POETRY.

WHO IS BLESSED?

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds;
Not the man of passion,
Results the world's renown;
Not in the form of fashion
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the man whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the man whose storehouse
Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly hearted
Cometh a blessing down.

HARD TO PLEASE.

Said she, "Pray tell me if you can,
Why men so bashful are?
They fall in love and dream, and sigh,
And worship us afar;
But when they strive to tell the tale,
They stutter, hesitate and fail.

"We ladies like a man, you know,
One not afraid to speak."—
And here I thought a blush appeared,
Upon the maiden's cheek;
Then to myself I said. "I see
This maiden's heart belongs to me."

Then out I spake, "O Lady fair,
My heart, my life is thine!
Since I boldly speak my love,
Pray, wilt thou not be mine?"
"No Sir," said she, with wondering stare—
"Strange how presuming some men are!"

MISS PRUE'S CAMPAIGN.

The silver-leafed poplars, down by the little gate, were beginning to throw long shadows over the grass, one July afternoon, when Lottie, pink-robed and white-aproned, fluttered out of the farm-house, and seated herself on the low, broad door-stone. It was cooler there, and she liked to watch the shifting light and shade on the grass, she said reassuringly to herself, while a faint flush swept over her cheeks, because her eyes would keep wandering down the road. Hezekiah, Aunt Prue's youth-of-all-work, had gone to the village post-office, and it was almost time for him to return. That was nothing. Hezekiah went nearly every day; and Lottie resolutely turned her head the other way as she heard the click of the gate-latch, and only half-looked into the tidy kitchen where Aunt Prue was making biscuit for tea, at the sound of his shuffling step on the floor.

'Here's the *Brownsville Herald*, Miss Camp, and there wasn't no letters there.'

'Didn't say I expected any, did I?' demanded Miss Prudence, receiving the paper between a floury thumb and finger, and depositing it carefully on a shelf by the clock.'

The leaf-shadows suddenly lost their charm; the fresh green yard looked lonely. Lottie pressed her lips closely together for a moment. and then vehemently whispered, 'You little goose!' Surely she was not expecting any letter—only there *might* have been one.

'Saw some feller in soldies clo'es walkin' up from the depot—home on a furlough, s'pose. Looked considerable like that young Huntley,' remarked Hezekiah with a peculiar drawing down of his light eyebrows, and a sidelong glance toward the open door.

'That's no concern of ours,' responded Miss Prudence sharply.

None at all. Lottie started, then mentally repeated her complimentary opinion of herself, but this time more softly, with a quick light flashing into her eyes.

Hezekiah evidently had something on his mind. He stumbled and blundered even more awkwardly than usual in bringing in the wood and water for the night, hung the tongs up carefully instead of the dipper, and had almost emptied the last pail of water into the wood-box before he noticed what he was about. He made suggestive remarks to the effect that, 'It was queer how things did happen anyway,' and that 'Nobody never knew what would turn up.' And when these failed to elicit any questions from the inattentive ladies, he lingered about the stove, making a pretence of rattling out the ashes and adjusting the tea kettle.

'Heard some news up to the village today.'

'I'll warrant you! if there was any,' commented Miss Prudence, dryly.

'Well, its sort of stunnin'. They say John Morgan and his men is raiding just promiscuous, and—'

'Humph! that's been in the papers this two weeks.'

'Well, it hain't been in the papers that they was clear out of Kentuckey into Ohio, I guess, and makin' straight for our place, and the melishy all turned out in the village, and everything,' retorted Hezekiah, stung by such indifference into pouring out his tidings in a flood.

'There! I knew just how it would be; I've always said so!' cried Miss Prudence, dropping her biscuit cutter and turning around with a curiously mingled expression of dismay and triumph. 'I've expected it from the first. Dear! dear!'

What Miss Prudence once suspected she always believed, and what she believed, she knew to a certainty, so it happened that her knowledge on many points was greater than that of most people, and, because of the way in which it was acquired, it was perfectly argument proof. Ohio was near to the border; their village was in Ohio, and they were in a lonely farmhouse, a mile from the village; and she had prophesied disaster from the first. Lottie's faintly urged suggestion that the village was a small one, and not on the direct route to anywhere in particular, was quenched at its first utterance. And now who was right?

'Yes, sir, I s'pose we'll see times! General—oh, what ye-call him?—Shackleford is after him right smart, but he's a good piece behind him, ye see; and they say Morgan's men eats thing, and robs and cuts things generally where they stops—jest helps themselves to whatever they like. I 'low I'd as soon he would'nt come,' pursued Hesekiah, encouragingly. And having at least created as great a commotion as he could desire, he betook himself to the barn to look after the horses.

A few moments of silence succeeded his exit; then Miss Prudence took up her work again. 'Expect we'll have to eat our suppers to-night, anyway,' she remarked grimly, and charged upon the unoffending dough as if it had been a mortal enemy. Visions of her meat-barrel emptied, her poultry with their necks wrung, and her grandmother's silver teapot borne off under the arm of a marauder, filled her too full for speech, but sundry emphatic jerks of the head betokened a temper by no means submissive.

Lottie, left to her own reflections, bestowed less thought, if the truth must be told, upon the whole Southern Army than upon a single young lieutenant in the opposing ranks. She wondered if Hezekiah really had seen him at the depot. She should know it to-morrow if he had come. Her heart gave a little ecstatic throb, then sank suddenly at a remembrance of its undutifulness, for Aunt Prudence 'didn't like Dick Huntley, nor any of the Huntleys,' as she affirmed most decidedly on all occasions, and having once intrenched herself in that position, what should move her? Her first knowledge of the family had been a chance meeting with Mrs. Huntley in a store, upon which unfortunate occasion that lady had looked at her through an eye-glass. 'Stared at me through her telescope as if I was a natur'l curiosity,' rehearsed Miss Prudence, indignantly, and as whatever she knew, she knew thorougly, she was fully assured that 'that woman was one of your starched, high-flyin' simpletons, that her family must all be after the same pattern, and that she never could, would, or should like any of them.' Lottie had learned to wonder, since then, how anybody could help liking her brave, great-hearted, generous Dick; but arguments were rather worse than useless with Aunt Prue, and she knew it.

'Yet she is so good when she is good at all, Dick, and she loves me, and has taken care of me ever since I was a little motherless baby. I can't break her dear, knotty, blessed old heart for anybody; I never will!' Lottie had informed the young gentleman in a burst of affectionate resolve and regret. 'And so—well—' and there

'I wish she didn't love you quite so much, since she is determined to like me so little,' commented Dick, discontentedly.

'If only she could happen to do something for you,' pursued Lottie, meditatively. 'She is sure to think a great deal of anyone after once she has shown them a kindness—even if it was almost accidental. I think her heart really is so full of goodness after all, that she can't stop it when once it breaks through in any direction.'

'Oh, if that is all, I'm sure she might do me a most inestimable favor!' began Dick, with fervid impressiveness. But that was bringing the subject around to the starting point again, and as travelling in a circle never leads one out of the wood, their course had grown no clearer.

And now he was Lieutenant Huntley, and home on a furlough—if Hezekiah hadn't been mistaken—and she should be so glad to see him. But Aunt Prue—oh dear! and Lottie's reverie drooped dejectly. Hezekiah enlivened the evening by exhibiting before their mental vision, in occasional cheerful suggestions, a running panorama of burning barns, stolen horses, devastated fields. He tried to be apprehensive himself, but he was a youth with such genius for keeping out of danger, that he had little to fear personally, and the anticipation of what he might see proved almost as exhilarating as if it were his favorite circus coming to town.

The blue-coats and grey-coats, flitting through the different brains, made the usually quiet sleepers wakeful that night. Everyone thought the hours long; the old clock in the kitchen seemed to move more slowly than ever before, and the first flush of dawn was greeted eagerly.

'I want you to go into town as soon as you can, this morning, Hezekiah, and find ont what's doing,' said Miss Prudence, with the result of her night's study written in determined lines on her face, when the household assembled at the early breakfast. 'And you may take the whole lot of this year's chickens along, and sell 'em for anything you can get. I don't care about having any left but the old hens, and that old Mathuselah of a rooster—I rather think if anybody waits for him to stew tender, he won't travel much further while this war lasts.'

'Yes'm,' answered Hezekiah with unwonted alacrity. Going to the village was precisely in accordance with his taste, and he displayed remarkable celerity in ''tendin' to the chores,' and positive brilliancy when it came to catching the chickens, so that he was soon ready to depart.

'Hezekiah,' said Miss Prudence, rather hesitatingly, 'there's that old musket up in the garret, you know. It isn't the least mite likely anybody will want to use it; but, then, if it was loaded—it wouldn't do any harm, as I can see.'

'Charge her up if ye say so,' assented the warlike Hezekiah, with a little chuckle of delight. 'Fix her so ye can drop a feller the first pop.'

'I told you it wasn't likely I'd touch it, didn't I?' repeated the lady with a sort of sharpness. She had the weapon brought down and loaded, however, watching it with suspicious eyes until it was carefully put away behind the door.

'Hezekiah!' she called once more, as that youth was disappearing through the gate, 'Mind you hurry back; there's no use in your hanging round the village half the day.'

But Hezekiah considered himself out of listening distance, and wisely forbore to hear the remark.

It was a lovely morning—a soft breeze swaying the vine-leaves, and bird songs floating in at every door and window; but the sweet stilliness, that breathed only peace on other days, brought a strange unrest on this one, and grew unutterably oppressive, at last, as the hours crept slowly by. Hezekiah did not return, and no tidings reached them from the outer world, from which they seemed suddenly to have been isolated. The eyes of the two women turned alike often and anxiously up the dusty road, though with a different hope aad expectation in them. As the forenoon wore away, Miss Prudence's impatient ejaculations concerning Hezekiah's hurrying grew less frequent, and she began to busy herself with certain grim, mysterious preparations. She produced from an old black wallet a small roll of greenbacks, and drawing off her shoe, deposited the money in the toe of her stocking. Then she brought forth her treasured silver tea-pot, placed her silver spoons and an old watch that had belonged to her father, with it, and remembering the scarcity of drugs in the confederacy, patriotically added a bottle of paregoric and a vial of camphor. She enclosed the whole in a bandbox, emptied of her best cap for the purpose and then arming herself with a spade, dug a hole in the garden, and buried her treasures.

'There!' she exclaimed, returning flushed, but triumphant, 'none of that lot'll be found in a hurry, I'll warrant!'

Her courage and ingenuity appeared to increase with the certainty that she had only herself to depend upon for putting her castle in a state of defence. Lottie watched with unspoken wonder the hiding away of their best bonnets, not quite able to understand what any soldier, enemy, or otherwise, could want with such articles; but when Miss Prudence caught up the family Bible, and hastily wrapping it in a newspaper, stuffed it up the chimney, her astonishment found voice.

'Why, Aunt Prue! you don't suppose they would be insane enough to steal a Bible—a great one like that, too, they couldn't carry after they had got it?'

'You don't know anything about war, child,' retorted Miss Prudence loftily. 'I've read of their making raids into towns, and destroying the records, many a time; and I don't want the births, deaths, and marriages of the whole Camp family tore up, I can tell you!'

The good lady's energy soon secured safe nooks for her most valuable possessions—all but Lottie. Her gaze rested uneasily upon the girl's fair face, and after a few moment's anxious pondering, she proposed her going up to the attic. 'Look out the window a bit, you know, and see if anybody's coming,' she added hastily, by way of explanation; murmuring to herself as the light foot died away, 'If I could only contrive some place to keep her out of the way!'

'Aunt Prue! Aunt Prue!' called Lottie's clear voice from the stairway. 'Come up here a minute, do.'

That attic window overlooked broad, rich fields and running slopes, and away to the westward showed the grand old hills, with all the beauty of summer upon them, but Miss Prudence's eyes saw only the short line of distant highway, along which a body of mounted men were moving.

'It's them,' she said in answer to Lottie's questioning glance, her lips growing a shade paler with the words, but closing resolutely.

'It is too far off to see very well, but I should not think they were in uniform,' urged Lottie.

'That's no difference, they wear everything. Of course it must be them. What else would such a lot of men be together for?'

'The village road crosses the one they are on just a little below them, and they will probably go in that direction, whoever they are. I don't believe we shall see any more of them,' pursued Lottie, but half interrogatively.

'There's no telling what they'll do, just as likely to take this way as the other, and the orchard hides the turn in the road, so there's no seeing what they're about. Oh, that good-for-nothing Hezekiah! You stay here, child, while I run down and lock the doors.'

The riders disappeared behind the orchard trees, and Lottie waited, trembling and excited, yet scarcely able to believe that there was any real cause for fear. A body of hostile cavalry riding down upon her secluded home seemed too story-like to be true. If a few did stop, it would only be for provision. They were rough men, though. Well, she would be almost willing to be frightened a little if only Dick could know, and come to their rescue. Surely then Aunt Prue—But Lottie's thoughts broke off midway, and the color faded swiftly away from her cheek—Dick, a Union officer, alone among so many enemies! What might they not do to him? 'No! no! whatever happens, I hope he will stay away,' she whispered with a shudder.

Miss Prudence closed shutters, and bolted doors carefully, making a speedy tour of the lower floor; the taking up the old musket, and carrying it cautiously at arm's length, re-ascended the stairs. At the top of the first flight she paused for a moment, and with an uneasy fear that something might have been neglected, entered her own room. All was safe there, no valuables in sight, and she was turning away when through the open window she caught a glimpse of a blue-coat, and a second hasty glance revealed a man in uniform already hurrying up the walk.

'I knew they'd come! I was just sure of it! Oh, that Hezekiah!' she murmured frantically. What should they do? There would be more of them in a minute or two, and all her desperate desire to prevent their entrance revived. If only there were a few armed men inside to protect the place! She glanced down at her musket. No, she didn't want anybody killed, after all, but if the house were only guarded, they could probably be driven off, and nobody hurt much. And just there a brilliant stratagem flashed into Aunt Prue's mind. She might frighten this one so that he would keep others from coming! How could he tell how many were in the house? She pushed the barrel of her weapon through the window, and with the merciful intention of only alarming, aimed at nothing in particular, and shutting both eyes, pulled the trigger. The flash and report were followed by a startled exclamation from without; then a loud halloo that was answered by a scream from the attic, and the next moment Lottie rushed down the stairs crying, 'Oh, Aunt Prue! what have you done?' but waiting for no reply, sped on to the door, and unfastened bolts and locks.

Luckless aunt Prue! She slowly arose from the floor to which she had dropped, rubbed her eyes, and gazed out the window in bewilderment to see what she had done. There on the walk stood Dick Huntley, his right arm supporting his left arm, from which the blood was flowing, while Lottie was beside him pale and tearful.

'Mercy on us!' exclaimed the unfortunate warrior as she comprehended the scene. 'If I'd only aimed at him he'd have been safe enough, and now I've hit him for sure; and he's no raider either. Was there ever such a mess?'

'Oh! Aunt Prue, can't you do something for him?' called Lottie's distressed voice, and Miss Prudence in great discomfiture, abandoned the ramparts for the hospital.

The injury proved but a flesh wound—an ugly one Miss Prudence thought, and Lottie grew faint and sick at the sight, but the young lieutenant made light of it. Just a rough cut, that was all. Still, if Miss Camp would fix it up a little, so that he could go back to the village——'

'Oh, for that matter, I fancy I could do it up as well as any doctor of 'em all!' interposed Miss Prudence with a touch of professional pride, 'though I can't say as I shot you for the sake of having a patient,' she added, breaking into an awkward, incoherent apology, and wishing her victim were any one but Dick Huntley.

Not so wished Dick. He was secretly delighted with the whole affair, and while Miss Camp bathed, cut strips of adhesive plaster, and applied bandages, he explained how he had come home unexpectedly, and found his mother and sisters away for a week's visit. Then hearing reports that an invasion of the village was expected, he had feared that Miss Camp and Miss Lottie might be alarmed by the story, and had to come out to reassure them.

'Morgan and a party of his men did pass some twenty miles below here, last night, but they were closely pursued, and trying to cross the river. There was no inducement whatever for them to come in this direction; and the militia who went out from the village last evening were returning a few minutes ago.'

Miss Prudence's touches grew more tender as she listened, and began to admire the manly coolness and bravery. She did not like Dick Huntley, or any of the Huntleys, but since she had done what she had, and his folks were away from home, she couldn't do less than ask him to stay to tea, she said to herself a little later; and the invitation was readily accepted.

'Seeing I've begun to take care of your arm, and your folks ain't home, I don't know but I might as well finish what I've begun—if you have nothing better to do than come out here every day or two, and let me dress it,' she said, though not altogether graciously, as he was taking his departure. She looked relieved, however, when he acceded to the proposition. The days went by, and the healing progressed favorably; but by the end of the third visit, Aunt Prudence looked troubled. For hours she went about her work silently, but with a queer twitching about her lips that betokened an inward struggle, and at last she stopped by Lottie's chair, and said, hesitatingly:

'I've been thinking, child, maybe that Huntley woman *might* have been nearsighted after all, and couldn't help it.'

That was all; but Lottie knew that there had been a victory, and the Heaven-born charity, that thinketh no evil, and hopeth all things, had vanquished prejudice. There was no more opposition to Dick; and since the war, the old farmhouse has not been defenceless. Hezekiah still renders himself useful—or useless, as the case may be—about the place, but Aunt Prue remarks proudly:

'There's not much danger of things going far wrong with a man like Captain Huntley to look after them.'

RANDOM READINGS

The turn of the tide—The divorce court.

A new name for tight boots—a corn crib.

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

A girl has a ringing laugh when she is a belle,

What has a cat that nothing else has? Kittens.

How to make a slow horse fast? Don't feed him.

When is charity like a bee? When it begins to hum.

—Although Parisians ate 5000 horses last year many Frenchmen say "neigh" to horse steaks.

My Lady's epigram—Male is only mule spelt wrongly.

The London *Times* says that great men are always in debt.

Nimrod was a mighty hunter, but he never saw an aunt elope.

Honest ducks dip their heads under water to liquidate their little bills.

Don't quarrel with a Spiritualist. He can always turn the tables on you.

As the eagle flies high above the highest mountain, so does true and holy love above struggling duty.

How quietly might many a one live, if he could care as little for the affairs of others as he does for his own.

While witnessing a game of base ball at Mount Stewart, a boy was struck in the back of the head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.

Allow a boy to run at large one year in indolence, and you have laid the foundation of his future ruin.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so: but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Josh Billings says: There ain't enything that will kompletely kure lazyness, though a second wife has been known to hurry it some.

If a sense of the ridiculous is all there is in a man, he had better have been an ape at once, and so have stood at the head of his profession.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed a lady in a witness-box, "how should I know anything about anything I don't know anything about?"

There was a room with eight corners In each corner sat a cat; before each cat sat seven other cats; and on each cat's tail sat a cat. How many were there in all?

And John selected the meek-eyed, fair-haired maiden who thus stood the test; and he never had an occasion to regret his choice. She proved to be a wife who looked well to the ways of her household, and her heart had no lack of faith and love.

Tipkins aroused his wife from a second sleep the other night, saying he had seen a ghost in the shape of an ass. "O, let me sleep," was the reply of the irate dame, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

A young Lady of Lyons, Iowa, recently said, "Some men are always talking about patronizing their own town—always harping on that duty—and yet they go abroad to get married, while here we all stand waiting! I do hope that some of the men who marry Eastern women may get cheated!"

A school boy being requested to write a composition on the subject of "pins," produced the following: Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women and children—in fact whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher, and the boy replied, "Why, by not swallowing them." This matches the story of the other boy who defined salt as the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on.

The creation of six new English peers, is arousing the Scotch and Irish to a sense of injustice which allows these new peers to sit in the House of Lords, while the ancient nobility of Scotland and Ireland are only partially represented. If Great Britain is a United Kingdom the two countries united with England ought not to be made provinces, as practically as they are.

The Boston *Advertiser* has the following:—"It has become so much the custom here to villify the Prince of Wales that it is refreshing to hear occasionally what they think of him in England, for that, after all, is the more important. At a public dinner the other day, in proposing his health, the chairman referred to him as the most popular man in England, and that his popularity could not be increased, for his efforts to secure the good will of all classes of society, or for the lead he took in every charitable cause."

ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN.—If you have any pride in the prosperity of your own city or village, patronize its merchants and mechanics in preference to those of any other place. You cannot expect outsiders to be attracted to your stores and shops, so long as you patronize the traders and artizans of other places to their exclusion. See to it that your local newspapers are well supported with subscriptions, advertising and job work. Nowhere does the public spirit of a place tell so conspicuously as here. And be sure that you are judicious in the selection of the newspaper office you patronize. See to it that you support the best—the one most sedulous in watching the interests of the country—the most enterprising, the most truly patriotic, the most readable. Therefore, people of Prince Edward Island, support THE EXAMINER.

—A St. Louis lover gave up a match with $50,000 heiress because she objected to smoking. So states an exchange. Another adds:—

"The maid, as by the papers doth appear,
Whome fifty thousand dollars made so dear,
To test Lothario's passion simply said,
'Forego the weed before we go to wed;
For smoke take flames: I'll be thy flame's bright fanner
To have youre Anna give up youre Havana.'
But he when thus she brought him to the scratch,
Lit his cigar and threw away the match."

SELECTING A WIFE.—We have heard of the test being applied to servant girls, but John Starkley was the man who applied it to the selection of a wife. The Starkleys and Belknaps had been friends through several generations. In the present generation there was in the Starkley family one son, and in the family of the Belknaps five daughters; and it had been arranged between the parents that the heir of the Starkleys should take him a wife from the daughters of Belknap. John the heir aforesaid, at the age of five and twenty, had returned from his travels, when his father bade him select from the daughters of the friendly house the one he would have for a wife. John was a dutiful son, and his heart was whole, and as the maidens were all fair to look upon, he accepted the situation, determined to master it if possible.

John spent several evenings in the company of the young ladies: and it was difficult to decide which was the most charming, though his fancy rested most lingeringly on the youngest—not that she was the handsomest, but she appeared the most sensible.

One day John was invited to dinner, and, in advance of the family, he made his way into the hall, and threw a broom upon the floor, directly across the passage to the dining room. By and by summons sounded for the meal, and John watched for the result. The eldest daughter stepped over the broom loftily; the second went around it; the third gave it a kick from her path; the fourth gave it an extra kick; the fifth—the youngest—stopped and picked the broom up and took it to the far corner of the hall and set it carefully out of the way.

THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

WOMAN.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of Prudence; and let the precepts of Truth sink deep in thine heart: so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain it's sweetness, when it's bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight; ah! hear with caution their alluring words; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their seducements.

Remember, thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion; the end of thy being is to assist him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast.

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness; she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life; and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh Prudence; and Virtue attendeth at her right-hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion with a sceptre sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue, if charity and good-nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness; and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife; happy the child that shall call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace; she commandeth with judgement, and is obeyed.

She ariseth in the morning; she considers her affairs; and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight; to that alone she applieth her study: and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband, and he heareth her praise with silent delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of her youth; the motion of eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly; she pointeth and the thing is done: for the law of love is in their hearts; her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments; he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife; happy the child that calleth her mother.

HUSBAND.

Take unto thyself a wife, and obey the ordinance of God; take unto thyself a wife, and become a faithful member of society.

But examine with care, and fix not suddenly; on thy present choice depends the future happiness of thee and thy posterity.

If much of her time is destroyed in dress and adornments; if she is enamoured with her own beauty, and delighted with her own praise, if she laugheth much, and talketh aloud, if her foot abideth not in her father's house, and her eyes with boldness rove on the faces of men; though her beauty were as the sun in the firmament of heaven, turn thine eyes from her charms, turn thy feet from her paths, and suffer not thy soul to be ensnared by the allurements of thy imagination.

But when thou findest sensibility of heart joined with softness of manners, an accomplished mind, with a form agreeable to thy fancy, take her home to thy house; she is worthy to be thy friend, thy companion in life, the wife of thy bosom.

O cherish her as a blessing sent thee from heaven; let the kindness of thy behaviour endear thee to her heart.

She is the mistress of thy house; treat her, therefore, with respect, that thy servants may obey her.

Oppose not her inclination without cause; she is the partner of thy cares, make her also the partner of thy pleasures.

Reprove her faults with gentleness; exact not her obedience with rigour.

Trust thy secrets in her breast; her counsels are sincere; thou shalt not be deceived.

Be faithful to her bed; for she is the mother of thy children.

When pain and sickness assault her, let thy tenderness soothe her affliction: a look from thee of pity and love, shall alleviate her grief, or mitigate her pain; and be of more avail than ten physicians.

Consider the delicacy of her sex, the tenderness of her frame; and be not severe to her weakness, but remember thine own imperfections.

FATHER

Consider, thou art a parent, the importance of thy trust; the being thou hast produced, it is thy duty to support.

Upon thee also it dependeth; whether the child of thy bosom shall be a blessing or a curse to thyself; a useful or a worthless member of the community.

Prepare him with early instruction, and season his mind with maxims of truth.

Watch the bent of his inclination; set him right in his youth; and let no evil habit gain strength with his years.

So shall he rise like a cedar on the mountains; his head shall be seen above the trees of the forest.

A wicked son is a reproach to his father; but he that doeth right is an honour to his grey hairs.

The soil is thine own, let it not want cultivation; the seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee; teach him modesty, and he shall not be ashamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he shall receive benefits; teach him charity, and he shall gain love.

Teach him temperance, and he shall have health; teach him prudence, and fortune shall attend him.

Teach him justice, and he shall be honoured by the world; teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall not reproach him.

Teach him diligence, and his wealth shall increase; teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted.

Teach him science, and his life shall be useful; teach him religion, and his death shall be happy.

SON.

From the creatures of God let man learn wisdom; and apply himself to the instruction they give.

Go to the desert, my son; observe the young stork of the wilderness; let him speak to thy heart. He beareth on his wings his aged sire; he lodgeth him in safety, and supplieth him with food,

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease; do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

Think on thy helpless infancy, and the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life.

So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.

An inebriate, some little while back, got into a car, and became very troublesome and annoying to the other passengers, so much so that it was proposed to eject him; but a kind-hearted and reverend doctor, who was also a passenger, interposed for him, and soothed him into good behavior for the remainder of the journey. Before leaving, however, he scowled on the other occupants and muttered some words of comtempt, but shook hands warmly with the doctor, and said, "Good day, my friend; I see you know what it is to be drunk."

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COFFEE,
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Ch'town, 13th Sept, 1873.

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