

every operative in this republic. We love industry, and respect all who practice it. But labor without study, is like a body without a soul. Cultivate and enrich the mind with all useful knowledge, and rest assured that an intelligent understanding will teach the hands how to earn dollars, when the ignorant earn only cents.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

How to Take Life.

Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was, as it is, an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it, as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, it may be a broken-hearted brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he *will*, follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.—*Ibid.*

Be Gentlemen at Home.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, and those who love him best, simply because the security of love and family pride, keeps him from getting his head broken. It is shameful that a man will speak more impolite, at times to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family, than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearth-stone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen in society; and nothing can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.—*Life Illustrated.*

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

SECONDS.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH.

Who counts the tiny seconds
As they onward swiftly fly?
There're sixty in a minute,
And how they hurry by!

The second has existence,
Though hurried is its fate;
And to its birth and burial
We're apt to be too late.

Past hours are vainly counted—
Lost moments we deplore,—
While seconds are unheeded,
Though gone forever more.

But seconds make the minutes,
And minutes hours and days,
Days count the years, those milestones
Along life's thorny ways.

The swift and fleeting second,
Time's briefest record here,
Though but a point, an atom,
Brings distant eras near.

They will to coming ages
Their fleeting numbers lend,
And seconds will be counted,
'Till time and years shall end.

—R. I. Schoolmaster.

OVER THE WAY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When cold-hearted Poverty knocks at my door,
And robs me of blessings I gathered before,
Takes a glass from my table, a coal from my fire,
And robes my dear Nellie in meaner attire,
I envy sometimes in the heat of the day
My very good friend who lives over the way.

But when I sit down at my pleasant fireside,
And count o'er the joys I was never denied—
My sweet little wife, and the babes at her knee,
My health and my conscience unsullied and free—
No longer I suffer my wishes to stray,
Or envy my friend who lives over the way.

He's wealthy, but feeble; he's titled, but old;
His son is a spendthrift, his wife is a scold;
Suspicious of others, ill-pleased with himself,
His only delight is to reckon his pelf.
Were he ten times as rich, I'd refuse, night or day,
To change with my friend who lives over the way.

Though Poverty, frowning, peeps in at my door,
I'll neither be beaten, nor vainly deplore;
I'll scare him away by hard works if I can,
And look in his face with the heart of a man;
And, hiving at home all the joys that I may,
Forget my poor friend who lives over the way.

CALEDONIA. (1)

Their groves, O sweet myrtles, let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume:
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
With the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wauders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze, in their gay sunny vallies,
And could Caledonia's blast on the wave,
Their sweet-scented woodlands, that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests and gold bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.

BURNS.

QUEBEC.

It was a warm, hazy morning in July when, with portfolio and pencil, I sallied out of Palace Gate and sauntered down through the suburb St. Roch toward the banks of the St. Charles, to make my first of a series of sketches of notable things and places in and around Quebec, that quaint old town in the far northeast, partly lying upon a rocky cape within solid walls built long ago by cautious Frenchmen, and partly spreading out over the neighboring slopes and levels.

To the visitor from the States, every thing in Quebec appears queer and strange. There is so much unlike the objects of his daily ex-

(1) The numerous typographical errors in the publication of this poetry in our last have compelled us to reprint it.