The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE OLD DEACON'S LAMENT.

Yes, I've been deacon of the church
Nigh on to fifty year,
Walked in the way of duty, too,
And kep' my conscience clear.
I've watched the children growin' up,
Seen brown locks turnin' gray;
But never saw sech doin's yet
As those I've seen to-day.

This church was built by godly men
To glorify the Lord,
In seventeen hundred eighty-eight;
Folks couldn't then afford
Carpets and cushings, and sech like—
The seats were just plain wood,
Too narrer for the sleepy ones;
In prayer we allus stood.

And when the hymns were given out,
I tell you it was grand
To hear our leader start the tunes,
With tunin'-fork in hand!
Then good old 'China,' 'Mear,' and all,
Were heard on Sabbath days,
And men and women, boys and girls,
J'ined in the song of praise.

But that old pulpit was my pride—
Just eight feet from the ground
They'd reared it up—on either side
A narrer stairs went down;
The front and ends were fitly carved
With Scripture stories all—
Findin' of Moses, Jacob's dream,
And sinful Adam's fall.

Just room inside to put a cheer,
The Bible on the ledge,
(I'll own I did get nervous when
He shoved it to the edge).
There, week by week, the parson stood,
The Scripture to expound;
There, man and boy, I've sot below,
And not a fault was found.

Of course I've seen great changes made,
And fought against 'em too;
But first a choir was interdooced,
Then cushings in each pew;
Next, boughten carpet for the floor,
And then, that very year,
We got our new melodeon,
And the big shandylear.

Well, well! I tried to keep things straight,
I went to ev'ry meetin',
And voted "No" to all they said,
But found my influ'nce fleetin'.
At last the worst misfort'n fell—
I must blame Deacon Brown;
He helped the young folks when they said
The pulpit should come down.

They laughed at all those pious scenes
I'd found so edifyin';
Said, "When the parson rose to preach
He looked a'most like flyin';"
Said that "Elijah's chariot
Jest half-way up had tarried;"
And Deacon Brown sot by and laughed,
And so the p'int was carried.

This was last week. The carpenters
Have nearly made an end—
Excoose my feelings. Seems to me
As if I'd lost a friend.
"It made their necks ache, lookin' up,"
Was what the old folks did say;
More lookin' up would help us all,
In this degin'rate day.

The church won't never seem the same
(I'm half afeared) to me
Under the preachin' of the truth
I've been so used to be.
And now—to see our parson stand
Like any common man,
With jest a railin' round his desk—
I don't believe I can.

MRS. E. T. CORBETT,
in Harper for January.

TO MAKE CHILDREN LOVELY.

There is just one way, and that is to surround them by day and by night with an atmosphere of love. Restraint and reproof may be mingled with the love, but love must be a constant element. "I found my little girl was growing unamiable and plain," said a mother to us the other day, "and reflecting on it sadly I could only accuse myself as the cause thereof. So I changed my management and improved every opportunity to praise and encourage her, and to assure her of my unbounded affection for her and my earnest desire that she should grow up to lovely and harmonious womanhood. As a rose opens to the sunshine so the child's heart opened in the warmth of the constant affection and caresses I showered upon her. Her peevishness passed away, her face grew beautiful, and now one look from me brings her to my side obedient to my will, and happiest when she is near me." Is there not in this a lesson for all parents? [illegible] or cultivate [illegible] our crops will do for them what the steady shining of the sun can effect. Love is the sunshine of [illegible] without it no character, or morality, or virtue can be brought to perfection.

☞ A young widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband. "Oh, la," said she, "I'm afraid I'll worry myself to death on account of dear Tom."

MY SISTERS AND I.

BY LIZZIE M. MULHERN.

There was three of us—Irene, Dollie, and I, and we lived with Uncle 'Herbert in a quiet old house, having few companions and less friends.

One evening we stood looking into each other's faces, pale and sorrowful. Dollie was sorrowing herself, Irene and I in sympathy with her.

Neither of my sisters looked like me, for I, without being plain, was not at all pretty, and they were both very pretty, yet not looking like either.

Irene was tall, slender, stately, with pale, creamy complexion, and waving nut brown hair, her eyes were pansy blue, and shaded by heavy silken lashes; her features were almost classical, her lips a vivid scarlet, while her rather straight eyebrows gave a slight expression of hauteur to her face.

Dollie was a dainty, fragile, little thing with pink and white complexion, turquoise blue eyes, and pale, golden hair.

Dollie was the youngest, I was the oldest, and Irene came between.

Dollie, Irene said, bending down and kissing her, I will save you yet—yes save her, Ethel looking up at me, that is the right word to apply in this case. She is not strong like us, Ethel, and her poor heart is breaking. You were not made to suffer, Pet, turning to Dollie again, then, after a slight pause, nor will you suffer longer.

Irene's cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling, her lips firmly compressed.

What can you do, Irene? I said hopelessly, for Dollie had thrown herself down on the sofa and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

What can you do? I repeated, uncle will never give his consent, never.

Ethel, she said, glancing at Dollie, do you not see is growing paler and thinner, as well as more hopeless every day; she is not like us: if she is parted frm Arthur Leigh it will kill her.

Irene was right. I saw the change in our pet sister, saw that day after day her little face looked more white and piteous, and my very heart ached for her.

I do not know that Uncle Herbert was naturally a cruel man, but certainly to us he was never kind.

He dressed us well, his house was handsomely furnished, in fact we wanted for nothing save love, and for that our hearts were starving.

If uncle cared for any of us, it was for Irene To me he was simply indifferent, but to pretty Dollie he was absolutely cruel.

Once I did not know the reason of this, but Irene told it to me one day; how she found it out I never knew, but I learned that what she told me was true.

He loved our mother, Ethel, she said, before she became our father's wife, and Dollie looks like her.

Ethel, she said, a few days after she told me of uncle's love for our sweet, young mother, referring to the subject again, I have heard of men who have loved the daughter of the woman they had loved in their youth, but this is the first instance I have ever heard of their hating them; but he hates Dollie, because she puts him in mind, not of the woman he loved, but the woman who rejected him.

We did not know how cruel our uncle could be till the day Arthur Leigh told him of his love for Dollie, and asked his sanction to their marriage, and was refused.

She will never marry you, he said, never, except against my express command, and that she is not likely to do, as she promised her father on his death-bed, to never wilfully disobey me.

Yes, we had given our solemn promise to our dying father and uncle knew we would keep it.

He had seen the love growing up between Dollie and Arthur, but he had given no sign of displeasure till the last moment, then he had parted them forever.

This day—the day on which my story opens—Arthur had made a last appeal, Arthur was going away for some time, he asked even to see Dollie, only to say fare well to her but even this was refused.

So this was the secret of our sorrowful faces, the cause, of Dollie's bitter weeping.

Irene had a lover as well, a handsome, stately man, whom I knew worshipped her, and he—Colonel Durand, was approved by Uncle Herbert; in fact, the greatest wish of his heart was to unite Irene, and Fergus Durand; it was even stronger than his wish to separate Dollie and Arthur.

Colonel Durand was waiting in the parlor for Irene, while we were talking about Dollie and her sorrow.

Ethel, [illegible] left to suffer as she is suffering, and then she paused out of the room, the flush burning [illegible]

One hour later she returned; she came [illegible] evening, Irene and I sat talking of the past, when suddenly the door opened, and one of the servants appeared. His face very pale [illegible] Madam, he said, addressing Irene, [illegible] stopped, shook hands, [illegible] sprang to her feet.

Speak! speak! she cried.

Do you forget, Colonel Durand, she said, looking straight into his face, that I am betrothed to another?

He glanced at Dollie, who stood leaning against the far window.

Do you love him? he repeated.

She laughed [illegible]

No, she said, [illegible] him.

Next day she went out for a walk with the colonel, and Dollie and I watched them from the window.

Ethel, Dollie said, sadly, Irene will be mistress over Colonel Durand's stately home, and I—I shall be in my grave.

It was such a sad, hopeless tone.

Dollie, my darling, I said, drawing her to me, and kissing her as our mother would have done.

When Irene came in from her walk, she went straight to the library where uncle usually sat, and it was almost an hour before she came out again.

Well? I said inquiringly, though I knew not what her business with him had been.

It is all settled, she said I am to be Fergus Durand's wife.

I put my arm around her.

Irene, I hope you will be happy.

She shrank back.

Do not congratulate me, Ethel, I do not love him, but I suppose I will be happy enough.

Do you not care at all for him, Irene?

Not as Dollie cares for Arthur Leigh, not as you loved Victor, but I like him as well, or even better than anyone else. Then suddenly she burst into tears.—Ethel! Ethel! if I am doing wrong, remember it is for Dollie's sake. You do not know how her white face appeals to me.

I do not understand you, Irene.

Ethel, she said, I told Uncle Herbert I would not marry Fergus Durand unless he recalled Arthur Leigh. I told him I would give back this solitaire, unless he gave his consent to the marriage of Dollie and Arthur, and let it take place at the same time mine did. His heart's strongest wish is to see me Colonel Durand's wife, but for a long time he held out against Arthur and Dollie. I was as firm, however, as he was, and at last he consented.

Oh, Irene, I cried, will you marry Colonel Durand, promise to love, honor, and obey him, while you are merely using him to insure Dollie's happiness. It is wrong very wrong, Irene.

She lifted her clear, calm eyes to mine, I told him all I have told you, Ethel, I am not deceiving him

And he said?

He said he loved me too well to give me up, that he felt he would yet win my love, that he was willing to wait. You love no other, he said, and if a life's devotion can win a woman's heart, I will yet win yours. He is a noble man, Ethel and with God's help I will be a true and faithful wife to him.

The day of the double wedding came at last, the day that I was to see my two sisters married, leaving me alone.

Irene looked stately and beautiful.—Dollie fair and fragile, but soon it was all over, even the wedding breakfast.

At last Irene came to me.

Do you blame me now Ethel? she said; look at Dollie's face. She is perfectly happy.

A few hasty good-byes, a holding for a moment of the slender form of Dollie to my heart, and thanking God for her happiness, then two carriages dashed down the street, and I standing at the window, alone.

Yes, I stood alone, wondering if the far off somewhere, where my darling was, could be longing for me as I was longing for him.

Two months passed away, then Irene came to see us.

First of all we talked of our pretty pet, golden haired, Dollie

She is very happy, Ethel, Irene said, her life promises to be a dream a bliss, it would do you good to see how Arthur pets his fragile little wife.

I glanced up at Colonel Durand, who was standing at one of the windows: I saw his eyes rest on her with a look of passionate longing, then he turned and left the room.

How Fergus loves you, Irene, I said; Arthur's love for Dollie cannot compare with his.

Her eyes filled with tears.

I wish he loved me less, or that I loved him more, she said, for he is one of noblest men God ever made; he is worthy of any woman's love; I often wonder what I did to deserve his love.

The bright, sweet summer passed away and when gay winter came, I was living with Irene, not permanently, however, only till Uncle Herbert came back from Europe, where he had gone on important business.

I knew Dollie was happy in her marriage but [illegible] I could not understand you.

Love all on one side will not make a happy home and the one that loves is happier far than the one that is loved.

In my heart I believed that Irene was trying to love her husband, but I could hardly tell.

[illegible] could help it, I thought, when [illegible] her so passionately, and so worthy of any woman's love.

[illegible] evening, Irene and I sat talking of the past, when suddenly the door opened, and one of the servants appeared. His face very pale [illegible]

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Speak! speak! she cried.

[illegible]

Fergus! my love, my love, and then she sank down on her knees beside me, and burying her face in my dress, began to talk to him, of his tenderness and love.

He is dead, Ethel, my husband, my darling, and I was too proud, too sinful to let him know that I loved him at last.

Irene! my darling, what is this?

We both sprang to our feet.

Fergus! Fergus! my husband! and the next moment she was sobbing in his arms.

My darling, he said, tenderly, as he kissed her pale lips, have I frightened you?

I thought you was killed, she said, your horse—

Yes, he said, the rascal threw me, and then galloped homewards, but I was not in the least injured. No chance of your being a widow yet, sweetheart.

She clung closer to him.

What could I have done, Fergus? she said, and then I stole softly from the room.

An hour afterwards when I returned, they were sitting side by side, her head resting on her husband's shoulder, her hand clasped in his.

I glanced at Colonel Durand's happy face, and somehow my thoughts strayed away to him who slept beneath the ocean and tears I could not repress filled my eyes.

Ethel! sister! Irene said rising to her feet.

I crushed down my sorrow.

I am happier now, Irene, I said, than I have been since our marriage

She bent down and kissed me, while Fergus thanked me with his eyes.

Two weeks later Uncle returned from Europe, and came to take me home, and the last sight I saw, as I entered the carriage, was Irene and her husband standing on the steps, his arm around her waist.

A strange feeling of calmness stole over me; my sisters were happy, and the peace that passes all understanding had fallen on me, for I felt I could freely say, "Father thy will be done."

THE FORGED WILL.

A few years since, a man of high respectability was tried in England on a charge of forging a will, in which it was discovered he had an indirect interest in a large amount. Mr. Warran was the associate prosecuting attorney, and the case was tried before Lord Denham.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with white or red wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed it."

"In his bed."

"Pray how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"A piece about three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his bed room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps it was four or five inches in length."

"Who lit that candle?"

"I lit it."

"What with?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantle shelf in the room"

Here Mr. Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—signed it in his bed—at his request you signed as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—a piece of wax, two, three or four inches long—he lit that wax with a piece of candle, which you procured for him from a cupboard—you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantle shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir, upon you solemn oath you did [illegible]

"My Lord, I [illegible]

☞ At the festival of a reformatory institution a gentleman is reported to have said: "I overcame the appetite you [illegible] gives me by one of the good physicians. The prescription is [illegible] doctor, and you will want neither liquor nor medicine." He [illegible] and find that liquor has become repulsive.

The little [illegible] my tongue, and I [illegible] what I did and [illegible] with my thanks.

☞ One pound of gold may be [illegible] into a wire that would extend round the

For the Transcript.

ANOTHER TALK WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

CLASSIFICATION—HOW TO KNOW ONE TREE OR PLANT FROM ANOTHER.

Dear Children:—Of the pupils of your schools there are hardly two exactly alike, in their features, complexion, hair, eyes, &c., and yet between some of them the likeness is so great that you soon learn that they are brothers and sisters, that they belong to the same family. So in regard to their studies; some can read so much better than others, that the teachers must put the best together, and then the next best, and so on down to the toddling little ones just beginning. Some are learning Grammar, some study Geography, some Philosophy, and some Algebra. In all these studies there are some farther advanced than others, and the best scholars are put together, and then the next, &c. These are classes.

If the teacher did not classify the pupils in this way, very little work would be done, because the longest day would be too short to teach each pupil separately. I think that many teachers have now too many classes. They generally have two or three in Arithmetic, as many in Grammar and Geography, and as high sometimes as six in Reading. The book makers and book sellers have brought this about that they may sell more books, but I think it is a great injury to you.

You know there are a great many words in the English language, and to learn each word and its uses separately would be a lifetime task. But being brought together in classes the difficulty disappears. Grammarians make at most only nine or ten classes, but eight, perhaps, is enough. All names are called nouns; man, boy, gun, girl, are all alike in *one thing*, they are names, and may all go in the same class, Nouns. So also is Walter, Mary, Robert and Ruth. Words which describe things like red, blue, pretty, good, all go into another class and are called adjectives or quality words. Those which denote action as run, read, play and jump, form another large class called verbs or action words. Now what is true of words in language, of the pupils in your school, and of their studies, is also true of animals and plants. The easiest way to learn them is to classify them. A man, and a dog and a bird and a fish are all animals. They are organized beings and can move from place to place by their own will. Yet they differ very much. Animals may be classified by their feet, their teeth, or other peculiarities. The dog and the cat have teeth fitted to tear flesh, and are flesh-eating animals and may therefore go into the class called Carnivora. But the horse and the cow cannot go in that class. But further, your dog and your sister's cat, although they agree in their diet, differ very widely as to how they shall catch it. The dog will chase the rabbit till the rabbit gives out, or gets so bewildered with fear that he runs right into the dog's jaws, while pussy creeps along so softly that she gets near enough to spring upon the mouse or bird before it is aware of danger. The dog cannot do this because he has no soft cushions under his feet like the cat, nor can he like her draw his claws up into his feet to prevent making the least noise. You will notice, too, that the cat has long hairs standing out on each side of her mouth, and many children think these are to aid them in smelling. But such is not the fact; these hairs serve as a guide to pussy when she is creeping upon her prey; if a twig should be in the way the sensitive hair gives her warning, and she can turn a little on one side, so as to make no noise by the snapping of the twig. The lion, tiger, leopard, panther, and all animals with cushioned feet, sheathing claws and long feelers may be put together, and as the word *felis* in Latin means cat, they are all said to be feline. Animals which eat grass are grass are called Graminivora. The cow and horse both eat grass, and grain, which is the seed of grass; but the cow chews her food long after it is eaten, and the horse does not. This chewing is called ruminating, and as the cow, the sheep and the deer ruminate, or chew the cud, they may be put together and called Ruminantia, or Rummants. It is important that you should clearly understand this matter of classification, and I hope you do. Important resemblances is the basis of classes. Now how is it with trees and plants? Exactly the same; put them into classes, and it is possible to learn and describe them. We cannot classify plants by teeth or feet because they have no such organs, but they have organs by which they may be classified; seeds as roots, stems, leaves, flowers, and fruit, all of which help. It is proper to tell you, however, that often plants and trees which you would not think at all alike, and in some respects so much alike as to go into the same class and family. For you would hardly think, for instance, that the great gnarled locust tree near your home door and the pea vine in the garden, with its fast-growing little red or white flowers were at all related, but they belong to the same family. The blossom of each of these resemble a butterfly—in Latin papilio. They are papilionaceous. The leaves are [illegible] belong to the family Leguminosæ. To know what a plant is you should examine the root, stem, leaf, flower, and if you can the fruit. By some of these you will find its class, order, genus and species. Take the tall hollyhock which grows in your garden; it has a tall, simple, hairy stem, wrinkled, heart-shaped leaves with five to seven lobes or divisions, and large flowers on very short footstalks or stems forming a long spike, the flowers are of various colors, seeds kidney shaped. Every plant that answers this description belongs to the same family, though the resemblance may not be perfect throughout. This is the Mallow family, or in Botany Malvaceæ. Cotton belongs to it, as also does that pretty plant the Abutilon. Next month I will talk to you about the different systems of classification. In the mean time you will do well to practice a little classification yourselves. Classify your books, the furniture in the house and kitchen, the animals you see, or any other things which may come in you way.

Can you tell why the cat and the bird are not in the same class? Is the whale and man in the same? With what would you class the rabbit? To what class do you think the Hippopotamus belongs? How would you class the hog?

UNCLE SAMSON.

A FALLEN PRINCE.

"John Prince has been sleeping in coalsheds," said his Honor, as the next prisoner appeared.

"Yes, that's so," sighed the prisoner.

"He has no cash—no credit at the corner grocery—no street car tickets—no home to go to."

"Purty true, Judge—purty true."

"All of which, John Prince, means that you are a vagrant.

"That's what I am. Two years ago I was worth two million dollars, and was called the biggest gun in Omaha."

"How did you lose your great wealth?" asked the court.

"Bet the hull pile on a dog fight, and my dog sold me out!" was the earnest reply.

"Well the next dog fight you see will be six months ahead. Or in other words, you are to be deposited for a half year."

"With a big dinner on the Fourth of July?"

"I can't say about that."

"I'm willing to go up," said the bankrupt, "but I want all the privileges accorded to any other distinguished guest. I want a stem-winding watch, box-toed boots, standing collar and a cane, and if they undertake to boss me around I'll leave."

"I'll fix that," said the court, and he wrote as follows and pinned it to the prisoners coat:

"Treat this man like a king, give him a front bed room, quail on toast, rice pudding, campagne and Havana cigars and have a waiter bring him in the daily papers on a silver salver.—*Detroit Free Press.*

VARIETIES.

It is not good for man to be alone. He should buy a dog.

The way to avoid suffering from corns is to have bay windows on your boots.

Ladies in Australia play cricket matches for the benefit of local charities.

It is not etiquette to tip a soup dish so as to scoop it out dry.

The room for improvement is probably the largest room in the world.

The oldest sort of fire-escape on record, is the fond husband who lies abed mornings.

Why is the watch-dog bigger by night than by day? Because he is let out at night.

This is the season, when daily, the trubadore, is touched with the light catarrh.

A Kentucky dealer has over a million dollars in whiskey. There's real estate for you.

Why is a dog biting his tail like a good manager? Because he makes both ends meet.

The Mercantile Library, of New York city, by recent large and valuable additions, now contains 170,000 volumes.

A colored orator, during the late campaign, declared that he never would sell his birthday for a nest of partridges.

In come tacks! exclaimed the editor of the New York Times, as he suddenly arose from a stool in a hardware store.

The best thing in the world is to take things as they come—take them easy—and take a good many of them.

Every minnow wants to be a whale; but it is best to be a little fish when you have but little water.

An advertiser in one of the [illegible] has a cottage to [illegible]

[illegible] requires [illegible] Hair [illegible] things [illegible] as they come? Parting with things as they go.

Human nature, nature is a friend to truth; nature is Christian, preaches to mankind and [illegible] dead matter said us in our creed.

MY SCHOOL.

READ BEFORE THE TEACHERS' COUNTY ASSOCIATION, ON THE FIFTH OF FEBRUARY,

BY MISS MARY C. HURLOCK.

I have had only a very short experience in teaching. But during the two months and-a-half that I have wielded the ruler some of my ideas and opinions in regard to teaching, have changed very materially. So much so, indeed, that it is with many misgivings that I submit these thoughts to your consideration. The most of you have been so much longer in the work than I have that, looking back at me from the heights of experience to which you have attained, my ideas and opinions will no doubt seem very crude and visionary to you. But even though you smile perhaps you may find something in my experience corresponding to your earlier feelings in regard to the matter. On taking charge of my school I found in it a number of boys but only one girl. As she was very good and easily taught, as girls usually are, I turned my attention principally to the boys and being very fond of order and system proceeded to study, classify and mentally label the different dispositions of which it was composed, so that I might know better how to deal with them. But when this was done, the discovery of new traits of character kept me continually changing my labels until I was forced to admit that the boy species was the only one that stayed on. The result is I am still studying them and find it as interesting as reading a story the plot of which opens on to new scenes and reveals new characters on each page. And my plan of discipline that was to be evolved from this classification, has shared the same fate. It is all important to have a plan for imparting instruction but the discipline must be as varied as the different phases of each disposition, and their name is legion. I never know what a day may bring forth. One day the children are so teachable and good, taking in new ideas with apparently little effort, and conducting themselves with perfect propriety. Then I think my difficulties all conquered and wonder how I could have thought teaching anything but delightful. But the next day, perhaps, they have not only forgotten all I taught them the previous day but they absolutely refuse to understand anything I tell them, and are so troublesome that I am constrained to believe that the heart of a boy deviseth mischief and that continually. But often the good does not last a whole day. After spending a pleasant forenoon I will send them out at noon and sitting down fall into a reverie over the pleasures of teaching and the sweetness of children. But this will be interrupted by discordant sounds from the play-ground, warning me that the current has set in the opposite direction. Not only do these influences—tidal waves if we may so call them—sweep over the whole school, but individual characters develop new and strange traits with puzzling rapidity. If I incline to grow listless or dull some amusing incident or "new departure" in the way of mischief rouses my attention or requires the use of all my faculties to prevent disorder. Each day the work is different. But the school room is more to me than an ever varying and amusing scene. It is a scene in which I have a part as a controlling and guiding influence. And the children are more, infinitely more, than pleasant little bits of animated nature. For, first they have a physical organization the most wonderful of God's creation and designed by the Great Builder as his own temple. This must be cared for not only because of its own importance but also because only through a healthy, well-trained body can the mind act properly. Then the restless, active minds. Some to be started on a voyage of discovery for hidden knowledge. Others already going in wrong directions to be brought back to the right path. All to be guided. Then the moral nature—the soul men call it—to be inclined to the right. All this has been partially entrusted to me to train for the High School of life, and for an eternity which is for which I know the highest school of all. Realizing the importance and sacredness of the task that I have undertaken, I feel that I must first sit at the feet of the Great Teacher and learn before I am competent to teach my school.

☞ Here is one of the reasons why a cigar dealer [illegible] with everybody: It contains [illegible] formic, butyric, valerics [illegible] and carbolic acids, [illegible] sulphuretted hydrogen, [illegible] picolines [illegible] and several other [illegible] are not healthy.

[illegible] ing, [illegible] other way to [illegible] about a severe cold in the [illegible] valoian said, "My friend, you [illegible] your feet wet last year."

☞ Observe method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then have its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous body of vices that make up her train.

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