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WILL be conspicuously inserted on the followin terms: ONE SQUARE (SIX LINES, SOLID MEASUREMENT,) will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion: Longer ones in the same proportion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly. Proceedings of public meetings, and personal communications are matters chargeable at half the rates of advertising. All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

GOOD AS GOLD.

Who shall judge him by his manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less,
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore,
Or the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overthrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thorns the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That our meanest hinds are men;
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thought and men of fame,
Claiming rights to golden sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little wood-clad rills;
There are feeble, inch-high sapplings,
There are cedars on the hills,
God, who counts by souls, not nations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of other foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right.
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Heeds oppression, with its titles,
But as pebbles in the sea.

VANE'S PRIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EBEN N. REXFORD.

'I have found you at last,' Mrs. Conroy said, meeting Vane on the steps of her charming little country residence, as he came in from a walk among the fragrant woods. 'I have been hunting everywhere for you. Miss Percy is here. She came two hours ago. I want to introduce you to her.'

'I am half afraid of your ideal woman,' Vane Barresford said, smiling at Mrs. Conroy's eagerness. 'I have heard so much about her from you, that I begin to stand in awe of her.'

'Ah, you naughty man!' cried Mrs. Conroy. 'I haven't told you half the admirable qualities Nora Percy possesses. I'm going to leave you to find them out yourself. I'll tell you just this—nothing more; when I told her you were here, she said she would be delighted to meet you, because she admired your poems so much, and from liking them so well she had become anxious to know their author. There's a compliment for you, Sir Poet. Doesn't that impress you favorably with an idea of good sense and admirably taste? Of course it does. You needn't deny it. So come along, and let me present you. And mind, you are to fall in love with her at once, and the affair is to end with a marriage, and you 'will live happily ever after.'

'I shan't promise you that,' Vane said, as he followed her into the parlor.

'But I shall expect it,' she said at the parlor door. 'That's just what I asked you two here for this summer—to fall in love with each other. I don't know anybody quite good enough for Nora but yourself, and I have a kind of motherly interest in you which makes me solicitous for your welfare. So don't disappoint me in my match-making hopes.'

Vane saw a tall, graceful figure in gray standing at the other end of the room as they entered. A pleasant face, with clearly cut features, and soft, warm tints, was turned towards them, and a pair of expressive brown eyes lighted it up with a clear, thoughtful expression.

'Nora, this is my friend, Mr. Berresford. Mr. Berresford, Miss Percy,' said Mrs. Conroy, and then flattered off and left them to themselves.

It was easy work for them to get to be friends. In a few minutes they were talking familiarly and pleasantly together. Vane found her a woman of thorough culture. A woman of intellect, too; and he could read Tennyson and Browning to her without being in constant fear that she would lose the sentiment of the poem, and want him to explain it to her, as some women of his acquaintance did.

'How do you like her?' Mrs Conroy asked him, after tea.

'I like her very much,' Vane answered, frankly.

'Oh, don't be too hasty in your congratulation of yourself on your match-making proclivities,' as he saw Mrs. Conroy's delight, 'I havn't fallen in love yet, and don't mean to.'

'But you can't help it,' laughed Mrs. Conroy.

'I *must* [illegible] swered. 'It would be [illegible] fall in love with a woman of Miss Percy's position in society.'

'And why not, pray,' inquired Mrs. Conroy.

'Because she is rich, and I am poor,' answered Vane. 'The best reason in the world, you see. What do you suppose Mrs. Grundy would say if I were to marry Miss Percy? Why, just this: He married her for her money. The world would give me credit for no other motive.'

'What's the use of caring for what the world will say or think?' said Mrs. Conroy. 'Her money is the last thing Nora would think of. If she loved a man, and he hadn't a cent in the world, she would marry him as quickly as though he were her superior in wealth, if he asked her to.'

'Perhaps she would,' Vane replied; 'but the world would talk just the same, no matter what *she* thought about it.'

But though Vane knew that it would not do to fall in love with Miss Percy, he performed that somewhat mythical operation deliberately, in spite of himself. Before two weeks had gone by, he knew that he cared more for Miss Percy than was consistent with his declaration to Mrs. Conroy.

The days were full of fascinating influences. The slow sails down the river, with the waters laughing and whispering about them, and the sun shining over the landscape and throwing a golden atmosphere about the scene that made it seem almost like the creation of a fairy's wand; the long, quiet walks among the woodland paths, where violets grew and ferns spread their lush luxuriance wherever the shadows nestled; the charmed hour of the twilight, when they sang together, and the outside world seemed far off and but half-remembered; and the pleasant afternoon hours when he read to her from the poet's fanciful pages—these stole away Vane's heart before he knew it. When he came to think about it his heart was gone, and he found that it was too late to prevent that which he had told Mrs. Conroy must not take place.

It was dangerous to go on as he had gone, after he made that discovery, but it was so sweet to dream the hours away when love made them fleet and fair-footed, and bewilderingly pleasant, that he let himself drift with the current, never asking himself—he dared not!—what the end was to be.

One day he woke up suddenly to the real sense of his position. He was in the library. He had taken a book into the bay-window, and had dropped the curtains between him and the room.—By-and-by he had fallen asleep. From this sleep he was awakened by the sound of voices in the library, and his attention was at once attracted by hearing his name spoken.

'Do you suppose he will marry her?' a voice said, which he recognized as that of Miss Thomson, a maiden of uncertain age, and an arrant gossip.

'Of course, if she will have him,' replied the other occupant of the room.—It was Mrs. Du Puy. He knew her for another gossip, a fit representative of the Mrs. Grundy type he stood in awe of. 'He's poor, and she's rich. Her money will set him up in life, and he won't have to write for his living then, you know. Any one can see that he's after Miss Percy's money. I'm not so sure whether he cares for her or not.'

'She's blind to her own interests if she marries him,' said Miss Thomson. 'He's got nothing but his brains to depend upon. If she had nothing but herself, I'm afraid he wouldn't be so devoted to her. No man could deceive me in that way.'

'Probably no man would have any desire to,' said Vane, as he stepped from the recess and confronted the gossipers. 'You can save your pity for Miss Percy; she does not need it in the least. To set your minds at rest, I beg leave to tell you that she and her fortune are perfectly safe, so far as I am concerned.

His tone was full of keen sarcasm; his face full of contempt.

'I thank you for your kind opinion of me, ladies,' he added. 'I am happy to say that I am *not* a fortune-hunter, as you imagined. If I should ever make advances to *you* Miss Thomson, you may know that my principles have changed, and that I have become what you have so delicately hinted that I am to-day.

Then, with a bow to the discomfited ladies, Vane left the room.

'I must go away from here,' he said as he went down the path to the highway. 'I ought to have gone long ago.'

Turning from the path into the road he met Miss Percy.

'I have been gathering ferns,' she said, holding up some feathery fronds. 'Are [illegible] ful! I never saw anything more airy and graceful in my life. If I could be anything but what I am, I think I'd be a fern.'

'*You* don't get dissatisfied and restless, do you?' he asked. 'You have everything to make life pleasant.'

'But I *do* get dissatisfied,' she said, letting the ferns drop over her face and neck and fall upon her hair. 'I don't know why I should be satisfied any more than *you* are.'

'You have nothing to prevent your being happy,' he answered. 'You can go and come when and where you please. You can have rare and beautiful things. Your life is not cramped and confined to narrow limits like many other lives.'

'I know that,' she said. 'I am rich, you mean, and can gratify my tastes. Well, does that make all there is worth living for. No, no! I am poor in one way, wretchedly poor, for I have no one to care very much for me. My friends are few—at least my *real* friends are. If my money were gone, how many friends do you suppose I would have left? Half a dozen, perhaps, who were worth the name. Isn't that being poor? I call it so.'

He did not reply, but looked thoughtfully away to the wide green meadows where the women were at work.

'I have often wished my money was at the bottom of the sea!' she said, with some bitter accent in her tone. 'It ought to make me happy, I suppose, but it don't. Some people are afraid of me on account of it. It keeps them at a distance from me. If they knew how little I cared for it, they would—'

She stopped suddenly, a warm wave of color flushing her face. She dropped her eyes before his swift glance.

'No matter what *you* might think,' he said, 'the world would think differently.'

The world has no business to think anything about it,' she answered.

But it *makes* it its business,' he said, with a sigh. 'I am going away tomorrow.'

'To-morrow? So soon?' she said, with a little start. 'Mrs. Conroy told me she wanted to keep you all summer.'

'Yes, I know, but I have idled away too long a time already,' he answered. 'I must go back and go to work. I want to thank you for much of the pleasure I have enjoyed. This has been a pleasant summer, and much of the pleasure it has afforded me I owe to you.

'It *has* been pleasant,' she answered with a far-off look in her eyes. 'I am sorry to have it end so soon.'

On the morrow he went away. Miss Percy was in the parlor when he bade her good-by.

'If you ever need a friend, come to me,' she said, giving him her hand.—'I have but few friends, and I count you one of them,' a tremulous tenderness in her voice. 'My friends are always welcome.'

'Thank you,' he said. 'I will not forget. Good-by.'

The afternoon sunshine lay in slanting lines on the bare floor of the old school-house, and poured in through the windows in a blinding flood of radiance. The air was hot and dusty, and the restless, weary children cast longing looks through the open door, and wondered how long it would be before it was four o'clock.

Nora Percy leaned her aching head upon her hands and shut her eyes to keep out the fiery glare which filled the room.

It was hard, unthankful work, this teaching young ideas. Sometimes she wondered if she had found her vocation. She tried to be just and impartial, but she found out that some people had a chronic habit of finding fault and making a teacher's life an unpleasant one. It seemed to give them a kind of savage satisfaction to do so.—Sometimes she wondered if an angel from heaven could have taught school in Brently and suited everybody. She doubted it.

Still there was some pleasant things about even this life of hard work and drudgery. There was a certain satisfaction in knowing that the bread she eat was earned by her own hands.—She was thoroughly independent, and she knew that she was benefitting mankind in a quiet, unobtrusive way.—Some day the good seed of knowledge she was trying to sow in young hearts would take root and spring up to a pleasant harvest.

At last the exercises were over, and the boys and girls were free to go.—With shout and laugh and boisterous glee they broke away from the restraint of the close, dusty school-room, and scattered to the homes where no books were waiting to be opened, no lessons to be learned.

[illegible] her hands again, and asked herself if this was what she had hoped her life would be. Where was the home she had dreamed about, with love to rule it, and to make the hours full of gladness?

A step sounded on the floor. She looked up. A young man came toward her, with an outstretched hand, and a face full of glad, eager light.

'Nora, Miss Percy, I am very glad to see you,' he said. 'Am I welcome?'

'Vane Berresford!' she cried, giving him both her hands, and a smile breaking up the shadows on her face. 'I have so wanted to see a friend, and I little expected to see you of all others. I cannot tell you *how* welcome you are.'

'You remember you told me once if I wanted a friend to come to you?' he asked, still holding her hands in his, and smiling down into her eyes.

'Yes, I remember,' she said.

'I have come to have you make good your word,' he said, tenderly. 'I need a friend now. I want *you* for my own, Nora, all my own. May I have you?'

'If you will take [illegible]' she said, trustfully, with a new, sweet sense of rest coming into her life all at once. 'But remember, I have nothing but myself to give you.'

'And I want nothing else,' he answered, stooping down and kissing her.

'You might have had me three years ago,' she whispered, shyly, 'but you would not take me then.'

'I was afraid of what the world would say,' he answered. 'Now you have no golden bar of wealth to keep our lives apart. Mrs. Conway wrote to me about you two weeks ago. An hour after I got her letter I started East to find you. I have found you, my darling, and I have a pleasant home in the far-away West for just such a woman as you are, a home needing only you to make it complete.

Nora Berresford is a far wealthier woman than Nora Percy ever was; for Nora Percy had a wealth of gold, and Nora Berresford has a wealth of love which is better than any earthly riches, and true love is not earthly.

A Truly Good Man.

A rigid Sabbatarian, who occasionally exhorts in church, and fills the office of Justice of the Peace in a Pennsylvania village, not long since went on a deer hunt with a party composed of five or six young hunters. By some unaccountable mistake he lost his reckoning, and, much to his mortification, he found, on reference to his papers on the third day of the hunt, that it was Sunday, when he had supposed it was Saturday. He opened the morning with a prayer, and told his companions that, as a Christian and a magistrate, he could not hunt that day, and accordingly drew forth his pocket Bible, and commenced reading.

His worldly minded companions thought with the Baltimore bank man 'there were no sabbaths in revolutionary times,' and took the hounds and started in pursuit of game. It was not long before the whole pack were in full cry, and the worthy magistrate, on looking up from the sacred volume, discovered a fine buck making for the camp. Without a minute's deliberation, he seized a loaded rifle and plugged the deer between the antlers.

'Gentlemen,' said he, when his friends came to the spot, 'it is contrary to the laws of Moses and the revised statutes of Pennsylvania to travel on Sunday, and for that reason I shot that fellow.'

A Temperance Lecture.

'What will you take to drink?' asked a waiter of a young lad who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, replied,—

"I'll take what father takes,"

The answer reached the father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. And the father shuddered at the history, of several young men, once as promising as his own lad, and ruined by drink, starting up in solemn warning before him. Should his hopes be blasted, and that open-faced boy become a burden? But for strong drink they would have been active earnest, prosperous men; and if it could work such ruin upon them was his own safe? Quicker than lightning these thoughts went through his mind, and in a moment the decision was made. If the boy falls, he will not have me to blame, and then in a tone tremulous with emotion and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said,—

"Waiter, I take water"

And from that day to this strong drink has been banished from that man's house.

Country School-Houses.

Taken for all in all, the average country school-house of this Republic does not awaken national pride; and the average school-trustee who consents to it certainly justifies Jack Cade's famous complaint of one who had "most traitorously corrupted the youths of the realm by erecting a grammar-school." For in point of fitness, comfort, decency, dignity, or beauty, it certainly falls below even our penitentiaries and lunatic asylums.

What the poor children have done that they should be thus evilly entreated it is hard to say; but what this evil entreating will do for them is plain as way to parish church. If the little imitative animal be daily shut within a pen fit only for pigs, if six hours of every day make him familiar with dirt, smells, and atmosphere native to pigs, a pig he will become, so far as behavior goes.

The typical country school-house stands at the cross-roads, exposed on all sides to the public gaze. Boys and girls enter by the same door. Sometimes this is in front, and opens into an insufficient closet. Sometimes the only entrance is through a shambling wood house in the rear. It furnishes one room within, the ceiling of which is low, and black with smoke and dirt. It is heated in winter by an air-tight stove, which re-poisons the atmosphere already deadly with exhalations from the lungs and skin of twenty children. It is heated in summer by a glaring sun, which seems to blister the shadeless walls. Neither tree, blind, nor awning shelters it. Of neither fresh air nor ventilation knows it aught.—The floor is coarse, dirty and ink-stained. The seats are straight-backed benches, too high for the smallest pupils, too hard for the stoutest spine.—The desks are unsightly pine, dirty, whittled, and vile. The walls are bare and foul. For the sake of cheapness, the place is so small that no pupil has room enough for his lungs, his elbows, or his legs. The lungs need eight cubic feet of pure air every minute The elbows require a narrow aisle between every two rows of desks. The legs insist on room enough in front of the seats to change their position ten times in an hour.

School-committee and parents having accepted a sty for a school-house, a sense of consistency impels the children to transform the yard into a garbage-field. Play-ground there is none, but the bit of land near the building is strewn with refuse. Sometimes there is no private office. Very often there is but one, which must be used by both sexes, indifferently. Yet all these horrors the community takes as a matter of course, having a vague notion that money spent on school-houses and grounds is thrown away.

Now, first, the highest medical authority asserts that half the diseases known to science are the direct result of breathing bad air. Certainly, doctors' visits and pills cost more, in the long run, than high ceilings, cleanliness, ventilating stoves, and whitewash.—Second, what is learned in six hours of daily routine is never unlearned, even through prayers and tears and fasting. And the lessons of coarseness, of carelessness, of wanton destruction of property, of boorishness, of personal indelicacy, which these crowded, dirty, whittled rooms, these exposed yards, that compel indecency, leave their traces fresh and clear in minds that have long forgotten map questions and the rule of three.

Cleanliness, delicacy, and beauty are, in themselves, educators. Even before books and black-boards should they be counted the necessary equipments of the school-room. We do not insult the Father by offering Him foul churches, but see to it that the service of His temples is done decently and in order. Yet what shall that profit us if we make these, His little ones, to offend?—*Hearth and Home.*

HARD ICE.—Deacon Johnson is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he is seen.

Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fireplace it was found necessary to remove the wainscotting, when, lo! a discovery was made that astonished everybody. A brace of decanters tumbler, and a pitcher, were cozily reposing there as if they had stood there from the beginning.

The deacon was summoned, and as he beheld the blushing bottles, he exclaimed:

'Well, I declare, that is curious, sure enough. It must be that old Bains left them when he went out of this 'ere house thirty years ago.'

'Perhaps he did,' returned the carpenter, 'but deacon, the ice in the pitcher must have been friz mighty hard to stay till this time.'

A Joke on Henry Clay.

A correspondent of the Denver *Tribune* furnishes the following:

In the fall of 1843, Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, sent to Mr. Clay a demijohn of native wine. Mr. Longworth had imported the grape seed from wine-makers in Italy, and prided himself on having a splendid thing. It was a five gallon demijohn, the stopper covered with wax and stamped with the letter "L." There were six of us boys in the family, averaging some 16 or 17 years old. We used to study in the evening in our room and would get the cellar key of Mrs. Clay, and bring up a pitcher of cider and a hat full of apples to help us along in our lessons. One night it was proposed we should taste of the Cincinnati wine. We found a corkscrew, and carried up a pitcher full. It was capital, and before many days we found the demijohn empty.—We knew that Clay was liable to want it at any time, and it must be filled.—On the following night we took a servant, who toted the big bottle on his head to a small country store, two and a half miles away, kept by a negro, where we had it filled with whiskey at fifteen cents a gallon, which, with a quarter we gave the boy for helping us along, cost us a dollar. We had hard work getting this demijohn back to the house—it was not shaped right for easy carrying—but at length it was safe in the cellar. We had previously made some wax about the color of that which was on the stopper, and had carved a letter "L" out of a piece of bark. The bottle was duly sealed, stamped and deposited in its proper place. In 1844 the prospects were that Mr. Clay might be President, and he thought so himself. He gave a grand dinner, among his guests being John J. Crittenden and Tom Corwin. Every one was in the best of spirits, and after the ladies retired the merriment was even higher than before. We boys remained, never being excluded from his great dinners. As the parties were about rising, said Clay: "Gentlemen, I have some of the finest wine in the world, and the first a native American ever manufactured; and there can be no more fitting opportunity for testing its merits than the present. John do you know whereabouts in the cellar that bottle of wine is which was sent from Cincinnati?"—"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "Do you think, John, you can bring that demijohn here, under your arm, and not shake it up?" "Yes, sir." "Well, go." In a few minutes John came back with that big five gallon demijohn under his arm. "Now, John, set it down and take out the cork." The cork came out very easy—it had been out before. "Now, John, take that demijohn under your arm again and tilt out a little in all the glasses," while we looked on in woeful silence. "Now, gentlemen," continued Clay, "we will drink this standing, to the health of my friend Longworth, of Cincinnati." He raised the glass to his lips, stopped, and gave a look about the table. We six were just going out of the door in single file, just as fast as our legs would carry us. We heard the word "Boys," in the lion voice of Clay, but the remainder of the sentence was drowned in the shouts of laughter from the guests.

POPULAR FALLACIES.—That you can receive one dollar a day, spend two, and get rich.

That to do a man a favor and then refuse another, won't make him twice as mad as if you had refused him the first.

That when a man presents you a hound pup that the gift will cost nothing.

That when you buy on credit, knowing very well you can't be able to pay, it is not stealing.

The next year the taxes are to be lighter.

That every other man is bound to die except you.

That if you have a good cause in love, war or law—pitch in—you are bound to win.

That when you buy a horse he will be certain to turn out as represented.

That if you always say what you think, you will win the regard of the entire community.

COME here, my dear, I want to ask you all about your sister. Now tell me truly, has she got a beau?

No, it's the janders she's got, the doctor says so.

SCOLDING, says a good-for-nothing old bachelor, is the pepper of matrimony and the ladies are the pepper-boxes.

Earth-Sickness.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I have always been peculiarly subject to sea-sickness. When I was going abroad, and all the wonders of the continent were dazzling my imagination, I used to lie in my berth scarcely able to stir, wilted and worthless. I knew there were ten days between New York and Liverpool; and I used to say to myself, 'Well, are you willing to take these ten days of nausea and universal disgust for the sake of the three months of exquisite joy which you are going to have on the Continent?' I never was so sea-sick but that I was deliberately willing to pay the price.—I said, 'this is about as bad as anything can well be in this world; but for the sake of that which is beyond it I will take even this.' Returning, we had a passage of seventeen days. We came with a water-logged steamship. She was loaded down deeper, by many feet, than she should have been. It was stormy from shore to shore, without a single fair day. But the place to which we were going was my home; there was my family; there was my church; there were my friends, who were as dear to me as my own life.—And I lay perfectly happy in the midst of sickness and nausea. All that the boat could do to me could not keep down the exultation and joy which rose up in me. For every single hour was carrying me nearer and nearer to the spot where was all that I loved in the world. It was deep, dark midnight when we ran into Halifax. I could see nothing. Yet, the moment we came into still water, I rose from my berth and got up on deck. And, as I sat near the smokestack, while they were unloading the cargo upon the wharf, I saw the shadow of a person apparently going backward and forward near me. At last the thought occurred to me, 'Am I watched?' Just then the person addressed me, saying:

'Is this Mr. Beecher?'

'It is,' I replied.

'I have a telegram for you from your wife.'

I had not realized that I had struck the continent where my family were.—There, in the middle of the night, and in darkness, the intelligence that I had a telegram from home—I cannot tell you what a thrill it sent through me.

We are all sailing home; and, by-and-by, when we are not thinking of it, some shadowy thing (men call it death) at midnight, will pass by, and will call us by name, and will say: 'I have a message for you from home. God waits for you.' It is but a handbreadth.—And on the stormy sea there are *men* who stop and think of discomforts when home and heart are calling for them.

Politeness.

We have the notion that good-breeding comes from no place but the heart—can never be reconciled to any rule but that one, 'Do as you would be done by,' and throws its kindly influence over all hearts with which it comes in contact. But actions, when put to this test, often so sadly fail us, that we wonder if indeed the worst has not come, and goodness flown from the present years.

Once in a while our hopes revive, as we see some whose politeness, put to this test, does not fail. This *true* lady or gentleman is neither stiff nor formal—neither silly nor flattering—but possesses an independent kindness, which pervades manner, tone, action and word as perceptibly as the fragrance of locust blossms fills the dewy air of a summer morning. When this inherent quality peeps out, and we find the end of our search, how we love to watch it doing and saying the kindest things in the sweetest, sincerest manner.

For, for the man or woman who can take any hand in theirs—who can welcome from the illimitable good of their own heart the least portion of good they may discover in another—who can recognize a face, though it belong to one oblivious to fortune and unknown to fame—who can recognize all men as brethren, and only GOD as over all—whose charity, like the sky, covers all shortcomings—whose hope, like the sun, brightens and strengthens the humblest endeavor—for such a man or woman, there is surely a great satisfaction in knowing that the rich honor them, and the poor bless them; and a sweet reward for their unselfishness is the assurance that other men and women, guided by their influence, and blest with their example, shall follow their footsteps toward the rich recompense that cometh to those who meekly bear their own burdens, and lighten by their love of doing good, the burdens of humanity.

The newest Parisian style of lady's hat is shaped exactly like a copper sauce-pan.

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