

THEY FORN MEN—Some men use words as ribbons and bullets. They say little. The few words are undisciplined and unright to the mark. They let you talk, and guide you to their eye and face, and on and on, till what you can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the mark, and are done. You never know where you are with them. Your conversation falls into their hands, as rivers fall into the deep chasm and are lost in a sudden depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go not to the mark like a gun-shot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading.

A Welsh newspaper recently contained the following in its notices to correspondents:—"Truth is carved out of our columns this week."

They only hate which we all bear with Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.