

glory of his parents. He was an earnest, manly, and wise beyond his years. He saw the anguish his mother's grief was pulling her down to him he demanded the cause. He knew what she did, she told him he was dying, and then, frightened at her own words she talked to him of death and the fair country beyond, and all the glorious faiths loved to believe in, and the angels' side. Then he kissed away her tears, and said, "my name is not afraid." And so, clasping his mother's hand, and resting his head upon his mother's arm, in the still night with the full moon shining clear upon him, without a moment's loss of consciousness or a word of doubt or a single tear, he passed calmly through the silent valley across the shining river to the farther shore.

The Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, was one day taking a friend from Scotland to see the Bloomingdale lunatic asylum; but passing the stock exchange in Wall street on their way he took him to the door to look in. The man asked, "why had got to their destination?" "I don't know," the doctor, starting indignantly over his shoulder at the broker, exclaimed, "surprise, not unmingled with awe: 'Is't safe none! I They're a loose!'"

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.