

and that "Whomsoever God loveth, he chasteneth," therefore, duty to God prompts us to say, "Thy Will be Done" Our sense of right and wrong, or what we would call conscience, tells us that it is much better to submit to our misfortunes than to be making our lives and the lives of others, a burden, by continually fretting about things over which we have no control. Then it is to our interest not to fret and worry, for if a man has injured us, it will give him the satisfaction of seeing that his schemes have succeeded. When there is no feasible way of bettering our lot, necessity compels us to be contented with our position in life. Although a man may think himself poor, and on account of his poverty possess a discontented spirit, still in comparison with some, he has abundance, "for no man is poor who does not think himself so." Men have shown us by example how the noble trait, "Contentment," can smooth the hard places in life and produce peace and quietness, where without it would have been confusion and turmoil. Those who practise this noble virtue have a reward laid up for them, which will far more than compensate for their present submission.

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**Wordsworth's "Leech  
Gatherer."**

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There had been a storm in the night; the wind had blown heavily and the rain had fallen in floods; but now the sun is rising, bringing with it a beautiful, happy day. The birds sing merrily, and the noise of the distant falling waters accompanies their song, as if to welcome the light of another gladsome day. Everything loving, sunshine and brightness is out of doors enjoying it. All nature seems to rejoice; the grass still covered with raindrops which had fallen during the night, sparkled in the sun; and as a hare now runs by, a glittering mist rises, making a finishing to nature's beautiful picture.

At that time I was travelling upon the moor. I was filled with happiness, and at times was so busy with my pleasant

thoughts that the scenes and sounds around me were forgotten, and I was a boy once more. But at last a thought comes to me, which for a time took all the happiness away from my heart. My past life had been unusually happy, but would it continue to be so? Would I not have to pay for my happiness, with perhaps years of sorrow and pain? I had lived a life free from care and distress as the birds, but was it likely that it would remain so? my thoughts then wandered to the lives of different men with whom it had been thus, who, like myself, had been very happy in youth, but whose course had ended in pain and sorrow.

Then something occurs to change the current of my thoughts. On suddenly raising my eyes I beheld before me an old man standing by and looking fixedly into a pool. There was no apparent reason for standing thus, motionless and silent. He was very old and his body was bent almost double as he leaned upon a long wooden staff. As I drew near he still continued to stand "motionless as a cloud," seeming not to hear or feel the wind. At last he stirred the pool with his staff, and looked steadily into the muddy water. Now I took a stranger's privilege, and spoke to him. He answered slowly, but courteously. Then I asked him what his occupation was. He looked surprised but answered in the same measured way he had spoken before. He said that, being old and poor, he was trying to maintain himself by gathering Leeches. The old man continued to talk by my side, but I was again lost in thought, and scarcely heard him. It all seemed as a dream, or else as if he had been sent to give me strength to keep from yielding to my unhappy thoughts. My former feelings then returned, and wishing to be comforted, I asked once more, how he lived. He smiled and told me again, adding that it was once easier than now to find leeches. While he spoke, I imagined seeing him going long distances across the moor alone. How lonely and desolate his life! He soon began to talk of other things and when he ended, I could have laughed at myself for being so weak, when the old man's mind was so firm. "God help me," I said, "and I'll remember the Leech-Gatherer on the lonely moor."