

The first banks to go under—The New-land bank.

Why was Niah the best broker of modern times?

Dr. Bethune, on being introduced to a tall, thin Baptist minister, exclaimed, "Shrunk in the wetting, I!"

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperon until she is able to call some other chap her own.

Very few men are great enough to bear praise, but a large number of us are just small enough to be found fault with constantly.

You say your brother is younger than you, yet he looks much older.

Somewhat said to Jerrold: "I have just had some calf-tail soup," when he replied: "Well, extremes do meet sometimes."

One of the most responsible positions in this country is held by a Washington colored man. She does up Mr. Brewster's ruffled shirts.

No matter how old the attractions of a menagerie may be, you are justified in expecting to find among them at least one thing that is new.

Loss of sleep, it is said, is making men small and puny. That is a fact. Just so at the difference in the physique of a delicate scholar and the robust night policeman.

Why do you carry your pocket-book in your hand? You asked a husband of his young wife. "Oh," was the quiet reply, "it is so light that I am afraid it might jump out of my pocket."

The question is asked, "What is the duration of a kiss?" The duration of a kiss is generally from about half-past seven o'clock in the evening until the old man throws a boot-jack downstairs.

It is said that in Siberia you can purchase a wife for eight dogs. Now, if you know what eight dogs want of a wife, and if you approve of the desire, you can go to Siberia and buy one for them.

A pompous and unloving husband rebuked his wife for stealing behind him as he came home one evening and affectionately kissing him. "Oh," she retorted, "excuse me. I didn't know it was you."

"Papa, what is the tariff?" asked a congressman's little boy. Gazing compassionately at the youthful knowledge-seeker and sadly shaking his head, his father replied: "My son, I can not tell a lie; I do not know."

A Philadelphia hotel keeper seeks to scare the rural visitor into turning off the gas with notices thus:—"The relatives and friends of guests who blow out the gas will have to pay for the amount of gas wasted before the body will be delivered."

A minister suddenly stopped in his sermon and sang a hymn. "If the members of the choir are to do the talking," he explained, "they certainly will permit me to do the singing." And then things in the neighborhood of the organ became more quiet.

I regard the use of beer as the true temperance principle. When I work all day and am exhausted nothing helps me like a glass of beer. It assists nature, you understand. "It makes a fool of me," the friend replied. "That's what I say. It assists nature."

They chopped down one of the big trees of Mariposa, Cal., a few days ago, the rings of which betokened its age to be 4,300 years, and imbedded in the heart of the monarch of the forest was found a joke about house-cleaning and a man falling down stairs on a piece of soap.

"Poor John, he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed the widow on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a very sympathetic neighbour, "but it's all for the best. You must try and comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

"Misther, misther, what have you done?" called a native of Wicklow to an Englishman who had just tied his horse to a telegraph pole. "Well, Pa, what's that matter?" "Jist this, your honor. Ye've hitched yer horse to the magnetic telegraph, and ye'll be in Dublin in two minutes if you don't look out!"

During the troublous times of the 1745 Rebellion an Arbroath carrier was pressed by the Highlanders to assist in taking part of their baggage northwards. At the Kossie Brae his cart broke down, and after he had toiled hard in vain for some time to repair the mischief, he exclaimed:—"Vow, me! fat a trouble it tak's to fit kins."

A celebrated Irishman was urged to write a "Life of Shakespeare" on very favourable terms. He refused, protesting that the greatest of bards prevented him. "I couldn't do it—don't ask me; my reverence for the immortal." He then added in quite a casual way—"Besides, I know very little about him."

A master joiner in the village of A— having occasion to go out on business that would detain him for some time, left instruction with his apprentice as to the joining of some planks. "I want them so," said the master, "that not even a hair could get between them." On his return, he asked if the planks were done. "Oh, yes," quoth the apprentice, "they're done, and I don't think a hair could get between, but I think it could get it's fit in."

Poverty of a Grand Duke. The pecuniary embarrassments of the grand duke of Hesse-Darmstadt are of long date. His branch of the Hessian family used to be the smallest, and is still the least wealthy. But when the little potentates of Hesse-Cassel and Hesse-Homburg were leasing the military resources of their states to the king of England and Hanover for service in America and Ireland, the misfortune of Hesse-Darmstadt, though the opportunity a good one in the favor of the king of France. His successor owed his grand ducal title to French patronage. Darmstadt, his own capital, was modeled on a Versailles pattern. If Napoleon had held his own against the allied sovereigns he would have raised still higher the Hesse-Darmstadt family in the Germanic confederation. But as he fell the fortunes of the house underwent an eclipse.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man; when you get it red hot it loses its temper.

Learning, it is said, may be an instrument of fraud; so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death. Each may be equally effective for evil.

The great secret of giving advice successfully is to mix with it something that implies a real consciousness of the adviser's own defects, and as much as possible of an acknowledgment of the other party's merits. Most advisers sink both; and hence the failure which they meet with and deserve.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

SIDNEY'S FOLLY

CHAPTER I.

When John Daunt built the first cloth mills at Ashford, in Berkshire, the country was a very different one from what it is now. The neighborhood, had been at first settled by a few families, and the soil was very fertile. The mills were built on a beautiful site, and the water was clear and pure. The people were simple and honest, and the life was a quiet and untroubled one.

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loke older than his thirty years. His dress was extremely plain, and utterly devoid of any suspicion of dandyism, but he wore a pair of shoes that were the cut of his coat-tailor and did him honor.

The great iron-clad hall door behind him was wide open, but Stephen stood looking over the autumnal landscape with a very softened dreamy look in his gray eyes and a little smile about his mouth, like the expression of one who has some pleasant thought to bear him company. He lingered thus for a few minutes; then he turned and entered the house.

The gray autumn dusk had crept into the great hall, and was struggling with the ruddy light of the blazing fire in the grate. It was a stately, lofty apartment, with a floor and ceiling of shining dark oak, the latter massively carved, and a superb wainscoting and panels of the same wood. There was a Turkey carpet in the centre of the polished floor, the furniture consisting of high backed carved chairs, and oaken cabinets containing curio and old Indian china; and a handsome black retriever rose up from a rug before the fire, and came to meet Stephen, wagging his tail in friendly salutations, and looking up into his face with pleading, beautiful brown eyes.

"Eyes I see," Stephen Daunt began, which he regarded his establishing himself among them. If he was, he certainly had no need. The sites chosen were admirably suited for his purpose, the water of the pretty river winding in and out among the hills like a silver veil was excellent for dyeing, and no opposition would have prevented him from carrying out his plans. Swiftly and inexorably the great many-windowed buildings rose, with their outbuildings and boilers and chimneys. Presently the silvery waters became of many colors as Joseph's coat, and on the surrounding fields lay great layers of wool drying and bleaching; long rows of pretty little cottages sprang up as if by magic; loud bells rang at stated hours, calling the mill hands to work or announcing their dinner hour, disturbing the decorous quiet of the little town; busy workers passed to and fro, the people brightened at the rapid increase of business. Mr. Daunt advertised for plans for a new church, the parish church not being sufficient for the increased and increasing number of inhabitants; and from a quiet sleepy indolent centre sprang up a hive like community.

But the climax of Mr. Daunt's presumption was only reached, in the eyes of the gentry of Ashford, when he purchased the beautiful estate of Lambwood, and settled there with his wife and little son. Lambwood had been for centuries in the possession of the ancient but impoverished family of Langdons; and the last of the race was heartily glad to find a purchaser for an estate which he had neither the means to keep up nor the inclination to do so. When his son was old enough to take an active share in the management of the business, John Daunt was elected to represent his borough in Parliament—the first Liberal candidate ever returned for Ashford. This honor—one he duly prized and appreciated—kept Mr. Daunt in London during some months of the year; but Lady Eva and her young daughter remained at Lambwood. Her ladyship's heart was very delicate, and she was never so well as when she was at Lambwood. It would be time enough to go to London, she said, when she was obliged on Dolly's account; but Dolly was only seventeen now, and could not be presented. And Stephen Daunt, for reasons best known to himself perhaps, preferred Ashford to any other spot on earth; he had made the grand tour, he was a free man, and he had never cared to go away for a time since. He was thoroughly interested in his business, anxious for the moral and physical welfare of the "hands," and, if there were any other attraction which kept him at Lambwood during eleven months of the year, Dolly, with her bright blue eyes, was the only person who suspected it.

After all, it would have been difficult to find a more devoted mother than Lambwood. The quaint old house stood in the midst of a well-wooded, extensive, and beautiful park which always looked lovely in the spring with its tender greens and budding leaves, in the summer with its fuller, richer beauty, in the autumn with its varied tints of brown and russet and orange, and in the winter, when the grass was covered with snow and the trees were hung with icicles glittering in the sunshine like myriads of diamonds.

It was autumn now—for the month was September. But few of the leaves had fallen as yet, for the weather had been mild and balmy; but the green of the foliage had given place to gold and russet, and it was only the more lovely for the change.

Stephen Daunt, coming round from the stable yard, whither he had driven on his return from the factory, to see a favorite dog which had been sitting, stood still for a moment on the broad stone steps leading up to the hall door, and looking away over the park, which familiarity had by no means robbed of its beauty in his eyes.

It was a tall man of thirty, strongly yet finely built, with dark gray eyes, which, although their usual expression was keen, almost piercing, could look very tender at times. He was not a handsome man, but he was pleasant to look upon, and there was something very attractive in the blending of strength and languor which characterized his manner. His hair was dark, and slightly wavy, but cut close to a well shaped head, set proudly upon his shoulders, and he wore a short thick dark beard, which made him

"She is out." "Out! Then we certainly shall not wait for her. Where is she gone? Into town?" "No, only into the park. I thought you would have met her. She said she would not be long, and she has been gone nearly an hour."

"Well, I don't think we need wait for her," Stephen Daunt remarked. "Give me some tea, Dolly." "Miss Neil was entertaining Mr. Rutledge most of the afternoon," said Lady Eva languidly, as her son brought her some tea, and stood holding the sugar and cream while she sweetened it to her taste.

"Indeed," he said slowly, his face changing a little. "I suppose she required some fresh air after her exertions?" "She said she did," Dolly answered laughingly. "Here is your tea my impatient brother!" "Thank you, my Griselida among sisters," he said, taking it from her and sipping back to her arm chair. "How did it happen that Miss Neil had to do the honors to Mr. Rutledge?" "Simply because he asked for her," Dolly replied quickly.

"Asked for her?" the young man echoed in surprise. "For Miss Neil?" "Even so," Dolly replied sentimentally, and there was a little silence, during which the girl's bright eyes glanced keenly at her brother's face as he lay back in his chair sipping his tea lazily, with an expression she could not quite understand. "Did he remain long?" he asked presently. "Yes, nearly an hour."

Stephen laughed a little, and the shadow which had gathered on Dolly's pretty face lifted slightly. "It would be a most excellent match for Miss Neil," Lady Eva said, in her calm even tones. "He is very well off and holds a good position. If she refuses him, it will be very foolish of her."

"I hardly think she means to refuse him," Dolly remarked, with a troubled look on her fair young face. "No, she is a sensible girl," rejoined Lady Eva. "Handsome as she is, she could not have expected such good fortune. Men do not generally care to marry a woman who has no antecedents, neither family, nor position, nor money."

"But Sibyl is so beautiful, mamma." "Yes; but that alone is not sufficient," Lady Eva answered. "She is too silent on the subject of her family not to wish to hide something."

"But one does not marry a woman's family—no marries herself," remarked Stephen coolly from the depths of his arm chair. "But one likes to know whom one is marrying," Lady Eva remarked quickly. "Mr. Rutledge is apparently in love that he does not consider the matter sufficiently perhaps and Miss Neil is a very lucky girl."

"How lucky, mamma?" "To marry so well," Lady Eva answered, relapsing into her usual languor, but glancing keenly at her son nevertheless. "I marry a man she dislikes!" Stephen Daunt said contemptuously. "Why should she dislike him?" Lady Eva said plaintively, flushing a little. "I know no reason; but that she does so is almost evident," Stephen replied calmly. "Dolly, some more sugar, if you please."

"I have seen nothing to make me suppose she dislikes him," his mother rejoined. "Have you not, *maitre*? Where have your eyes been? She was flirting with Frank Greville, Lady Eva said, putting down her empty cup. "But that, of course, would be absurd. He is some years her junior. Mr. Greville would not hear of it, and Frank could not marry without his father's consent. Besides, Mr. Greville has other views for his son."

"I did not notice," Dolly answered. "It would not be Frank though, Stephen, because he has not been here this afternoon." "He may have met Miss Neil in the grounds, and remained with her."

"Shall we go down the covered walk then?" Dolly suggested. "We shall meet Sibyl, if she is still out."

They turned into a walk leading from the avenue to a more retired part of the grounds, which was so favorite a walk of Lady Eva's when she was able to be out that it was generally called "My Lady's Walk," and one or two pretty garden seats had been placed there for her convenience. The young people were walking slowly, still arm in arm, and the tip of Stephen's cigar was burning redly in the twilight, when Dolly suddenly quickened her pace.

"There is Sibyl on the second seat," she said hurriedly. "She is resting I suppose."

"Yes, that is Miss Neil," Stephen responded, hastening also; while Dolly raised her voice and called out gaily—"Sibyl, Sibyl!"

There was no answer, and the lady on the seat did not turn her head towards them. "She has gone to sleep," Dolly said, laughing, as they hurried on; but the next moment, when they reached the seat, they found that she was not asleep, but evidently a prey to some overwhelming fear or agitation, which made Dolly run to her pityingly and put her arms round her.

"Why, Sibyl, what is it, dear?" she asked gently, and Miss Neil rose, looking around her with wild terrified eyes. "What is it, Sibyl?" Dolly repeated. "Are you ill? Oh, Stephen, she will fall!" the girl cried in distress.

"She has been frightened," said Stephen, in a low voice, giving the falling form the support it needed. "There is nothing to fear now, Sibyl," he added gently.

At first the gentle words seemed to have no significance, for the girl stared at him wildly; but the next moment she murmured something unintelligibly with pallid lips, the convulsive movements of her hands ceased, and her head fell back on Stephen's shoulder as she fainted away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHAKE POISONING.

Dying by Inches After the Bite of One of India's Deadly Serpents.

Among many instances of snake-bite poisoning I have seen a strong young Brahmin of 20, well-known to me, who had been bitten during the night while watching his maize crop. Ere I knew of it they had brought him into my compound in front of the bungalow. As yet he walked quite steadily, only leaning slightly on the arm of another man. There was that peculiar drowsy look in his eyes, however, as from a strong narcotic, which indicated his having been bitten for some time, and left but little room for hope now. He could still clearly tell me particulars. He had been bitten, he said, on putting his foot to the ground while moving off his charpoy in the dark, but, thinking the bite was that of a non-poisonous snake, had given no more heed to the matter, and gone to sleep again, till he was awake by his friends coming in search of him. With some difficulty I was able to find the bite—very faint, no larger than a prick from a pin, but still the unmistakable double mark of the poison fangs. He felt the poison, he said, gradually ascending the limb, and pointed to a part just above the knee, where he felt it had already reached, the limb below that being, he said, numb and painless to the touch, like the foot when "asleep."

I gave him the remedies, and kept him walking to and fro, but gradually his limbs seemed to be losing their power of voluntary motion, and his head was beginning to droop from the overpowering drowsiness that was surely gathering over him. At intervals he pointed out the poison line steadily rising higher, and was still able to answer questions clearly by being roused. At length it seemed to be of no use torturing him further by keeping him moving about, and he was allowed to remain at rest. Shortly after this he expired in a sitting posture, all at once without any premonitory sign he gave one or two long sighs, and life ceased, about an hour after he himself had walked into the compound.

There was something terribly real in this faculty of pointing out each stage of the ascending poison (as the snake-bitten patient always can) that was gradually bringing him nearer and nearer to death, with the prospect of only a few hours or half hour of life remaining to him; and yet the patient does not seem to realize this with the keenness that an on-looker does, probably from the poison numbing at the same time the powers of the mind, as well as of the body.

WITHOUT FOOD FOR 23 DAYS.

A Scotch Miner Whose Experience was Not so Comfortable as Dr. Tanner's.

As a measure of comparison for testing the genuineness of alleged cases of long fasting, the case of John Brown, a collier of Kilmogram, Scotland, who was sealed in a coal mine on the 8th of October, 1853, and rescued alive on the 31st of the same month, may serve a good purpose. During 23 days this man remained in the depths of the earth without a particle of food, although various attempts were made to rescue him. After all hope of finding the unfortunate prisoner alive had been abandoned, a member of an exploring party in the mine fancied he heard a distant groan.

The men were speechless with fright, and, one of them, gathering all his courage, broke the silence by solemnly demanding:—"If that's your ain groan, John Brown, in the name of God, gie anther!" They listened, and presently another groan was heard, apparently a few yards ahead. They crept forward, and found Brown alive. His first words were "Gie me a drink."

Not daring to enlarge his life, they merely wiped the sleeve of a coat in one of the little runnels which trickled down the wall of the mine, and attempted to moisten his lips with it. He, however, pushed it away, feebly exclaiming, "No mair! a fulk of me."

His appearance, when carried to daylight, has been described as follows: The face had not the pallor of death or of a fainting fit, but a strange sallow hue, like that of a mummy. His features were entirely gone, nothing left but the bones, under a thin covering of leather-like skin. This was specially marked about his face. Every atom of fatty matter in the body seemed to have been consumed. He lived for three days. He said that for some days after he was shut in the mine he was able to walk about and supply himself with water, but, as he grew weaker, he fell, and so remained until rescued. "Water ran down the mine near him, but he could not reach it."

I saw Dr. Tanner at the conclusion of his alleged fast, and observed that he was apparently in good condition and robust health. I also saw a specimen of his blood under the microscope, and noticed nothing unusual in its appearance, the stellate form of the corpuscles being very commonly seen in the blood of healthy persons.

Tennyson's "Ankle" and "Ankle."

A lady who was writing a letter suddenly asked me, "Do you spell ankle with a c or k?" As I could not reply, with Mr. Weller senior, "Spell it with a wee," or with Thackeray's officer about to embark, inditing a letter to his lady-love, that he could not part with her without a struggle, "Are there two g's in struggle?" "Try three, my boy," I replied, "I spell it with a c." She answered, "I have written it with a k, and I fancy I am right." Webster's dictionary was appealed to, and there the word was given as ankle. I then referred to Johnson, the quarto edition, and, although he gives ankle, yet he refers his readers to ankle, and evidently prefers that form of spelling. Bailey has favored the c, and gives ankle with the derivations from Saxon and Danish. Cruden's Concordance to the Bible gives ankle, and so does Mr. Cowden Clarke in the solitary use of the word by Shakespeare. Byron writes ankle ("Don Juan," iii., 71); but Tennyson writes ankle, except when he uses the word in conjunction with another, when he writes ankle, as in ankle-bells, ankle bones, and ankle-deep, and ankle-wide. This seems curious; and I am not aware if the latter's variation in the spelling of this word has been remarked by his commentators.

Nothing is got without pains but an ill name and long nails.

A SEARCH FOR A SWEETHEART.

A German Girl's Perseverance and Pluck Finally Rewarded.

The little village of Homburg, Baden, Germany, has something to boast of in the person of Lena Kratz. Lena was the only daughter of Burgmaster Kratz, the wealthiest man of the village. Lena was the toast of the country for miles and miles around. She was a perfect model of beauty and grace. The fame of her exceeding great beauty was continually bring her offers of marriage from young men whose station in life was a great deal higher than hers. She refused all of them, however. She was about five feet three inches in height. A wealth of luxuriant blonde hair flowed in graceful disorder far down below her shapely waist. Her features were delicate and her beautiful pink complexion was the envy and admiration of some of her less handsome but more wealthy neighbors. Her rosy mouth was always in a roguish pout. People wondered that she could hold anything through her small pink ears. She had everything that she wished for.

Until she was 19 years of age Lena remained heart whole. Then came a change. One morning a tall, strapping young fellow entered the village. He carried his worldly possessions in a huge cotton handkerchief tied to the end of a stout stick, and slung across his shoulder. He was so strong and good-natured that every one was prepossessed in his favor at once. When, therefore, he applied to old Burgmaster Kratz the latter at once employed him. The newcomer was a native of America. His name was John Duganion. He became at once the pet of the village. The maidens set their caps for him. Three months after his arrival it was understood, however, that he had fallen desperately in love with the country's little daughter of his employer. The capricious little beauty nearly drove him crazy. She would smile on him one day, and again for weeks afterward he could not get a kind word or look from her. He was not the kind of fellow to stand this kind of treatment long, it seems. One night he made known his love to her, and asked her to be his wife. To his great surprise she naively murmured "Yes."

There was a condition attached, however,—her father's consent. He went to his employer. "There is only one obstacle. Renounce your country. I can not allow my daughter to wed a native of the land whose people are continually insulting our beloved Bismarck."

The young man indignantly declined this proposal. He would never renounce his country. "Then you will never marry my Lena!" shouted the exasperated old man. "You can also leave my house as fast as you can!"

John obtained an interview with Lena before he left the house. While she could not blame him for not renouncing his country, she steadfastly refused to marry him without her father's consent. John left the village. He started back for his native land. He was sincerely mourned by the honest villagers. That was six months ago. Lena never ceased to love him. Her father died about three months ago. All his money was left to her. After her father was finally laid at rest Lena resolved to come to America. She wanted to find her sweetheart here. All she knew of him was that he was in America. She arrived in this country a few weeks ago. She searched all the large cities throughout the United States for him without avail. The last place the faithful girl scoured was Chicago.

When she could find no trace of John there she determined to return home. For this purpose she started for New York. Last night she arrived at the Grand Central depot. The hackmen who surround the vast building when the trains arrive singled her out for legitimate prey. A rush was made for her by several of them. She became frightened. She did not know what to do. "Oh, let me alone, please," the poor foreigner pleaded; "I do not want a carriage."

The only reply was the demoniacal yell: "Hack, lady! Take mine." "Hack? Any place in the city?" She was being pulled about in every direction. Suddenly a stalwart young fellow who had been sitting on the box of one of the new chuffed cabs jumped to the ground and yelled as he ran to the struggling hackmen: "Leave that woman alone. Do you want to pull her to pieces?" His fists flew out in every direction. The mob jumped to their feet and ran away.

As he turned around to the trembling woman he began: "Please accept a seat—"

Suddenly he threw his arms around the young girl, and as he did so he cried: "Bless my soul, it's little Lena!" She recognized him at almost the same time and cried out as she fainted: "Oh, thank God, John, I have found you at last!"

He put her into his coach and drove her to his humble home in Harlem. He placed her under the care of his mother, after explaining who she was. It is probable that the happy couple will be married in a day or two, or as soon as Lena recovers from the fatigue of her long search.

Hygienic Experiments With Salt.

Experiments for the purpose of discovering the effects of salt and other condiments when used in cooking, have been made by Dr. Hussen. It is shown, among other things, that in cooking butcher's meat only an ounce of salt should be used with from six to twelve pounds of meat; if more is employed it will either modify the structure of a portion of the muscular fibre so as to render it more resistant to the action of gastric juices or it will itself check and retard the peptic fermentation, the very groundwork of digestion. It follows that salted and smoked meats are more indigestible than fresh. Vinegar, it appears, may be used with good effect, provided it is not in a quantity to irritate the stomach, and it is a pure dilution of acetic acid, freed from sulphuric or hydrochloric acids.

It is not sufficient to constitute ourselves just men and women that we may strictly pay our debts, keep our promises, and fulfill our contracts, if at the same time we are stern where we should be kind, hard where we should be tender, cold where we should be sympathetic; for then we pay only half our debts and repudiate the other half.

Christ dwells in our hearts by faith, and God by His Spirit, and the Spirit by His purities; so that we are also cabinets of the mysterious Trinity.

We acknowledged ourselves naked of all virtue, that we may be clothed by God; empty of all good, that we may be filled by Him; slaves of sin, that we may be liberated by Him; weak, that we may be supported by Him; direct ourselves of all ground of glorying, that He alone may be eminently glorious, and we may glory in Him.