

and a host of others who rose above circumstances to exalted positions of honour and trust ?

Now, if it was by industry and perseverance that these men became renowned—and none ever rose to eminence without it—is not the position taken fully proved ? Is not this sufficient reason why they should be practised by all the aspirants after honor and fame ? They constitute the only royal road to manhood and honor. They should be practised by the Christian in forwarding the interests of his Master's kingdom ; by the philanthropist in alleviating the sufferings of humanity ; by the physician in making himself proficient in his calling ; by the young stripling at law that he may attain the object of his ambition, so that his counsel may be sought in after life, and his name honored and revered on account of his uprightness ; by all, because of the shortness of life, and the momentous concerns that depend upon our efforts. Let, then, the motto of all be, " Work and persevere," and then the reward is certain.

Up in the Trees.

WOULD we were there in the woods together—
Two little birds in the midsummer weather!
Out of the winter, away from the sorrow,
With—think of it!—never a thought of the morrow!
Up in the trees whose branches are swinging,
They sit in the soft airs, singing, singing
A song in which youth and passion are blended,—
That is always beginning, and never ended!

Look at them there now, sitting, sitting
Where owls are hooting and bats are flitting :—
One is singing, the other is sleeping,
While the lady moon through the leaves is peeping !
And now look at us,—whose years are doubled,
We have missed so much, and have been so troubled,—
Would we were there in the woods together—
Two happy birds in the midsummer weather!
—*From Public Opinion.*