Denton Journal.

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BY

GEO. T. MELVIN, EDITOR.

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Gentlemen's Collars, Cuffs Scarfs, Neck-Ties, &c., for sale cheap.
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AT his shops between Denton and Col. Carter's residence. Mr. Green guarantees to shoe horses so as to stop them from forging or interfering. If he fails to do this he will not charge anything. Call and see him at his residence near Col. Carter's, and you will find him the same accommodating Miles W. Green. [jan19-6m.

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C. W. BLAKE,
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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry for sale.
WORK DONE ON REASONABLE TERMS.
☞ *All work guaranteed.* [12 3-tf

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I will deliver and set up my work at the graves put good foundations under it and fasten properly for less than city prices.
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He can be found at his shop near the Brick Hotel, where he keeps on hand a large stock of first rate
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HARNESS REPAIRED, AND CARRIAGE TRIMMING DONE CHEAPLY.
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THE BRICK HOTEL
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THE subscriber adopts this method of informing the public that he has leased the Brick Hotel, in Denton, and furnished the same in a good and substantial manner for the accommodation of guests. His table will at all times be supplied with the best the market can afford. His servants are attentive and obliging.
THE STABLES
are supplied with an abundance of feed for horses, and with careful and reliable hostlers. He also keeps horses and carriages for hire; and will send persons to any place in the county or elsewher they ... to go.

Dean Stanley and Bishop Simpson

A short time ago Dean Stanley attended a reception of the clergy and laity of the Methodist Episcopal Church at St. Paul's Church, corner Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, New York. The building was reserved for invited guests. Dr. Tiffany, the pastor of the Church, conducted the reception. Upon the platform were seated Bishops Simpson, Foster, Harris, Haven, Peck, Andrews, Wiley, Merritt, Ames and Scott. The church was packed, and as the Dean entered the entire audience rose, having previously been instructed to do so by the chief usher. The Dean was in plain black, but with the collar of the Order of the Bath about his neck. He seemed weary, but brightened as he looked over the great crowded church. In answer to an address of welcome, without notes or other assistance, the Dean rose and said:

"BISHOPS AND PASTORS AND MEMBERS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA: I have to tender to you my sincere and grateful thanks for the honor which you have done me and to the Church and to the country which I humbly represent by the kindness and cordiality with which you have welcomed me here this evening. I am aware that one of the chief grounds upon which this kind welcome has been accorded me is the recognition which I am thankful I have been able to pay to the founder of the society of Methodists. When I think that this vast assemblage, when I think of the mighty results of Methodism as a Church in this country, it would be idle for me to enlarge upon the hopes and prospects which may be open before the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, but I feel that the ignorance under which a stranger comes to this country forbids him to enter upon so wide a field, therefore I propose to confine the few remarks I may make to the reasons which induced me in England and which now induce me to pay a humble tribute to John Wesley, the founder of your great society. In so doing I am sure that you will all feel as I feel that I may best enlarge on the sources of your strength and best enliven the hopes which lie before you.

In the address which has been kindly presented to me, allusion has been made to the monument in Westminster Abbey, which, by my permission, was erected to the memory of the two illustrious brothers who established the foundation of Methodism. It was some eight or ten years ago that the then President of the Wesleyan Conference; whose name has been justly mentioned with honor in the address which I have received—it was, I say, about eight or ten years ago that the President of the Wesleyan Conference in England asked, with that courtesy and modesty which is characteristic of him, that I would allow "the erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey, in Poet's Corner, to Charles Wesley, as the sweet Psalmist of our English Israel." I ventured to answer, "If we are to have a monument to Charles, why not to John?" [Loud applause.] To John Wesley, accordingly, together with his brother Charles—not as excluding Charles, but as the greater genius, as the greater spirit of the two—that monument has been erected. John Wesley's monument, with the likeness also of his brother Charles, has been erected in Westminster Abbey close to a monument which was erected in the last century, (and I mention it only as showing, that in welcoming this recognition of your illustrious founder, I have been but following the precedents already established in Westminster Abbey and in the Church of England,) the monument to John Wesley was erected side by side with the monument which in the last century was erected to the memory of the great Congregational divine and poet, Isaac Watts. [Applause.]

It has been said in the address, and I think it has been said also by the other speakers, that we are assembled here in a building consecrated to the Methodist worship—consecrated to the worship of Almighty God, as set on foot in this country by John Wesley. It reminds me of what happened to myself when, on visiting, in London, the City Road Chapel, in which John Wesley ministered, and in the cemetery adjoining, in which he is buried. I asked an old man who showed me the cemetery—I asked him, perhaps inadvertently, and as an English Churchman might naturally ask—"By whom was this cemetery consecrated?" and he answered, "It was consecrated by the bones ot that holy man, [applause,] that holy servant of God, John Wesley." [Applause.] In the spirit of that remark I return to the point to which I have ventured to address my remarks, and that is the claims which the character and career of John Wesley have, not only upon your veneration, but upon the veneration of English Christendom.

And, first of all, may I venture to say that, in claiming him as your founder, you enjoy a peculiar privilege among the various communions which have from time to time broken off, or at least varied from, the communion of the Church of England. The founder of the English Baptists is comparatively unknown; the founder of the English Congregationalists (and I say it with no shadow of disrespect) is also without a shadow of disrespect) is also comparatively obscure; the founder of the Society of Friends, George Fox, has been superseded in celebrity by William Penn, and by other illustrious Friends who have risen in that Society since his departure; but it is no disrespect to the great Society of Methodists, it is no disrespect to the eminent and revered persons who sit around me, to say, that no one has risen in the Methodist Society equal to their founder, John Wesley. [Applause.] It is this which makes his character and which makes his fortunes so profoundly interesting to the whole Christian world.

I was wandering through Westminster Abbey one day, and I came to the slab that bears the name of Livingstone. I saw on it the inscription, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring." I admired the beauty of the selection, and I said, "That may refer not only to the wandering sheep in Africa, but it may also refer to the fact that Livingstone did not belong to the National Church, and yet he was an honored Christian as well as an honored explorer." The I said to myself, "Is it not a law of the human frame that the more freely the blood passes out the extremity, the firmer, the stronger, and the more warmly the heart does beat?" And then I asked myself, "Was it not through Africa that Livingstone reached Westminster Abbey? was it not because the blood of the Christian heart had flown to the extremity, and came back to make England's heart grow warmer?" [Applause.] Then I said again, "Was it not because John Wesley said, 'The world is my parish?'" and America, India, and Australia respond to-day in their achievements, that made it possible for you to open the doors of that grand old Abbey, and admit John Wesley's monument there? [Renewed applause] His dust rests with you in England, his spirit walks our land! [Great applause.]

May we not hope that when all lands shall be visited, the life-currents flowing back to the heart of Christendom shall make it beat so strongly and so warmly that the old cathedrals of Europe shall open their doors, and even Rome itself, breaking through the exclusiveness of a thousand years, shall no longer isolate herself from Christian fraternity?

There is yet one further remark which I would venture to make on the character and career of John Wesley. Every one who knows anything of his long and eventful course will know that there are many points which it is difficult also to defend or to reconcile. But the question always arises in any person of historical magnitude, such a man as your famous founder, what was the primary, fundamental, overruling principle of his whole character and teaching? And for this we have the best possible testimonies. We have the testimony—I have heard it myself—from humble Methodists in England, aged persons, who had hung upon his lips and seen him in the cottages of the poor. We have also the testimony—I don't know whether you are acquainted with it, but if not I strongly recommend it to the study and perusal of every Methodist, whether in England or America—we have the testimony of a most enlightened and most distinguished laymen, who was his intimate friend, and who judged him not merely like his more enthusiastic, and perhaps unlettered, followers, but with the discernment of character which superior intelligence and refined religion alone can give. I mean Alexander Knox. He has described him to us in terms so striking and persuasive—any one can see his letter appended to the latest edition of Southey's "Life of Wesley." He has recorded his conviction that the main fundamental overpowering principle of Wesley's life was not the promotion of any particular dogma or any particular doctrine, but the elevation of the whole Christian world in the great principles of Christian holiness and morality. [Applause.]

Bishop Simpson replied to the remarks of the Dean as follows:

That monument in Westminster Abbey, placed by your permission, and for which you have our thanks, represents a scene—and that scene, as I have understood, selected by yourself—Mr. Wesley preaching on his father's tombstone. And why? He was shut out of the church where his father preached, and where he was brought up, and therefore went into the yard and stood o st g h g p n b [illegible]

never come when England's glory shall be diminished; but should the time come—which God forbid!—which Macaulay portrays in his vision of the South Sea Islanders standing on London Bridge and musing over the ruins of the British Empire, let it be remembered that Christianity shall never either die or decay. She may pass from older lands, but will come to the new. And even should this land of different phases, but repeating and renewing her life and blessing mankind with her temples and her services. Indeed, it seems to me that God has designed in the history of this world that it should be shown that Christianity is the power, and the only power, that can elevate this world. As long as Christianity worked in the sphere of Judaism, she was trammeled by its rites and ceremonies, and its ordinances; and when she went out into the civilization of Greece and Rome, again her simple ceremonies were overlaid by the influence of pagan rites, and the garb and rites and ceremonies of paganism were in part imitated and practiced in Christian temples. When Christianity was to gain her highest triumphs, God sent a race out of eastern Asia from those vast plains unknown to Greece and Rome, and apart from its civilization. It is remarkable, that the further away from the old civilizations the nations are found, the higher the triumphs of Christianity. Thus, in Albion's isle, the farthest from Rome, the highest Christian triumph has occurred. [Applause.] And will you allow an American to say, that very possibly God has placed an ocean between us and that other country, that here on this Western world, still farther away, cut off from the legacies and from the institutions, and to a great extent from the influences, of the Old World, Christianity might work out for itself a higher destiny and prouder achievements.

While your institutions are so venerable, and we admire your churches and your cathedrals, we claim they are part ours. Our fathers worshiped in them beside your fathers. They were their common property. But our fathers left old England; yet brought no part of the churches with them. They are a numerous people here. The inhabitants of the British Island are scattered all around us. In this assembly you have Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen. Why, there are more Irishmen in New York than there are in Dublin, and there hundreds of thousands of Englishmen scattered all over our land! May I ask, Have their children no right of inheritance in those old cathedrals where their fathers worshiped?

We have five millions of people of foreign birth living to-day in these United States, and tens of millions of people of these United States who are of foreign parentage. They have an inheritance in these grand old institutions. Yes, Milton is part ours; Shakespeare is part ours; those old heroes are partly ours; and to-day more ears in America listen to the utterances of Shakspeare than do in Albion's proud island. [Applause.] Having enjoyed this opportunity to welcome you, and knowing you must soon return to your own country, we pray God's blessing may be with you! May he so order the wind and the waves that you shall pass safely over to your own dear friends! May he so direct in his mercy that your life shall long be spared; that your voice may resound, as it has done, in the midst of vast assemblies, and that your pen may be still more productive in works which shall tend to the redemption of this world, to the honor and glory of Christ! [Great applause.]

What Makes Success.

In business life two things are essential to success: First, sound judgment; second activity. In all departments we find a greater deficiency in judgment than in other requisites. Long familiarity in a given department does not necessarily produce it, though this will undoubtedly aid and strengthen it. Only by reliance on one's self and feeling individually responsible for the results of action founded on one's own efforts, can the fact be established of good or bad judgment. Special talent will not furnish it for a man who may have capacity for acquiring information, may be able to enter into learned discussion on supply or demand, may have vast knowledge of productions, their sources of supply, and their various uses, and still lack the ability to apply to practical and every day use the benefits of such information. So also one may become familiar with all the details of business through long experience in the service of another, and as a servant, or in an executive, making himself invaluable without ever realizing the responsibilty attached to individual discretion or judgment. In this belief we find an answer to the oft-repeated inquiry why so large a portion of business men are unsuccessful; to claim that so many fail to meet air success through force of adverse ircumstances, instead of permitting ircumstances to control them. Men who have the capacity to comprehend he whole question presented to them o properly weigh not only the side of uccess but of failure, and who understand the importance of right thinking nd the full penalty of mistake, are the nes who succeed, and whether they et credit for having good judgment or ot, they certainly exercise it.—*Yeoman's Guard.*

NEEDED A REST.—"Doctor," said a lady, "I wan't you to prescribe for me."

"There is nothing the matter, madam," said the doctor, after feeling, her pulse; "you only need rest."

"Now, doctor, just look at my tongue," she persisted. "Just look at it—look it! Now say what does that need?"

Sensations When Dying.

The popular ideas relative to the sufferings of persons on the point of death are undoubtedly to a certain extent erroneous, The appearance of extreme agony which is often presented under these circumstances is due to mere muscular agitation, independent of any extraordinary sensibility of the nerves of feeling. Those who die a natural death in the very last stages of existence are scarcely conscious of bodily suffering-not more than they frequently are to the attentions and solicitude of friends.

Those who die by violence or accident undoubtedly experience a degree of pain proportionate to the extent of the bodily mutilation. Hanging is doubtless an unpleasant mode of death; but few, after all, "shuffle off this mortal coil' more easily than those who are suspended by the neck. It is akin to drowning in this respect. The blood immediately seeks the head and soon deprives it of all consciousness. The efforts inhale the air, which are kept up for some time after the cord is attached, and which causes such violent movements of the chest and extremities, arise from the influenie of the spinal marrow, whose sensibility is not so soon destroyed by the congestion of blood as that of the brain.

Persons who die by decapitation most probably suffer more, though their pain is only momentary; this is the case with those who blow out their brains. The sensation produced by a ball passing through the body would be difficult to describe by one who has never experienced it, but it is something singular in this case that those who are shot, although the "leaden messenger of death" may not have penetrated any essentially vital organ, immediately fall to the earth, apparently under an irresistible feeling of their approaching return to dust, exclaiming as it were, involuntarily, "I am a dead man!"

A dagger wound in the heart, for the few moments which are consumed in the ebbing of life, must occasion unutterable feelings of agony, independent parts sundered by the entrance of the blade. The rushing out of the blood at each convulsive pulsation of the heart must seem like the actual spectacle of the flow of life.

Those who are crushed to death may not expire instantly, unless the cranium happens to be involved in the casuality. Where the skull is not fractured there is probably an inconceivable agony for a few seconds--a flashing thought of home, friends, and family, and all is over. Those who are cut into by a heavily burdened railroad carriage must experience some similar sensations.

If the neck is broken low down the person does not necessarily die on the instant. His situation is the most distressing of any which can be imagined. He may live and have a being for days, but he cannot move. His face may express all the passions, feeling, and emotions; but beyond the motions of his breast and countenance his energies do not go. His arms are pinioned at his side; his legs are lifeless; and he essentially beholds his body in the grave, while he is yet in full possession of his faculties. The least disturbance of his position is liable to launch him at once into eternitu.

In taking laudanum a person exists in a state of insensibility for a length of time, a melancholy spectacle to his friends. In poisening from arsenic a great amount of suffering is undergone. The sensibility of the stomach is exceedingly acute when inflamed, and the effect of arsenic is to produce a fatal inflammation of the *viscus*. Prussic acid is rapid, and acts by paralyzing the brain.

In reflecting on the horrors which death presents under these different aspects of violence the mind becomes satisfied with disgust. We cannot do better than turn to the contemplation of its features in the milder course of disease, where, if the mind be at ease, the final exit is made without any of those revolting exhibitions of bodily suffering.

Hindoo Weddings.

Among the Hindoos early marriages are the rule. By the time a boy of good family has reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, a wife has been selected for him, usually a girl a year or two younger than himself. Very possibly he has never seen her until the marriage ceremony is about to be performed. At the wedding both families lay themselves out to make the utmost possible display. Relatives, friends and guests are gathered in the house of the bride's father. Clad in her richest attire, the girl kneels on a slight platform covered with a rich tissue, the boy sitting cross-legged opposite her. The bride's father raises her hand over a vase filled with the holy water of the Ganges, and places her hand in that of the bridegroom, who puts the ring on her finger amid the prayers of the Brahmins. This is the essential part of the ceremony, which makes them husband and wife. The genealogy of the husband is then formally read, and the stipulated dowry is paid over to him. After this the festivities begin, and are kept up for several days.

EVERY man is liable to commit an error, even to do a grievous wrong, in a monment of carelessness or excitement; but it is not every man who has

Recollection of Mary Lamb, Chas. Lamb's Gentle, Gifted Sister.

Miss Lamb bore a strong personal resemblance to her brother, being in stature under middle height, possessing well cut features, and a countenance of singular sweetness, with intelligence. Her brown eyes were soft, yet penetrating; her nose and mouth very shapely, while the general expression was mildness itself. She had a speaking voice, gentle and persuasive; and her smile was her brother's own—winning in the extreme.

There was a certain catch, or an emotional breathingness, in her utterance, which gave an inexpressible charm to her reading of poetry, and which lent a captivating earnestness to her mode of speech when addressing those she liked. This slight check, with its yearning, eager effect in her voice, had something softenedly akin to her brother Charles's impediment of articulation; in him it scarcely amounted to a stammer; in her it merely imparted additional stress to the fine-sensed suggestions she made to those whom she counselled or consoled.

She had a mind at once nobly-toned and practical, making her ever a chosen source of confidence among her friends, who turned to her consolation, confirmation and advice in matters of nicest moment, always secure of deriving from her both aid and solace. Her manner was easy, almost homely, so quiet, unaffected and perfectly unpretending was it. Beneath the sparing talk and retired carriage, few casual observers would have suspected the ample information and large intelligence that lay comprised there. She was oftener a listener than a speaker. In the modest-haviored woman simply sitting there, taking small share in general conversation, few who did not know her would have imagined the accomplished classical scholar, the excellent understanding, the altogether rarely gifted being, morally and mentally that Mary Lamb was.

Her apparel was always of the plainest kind; a black stuff or silk gown, made and worn in the simplest fashion. She took snuff liberally—a habit that had evidently grown out of her propensity to sympathize with and share all her brother's tastes; and it certainly had the effect of enhancing her likeness to him. She had a small, white and delicately formed hand; and as it hovered above the tortoise shell box containing the powder so strongly approved by them both, in search of the stimulating pinch, the act seemed yet another link of association between the brother and sister, when hanging together over their favorite books and studies.

First Love.

Love, like fire, unless replenished with fresh fuel, will burn itself out. A look from those we love, or a line when absent—little attentions to one another's wishes, shown in some trifling act of kindness—are all needful to keep the fire of love in life. Without them love could not exist.

Every soul may find a heaven in some other soul. In each one is implanted a feeling known as true love. God is love. Nature gave us love as a fulfillment of all our wants. Love is never dormant; it always lives. So long as the heart beats, love exists in one form or another. When no love remains, the heart perishes. A heart utterly without love is an anomaly. At certain periods of our lives; the love within our breasts concentrates itself upon some one person, who, from that moment, becomes a being isolated far above all others; from that moment we are worshipping an ideal, a fictitious being--a something which is not, yet which we believe to be reality—a spirit only of our brain. In our eyes she is beautiful, though others say she is plain; they find in her a resemblance to her kin, but we see only a likeness to the beautiful things around us—to the rainbows of heaven, the clouds at sunset, the flowers of the garden, or the tinted shells upon the sea shore. She is a living melody, an angel's whisper, a saint's prayer. Whoever or whatever is sanctified by her presence becomes dear to us. The mother who bore her, the father who smiles upon her, the brothers who seek advice of her, the sisters who confide in her, even the kind old nurse who rocked her cradle, and the dog that follows after—have all a place in our hearts. She has become to us something holy, whom we worship, yet know not why. We cannot approach her without feeling that a swift stream separates us, which in vain we essay to cross. There is an immense distance between us. We are dumb, perhaps deaf, when she is by, but never blind. When she looks upon us we blush, when she takes our hand we tremble. The sound of her footstep makes our hearts beat, and the tones of her voice ring like music in our ears. We cannot pass a day without seeing her; yet a word, a smile, a glance from her, so fills us with happiness that it suffices until the sun next rises. We see beauty where we never saw it before, and become half painters, half poets, and all lovers. We grow childlike and trustful, and become better and stronger in the right.

EDUCATION is not charity it is a necessity, and parents are guilty of a crime against the State when they refuse to give their children a decent education.

THERE is no disgrace in being poor—the thing is to keep it quiet, and not

Adelna Patti's Early Life.

The story of her early life as told by Mm. Patti to Dr. Edward Hanslick of Milan is as follows: She was born at Madrid in 1843. Her father was a Sicilian, and her mother a Roman, and both were excellent singers. In her childhood the family migrated to New York, where she became proficient in modern languages, and was taught by her step-brother to sing.

The lessons in singing were continued by Mr. Maurice Strakosch, who married her elder sister, Amelia. "A musical ear, and the capacity and the desire to sing," says the *diva*, "were developed in me at an early age. Whenever my mother sang I was at the theatre, and every melody, every gesture became firmly fixed on my mind. After being put to bed I would secretly get up, and by the light of the little lamp enact, for my own satisfaction, all the scenes which I had witnessed at the theatre. A redlined cloak of my father's and an old hat of my mother's served me as costume, and thus I acted danc dand chirped—bare to ted, but with romantic drapery—all through the operas. Applause and wreaths were not ackinfi, either; for I personated, too, my audiences, applauded and threw bouquets at myself—bouquets manufactured of old newspapers.

"Then bitter mislortune befel us; the manager failed, and disappeared without paying his debts, and the troupe dispersed. Before long we were harassed by poverty and trouble. My father carried many things to the pawnshop, and sometimes knew not how to produce bread for us. The thought occurred to my father that my childish voice would save the family from starvation. And, thank God, I did save them. When seven years of age, I appeared as a concert singer, and did it with all the pleasure and careless gladness of a child. In the concert hall I stood on a table, next to the piano, so that the audience could see the 'little doll.'

"And what do you think I first sang? Why, nothing but *bravura arias*; first, Una voce poco fa,' with the same ornamentation and as exactly as I sing it to-day. I had the happiness of seeing the pawned clothing and trinkets return and we again lived a comfortable life. Thus a few years passed, during which I played and sang industriously with my sister Carlotta. My ability and my love for the stage largely increased, and in 1856, when but a half grown girl, I stepped on the stage for the first time as *Lucia di Lammermoor.*

Facts Worth Remembering.

One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover over one hundred square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching of the floor.

One thousand lathes will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney, nine bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twenty inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

Ten Rules for Young Men.

Always pick up a hot poker by the cold end.

Never spend your money when you can get things for nothing.

Do not despise a twenty cent cigar or a $1.00 dinner because another man pays for it.

Remember that it costs more to get to a high priced theater, than it does to take a back pew in a free church.

Nothing is troublsome to you that other people do for you willingly.

Never pay to-day the man you can put off till to-morrow.

Never trouble yourself to do for another what he can do just as well for himself.

Never buy what you don't want, simply because the man says he is just out of it.

Do not poultice your own elbow for the boil on another man's neck.

When angry, be sure you can handle your man before you call him a liar.—*Hawkeye.*

BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.—Ah! this beautiful world! Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself is not for off and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take up the great world in our arms.—Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts nor on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

THE heart that is soonest awake to

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