

HYMN OF THE LABORER.

Thank God for toil, for hardship, whence
 Come courage, patience, hardihood,
 And for that sad experience
 Which leaves flesh and blood;
 Which leaves tears for another's woe!
 Brother in toil respect thyself:
 And let thy steadfast virtue show
 That man is nobler far than self!

Thank God, that like the mountain-oak
 My lot is with the storms of life;
 Strength grows from out the tempest's shock;
 And patience in the daily strife.
 The horny hand, the furrowed brow,
 Degrade not, how'er sloth may deem,
 'Tis this degrades—to cringe and bow,
 And ape the vice we dis-esteem.

Thank God for toil; nor fear the face
 Of wealth nor rank; fear only sin,
 That blight which mars all outward grace,
 And dims the light of peace within!
 Give me thy hand, my brother, give
 Thy hard and toil-stained hand to me;
 We are no dreamers, we shall live
 A brighter, better day to see!


BRIGHTER DAYS.

Let us hope for brighter days!
 We have struggled long together,
 Hoping that the summer's rays
 Might succeed the wintry weather;
 Hoping till the summer came.
 That to us seemed winter still,
 Summer—winter—all the same!
 To our hearts as cold and chill!

Let us hope for brighter days!
 Surely they must come at last,
 As we see the solar rays,
 When the storm has hurried past;
 So, as 'mid the storm, we know
 That the sunbeam will succeed,
 Let us not our hope forego
 In our darkest hour of need!

THE PRAYING MOTHER.

"He heareth the prayer of the righteous."
 —Solomon.

 Mrs. L. is a remnant of the first generation of Methodists in B.—She is still wending her heavenward pilgrimage, after many years of trial and change. Her husband was a sea captain, of French origin, a Catholic in his earlier religious education, but a decided skeptic in his maturer years, tolerating, with affability, the religious opinions of others, but utterly reckless of his own.

Mrs. L. consecrated her house to God; she erected the family altar and guarded its hallowed fire with the fidelity of a vestal priestess. Even her infidel husband was compelled to admire her Christian integrity, and during his stay at home, as well as his absence on the seas, she faithfully gathered her little ones in daily domestic worship.—Skeptic as he was, he felt that that family altar shed a cheering and hallowed light on his hearth-stones, that it was a moral mooring to his household during his frequent and long absence—an affecting, though, it might be, an illusive reminiscence of their early home to his children, when, in after years, they might be dispersed in the world. Nay, often, in foreign ports, amid the dissipated scenes of a sailor's life, did strange and affecting images of that home worship, the supplications and tears of his wife and little ones for their wandering father, pass over his memory, and often in the perilous extremity of the night storm, did the trembling unbeliever bethink himself that the evening prayer