

Literary.

(ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.)

Every man is eventually what he trains himself to be.

He that knows not when to be silent, knows not when to speak.

The greatest work has always gone hand in hand with the most fervent moral purpose.

The past is associated with the present. To learn from the past is the wisdom of the present.

A man can take one or two interests in life, and so give himself up to them that all the greater truths of life are entirely unheeded by him.

Any man who sacrifices the best part of his nature to the worst is a loser every day, even if he gets twenty per cent. on his money.

The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks in tones of tenderness, truth or courage.

Every-day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal.

It is more often necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter being sometimes forgot.

Suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.

Nothing is so great an enemy to tranquility and a contented spirit as the amazement and confusion of unreadiness and inconsideration.

Life is so complicated a game that the devices of skill are liable to be defeated at every turn by air-blown chances, incalculable as the descent of thistledown.

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the heavy hands of toil.

The good is one thing, the pleasant another; these two, having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant misses his end.

Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living in common drag behind them?

Life, altogether, is but a crumbling ruin when we turn to look behind; a shattered column here, where a massive portal stood; the broken shaft of a window to mark my lady's bower; and a smouldering heap of blackened stones where the glowing flames once leapt; and over all, the tinted lichen and the ivy clinging green. For every thing blooms pleasant through the softening haze of time. Even the sadness that is just seems sweet. Our boyish days look very merry to us now, all nutting, hoop and gingerbread. The sufferings and toothaches and the Latin verbs are all forgotten, the Latin verbs especially. Yes, it is the brightness, not the darkness, that we see when we look back, the sunshine casts no shadows on the past. The road that we have traversed stretches very far behind us. We see not the sharp stones; we dwell but on the roses by the wayside, and the stray briars that stung us are, to our distant eyes, but gentle tendrils waving in the wind. God be thanked that it is so—that the ever-lengthening chain of memory has only pleasant links, and that the bitterness and wounds of to-day are smiled at on the morrow.

The policy of right-doing cannot be doubted. Every intelligent man and woman must see that in nearly every

instance it pays richly and fully for whatever labor or self-sacrifice it may involve, and in the few cases where they cannot see the results most of them have sufficient faith in the law to trust it. Yet, if this be the only motive in action, it cannot be called right-doing in the best sense. That which is done wholly from the hope of gain or advantage cannot be in the highest type.

A reputation which survives him who made it for a hundred years, and then shows no sign of impaired vitality, must be well founded. By survival we do not mean a passive existence between the covers of books and in the cognizance of bookish men. In that sense everybody who manages to get his name printed secures a kind of immortality. Our reference is, of course, to continued life as an active force—as an influence in some department of human energy. It is surprising how many men of note fail, in this sense, to become centenarians. In the case of literary workers, our libraries are largely the receptacles of dead reputations, given over to the book-worm and of no further concern to the active world.

In listening to the sound by which a clock or watch marks the passing of the diminutive portions of time, one might almost fancy that deductions so extremely small would never wear away the whole duration of a long life. But it has been by such minute lapses in never ceasing succession, that the vast series of ages since the creation has passed away; it has been by the succession of instants that all our ancestors have completed their sojourn on earth, and by this it will be that we shall one day have arrived at the end of our mortal existence. Each passing moment, then, may be regarded as having a relation to the end, and everything which hints to us that moments are passing, may be a monition to us to be habitually to the great work which ought to be accomplished against the period when the last of them shall come.

IT LIGHTENS OUR BURDENS.

It is the beautiful work of Christianity every-where to adjust the burden of life to those who bear it, and them to it. It has a perfectly miraculous gift of healing. Without doing any violence to human nature, it sets it right with life, harmonizing it with all surrounding things, and restoring those who are jaded with the fatigue and dust of the world to a new grace of living. In the mere matter of altering the perspective of life and changing the proportions of things, its functions in lightening the care of man are altogether its own. The weight of a load depends upon the attraction of the earth. But suppose the attraction of the earth were removed? A ton on some other planet, where the attraction of gravity is less, does not weigh half a ton. Now Christianity removes the attraction of the earth, and this is one way in which it diminishes men's burden. It makes them citizens of another world. What was a ton yesterday is not half a ton to-day. So without changing one's circumstances, merely by offering a wider horizon and a different standard, it alters the whole aspect of the world.

THE BEST GIFT TO MANKIND.

If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should look to chiefly in his progress through life as the power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions—I must point to something which in a well-known hymn is called, The Old, Old Story, told in an old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind.—W. E. Gladstone.

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