



10-5-1854

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 12): October 5, 1854

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 12): October 5, 1854" (1854). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 375.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/375](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/375)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.



WHAT SHALL I DO?

(Adapted from a Temperance Tale by T. S. Arthur.)  
It was a few weeks after he had signed the pledge, for he had been a very hard drinker, and everything about the person and dwelling of Simpson became remarkably changed. He was a good workman, and could earn his wages at his trade. Instead of idling away his time, and spending more than half of what he earned in drink, he worked all of his time, and placed in the hands of his prudent wife every dollar he made. This accounted for the change.

These matters went on for nearly a year, when the excitement of experience meetings, and a variety of other means of keeping up an interest among the reformed men, and occupying their minds having subsided, Simpson began to feel restless and homesick, and was often strongly tempted to drop into some of his old places of resort, and pass an evening in good fellowship with former associates.

As this state of dissatisfaction increased, Simpson became more and more unhappy. He wanted something to sustain him—something extra to his mere pledge. Deeply conscious of this, and conscious that he was in imminent danger of falling, he became anxious, gloomy and desponding.

One evening, after sitting at home for an hour, and reading over the newspaper of the day, even to the advertisements, he took his hat and said: "I believe I'll walk out for awhile; I feel so dull."

His wife looked up at him and tried to smile. But she felt troubled for she had noticed for some time that he was not altogether himself. What the cause was, she did not know. But a wife is never far wrong in her conjectures.

When Simpson left his house, he walked away with his eyes upon the pavement, undecided where he should go. He had gone out merely because he felt too restless to stay at home. Now that he was in the street, he was as dissatisfied as ever. Moving on with a slow measured tread, he had gone a distance of two or three squares, when his ear caught the sound of music issuing from a noted drinking establishment a short distance ahead.

Quickening his pace, he was soon in front of the house, where he paused to listen. The music was from a band organ, the owner of which having been employed by the restaurant as a means of drawing custom, and succeeded admirably. Simpson came near being enticed within the charmed circle of his bar room. But just as he had placed his foot on the threshold, his better sense came to his aid, and he tore himself away.

Walking on again, with his head down, he felt still more wretched. The danger he had just escaped, made him fearfully aware of the dangers that beset him on every side. So wrought up in mind did he become, under a sense of his condition, that shuddering from a vivid picture of himself again an abandoned drunkard, which his imagination had conjured up, he stopped suddenly, and said aloud:

"God help me! What shall I do?"  
A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice that he had heard before, said in surprised accents:

"Simpson? Is it you? What is the trouble now?"

It was Merrill who had encountered him again just at a critical moment. Simpson turned quickly, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and looked into the face of the intruder half sternly.

"What ails you now, my friend?" resumed Merrill. "A good temperance man should never be troubled in mind."

"You think so. Well, perhaps not," said Simpson. "You're a good temperance man."

"What! not so sure of that?"  
"What! in a quick, surprised voice, 'You have not broken!'"

"No, no. Not yet. But heaven only knows how soon I may do so. I am beset with temptations that it seems impossible for me to withstand."

"I was not so at first," said Merrill.  
"No. The excitement of meetings and concerts, and the relation of experiences, occupied my mind. But these have died away, and I am thrown back upon myself again—my weak, weak self. If I do not fall, it will be a miracle."

"See, every tavern a pass in the streets, and think, spite of all my efforts to keep such things out of my mind, of the mixed liquors that would thrill my taste like nectar which are there to be obtained. What shall I do? I feel as if spirits were leagued to destroy me, and that unless I receive more than human strength, I will inevitably fail."

"And so you will," was the solemnly spoken reply.  
"Merrill! why do you speak so?" Simpson said quickly. "You will drive me to one of destruction. I want encouragement, not a prophecy of ruin. You saved the once-cursed you do you again?"

"Do you remember what was said to you, on the night you signed the pledge, by our President?" said Merrill.  
"No. What was it?"

"'Look up and be strong! They that are for you are more than all who are against you.' I had forgotten."

"You have not looked up then?"  
"Up? To Him who can alone give power to every good resolution. If you have been striving in your own strength, no wonder that you are on the eve of falling. External excitations and reasons of various kinds may restrain a reformed man for a time, but until he places his cause in the hands of the All-Powerful, he is in imminent danger."

"But how shall I do this? I am not a religious man."

"Why have you refrained from drinking?"  
"Because it is a debasing vice, a vice that, if indulged, will beggar my family, as it has once already done."

"You must abstain from a higher motive."

"Can there be a higher one?"  
"Yes. To refrain from doing an evil act because it is an affront to God, is a much higher motive, and one that will give a driving power over all the others. You acknowledge a God, and that he is ever present; and a reminder of him that diligently seeks the soul of man."

"Obeying God is the little thing we have to do. I will do it. Whatever power we have to overcome evil, is from Him. If we look to ourselves, and upon the little strength we possess, we are sure to fail. But when we are clothed with His power, we are invincible. But if we strive to act apart from Him, we shall never be able to keep His commandments. He will not be deceived. He will not be deceived. He will not be deceived."

"You must be able to keep His commandments. He will not be deceived. He will not be deceived. He will not be deceived."

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. VIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1854.

NO. 12.

consistence all things that are arranged in just order around it. Will you not, then look up!

"I feel that it is my only hope."

"Take my solemn assurance that it is. Go home, and carry with you this truth—that if you will try to act from the higher motive I have given you, all will be right."

It was perhaps a half an hour from the time that Simpson left his house, that he re-entered it. His wife looked up with some concern in her face as he came in. But a first glance dispelled the fears that had stolen over her spirit.

Before going to bed that night, Simpson read the Bible, and read a chapter aloud. In doing so he felt a sweet tranquility pervade his mind, such as he had not experienced for a long time.

On the next day he tried to elevate his thoughts, to the Father above, in which he wished to put his trust. He found it much easier to do so than he had expected. It was not long before, in addition to the reading of a chapter in the evening, before retiring, a brief prayer was said.

From that time a deep religious sentiment took possession of the mind of Simpson. Light broke in upon him. He saw clearer the path before him, the dangers that surrounded him, and the way to escape.

Some years have passed, and he is still a sober man. He does not think of his pledge, nor of the degradation of drunkenness as a reason for abstinence; but does it as a saint against God to touch, to taste, to handle that which would unfit him for those duties in life which, as a man, he is bound to perform.

Let every reformed man look up to the same all-sustaining source, and he is safe from all danger.

**A Vegetarian Eating House.**  
The immense success of the late Vegetarian Banquet at Leeds has induced an enterprising enthusiast to start an Eating House, conducted without the assistance of the Butcher.

Not only is the Butcher renounced, but also the Fishmonger, on the principle that it is wrong to "kill fish," for vegetarianism professes to be an improvement on that doctrine, the first promulgators of which were fishermen.

The Poultry is excluded likewise; for not even eggs are tolerated; it being considered cruel to rend the life which exists between them and their young, and also, and altho' this objection may not apply in the case of ducks, by reason of the indifference of those birds to their eggs, yet it is thought to eat ducks eggs would be to take a shameful advantage of the ducks' neglect of their eggs.

Recourse is not even had to the Dairyman; to drink cows' milk is to rob calves, and if the cow has no calf, to milk her is to weaken her by creating an artificial drain upon her constitution.

Milk quite sufficient for the composition of puddings and pies is obtained from various plants, and the requirements of the tea and breakfast table are completely met by the milk of the cocoa nut.

In short, the Baker, the Greengrocer, and the grocer in ordinary, purvey all the materials which form the bill of fare provided at these novel Refreshment Rooms; the staple of the kitchen is derived entirely from the kitchen garden. The beverages—for the establishment is tea-total as well as vegetarian—essentially consist of the unfermented juice of the pump.

We have honored this Vegetarian Eating House by a visit, and on inquiring what there was ready, were informed by the waiter that there was "some very nice grass just up."

"Do you think," we cried, "that we are going to be such 'geese' as to eat that?" "Nice young grass, sir," he repeated, "new cut."

The idea of grass made us ruminate a little. "Any hay?" said we, "in your establishment?" "No hay, sir," added the waiter blandly. "No hay, sir, but beautiful grass—sparrow grass."

"Pears, sir?" suggested the waiter. "We ordered pears," two pears—thoroughly done, shouted the man down a pipe.

"What will you take to drink, sir?" he asked, returning to the table. "There's toast-and-water, there's apple-water, lemonade, ginger beer."

"Any ale?"  
"Haddam's ale, sir; very old; first liquor as ever was drunk."

"Bring us a pot of Adam's ale, please," we prefer it mild.

"Yes, sir," So saying the waiter disappeared; and presently returned, with our dinner, for which however we found our two pears insufficient, so we demanded what else there was.

"Kidneys, sir—fine kidneys. Marrow."

"Come, we said, 'this is better than we thought. Kidneys and marrow. Bring a couple of marrow bones.'"

"No bones, sir. Vegetable marrow."

"Two kidneys, then."

"Two kidneys, sir; yes, sir."

"Let them be devilled."

"Very sorry, sir; don't devil our kidneys. Red noses, kidneys, or kidney beans, sir."

"Red noses, kidneys?" we cried in astonishment.

"Yes, sir. Tatars, sir, best of all."

his time around rum shops, where he was always on hand to count himself in, whenever anybody should stand treat."

Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again.

We shall see how she succeeded. "Now, Patrick, me honey, will ye come back?"

"And won't ye come back for the love of the children?"

"Not for the love of the children, Margaret! Will ye come for the love of myself?"

"Nix'er, at all. 'Way wid ye. An', Patrick, won't the love of the church bring ye back to the family Bible, and read a chapter aloud?"

"The church to the devil, and then I won't come back." Margaret thought she would try one other inducement—taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her husband, she said, "Will ye come for the drop of whiskey?"

"Ah, me darlint, answered Patrick, unable to withstand such temptation, 'At ye yourself that'll always bring me home again, ye have aish a wintin' way wid ye. I'll come home, Margaret."

Margaret declared that Patrick was reclaimed by moral suasion. [Lynn News.]

**On the Management of Infants.**  
The source of by far the greatest amount of trouble during the first six months after birth of a child, is undue effluence—the desire to do something for the baby.

If Providence has sent you such a stranger, don't kill it with kindness. Don't feed the baby—no—not even a teaspoonful of cold water. If you must feed it on anything, this will do it the least hurt.

But let it alone. It will nestle about and cry a little when it gets hungry. Perhaps it will be twelve hours first. What then? It won't starve. When it manifests uneasiness, let it go to work at its trade.

When a child cries it means that it is in pain. They are never cross, unless made so by mismanagement. Healthy children are always good natured.

Don't keep a dish of cracker and water on the stove, for it is as impossible to raise fine nurslings on any kind of pap as it is to raise fine calves on hay tea. If you feed them anything of the sort, it is as indigestible to them as saw dust, and of course they have a turn of colicky pain and cry.

And of course you give them elder-blow tea, or penny-roy tea, or spout tea, or anise seed tea, and when this proves insufficient, you resort to paragonic, which binds up their bowels, and then you resort to castor oil, and continue at the same time the cracker until you find it necessary to resort to the doctor.

If you live at a distance from a physician, or your husband thinks it not worth while to call on you, you continue in this way, raising a scrawny, cross baby, that, as you say, 'torments the life out of you, who, whatever his property expectations may be, is certainly entitled to a dyspepsia in reversion. But if from any chance the child must be fed—if the natural supply of nutriment is absent—I do not even say deficient, (for experience proves that the reasons must be very grave to justify a resort to artificial feeding) and a wet nurse cannot be procured—the best practical substitute previous to the appearance of the first teeth is new cow's milk, from half to two-thirds water, and sweetened with loaf sugar.

If the child throws it up, it is too strong of the milk or sugar, and must be further reduced with water. Brown sugar or even molasses, may be used as a laxative, if they do not occasion pain, and the milk should not be boiled. Even with the best of care it is a serious matter to raise a child by hand.

The mother's milk contains just the elements, and in just the right proportions, for the composition of the child, and there is nothing else that quite does.

As the period approaches at which the first teeth are to appear the child 'drools,' and manifests a desire to put things into its mouth.

This is not hunger and it is entirely unnecessary to tie up a little bread and sugar in a rag, as is commonly done, and give it to suck. Indeed, all such supplementary food is injurious at any period of life, and the child should nurse or be fed at regular periods, these periods being more frequent as the child is younger.

This itching of the gums is relieved by giving it some hard, smooth substance, as a cord, ring, or a silver dollar to chew. The child will take anything that it can into its mouth, and even swallow it, and mothers are apt to interpret this disposition into an appetite for the food of adults.

Some of them have a way of examining their children with food that they have masticated, plainly saying that they would have had them born with teeth. As yet the child has but little smell or taste; and is of course disposed to swallow everything that goes into its mouth.

The stomach, too, has begun to lose that peculiarity of form by which it emptied, almost as readily as from a tannep, whatever disturbed it, and these offensive matters begin to go off the other way, forming most untractable bowel complaints.

The diet of the mother is a very important matter. Meat should not be eaten more than once a day, and with ladies who are not taking much exercise in the open air, even this is scarcely allowable.

Spirituous liquors, although they increase the amount of its secretion, vitiate its quality, and may even produce cholera infantum with the child. A dinner of beef steak will probably be followed by a cross fit with the baby.

And generally speaking, the diet of nursing women is too high in quality. Entertaining these principles it will not be expected that we should stop here to bestow any remark on those women that delegate this kind of care to a wet nurse, or even resort to artificial feeding in order to bestow their time on balls and routs.

**AN OLD MAN'S COMMENT ON MANNERS.**  
Not long since as I was riding through one of these adjoining towns, I met a group of boys and girls gathered from aschool.

Their merry laugh and play was somewhat checked at the approach of my carriage and the grey head in it. They ranged themselves alongside of the travelled path, and as I passed each boy took off his hat and joined the girls in what, in my young days, we called 'making their manners' to me.

This phrase is obsolete now; it means that the girls courted and the boys bowed. It is a long time since I met with such attention. Passing along our streets in the city, the young miss twirl their umbrellas in my face, the boys drive their boogies against my tottering legs, and set up a loud laugh when I knock away the old man's cane.

Young gentlemen, as they are now called, I believe, (we used to be called boys at that age), four feet high or less, puff their cigars in my face, and squirt their tobacco juice on my clothes; and young misses, ladies I should say, of about the same height, make wry faces at the gray heads who do not give them the better part of the side-

walk. You see, Mr. Editor, I cannot for the life of me call things by their present names. I have outlived the language that Parson Wilson, Deacon Dexter and Dr. Taft taught in the public schools; but I do not want to know whether the conduct of those country boys and girls does not savor of 'Old Fogyism,' and whether that of our city young gentlemen and ladies is not 'progress.' If you don't know, will you ask the Superintendent, or the Mayor, or the Professor of Didactics, I believe they call him, [Providence Journal.]

**FAITH.**  
BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"I do believe, and yet in grief,  
I pray for help to unbelief;  
For needful strength aside to lay  
The daily chamberings of my way,  
All as I go."

"I am sick at heart of craft and cant,  
Sick of the crazed enthusiast's rant,  
Trotter's smooth hypocrites, and  
And creeds of iron, and lives of steel."

"I ponder oft the sacred Word,  
I read the record of our Lord;  
And, weak and troubled, envy them  
Who touched his seamless garments' hem."

"Who saw the tears of love he wept  
Above the grave where Lazarus slept  
And heard the shadows dimly seen  
Of Olivet, His evening hymn."

"How blessed the swineherd's low estate,  
The beggar crouching at the gate,  
The leper loathly and abhorred,  
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord!"

"O mired soul his sandals pressed!  
Sweet fountains of his moudy rest!  
O, light and air of Palestine,  
Imprisoned with his life divine!"

"O, bear me hither, let me look  
Where the sweet Christ still dwells,  
Kneel at Gethsemane, and  
Gaze on the cross, before I die!"

"Methinks this cold and northern night  
Would melt before that Orient light,  
And, set by Hermon's dew and rain,  
My childhood's faith ere again I gain."

"So spake my friend, one autumn day,  
And I, too, felt his words  
Beneath the stars and above the brown  
Rust curtains of the woods that dawn."

"Then said I, 'For I could not break  
The maddening of his look,  
I, too, am weak, and faith is small,  
And blindness happens unto all.'"

"Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal right,  
Imprisoned with his life divine,  
I see the steady gaze of man."

"That all of good the past had had  
Remains to me our own time glad,  
Our common, daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine."

"Thou wast of thy present state,  
What gain to this time's holiest date?  
The doctor now perchance had been  
As High Priest or as Pilate then?"

"What thought Chorazin's scribes? What faith  
In Him had Nain and Nazareth?  
Of the low followers whom he led,  
One said, 'Hail, all forsook and fled.'"

"O, Friend! I need not rove nor roam,  
Nor stored storied stores of Morning Land,  
The doctor now perchance had been  
What more could Jordan render back?"

"We lack but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient's murals here;  
The still small voice in autumn's hush,  
My maple wood, the burning bush."

"For still the new transcends the old  
In signs and tokens manifold—  
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves  
With roots deep set in battle graves."

"Through the harsh noises of our day,  
A low sweet voice finds its way  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking calm and clear."

"That song of Love now low and far,  
Ere long shall wail from star to star—  
That light, the breaking day, which tips  
The golden-spired Apocalypse!"

**Grows from "Diogenes."**  
Soyer, the great cook, has written a book, in which the art of the kitchen is set forth in a rather novel manner. The two heroines go among the poor and impart the receipts of the great chef. Diogenes says, and we beg our readers not to skip this article, because it is lengthy.

Although this book ought to be in every gentleman's kitchen, still we do not think that Mr. Soyer has made the most of his subject. Could he not, in his second edition give us a few scenes something like the following:

**Apple Fritters.**—It was a lovely night. The warm breezes floated by, laden with the perfume of flowers—sweet incense, rising up from Nature's kitchen! The moon shone brightly as a bird's eye, covering the earth with its chaste rays, until the landscape seemed silvered and pure as a wedding cake.

Let us walk in the garden, said there Hortense, clasping dear Eloise to her heaving bosom.

In a few seconds the two noble and enthusiastic girls were 'neath the orchard trees.

"Do you perceive those apples?" remarked Hortense, scarcely able to repress her emotion.

"Why this grief?" sighed the gentle Eloise. Then turning her large pale grey eyes in the direction of the fruit, she added, in a disappointed tone: "They are baking apples, if I mistake not!"

"They're ripe! they're ripe!" cried there Hortense, bursting into an agony of tears.

Poor girl! they reminded her of her home. Some moments elapsed before there Hortense could resume her wonted calm. At length, with an effort she said, "Forgive me, dear Eloise, I was silly, very silly! but whenever I see an apple, I always think of him!"

"You must indeed have loved," sighed Eloise. "Loved! Aye, child, madly!" continued Hortense. "The day we parted I remember we had apple fritters for dinner. He himself prepared the dainty for me. As he peeled and sliced crossways, a quarter of an inch thick, the rosy fruit before him, he breathed in my ear the first avowal of the love he felt for me. He then placed in a basin about two ounces of flour, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of oil, and the yolk of an egg, moistened by degrees with water, and all the time he kept stirring the compound with a spoon. I thought I should have fainted, for my heart was breaking."

the mixture was hot, he put the apples in one at a time, turning them over with a slice as they were doing. Suddenly he turned towards me his face glowing with passion."

"Nay, say not so!" interrupted the kind Eloise; "perhaps the heat of the fire and not passion, had tinged his cheeks."

"Heaven grant your words prove true!" sobbed the loving girl; "I shall never forget the expression of his eyes. 'Hortense,' he whispered, 'the apple fritters are now cooked.' Let us, perhaps for the last time eat together."

For a few seconds Hortense was speechless from grief. Rising from the mossy bank, she gasped out, "Eloise, as you love me, let us hurry home. I shall die if we remain here."

And the fritters? inquired the gentle Eloise.

"They were excellent," continued Hortense, in a calmer tone. "That evening he presented me with the receipt for making them, together with a lock of his hair, which however formed no part of the receipt. Two hours afterwards he was on his road to London and the reform club. But to this day, even the sight of an apple makes me tremble. Alas! such is the love of poor fond women."

That night Eloise slept little. She was thinking over the story of the 'Apple Fritters.'

**How to Make a Modern Young Lady.**  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Take your lady twig, whether healthy or not, of little consequence; wrap it well in clothing, but leave the neck and chest and arms bare; they are too sensitive and must be toughened. Shut it up in hot rooms, let it sleep all the evening in a room with a good coal fire, and a bright gas light! The air will cool before morning and the light stimulates the brain.

Let her lie late in the morning because she is sleepy, and sit up late at night because she is not. Send her to school early, make her study as many hours in the day as possible, give little or no time for exercise or fresh air, the most learn to do without them. Send her to a dancing school to cultivate airs and graces and let her go to late parties to cultivate her manners. 'Screw' her dress as tightly as possible about her waist and let it fall off her shoulders. Never imagine that the shoulders were meant to hang clothes on, nor that the form was made right; it needs moulding and training. Instead of sending her to the ant or bee for lessons, tell her to take the wasp for her model in form and proportions. Give her shoes as tight as she can possibly wear, and raise them on the heels, so as to prevent anything like freedom of motion, as that is intolerant. If she complains of lassitude or headache dose her with medicine or give her a glass of wine; don't think for a moment that she suffers from violating the laws of health. Give her as many 'ologies' as she can crowd into the years of school, music of course, and drawing and a smattering of at least half a dozen languages. She may never need them, but they will tell among her many accomplishments.

Behold her finished. She knows nothing of the sober duties of life, nothing of the value of either time or money, but she has always had a plenty of both, why should she not still? If not, it is not your fault. She has no health but she is the more interesting, her feebleness appeals to your pity.

Here is our young lady. What shall we do with her?  
[Miss Times.]

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**—The N. York Mirror propounds the interrogatory:

"Why are men such cowards in their necessities?"

Why will they not stand up and say, in the face of the world—I am poor, but honest; I have been foolish, but not a criminal; I may fail to meet my engagements, but I will not fail to preserve my honor before men, and my integrity before God.

"To which the Day Book makes the following response: 'Why? Because poverty in New York is a greater crime than theft. Because to be poor and honest, is to cut one's self off from society, and to be a wife with that terrible curse, not of the first necessity.'

"It is to be poor, but honest; places one's own children low in the social scale, deprives them of the friends, cousins, schoolmates, and relatives, and stamps them 'common,' prevents them from associating with their neighbors, and all others of the 'first respectability.'"

"To be poor, but honest, and live economically, keep no horses and carriages, go to no parties, no opera, give no notices, and possess and enjoy the luxuries of wealth, is to deprive one of all that New York society says is worth living for. Better to steal or commit suicide than to live 'poor, but honest.'"

**THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION.**—We all recollect the anecdote of a proud boy, who boasted that his father had a horse, when his companion of poorer parentage, replied, exultingly, "And my father has a horse and a saw too!"

And a short time ago, a handsome little fellow between three and four years of age, was asked whether he did not want to go to church.

He said, "No, for he got so tired of hearing the man talk—meaning the preaching of the sermon." But, continued his aunt, "they've got a pretty organ there—music."

The juvenile's eyes brightened at this intelligence, when he innocently asked, "Is they got a monkey too?" Such is the force of association.

**A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.**  
Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, away in some damp corner of a pasture where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the cows to rub themselves against, for snails and bugs to crawl over, and for toads to squat under among the poisonous weeds?

It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along in the brawling stream of life, wearing off the rough corners, bringing out the firm crystalline structure of the granite or the delicate veins of the agate or chalcedony. It is this perpetual chafing and rubbing in the whirl of current that shows what sort of grit a man is made of and what use he is good for.

The sandstone and soapstone are ground down to sand and mud, but the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamond is cut and polished for











