The Chestertown Transcript.

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"I Wouldn't—Would You."

When a lady is seen at a party or ball—
Her eyes vainly turned in her fits of conceit,
As she peers at the gentlemen, fancying all
Are enchain'd by her charms, and would kneel at her feet,
With each partner coquetting—to nobod y true—
I wouldn't give muce for her *chances!*—would you ?"

When an upstart is seen on the flags strutting out,
With his hat cock'd aslant, and a glass in his eye ;
And thick clouds of foul smoke he stands puffing about,
As he inwardly says, "What a noble am I,"
While he twists his moustache for the ladies to view—
I wouldn't give much for his *senses:*—would you ?

When a wife runs about at her neighbors to pry,
Leaving children at home, unprotected to play ;
Till she starts back in haste at the sound of their cry,
And finds they've been fighting while mother's away,
Sugar eaten—panes broken—the wind blowing through ;
I wouldn't give much for her *comfort!*—would you ?

When a husband is idle, neglecting his work,
In the public-house snarling with quarrelsome knaves ;
When he gambles with simpletons, drinks like a Turk,
While the good wife at home for the poor children slaves,
And that home is quite destitute, painful to view ;
I wouldn't give much for his *morals:*—would you ?

When a boy at his school, lounging over his seat,
Sits rubbing his head, and neglecting his book,
While he fumbles his pockets for something to eat,
Yet pretendeth to read when his master may look,
Though he boasts to his parents how much he can do ;
I wouldn't give much for his *progress:*—would you ?

When a man who is driving a horse on the road,
Reins and whips the poor brute with unmerciful hand,
Whilst it willingly strives to haste on with its load,
Till with suff'ring and working it scarcely can stand ;
Though he may be a man, and a wealthy one too,
I wouldn't give much for his *feelings:*—would you ?

When a master who lives by his laborers' skill,
Hoards his gold up in thousands, still craving for more,
Though poor are his toilers he grindeth them still,
Or unfeelingly turns them away from his door:
Though he banketh his millions with claims not a few:
I wouldn't give much for his *conscience:*—would you?

When a tradesman his neighbor's fair terms will decry,
And keeps puffing his goods at a wonderful rate ;
E'en at prices at which no fair trader can buy ;
Though customers flock to him early and late ;
When a few months have fled, and large bills become due,
I wouldn't give much for his *credit:*—would you ?

When in murderous deeds a man's hands are embrued,
Tho' revenge is his plea, and the crime is conceal'd,
The severe stings of conscience will quickly intrude,
And the mind, self-accusing, can never be healed ;
When the strong arm of justice sets out to pursue,
I wouldn't give much for his *freedom:*—would you ?

When a husband and wife keep their secrets apart,
Not a word to my spouse about this, or on that :
When a trifle may banish the pledge of their heart,
And he naggles—she snaggles—both contradict flat ;
Tho' unequaled their love when its first blossom blew ;
I wouldn't give much for their *quiet:*—would you ?

When a man who has lived here for none but himself,
Feels laid on his strong frame the cold hand of death,
When all fade away—wife, home, pleasures and pelf,
And he yields back to God both his soul and his breath ;
As up to the judgment that naked soul flew—
I wouldn't give much for his *Heaven!*—would you ?

ALL OUT OF DRAWING.

One sultry, sunny afternoon in May "there might have been seen" in a large-sized room in an unpretentious building at Notting Hill, England, a goodly crowd of artists, many young and few old, that constituted the committee of the "Society of Water Colors"—not the society whose movements are chronicled with so much interest by all the art journals of Great Britain, but a little, simple-minded society composed of amateurs and young artists, with one or two veterans to give it backbone.

At the time our story opens they were sitting in judgment on the pictures sent in for their annual exhibition, and they looked critical and grave as befitted their task. Through the half-open door glimpse could be caught of several anxious ones ones in the reception-room waiting to know their fate. The talk hummed on among the committee, and at last the *fiat* went forth—all the pictures were to be admitted. To this one of the veterans —a good-looking man of thirty-five—objected.

'There is one really too abominably bad,' said he. 'That 'Scene from Macbeth :' it would never do to have that admitted.'

'Oh, come, Stretton, you are too particular. It will pass muster among the rest.'

'No it won't; it will be a disgrace to he exhibition. Just look at Macbeth's leg! and the color—perfectly raw! It will never do.'

So the hum began again, and the result was that the "Scene from Macbeth" was literally and figuratively turned face to wall

Stretton, satisfied at having saved the honor of the society, left the others to settle the remaining business, and was walking out of the room, when he came face to face with Boggs—a good-natured little amateur, who could not draw "any more than a frog what hasn't got no tail," but was immensely conceited to make up for it. He caught at Stratton eagerly.

'I say, old fellow, you've done it now. You know that picture you insisted upon turning out ? Well, it was painted by a young girl, and she was in the next room and heard every word that you said, and has gone home crying her eyes out.'

'By Jove!' exclaimed Stretton, looking dismayed, 'I'm awfully sorry. I wouldn't have had it happened for the world. Poor little thing! Confound my stupidity! I might have known better. What shall I do? Where is the picture?'

'She's taken it home with her,' said little Boggs.

'What an infernal idiot I was!' went on Stretton. 'Poor little girl! I say, Boggs, you're going my way. Suppose we lay our heads together and see what can be done ?'

'Very good,' said little Boggs.

The talk was not a long one, and our two friends did not loiter, yet they evidently accomplished something, for when they parted where their paths diverged, Stretton said : "Then you'll do it to-morrow, old fellow ?'

And little Boggs replied : 'I will, and report to you afterward.'

The next morning as the "poor little girl" sat painting away in a corner of her sitting-room, while her mother dozed and crocheted and lamented the days when Mr. Grierson was alive, and they did not have to live in lodgings, the dingy overgrown servant girl announced a gentleman to see Miss Grierson, and Mrs. Grierson fled to the adjoining bed-room despite her daughter's assurance that 'her dress was all right,' as little Boggs entered, looking very much as if he wished he hadn't come.

Miss Grierson remembered his face, and the bitter thought of her rejected picture made her turn in an both hot and cold.

Little Boggs introduced himself, and plunged *in medias res*. 'I'm awfully sorry that you heard what was said yesterday, and I—'

'It is a matter of no consequence at all,' interrupted Miss Grierson, with as much withering calmness as if poor little Boggs had called her picture 'abominably bad.'

'Well, but you know, Miss Grierson,' persisted little Boggs, 'I want to explain. I think you ought to know. My friend —at least Stretton, you know—he said that purely out of spite. He had a quarrel with your father once, and he did that just to spite you ; he says so himself. I thought it my duty to tell you. And I wouldn't be cut up about it at all, if I were you. I would just put it in Snell's window, and let the public judge. I did the same thing with one of mine, and it went off first-rate. Good-morning!' And little Boggs blundered out of the room, feeling like a fool, and looking much the same, it must be confessed.

Mis Grierson jumped up from her chair. 'What a contemptible wretch! To abuse my poor little picture and turn it out of the exhibition just from spite! And to think that he hated my poor father—'

'Who was it, Edith?' asked Mrs. Grierson, coming back into the room to her easy-chair.

'Some one from the society, mamma,' said Edith, shocking her rage.

'Does any one want to buy your picture ?'

'No, no, mamma; I am only advised to put it into Snell's window. I shall do it, and—well, we shall see.'

All the rest of the morning Edith sat nursing her anger as she plied brush and pencil. Her mortification was gone, and in its stead burned a fierce hatred toward Stretton. She would never forgive him, she vowed, hotly ; she would never, never forgive him. And she would be famous yet, and powerful, too. Perhaps the day might come when the tables would be turned. 'Abominably bad!' The picture should go to Snell's that very afternoon, and the public should judge as Mr. Boggs suggested.

And to Snell's it went, but not to remain long. The next morning, when Edith passed the shop, no blue and brick color Macbeth graced the window. With quite a "sensation" she entered, and learned that it had been sold an hour before to a gentleman who would like two more Shakepearean subjects, if she would paint them,

What an impetus that gave her! The path to glory seemed opening before her. She walked home as if crowned with laurel, and entered the little semi-detached house as she would the Temple of Fame.

The two Shakespearean subjects met with success, and put a few pounds in Edith's slender purse.

Mrs. Grierson began to complain that Edith never left her easel now except to go to Snell's ; then Edith would comfort her by promising her all sorts of luxuries when she should be a Royal Academician, or something equivalent to it.

Edith had the languid Italian temperament, inherited from her mother, but she also had the Italian vengefulness, and the insult she had received was a spur to her ambition. She worked and studied early and late, and if ever her energy flagged, one thought of the words that had been spoken, and the reason for which they were said, would sting her to the quick, and nerve her to even greater energy than before.

The path was much less thorny than she had expected ; she found herself, she scarcely knew how, put in the way of good models and works of instruction.—Then one or two celebrated artists began to notice the pictures with "E. G." tucked away in one corner, and the quiet little studio often held many an "R. A." Edith had long since removed to a "real studio," as Mrs. Grierson called it, and revealed in the good light and abundance of room, her pictures gaining color and strength like plants. None of them aspired to be "scenes from Macbeth" now. "E. G." had gained modesty with knowledge, and knew what was beyond her depth.

The years pass quickly by sometimes, and yet work wondrous changes, and when five had been counted from that May-day when Macbeth was turned out of the exhibition, "E. G." found herself really famous and nearly rich. Her mother could no longer lament by-gone days on the score of lodgings, for a pretty villa at Bayswater was their home, and the semi-detached house was a nightmare of the past.

Time cannot accomplish all things, however, and he had failed to quench Edith's bitter hatred toward Stretton, that burned as fiercely as when, a lustrum ago, she has first heard that he had reviled her picture out of spite. The tables were turned ; she was rich and he was poor, she was famous, and his name was scarcely known ; yet it seemed as if her triumph lacked the climax of revenge. But the time was not far distant when that finishing touch could be added if she chose.

One evening, at a little dinner party give in her honor, Edith heard that Stretton was very ill and in really destitute circumstances. She sat perfectly silent, while a small fire of ejaculations ran around the table. Nearly every one knew and liked Stretton, and were all "awfully sorry" or "very much distressed," as their inclinations were toward slang or pure English. Some wondered that, with his rare talent, he had not been more successful pecuniarily, but he seemed to neglect his opportunities ; he was rather a *dilettatate* in art ; it was a great pity, he was such a good fellow ; something must be done, etc., etc.

The fact was that Stretton was too true an artist to become a tradesman in his profession. He studied nature, and scorned all tricks—those tricks that make money in this world. Alas! he was before his age. Yet he was by no means a failure, and people were just beginning dimly to appreciate his wonderful ability, when his illness came on and "knocked his labors all endways," as little Boggs would phrase it. But that same illness brought out the kind, stanch English hearts, and his friends became his admirers, and his admirers friends,as the subject was discussed over fish and game Edith merely looked grim, and asked for his address, which she took down carefully in her note-book.

The following day she fought the whole thing out in her mind : she would go and visit him in all the glory of her prosperity ; she would let him see that the artist, whose picture he had treated with such open scorn, had found success ; but—She checked herself ; it was not right to give way to such feelings. The poor fellow was sick and helpless ; she should not go and see him just from revenge. She began to think that cherishing hatred had warped one side of her nature. Once she would have shrunk with horror from trampling on a fallen foe—'hitting a fellow when he was down.' He certainly had behaved contemptibly, but—Well, she would forgive him, and go to him in Christian charity ; and at the same time, she would not object to his being conscious that she had prospered. So that afternoon, with what are called mixed motives, I believe, she stepped into her little brougham, dressed in the richest of black silks to express a long bank account, and carrying a basket of peaches and white grapes to express the Christian charity part.

She stopped at a careworn-looking house, where a neat, faded old woman opened the door, and, upon Mr. Stretton being inquired for, directed her to the second floor, front. She was lame, or she would go up herself, and her sister was out who usually answered the bel." So Miss Grierson mounted the stairs alone, and tapped at the "second floor, front." In a moment little Boggs appeared, with very red eyes, and rather sternly ushered her in, without a word of greeting.

Edith began graciously : 'How do you do, Mr. Boggs ?' I came—'but she stopped short, petrified. Was that her 'Scene from Macbeth' hanging over the mantle-piece ? As sure as it was the twenty-first of May, and that she was alive and breathing. And what were those smaller ones on either sides ? Two studies from Shakespeare, with 'E. G.' in the corner. She slowly surveyed the walls. They were covered with her earliest pictures—those that she had carried to Snell's with her own hands.

'Well, you've found it out at last,' said little Boggs, watching her with folded arms.

'What does it mean ?' she grasped.

'Mean !' cried little Boggs, recklessly. 'Well, he can't live more than two hours, and you might as well know all. It means that he has sacrifice his whole life,' said Boggs.

And there, in that little 'second floor, front,' that warm May afternoon, Edith Grierson heard the whole story—how Stretton had bought her pictures and praised them to other people ; how he had neglected opportunities, that she might profit by them ; how he had helped her in secret and served her like a slave : wasted his life. his time, his talents, to atone for a few hasty words that he had spoken and she had over heard.

Miss Grierson just sat down on the hardest chair in the room, and began to cry, with her face hidden in her hands. 'But I thought he had a spite against me ?' she said at length.

'Spite !' snorted little Broggs, with unreasonable fierceness, considering that he had given her the impression himself.—'He never had a spite against any one in his life. He made me come and tell you that, because he thought you wouldn't feel so mortified then at what you had heard.'

Miss Grierson lifted her head, and looked at the 'Scene from Macbeth.' Well, it is 'abominably bad,' she said, and smiled through her tears.

Little Boggs was not touched by this concession one whit ; he still continued to regard her fiercely, and would no doubt have said something piercing sharp but she turned imploring.

'Is he really dying ?'

'Well, no,' returned little Boggs ; 'but he is in great danger.'

'Boggs !' called a faint voice from the next room.

Miss Grierson started up. 'Here is some fruit—perhaps he may like,' she said, thrusting the little basket in his hand. 'I'll come to-morrow. Let me know if—I can—do anything.' So the fruit brought in half triumph was given in whole kindness.

'God bless you!' said little Boggs, relenting at her tear-stained face. Then she hurried from the room, and he went on tiptoe to Stretton's bedside.

'Well old fellow, how do you feel now ?'

'Eh ?' said Stretton, languidly.

'How do you feel ?—never mind ; you needn't speak, old boy. Who do you think has been here ? Miss Grierson !—'E. G.' you know old fellow ; and she has brought you these grapes—aren't they jolly, old fellow ?—and she's coming to-morrow. Don't you think you'll be able to see her, old boy ?'

'I know I shall, said Stretton, very slowly.

The rest of my story is soon told. Edith and her mother came the next day, and the next—in fact, every day ; and though kind friends flock to the sick bed, as is the wont of Englishmen, only too anxious to do anything, they constituted themselves the chief ones. And after a while people began to understand ; and by-and-bye, when a quiet little wedding took place in the old church at Notting Hill, I don't think that any one was very much surprised.

Stretton and his pretty wife—for Edith was pretty, though I have never mentioned it before—have never had a disagreement but once, and that was when he wanted the 'Scene from Macbeth' hung in the drawing room, and she would not have it, because it was 'too abominably bad.'

The cultivation of the heart should be like that of a garden, where we prune the weeds before we begin to plant.

A person always meets with a warm reception at a hotel. The minute he arrives he is placed on the register.

Immodest works admit of no defence for want of decency is want of sense.

The worst stop in a hand-organ is when it stops in front of your house.

ANTIDOTES.

Our attention has been arrested frequently, in crossing the Jersey City ferry, by a somewhat striking advertisement in the cabin, of an opium antidote. It is appropriately headed by a symbolical lion going about "seeking whom he may devour," bearing on his breast a banner with the inscription, "Opium Habit cured." Dr. J. B. Madison, of Brooklyn, N. Y., having a praiseworthy desire to discover the valve of this addition to the *materia medica*, succeeded in procuring a supply of this antidote, which he put into a chemist's hands for analysis. The result attained was as follows :

Water.....	28.66
Glycerine.....	66.89
Crystal sulphate of morphia	4.45

It is clear that the inventor has not only discovered a new element in *materia medica*, but a new principle in therapeutics. Our readers hardly need to be told that "morphia" is a form of opium. The poison itself is prescribed by this benefactor as an antidote.

Dr. Madison has examined several of these advertised opium antidotes, all with substantially the same result.

A few weeke ago we received for insertion in our columns. an advertisement of a remedy "warranted to cure drunkenness." The advertisement stated that the remedy could be given by a wife or mother to the husband or son without the knowledge of the patient, and with complete efficacy. We declined the advertisement, and a week or two after the gentleman who offered it called to see us. He declared that his specific had been investigated by a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, and if we understood him, had been approved by them ; and we promised him, on receiving the evidence of that approval, that his advertisement should be inserted in our columns. The evidence has not come. We charge him nothing for this advertisement of his remedy.

Opium-eating and dram-drinking are acts of vicious self-indulgence. Physical remedies may help the repentant who are seeking to break away from the chains which bind them, but no physical habit can cure a man of an appetite who does not wish to be cured. We advise our readers to shun all such prescriptions.

We may add to this that, in general, it is wise to take no medicine except such simple remedies as are in use in every household, unless on the prescription of a well-educated physician. If, however, you are resolved to prescribe for yourself, at least see to it that you know the contents and character of the prescription. Do not take from an unknown physician an unknown medicine. There are few general rules that do not have some exceptions, but we know of no rule which has fewer exceptions than this one.—*Christian Union.*

☞ While the votaries of pleasure, the slaves of business, the sons of science, and the possessors of power, with their disappointed souls, are eagerly inquiring, 'Who will show us any good ?' the petition of the believer is, 'Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance upon us.' Whenever God hides his face from his people, either on account of their sin or as a Sovereign, they are said to walk in darkness. God does sometimes hide his face, and then it is with his people as with the plants which droop in the absence of the sun ; but He never leaves them too long. 'For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee, for a moment ; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, said the Lord, thy Redeemer.' His presence illuminates their paths ; when they lie down they have the assurance that they are under his protection, and when they awake they are still with Him. This cheers them in every path of duty, in every trial of faith, and in every dispensation of providence ; wherever they go, and in whatever situation they are placed, the light of God's countenance shines upon them."—*Canon Bardsley*, (Exposition of the 89th Psalm).

☞ "When I am weak, then I am strong :" when I am most sensible of my own weakness, then am I strongest in the Lord ; His strength is then perfectad in me. And His strength is put forth, in the effectual working of it, by believing. It is not, neither can it be inherent in them who, without Christ, can do nothing ; but it is brought in by faith. Nor does faith bring it in to lodge it, or lay it up in store till it shall be wanted, but when it is wanted, faith then regards the promise, looks up to Christ to fulfill it, and receives strength out of His fullness. And being His, freely promised, and freely given, it is, therefore, called the strength of grace : "Thou, therefore, my son," says Paul to Timothy, "be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."—*Romaine.*

Life passes, work is permanent. It is all going—fleeting and withering. Youth goes. Mind decays. That which is done remains. Through ages, through eternity, what you have *done for God*, that and only that, you are. Deeds never die

A TIMELY WARNING.

He was an elderly man of remarkably thin features. His dress consisted of a high-crowned hat, a worn black suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limpid and scrumbled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. He entered a saloon on Pearl street, and after saluting the bar-tender, and making some comments on the "disagreeableness of the weather," backed up against the stove, and proceeded to enjoy the cheerful warmth thereof.

A second party entered the room,

He was a young man, and his makeup styled him a verdant country youth.

He approached the bar and signified to the waiter that he wished for a glass of whiskey, which was placed before him. After paying for the beverage he rested one arm upon the bar, and was passing the glass to his lips when the thin man sprang to his side and in an excited voice cried :

"Young man, beware !"

"Wh-wha-what ?" said the countryman, as he, half frightened, emptied a portion of the beverage out on the floor.

"Set down that cup," continued the slim man. "It's loathsome dregs are remorse, disgrace and death."

"No 'taint, it's whiskey," said the youth, and again attempted to imbibe; but the slim man held down his arm and yelled :

"Set down that cup. A demon's spirit is hidden in its sparkling potion."

"Is there ?" inquired the verdant, staring hard at the thin man, and setting the glass on the bar.

"The evil is contagious and the infection death," continued the slim man.

"You don't mean it ?" replied the other in a frightened voice.

"Distilled by fire that scarce is quenched, it kindles fire in the soul that burns and burns, still burning until a bleak desolation of all that is pure and noble," resumed the thin man. "Set down that cup or fear the overwhelming woe of a drunkard's doom !"

"Oh, my, Jiminy!" moaned the young man, turning pale, and leaning on the bar for support.

"Look forward with hope ; but beware," continued the thin man, "there are fascinations which charm one on, where virtue shrinks with horror. There are enticements which draw the wavering from the road of honor, and which even beguile the innocent to the abandonment of all that adds beauty to the youthful character or honor to the name of man. The rapids are surging around you ; hear you not the thunders of the fall ?"

But there was no one to answer his question, the young man had fled, and the thin man, turning to the bar-tender, said :

"It would be a shame to throw away that whiskey these hard times," and so drank it himself.

WHAT WE ARE.

Not what we *do* alone, but what we *are*, decides our final destiny. But what we are depends largely upon what we have *done*. A life of persistent iniquity, or of weak and easy yielding to temptation, writes its awful history upon a blackened and ruined soul. Some one has said—"Sow an act, and reap a habit ; sow a habit, and reap a character ; sow a character, and reap a destiny." It is much easier to commit a second sin that it was to commit the first ; and it is harder to repent of the second than to repent of the first. The sinful man becomes blind; his conscience seared ; his soul is held under the dominion of Satan, and he is led captive by the tempter at his will. Thus the life which we have lived confronts us whenever we turn and seek to walk in the better way. Not only do the sins which we have committed sting us with remorse, and haunt us with baleful shadow, but the impress which they have made upon our souls, the stains which they have left, and the mental and moral deterioration which they have caused, may unfit us for the better life and the better destiny, however much we may desire it.

Let us make haste not only to escape from punishment, but escape that which deserves punishment ; and which brings punishment ; and if we learn to hate sin and flee from it, and fear it, we shall find that in hating all iniquity we prepare ourselves for the kingdom and society of Him who loved righteousness and hated wickedness, and who was anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows, and sits at God's right hand until His enemies be made His footstool.—*Armory.*

Lessons from a Lamp.—Live to be useful. Live to give light. Live to accomplish the end for which you were made, and quietly and steadily shine on, trying to do your duty. For those who are enabled through grace to shine as lights here shall, in the world to come, shine as suns and stars forever and ever.

☞ Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated ; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Much jewelry is vulgar,

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.

Unsweetened coffee cures bad breath.

Let them obey who know how to rule.

Time will teach him who has no teacher.

In going up or down stairs precede the lady.

Short nails make the finger tips grow broad.

Address your wife as "Mrs.," your husband as "Mr."

He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

Fortune does not change men ; it only unmasks them.

He is the greatest who chooses to do right at all times.

Whoever conquers indolence can conquer most things.

Reprove thy friend privately; commend him publicly.

Prayer is the key of the morning and the bolt at night.

A girl should not stroll away with a gentleman at a picnic.

Your goodness must have some edge to it, else it is none.

No gentleman will smoke in a lady's presence without permission.

A pink ribbon under the chin makes a pale woman look brighter.

No man respects a girl who flirts, though he may flirt with her.

A man's temper is most valuable to himself, and he should keep it.

To do our best when we know it can be only second best is noble.

Ambition is the germ from which all growth of nobleness proceeds.

An engagement of marriage is little less sacred than an actual marriage.

A married man has no right to be familiar with another lady, not a relative.

A great mistake—to hold one's self too high, and rate one's self too cheap.

Riches, though they may reward virtues, cannot cause them.

No man has been matriculated in the art of life till he has been well tempted.

Temptation rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure time that men are made or marred.

Industry is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all nations.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie, for an excuse is a lie guarded.

This world would be a dreadfully silent place if people talked as little as they thought.

Never cross knife and fork on your plate. Lay them nearly and carelessly parallel.

Never despise humble services ; when large ships run aground, little boats may pull them off.

The darkest side of the road to heaven is brighter than any part of the broad way that leads to destruction.

Truth is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line.

Cromwell says that one never goes so far as when one does not know whither he is going.

If you have religion you need not tell people about it; they will find it out after trading with you for a little while.

Men will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; they know us by our works, which are visible to them.

Precious things in art, as in nature, are seldom spontaneous, but require growth and deliberation beyond the germ.

☞"Have you been converted ?' was one of the inquiries put to a young man, applying for a place in a large dry goods store.

'No, sir.'

'Do you belong to the Y. M. C Ass ?'

'No, sir.'

'Are you a member of the Y. M. C, T ?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then young man there is no hope for you here ; our firm employ none but Y, M. C. Ass's.'

☞An American contractor heard with disgust that cities in China have streets paved with granite blocks which were laid over three hundred years ago, and are as good as new.

'There's one thing about it though,' he said, brightening up, 'the fellows that laid them pavements are dead, I reckon, anyhow.'

☞A Scotch clergyman was seen trudging home on Monday morning with a stout cod he had just bought, and was accosted with :

'Mr. Duncan, did you know that fish was caught on Sunday ?'

The minister, in his characteristic, blunt manner, replied :

'Well, well, the fish is not to blame for that, my man.'

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