

curse their favor. We despise that shrinking, timid mortal, who, before he speaks, looks wildly around, as if fearing the presence of some one, who might not think the same as he. What would the consequences be, if the executive chair of this nation were filled by one, who, before he decided an important question, would first look to his party to see whether it would be received with popular favor? President Hayes electrified the nation when he said, that, he was not the president of a party, but the president of the people. His policy is popular with the masses of the people. Yet this truly great man did not know when he decided on his policy, whether it would be received with general favor or not. He knew his duty, and was not afraid to act. It was a bold stroke and deservedly popular.

Sensitive to praise as men are, the question is often mooted, as to the course to be pursued, in order to win the applause and good will of all.

No intellect is so impoverished as not to perceive, wherein obligation or duty lies. Realizing the right path in which to direct our footsteps, we should press onward. All should have a worthy purpose in view, a beacon light towards which they can wend their way.

As we journey through life, there will often be an opportunity to step from the wayside, and lend a helping hand to the weak and faltering. We may conduct ourselves as we proceed towards futurity, as to win the applause of men; making each step more sublime; character more noble, and finally reaching the brink of eternity, we leap beyond, forever disappear from mortal view. But departing, we may leave "foot prints on the sands of time," which may be to others, a guide to a noble life.

A. J.

### RECIPROCATED MAXIMS.

#### CHAPTER I.

"And now, farewell! 'tis hard to give thee up."

—N. P. Willis.

"I cannot, Howard!"

"And why not, Nellie?"

"Because your—"

"My what, Nellie?"

"Because your principles and your character are not always such as I could respect. You are an avowed infidel, and would scoff at my religious convictions. Holding such diverse opinions, could we ever expect to live happily together? You are too fond of gay and wanton society, and more,—pardon my frankness,—you quite frequently use strong drink."

"Is this all that you have to oppose in me?"

"You are angry, Howard, because I have been so frank and honest, and yet, methinks it were better to meet your question fairly and honestly, than to attempt to evade it, or to deceive you by concealing the real truth."

"Certainly, Nellie, I would have you deal frankly and honestly. I admire your straightforward ways. But have you ever thought that perhaps all boys have some inherent faults or vices? I will grant that I may have more than the average of them, but then, with such an angel as you always near me, I stand a fair chance of sometime becoming a fair specimen of the *genus homo*. Think of this matter awhile, Nellie. Surely, you do not cast me off entirely when I love you so intensely? It seems to me that my great love ought to be a virtue with which you might cover up a few of my faults."

"It is useless to say more. You have heard my only answer," said Miss Nellie quietly.

Howard McKee said no more for some moments, nor did he even turn his head, but looked straight into a lilac bush before him. After musing for some time he drew up his tall handsome figure to its full height, and took a step forward as if