half in his longest argument on the trial of a cause, and his rival, Aaron Burr, not more than an hour and a quarter. A judge who was intimately acquainted with Burr and his practice, confirmed this statement, adding that within his knowledge this advocate repeatedly and successfully disposed of cases involving a large amount of property in half an hour. "Indeed," said he, "on one occasion he talked to the jury seven minutes in such a manner, that it took me, on the bench, half an hour to straighten them out." He added, "I once asked him, 'Col. Burr, why cannot lawyers always save the time and spare the patience of the court and the jury by dwelling only on the important points in their cases?' to which Burr replied, 'Sir, you demand the greatest faculty of the human mind, selection.'" He is well known to have been one of the most effective advocates in his time, and in this matter, if nothing else, he deserves to be studied and imitated. We refer to a single foreign example, an eminent English barrister. "I asked Sir James Scarlett," says Buxton, "what was the secret of his pre-eminent success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home the one principal point of the case, without much regard to the others. He also said that he knew the secret of being short. 'I find,' said he, 'that when I exceed half an hour, I am always doing mischief to my client. If I drive into the heads of the jury important matter, I drive out matter more important that I had previously lodged there.'" We commend his method, and his reason for it, not only to ministers, but quite as urgently to lawyers and members of Congress. Will not some of those third and fourth-rate speakers of any sort, who, in these days plume themselves on a speech of three or even six hours, be obliging enough to "inwardly digest" this?

We give one more example of brevity: "A lady on one occasion entered Abernethy's consulting-room, and put before him an injured finger, without saying a word. In silence Abernethy dressed the wound, when instantly and silently the lady put the usual fee on the table, and retired. In a few days she called again, and offered the finger for inspection. 'Better?' asked the surgeon. 'Better!' answered the lady, speaking to him for the first time. Not another word followed during the rest of the interview. Three or four similar visits were made, at the last of which the patient held out her finger free from bandages and perfectly healed. 'Well?' was Abernethy's monosylabic inquiry. 'Well!' was the lady's equally brief answer. 'Upon my soul, madam,' exclaimed the delighted surgeon, 'you are the most rational woman I ever met with!'"

SILENCE.

Says the Greek proverb, "speech is silver, silence is gold." It is a remarkable and very instructive fact, that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with glory, as one bright wave after another falls from the mountain, millions of miles away. There is no creaking of heavy axles or groaning of cumbrous machinery, as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shelter the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers, but the whole transformation is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to the blossoms and fruits and sunshine of summer, is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes of the breeze, the rushing of the mountain river, and the thunder of the black-browed storm; all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobtrusive.

The deepest waters move most silently; the hottest fires have the smallest flames; and the swiftest spheres that have the swiftest motion, move without noise.

The grandest operations, both in nature and in grace, are the most silent and imperceptible. The greatest changes in the face of nature, and in the condition of mankind, often take place the most imperceptible and quietly. In our best moods God's works command us to silence. The mountain awes us by its majestic presence. On the shores of the sea, we commune silently with its greatness. In the pathless woods, the rustle of the leaves only makes us feel alone with God. A beautiful landscape, like a painting, must be gazed at in silence, in order to appreciate the beauty and greatness of the infinite Artist. The same effect is produced by the presence of great men, in genius, in learning in holiness. A man of silent power, who tells us not all he thinks and feels, attracts us himself. The Bible is a power, partly because of its silence on points upon which human curiosity would gladly have it speak. Heaven and hell have more power over us because we know not all their bliss and woe. Not the least impressive scenes of Christ before his enemies were those when he answered, them not a word. Perhaps no period in the history of heaven will exceed in interest the thirty minutes' silence, when the angels folded their wings, the harps are still, the songs cease, and the hum of children dies away. In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive prayer is silent prayer; and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one, whose lips are cold.

It is a great art in the Christian life to learn to be silent. Under oppositions, rebukes, injuries, still be silent. It is better to say nothing, than to say it in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger.

It is often easier to *do* than to *suffer* the will of God. There is a pleasurable excitement in the employment of one's active powers in the service of Christ, a satisfaction in the consciousness of doing good. A little grace, with favoring Providence, may make a Christian hero; while abounding grace alone will suffice to make a Christian martyr.

Be still when persecuted or slandered. If unjustly accused, you may regard every epithet of abuse as a badge of discipleship. Your divine Master and his apostles and witnesses were marked in the same way. Then, too, every lie has the seeds of death within it. Let it alone, it will die of itself. Opposition may look very formidable; it may seem as "though the mountains were carried into the midst of the sea; the waters whereof roar, and be troubled; the mountains shake with the swelling thereof;" but the voice of wisdom cries, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Be still when thwarted in your plans and disappointed in your hopes. You are not responsible for results. If you have sought trustworthy ends by lawful means, and have done your utmost to attain them, the issue is of Divine ordering, and should be no more the subject of murmuring or repining than the changes of the seasons or the rolling of the spheres. The purpose of God in your loss or disappointment may not be obvious. You may have to content yourself with the thought, "These are but parts of his ways." But the fact that they *are his ways*, must hush the soul in quietude under the most trying and mysterious crosses of life. Faith will take Cowper's song:

"Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face."

Be still under sore afflictions. They are all deserved. They are all ordered of God. They are embraced among the "all things" that shall work together for good to them who love God. Murmuring does not lessen, but rather increases the burden of griefs. Submitted to—acquiesced in—sanctified—every sorrow may distil new joys; every affliction may work out "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Many a saint has never experienced the infinite preciousness of the Gospel, till the rod of God is upon him. It is when in the vale, with eyes uplifted and the mouth closed—"I was dumb"—that the stars of promise glisten in the spiritual vision and the Sun of righteousness darts his rays of comfort and holy joy on the stricken soul.

It requires but little observation to show that if speech is human, silence is divine. The weaker the intellect the more babbling and immediate the talk. It is as the mind matures that the tongue hesitates to speak—and God, who is the consummation of wisdom, is also the consummation of patience. He keeps silence for years under provocations whose immensity we cannot tell, for we can never draw a comparison between man's littleness and God's greatness. If we could acquire a little of this grandest of qualities, silence, how could we add dignity to our profession!—The rule of the stoic in this respect ought to be the rule of the Christian, but with this difference in result, that stoical silence freezes by its selfishness, where Christian silence melts by its love.

The art of silence, if it be not one of the fine, is certainly one of the useful arts. It is an art attained by few. How seldom do we meet with a man who speaks only when he ought to speak, and says only what he ought to say! That the Bible enjoins its attainment is most manifest. It commands us to make a door and a bar for the mouth. It declares that if a man bridleth not his tongue, his religion is vain. The attainment of this art will enable us to avoid saying foolish things. We often speak without reflection, and of consequence foolish thoughts, or expressions destitute of thought are uttered. Possessed of the art of silence, we shall not speak that which ought not to be spoken. Again it will enable us to avoid saying hurtful things. Since we are placed in the world to do good, and since the endowment of speech is one of our greatest means of influence, it is most unseemly for us to utter that which shall do injury. He whose business it is to root out the tares, should not scatter their seed. It will enable us to govern our feelings and direct our trains of thought. He who gives expression to his feelings increases their strength. He who gives expression to anger, for example, increases its power over him. He who gives utterance to improper thoughts, will increase their number. It will increase our influence with our fellow-men. "A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it until afterwards." Gravity and reserve are associated with wisdom. Even an affected gravity is sometimes effective,—the true art of silence, ever. We can be useful only as we are influential. Finally, it will enable us to follow the example of Christ. He was ever affable and ready to communicate instruction, but no useless utterances escaped his lips. Let us labor to attain this art, that our speech may always be with grace.

What a strange power there is in *silence!* How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests are effected during that pause when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of its Maker upon it! When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look on with awe; for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil, or their guardian angel, is very near them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step towards heaven or hell; an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are strong ones of earth, the mighty for good or evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their withering passage.

There are three kinds of silence; the silence of peace and joy, the silence of submission and resignation, and the silence of desolation and despair. Lovely are they whose delight is in the first; and most wretched and miserable are those who are driven to the last.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only silence, which costs us nothing. He that knows not when to be silent, knows not when to speak. Listen, if you would learn; be silent if you would be safe. Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

One of the best ways for people to contribute to the peace of the world is to hold theirs. Many have suffered by talking, but few by silence. Confine your tongue, lest it confine you. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard—thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand.

Says Demosthones, "A wise man speaks but sparingly." There is brevity and abrupt precision in Dante. One smiting word, and then there is silence—nothing more said. His silence is more elequent than words. Solomon says, "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles."

Says Gracian, "To be reserved in speaking, is the seal of the capacity." Silence is sometimes more significant than the most noble and most expressive eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a great mind.

Says Sir Walter Raleigh, "No one can take less pains than to hold his tongue." Hear much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and the greatest evil, that is done in the world. A prudent man desires as much to inform himself, as to instruct others.

In the company of strangers, silence is safe. Silence is the protection of the ignorant. Silence is wisdom, and gets a man friends.

Those men talk most who are in the greatest mental darkness—frogs cease their croaking when a light is brought to the water-side. The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.

Men should remember that sometimes the greatest sound has the less sense; as, though four is more than three, a third is more than a fourth. Many men are very entertaining at a first interview, but then they are exhausted; at a second meeting we find them flat and monotonous. Like hand-organs we have heard all their tunes, and, unlike those instruments, they are not readily new-barreled.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

Talkative men seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation?

Loquacious mouths are like badly-managed banks. They make large issues on no solid capital. Talkers may sow, but the silent reap.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say. The same is also applicable to women and boys. If itching ears are bad, itching tongues are worse.

It is never more difficult to speak well than when we are getting ashamed of our silence.

Some say that hurt never comes by silence; but they may as well say that good never comes by speech; for where it is good to speak it is harm to be silent.

The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers, but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still without utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.

The silence of a person who loves to praise is a censure sufficiently severe.

SOLITUDE.

It is interesting to notice, in the Scripture biographies, what part solitude has in the formation of character. Abraham goes forth from his home and dwells in a strange land, a pilgrim and a sojourner. Thus his faith grew by living alone with God and he became the father of all them that believe. Jacob pursues a lonely journey on foot, and sleeps in the field all night; heaven is opened to him, and he vows a vow which, with the vision, decides his whole future life. Moses is a shepherd; he leads his flock to the backside of the desert, and there he comes to Horeb, and sees the burning bush, and by his solitary meditations and communions with God, is prepared for his eventful work. Elijah was the son of the desert. David had great experience of caves, and dens, and holes in the rock. David's son, and David's Lord must be driven into the wilderness, and be with the wild beasts before he can preach. Four, at least, of the apostles were taken from the solitary and contemplative employment of fishers; and John the Baptist lived in the wilds of Judea, on the locust and wild honey, covered only with the shaggy cloth of camel's hair, so different from any fabric known to us by that name, his waist girded by no belt from Tyre, or scarf from Persia, but with a leathern thong. There, in those wilds, from the commencement of his youth till near the age of thirty, his parents, who were well stricken in years before he was born, being in all probability dead, he lived apart from the busy paths of men, not perhaps, as a hermit, for there were scattered dwellings in the wilderness. He was, however, conversant with the rough face of nature, in her tangled thickets, dark, pathless woods, overhanging cliffs, swollen streams, diversified, all with spring tide beauty, and summer's glory, and autumn's melancholy, and winter's rage; his courage nurtured by darkness and storms, perhaps by conflicts with wild beasts, and by solemn awe with which solitude and stillness sometimes oppress even the bravest spirit.

A certain degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth and spread of the highest mind; and, therefore, must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ, and scare away "the gods," who shun the ruthless tumult of noisy companies and the discussion of petty interests.

Unthinking heads, who have not learned to be alone, are in a prison to themselves, if they are not also with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within, are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of a crowd themselves. He who must needs have company, must sometimes have bad company. Be able to be alone; lose not the advantage of solitude and the society of thyself, nor be only content, but delight to be alone and single with Omnipotency. Unto him who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy, nor the night black. Darkness may bound his eyes, not his imagination. In his bed he may lie, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters of the earth; may speculate the universe, and enjoy the whole world in the hermitage of himself.

Solitude is the despair of fools, the torment of the wicked, and the joy of the good. It is alike pandemonium, purgatory, and paradise—according to the soul that enters it.

As in the silence of the night, the ear catches the least sound; so, in the solitude of reflection, the mind detects soft and delicate strains of thought, unheard in the bustle of a crowd.

Solitude is necessary in the moments when grief is strongest and thought most troubled.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius. The world makes us talkers, but solitude makes us thinkers. Solitude shows us what we should be; society shows us what we are.

Solitude is one of the highest enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible. Solitude is also, when too long continued, capable of being made the most severe, indescribable, unendurable source of anguish.

If a man shuts himself up from society because he is afraid that its contact will contaminate him, society loses nothing by his withdrawal.

A man should neither be a hermit nor a buffoon; human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

A FEW HINTS TO WRITERS.

That writer does the most, who gives his readers the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time. Sidney Smith once remarked, "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is." In literature, our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgment by that which we withhold. If you wish an idea to expand, do not let the whole process take place in your own writing or conversation; leave part of it for the mind of your hearer or reader.

There is nothing so fascinating as simplicity and earnestness. A writer who has an object and goes right on to accomplish it, will compel the attention of his readers. Montaigne, the celebrated French essayist, whose clear style, as well as vigor of thought, has been the praise of good critics the world over, made his boast that he never used a word that could not be readily understood by anybody in the Paris markets. Plain words are ever the best. Says Fitz Greene Halleck: "A letter fell into my hands which a Scotch servant girl had written to her lover. Its style charmed me. It was fairly inimitable; I wondered how, in her circumstances in life, she could have acquired so elegant and perfect a style. I showed the letter to some of my literary friends in New York, and they unanimously agreed that it was a model of beauty and elegance. I then determined to solve the mystery, and I went to the house where she was employed, and asked her how it was that in her simple circumstances in life she had acquired a style so beautiful that the most cultivated minds could but admire it." "Sir," she said, "I came to this country four years ago. Then I did not know how to read or write. But since then I have learned how to read and write, but I have not learned how to spell; so always, when I sit down to write a letter, I choose those words which are so short and simple that I am sure I know how to spell them." There was the whole secret. The reply of this simple-minded Scotch girl condenses a world of rhetoric into a nut-shell. Simplicity is beauty. Simplicity is power.

William Hazlitt said: "I hate everything that occupies more space than it is worth; *ergo*, I hate to see a load of bandboxes in the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them." Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are also sometimes employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best *conceal* their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common, but very egregious mistake, to suppose the long words are more genteel than the short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine higher colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. These are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed;" and instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation; and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood, and affectation delight in what Horace calls "*verba sesquipedalia*,"—words "a foot and a half long."

The literature in which bad spelling is a substitute for humor has greatly injured the language. In this, Thackeray and Professor Lowell, both highly educated men, have much to answer for. It is possible to write in a familiar manner without running into vulgarity, and we should be glad to see our young writers aim at the perspicuous expression, and eschew the abomination, so full of pretence of "fine writing"—for nothing is harder reading. A man cannot put his thoughts, if he have any, into language too plain. Good writing, like good speaking, consists in simplicity and force of diction, and not in inflated, curiously balanced, or elaborately constructed sentences. The best writing is but a degree above the best conversation—and that, only because the writer has a little more time to select his words than the speaker has.

All dimness, doubt, darkness, in the handling of a subject is an essential fault. An old writer has well said, "Better the grammarian should reprehend, than the people not understand. Pithy plainness is the beauty of speaking or writing. What good doth a golden key that opens not? "I have no objections to a lady's winding a sword with ribbons, and studding it with roses," said Robert Hall, "when she presents it to her hero lover; but in the day of battle he will tear away the ornaments, and use the naked edge to the enemy."

It should never be forgotten that the sole use of words and sentences is to convey thought and impression. Hence words and sentences should not be seen. The highest art in the use of language is to conceal itself. The old maxim is in place: "*ars est celare artem*"—"art is in concealing art." The perfection of a window pane is in concealing itself; so that as you look through it upon the objects beyond you do not see it; are not conscious that it is there. The more it is invisible the more perfect it is. Of language it should be so simple and concise, so transparently clear, that the mind of the hearer or reader goes right through to the thought beyond, the attention not being called to the language or style at all.

Obscurity in writing is commonly an argument of darkness in the mind. The greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness. Obscure writers, like turbed streams, seem deeper than they are. Unintelligible language is a lantern without a light. Some authors write nonsense in a clear style, and others sense in an obscure one; some can reason without being able to persuade, others can persuade without being able to reason.

> As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
> Of painting, to foreshorten any part,
> Than draw it out; so 'tis in books the chief
> Of all perfections to be plain and brief.
> *Samuel Butler.*

In general, people talk far better than they write. It would make many a man a reputation if he could give to his pen the unconscious grace, freshness, and pictorial power which his tongue possesses. Nothing sooner takes the temper out of a composition than the fore-consciousness of "what people will think!" One should write to himself alone, and should be his own severest critic, and his own Macænas. This may not make a good writer out of a poor one, but will make a good one better.

No trade is learned and no science is mastered until one can ply them involuntarily. All solid acquisition begins in hard work and ends in play. Nothing is mastered until it can be given off spontaneously. Ripe fruit drops easily. Off-hand speaking is the very best and the very worst. This is one reason why letters are so much more readable than essays. Men say what they please in letters, in the freest expressions, and so they hit things off with a felicity which is denied to them in studied speech. But the day of letters is passing away. The printing press is now what the pen was a hundred years ago. Men think out loud. They print their privacy. What few crumbs are left, reporters pick up.

The difference between the style of one who always writes but never speaks, and one who always speaks but never writes, is very great. The first is more smooth and polished, the second more concise and forcible. The one lacks power, the other beauty. Speaking generally, the two qualities of grace and strength can only be acquired by practice both in writing and speaking. The two must mutually correct each other; and any system of education which neglects or ignores either of them is faulty. The great leading distinction between writing and speaking is, that more time is allowed for the one than the other; hence, different faculties are required for, and different objects obtained by each. He is properly the best speaker who can collect together the greatest number of apposite ideas at a moment's warning; he is properly the best writer who can give utterance to the greatest quantity of valuable knowledge in the whole course of his life.

Few young people are aware of the advantages derived from writing. It gives a refinement and polish to the mind, an accuracy and form to thought, in which the manners and character of the individual can but participate. The mind of every person is pregnant with ideas. These, uncultivated, are but a jumbled and confused mass, of little benefit to the possessor, and certainly none to others. But give them shape, culture and expression, and a soul gleams through them to influence all within its radiance. Ideas produce ideas, and their cultivation gives nobleness to mind. When we commit our thoughts to paper, even in letters to our most intimate friends, we always endeavor to express them in as clear, concise, and elegant a manner as possible. Much as we may use absurd and unrefined terms in our conversation, we dislike to see them in writing. To write *well*, we must think well; and thinking well naturally engenders acting well. The more we write, the more natural, easy, and impressive will be our language. The more we think, the more truthfulness and wisdom will our thoughts contain. But these are not all of the advantages of writing. It will be a pleasure and a pastime which will fill up admirably many a vacant hour. It diverts and relaxes the mind from the more engrossing cares and concerns of life; enabling it to regain its natural tone and vigor without engendering a distaste for the usefulness of labor, or debasing the moral principles. It turns the mind in upon itself, strengthening and fortifying it against the vicissitudes of fortune. It enables us to read with a deeper interest the writings of others; and as we draw comparisons between their ideas and our own, diverging from the original track, they assume a new embodiment from which we are enabled to draw correct and decisive conclusions. We look around us with a feeling of new life and buoyancy of spirit, as if each part of inanimate creation had suddenly been endowed with a language of its own. As if by the touch of magic, it gives a beauty, and a sublimity to the most common-place events.

It has been well said, that he who is well employed in his study, though he may seem to do nothing, does more than all others. He lays down precepts for the governing of our lives, and the moderating of our passions, and obliges human nature, not only in the present, but in all succeeding generations.

Many a man's destiny has been made or marred for time and for eternity, by the influence which a single sentiment has made on his mind, by its forming his character for life, making it terribly true that moments sometimes fix the coloring of our whole subsequent existence. Hence those who write for the public should do so under a deep sense of responsibility, and endeavor to do it in that healthful and equable state of mind and body which favors a clear, unexaggerated and logical expression of ideas. If men wrote nothing for print until after forty, the world would be happier and better, for age and a more extensive and accurate observation cause many a change of sentiment in later life.

No one should write when very hungry, or immediately after eating, nor under the influence of any unnatural stimulant, nor while in a passion; else in the latter case, he will most certainly make a fool of himself. Those who write under a depression of spirits will always write nonsense or untrue things. Those who write a great deal late at night will lose their health or die prematurely. The best time for writing with freshness, vigor and logical truthfulness is in the morning, when the brain has been recuperated and renovated by the natural stimulus of healthful sleep, before its force has been expended or divided on the common affairs of life. No man ought to write over four hours in twenty-four, and not over one hour at a sitting; even oftener, it would be better to walk a few minutes, indoor or out, to rest the brain; but always write when the mind takes hold of the subject, when the spirit is on you, be it day or night. When the mind is inspired, beautiful thoughts glide into his vision, like stars into the field of the telescope. The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion, is to speak and write sincerely.

Take time for thinking, never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast.

Dele should be the motto of your inkstand. We read that the most distinguished men in all parts of literature did this, even those (such as Moore, the song-writer) who, we would suppose, wrote with the utmost facility. Gibbon, speaking of his great history, says: "Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect." Pascal re-wrote one of his "Provincial Letters" eighteen times. Of Ariosto, Leigh Hunt records: "He was perpetually altering his verses. His MSS. are full of corrections. He wrote the exordium of the *Orlando* over and over again."

Full success in life comes only by hard and steady work. This is true of business men, and of professional men, and of brilliant authors. Dickens wrote much and easily, but no author was ever more painstaking than he. Dickens took great pains in his expression, writing down a thought in many different forms oftentimes, before it would suit his fastidious taste. Those who have seen the original manuscripts of his works, many of which he had bound and kept at his residence at Gad's Hill, describe them as full of interlineations and alterations; while it is well known that the quaint surnames of his characters were the result of much painstaking. It is said that when he saw a strange or odd name on a shop-board, or in walking through a village or country town, he entered it in his pocket-book, and added it to his reserve list. Then when he wanted a striking surname for a new character, he had but to take the first half of one real name and add it to the second half of another, to procure the exact effect upon the eye and ear of the reader he desired.

There is scarcely a case on record where there existed a greater antagonism between an author and his pen than in the case of Sir William Hamilton. In reading his pure and limpid language, it is hard to realize that he was not a ready writer. But while he occupied the chair of logic and metaphysics in the University of Edinburg, and every day delivering from it those lectures on metaphysical science which have made him famous throughout the world, he could never take his pen at any time and write a certain required amount. Indeed, he always took up his pen with extreme reluctance. Owing to this aversion to composition, he was often compelled to sit up all night in order to prepare the lecture which was the wonder and admiration of every person who heard it the next day. This lecture he wrote roughly and rapidly, and it was copied and corrected by his wife in the next room. Sometimes it was not finished till nine o'clock in the morning, and the weary wife had fallen asleep, only to be wakeful and ready, however, when he appeared with fresh copy. The writer's labor makes the reader's ease.

Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. There, sir," pointing to a huge pile of letters on the table, "is a pile of unanswered letters to which I must reply before the close of this session, (which was then three days off.) I have no time to master the subject so as to do it justice." "But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it." "If there is so much weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is imbued with it."

The writer who uses weak arguments and strong epithets, makes quite as great a mistake as the landlady who furnished her guests with weak tea and strong butter. More people commit suicide with the pen than with the pistol, the dagger, and the rope. A pin has as much head as a good many authors, and a great deal more point. Good aims do not always make good books. Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling sods. He who writes what is wrong, wrongs what is right. What is written to order generally shows the order. Some great master of polished composition has prescribed that a book should be kept in the hands of the writer for nine years.

> You may correct what in your closet lies;
> If published, it irrevocably flies.

The popular man or writer is always the one who is but little in advance of the masses, never the man who is far in advance of them and out of their sight. Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omission he most laments.

It is said that not one book in twenty is a decided success, not one in a hundred a *great* success. That is a fortunate book which sells five thousand copies, very fortunate which reaches twenty thousand. Nine out of ten new books published in this country fail to sell two thousand copies. The dead races of mankind scarcely outnumber the existing generation more prodigiously than the books that have perished exceed those that remain to us.

WRITING FOR NEWSPAPERS.

This is a distinct and difficult art. Its principles must be somewhat studied by those who would succeed in it. The disregard of these principles is the cause of the prosiness which characterizes so much of our newspaper literature. The newspaper is not a thing to be studied —scarcely one to be read. It is one to be *glanced over.* The articles then must be so written, as to attract and hold attention. Processes of thought and reason are to be shut out; results only are to appear. Argument is to be suggested, rather than stated. Usually one point is enough for an article. Some single nail should be struck fair upon the head, and then left at once. Introductions are a nuisance. Inferences are always skipped. The sentences should be short. Every word should leap with life. Condensation should be extreme. Subordinate thoughts should be thrown away. The object is, not to treat a subject in full, but to produce a certain effect. All that is not necessary to the effect, should be discarded. He who has the nerve to do this, with a soul that fires with a great thought, and the manliness to utter it freely, may wield a power with the pen which no sceptre can rival. The tendencies in professional life are to deterioration of style. The constant didactism of the pulpit often degenerates into diffuseness. The reiteration of points at the bar, and the precision of legal style, tend to produce dryness and repetition. In no way can the professional man more effectually make his words instinct with life and power than by weekly practice in the columns of a newspaper.

As a general rule, short pieces are best liked. A gentleman in a bank once told us, when we asked him to subscribe for a certain Quarterly Review:—"Read a review! why, I never read anything longer than a telegraph despatch! But I will take it, and send it to my brother, who is a minister in the country." The public like short articles, when it is a condensation. This introduces a second idea. An article to be printed should absolutely have something in it. If professed argument, it should be conclusive; if pathetic, it should moisten the eyes; if an anecdote, it should have a sharp point; if philosophy, it should go to the primitive rock; if practical, it should go like an arrow to its work; if spiritual, it should awe the soul that reads it. A good newspaper style is not as easy as it seems. Its Scylla lies on the side of attempting a popular manner, and succeeding in being more familiar than a man ought to be at his own table, or degenerating into slang, or becoming very childish. Its Charybdis yawns for those who, shunning Scylla, are determined to have real thought, pith and value in their writing, and so become too learned, or profound, or imaginative, or philosophical, for any but scholars or cultivated people.

The rule regarding talk, "When you have nothing to say, say it," applies equally to writing. When you really have something to write about, do not peck and scratch around the subject like a hen; pounce upon it boldly like an eagle. Almost every article presented by unpracticed writers to magazines—no matter how admirable the subject—drifts to leeward for one or two pages before the writer gets steerage-way on his thoughts and the reader finds out where he wants to sail to. This fault could easily be avoided by proper revision. Cut out all that does not bear on the subject discussed; every useless adjective; every ineffective repetition of the same idea. Then consider whether you have said what you wanted to say in the best language at your command. If not, write on till you feel satisfied. Then condense and prune. Do not *seek* for striking metaphor or sprightly epigram, to decorate your article. If such occur naturally, they may be put in, but with caution. Consider whether you really gain anything by them; whether they really add force to your writing, or merely flatter your vanity at the time. Afterward, when all is done in the way of argument, you may here and there carefully add an apt quotation or pungent witticism, to attract attention and make some important sentence *snap*, like the cracker on a coach-whip. Remember, too, all the time, that facility in composition, as in all other accomplishments, can only be obtained by practice and perseverance.

> "True grace, in writing, comes by art, not chance;
> As they move easiest who have learned to dance."

Do not assume that, because you have something important to communicate, it is necessary to write a long article. A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon ball, and, like the projectile, cut down all before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. *Pack your thoughts close together*, and though your article may be brief, it will have weight, and be more likely to make an impression. "Ye who write for this busy age," says a late writer, "speak quick, use short sentences, never stop the reader with long or ambiguous words, but let the stream of thought flow right on, and men will drink it like water."

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING.

One of the most desirable and delightful of accomplishments is the ability to write an entertaining letter. It is also one of the rarest. Even those authors who are capable of works of imagination or instruction of a high order, are seldom found producing letters fresh or lively enough to interest the reader. Among the vast herd of letter-writers who make no pretensions to literature, you may find many whose familiar letters are more excellent, because more unstudied than those of scholars and *litterateurs.*

As the subjects of nearly all letter-writing are and must be familiar and common-place, people are too apt to think that to make them interesting they must strive after some special graces or sublimities of style. They ask themselves—how shall I dignify and adorn this common-place subject, so as to render it readable or presentable? Never was there a greater mistake. The chief charm of all letter-writing is simplicity. There is no style so readable or so delightful as that which is just suited to the subject. The short, crisp sentences of familiar conversation are just the ones which look best in letters. Never elaborate. Shun stilts as you would a hobgoblin. The style of the true letter-writer is like feminine beauty—

> "When unadorned, adorned the most."

What is it that makes such writings as those of Goldsmith and Irving permanent favorites, while a thousand writers of the sensation school are swept into oblivion? Is it not their simplicity and natural, unaffected grace of style? And how much more essential is this quality in epistolary composition—which is, or should be, only conversing on paper. If you want to cultivate an attractive style of letter-writing, avoid all big, *Johnsonian* words. Write as you would talk with an intelligent, lively and spirited companion—only a little more so.

"Doctor," said Goldsmith to Dr. Johnson, one day, "if you were to write a fable about little fishes, you would make the little fishes talk like whales." That remark furnishes a criticism on the major portion of our epistolary, domestic, and juvenile literature. It is too formal, stilted and cold. There is no life in it. Its style is of the book—bookish; the words are not real, vital and blood-warm, but sound ghostly, far-fetched and hollow.

Women are, or ought to be, the sovereigns of the art epistolary. They have just that easy, scrappy, dear, delightful, illogical way of putting things, which makes the charm of desultory conversation. What a relief from the prosy bookishness of what are called "cultivated men!" "Cultivated"—that is, in the sense of spoiled—trimmed down and rounded off to a smooth monotony of ideas and expression—just like a Dutch flower-garden, all prim, angular, proper, and marvellously stupid.

The extreme, fastidious care of what you are going to say ruins a great deal of good talk and good writing. The essence of wit is spontaneity. Your cautious, timid people, who converse in formulas and write by rule, never say anything brilliant. A certain *abandon* is essential to vivacity and effectiveness of speech. If you walk as if you were in continual fear of treading on eggs, you will never get far. A truly cultivated person, with mind well stored, doesn't need a martingale to restrain what may be termed the friskiness of speech. Are not your merry, off-hand people usually the best company?

What charming letters have been written and printed, from the pens of certain famous women! What delightful, piquant, spirited and fascinating letters are those familiar ones of Madame de Sevigne. With what inexhaustible point and vivacity do they run on and on, treating of all things domestic, personal, political, literary, feminine, and human, which belong to the life and history of the times. The letters of Madame de Maintenon, too, less finished in style, are almost as interesting in substance. Those of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, especially those written in the East, are extremely good. The letters of Lady Rachel Russell, have a touching tenderness and simplicity which renders them very interesting. And of literary ladies, those of Elizabeth Montague and Elizabeth Carter are the very best.

Of the letters of great poets, many volumes of which have been published, those of Pope, Gray and Byron, are by far the best, and will all richly reward perusal. Those of Byron exhibit powers of prose composition not at all inferior to his mastery of poetic style, and are really more interesting and improving reading than the poems. Among English letter-writers of the court gossip school, possessing besides, a wide range of personal and literary interest, Horace Walpole must be placed at the head. His letters are so fresh, racy and original, so felicitous in epithets, so abounding in curious lore, and so free and piquant in their personalities, as to furnish an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to the reader.

An ill-tempered letter, once sent, will embitter a lifetime. We once heard of an old gentleman, with a wise, fine head, calm face, and most benevolent look, but evidently thin-skinned and irascible, who begged of a postmaster to return him a letter which he had dropped into the box. To do so, as everybody knows, is illegal; but, won over by the old gentleman's importunity, the postmaster complied upon full proof, in comparing the writing, etc., being given. Then, with a beaming face, the old gentleman tore the letter into fragments, and, scattering them to the wind, exclaimed: "Ah! I've preserved my friend." The fact is, he had written a letter, in a state of irritation, which was probably unjust and hurtful, but which he had wisely recalled. "Written words remain," is not only a proverb, but a very grave caution: and hence the advice never to write in anger, or, at any rate, to keep your letter till you are cool. A very good practice, when you are indignant at any one's conduct, is to write a letter couched in the strongest terms possible, as abusive as you can make it, as satirical and as ill-natured as the matter will afford, and, having done all this, to direct, seal, and put it in your desk for a few hours, then read it for your own satisfaction, and—tear it up.

DOING GOOD.

Dr. Franklin informs us that all the good he ever did to his country or to mankind, he owed to a small book which he accidentally met with, entitled, "Essays to do Good," in several sermons written by Cotton Mather. This little book, he says, he studied with care and attention, laid up the sentiments in his memory, and resolved from that time—which was in his early youth—that he would make doing good the great purpose and business of his life.

The mind, and morals, and character of the young are formed to a great extent by what they read.

There was a great master among the Jews, who bid his scholars consider and tell him what was the best way wherein a man should always keep. One came and said that there was nothing better than a good eye, which is in their language, a liberal and contented disposition. Another said a good companion is the best thing in the world. A third said a good neighbor was the best thing he could desire; and the fourth preferred a man that could foresee things to come—that is, a wise person. But at last came in one Eleazar, and he said a good heart was better than them all. "True," said the master, "thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said; for he that hath a good heart will be both contented, and a good companion, and a good neighbor, and easily see what is fit to be done by him." Let every man then seriously labor to find in himself a sincerity and uprightness of heart at all times, and that will save him abundance of other labor.

We counsel our friends, then, to seize every opportunity of contributing to the good of others. Sometimes a smile will do it. Oftener a kind word, a look of sympathy, or an acknowledgment of obligation. Sometimes a little help to a burdened shoulder, or a heavy wheel, will be in place. Sometimes a word or two of good counsel, a seasonable and gentle admonition, and at others, a suggestion of advantage to be gained and a little interest to secure it, will be received with lasting gratitude. And thus every instance of kindness done, whether acknowledged or not, opens up a little wellspring of happiness in the doer's own breast, the flow of which may be made permanent by habit.

How often do we sigh for opportunities for doing good, while we neglect the opening of Providence in little things which would lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion to benefits which follow individual attempts to do good, a great deal may be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments. Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovelful of dirt after another; one shovelful at a time. Thus drops make the ocean. Hence, we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never "wait to do a great deal of good at once." If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another, setting a good example all the time: we must do the first good thing we can, and then the next, and the next, and so keep on doing good. This is the way to accomplish anything. Thus only shall we do all the good in our power.

In President Elliot's Inaugural Address at Harvard, he spoke of the founders of that ancient University as being animated by "the beautiful hope of doing good." The expression strikes us as singularly attractive and pregnant with meaning. What hope can be more desirable in the heart than this of doing good, and of so doing good that the years of the future will rise up and call our actions blessed! And yet in how comparatively few hearts does this hope find place. The majority of men live and die making no provision for the future, whereby their names shall be kept in remembrance when the places that know them shall know them no more forever; and over whom might be written the old epitaph:—"Here lies a man who did no good, and if he'd lived, he never would; where he's gone, and how he fares, nobody knows and nobody cares."

He who does good to another man, does good also to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it, for the conscience of well doing is an ample reward. Try to do good at all times; and God will reward you for it hereafter. The measure of accountability is decided as much by the good we leave undone, as by the evil which we do.

It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, wife, father, mother, brother, sister, friend, or neighbor, that good is to be done. Be good—for to be good is to be happy.

Run not after blessings; only walk in the commandments of God, and blessings shall run after you, pursue and overtake you. Carlyle says: "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world."

Be always sure of doing good. This will make your life comfortable, your death happy, and your account glorious. Zealously strive to do good for the sake of good. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

Says Hawthorne, "For my own part, if I had an insupportable burden, if for any cause I were bent upon sacrificing every earthly hope as a peace offering toward heaven, I would make the wide world my cell, and good deeds to mankind my prayer." Many penitent men have done this and found peace in it.

Those men who are of the noblest disposition think themselves the happiest when others share their happiness with them. Benevolence is a fundamental law of our moral being; and the man who labors for his fellow-men secures thereby the gratification of his most commanding principles of action; but he who labors for himself alone, stirs up against his own peace some of the most operative elements of his worst nature.

Seeking the welfare of man is goodness—of all virtues the greatest—because it is aiming to imitate God. There be many just men; there be many of various personal excellence; but it takes everything to make a good man. He must be wise; he must be just; he must be pure; and he must suffuse justice, and wisdom, and purity with such love that he shall be sympathetic, genial and tender. It is this element of love, added to all the substantial excellences which form the character that makes a man good in distinction from just or benevolent or wise. It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in being good.

When Alexander the Great was asked on his death bed whom he wish to succeed him in his empire, he answered, "the most worthy." When the fathers of the American Republic were framing a Constitution for the preservation of its liberties, they cherished the hope that the people would confide the administration of the new Government to "the most worthy."

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good. The power of doing good to worthy objects, is the only enviable circumstance in the lives of people of fortune. Napoleon once entered a cathedral and saw twelve silver statues. "What are these?" said the Emperor. "The twelve Apostles," was the reply. "Well," said he, "take them down, melt them, and coin them into money, and let them go about doing good, as their Master did."

We often omit the good we might do in consequence of thinking about that which is out of our power to do. Many long for good to come to them, but never think the present the right time to seek it.