

ural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question; but if you consider further the proper effect of real Christianity—namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good will to man—you will perceive in this source of renewed vigor to the mind, and through the mind the body, an additional spring of life imparting from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest.

I would point out the Sabbatical rest as necessary to man, and that the great enemies of the Sabbath, and, consequently, the enemies of man, are all laborious exertions of the body or mind, and dissipation, which force the circulation on that day on which it should repose; whilst vexation from the ordinary cares of life, the enjoyment of this repose in the bosom of one's family, with the religious studies and duties which the day enjoins, (not one of which, if rightly exercised, tends to abridge life,) constitute the beneficial and appropriate service of the day.'

OUT OF WORK.

'It's of no use, Maria, I've tried everywhere.'

'But you are not going to give it up, Peter?'

'Give it up? How can I help it? Within four days I have been to every bookbindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get.'

'But have you tried everything else?'

'What else can I try?'

'Why anything that you can do.'

'Yes, I've tried other things. I have been to more than a dozen of my friends, and offered to help them if they would hire me.'

'And what did you mean to do for them?'

'I offered either to post up accounts, make out bills, or attend to the counter.'

Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband thus spoke.

'What makes you smile?'

'To think you should have imagined you would find work in such a place. But how is Mark Leeds?'

'He is worse off than I am.'

'How so?'

'He has nothing in his house to eat.'

A shudder crept over his wife's frame now.

'Why do you tremble, wife?'

'Because when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow, we shall have nothing.'

'What!' cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair, 'do you mean that?'

'I do.'

'But our flour?'

'All gone. I baked the last this afternoon.'

'But we have pork!'

You ate the last this noon.'

'Then we must starve!' groaned the stricken man, starting across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book-binder by trade, and had now been out of employment about a month. He was one of those who generally calculate to keep about square with the world, and consider themselves particularly fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was thirty years of age, and had three children to support besides himself and wife, and this, together with house rent, was a heavy draught upon his purse, even when work was plenty, but now—there was nothing.

'Maria,' said he, gazing his wife in the face, 'we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world.'

'Do not despair, Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything

that is honest is honorable. Should you make but a shilling a day we would not starve.'

'But our house rent?'

'Trust to me for that. The landlord shall not turn us out. If you will engage to find something to do, I will see that we have house room.'

'I'll make one more trial,' uttered Peter despairingly.

'But you must go prepared to do anything.'

'Anything reasonable, Maria.'

'What do you call reasonable?'

The wife felt inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over his face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure he would find no work. She knew he would look for some kind of work which would not lower him in the social scale as he expressed it. However she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him.

On the following morning, the last bit of food in the house was put upon the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he had been gay and fortunate, making most of the present, and forgetting the past, and leaving the future to take care of itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear; and when he left the house he said—

'Something must be done.'

No sooner had the husband gone than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her eldest child was a girl seven years old, and her youngest four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of the children until noon. These children were known to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood locked up her house and went away. She returned at noon, bringing dinner for her children, and then went away again. She came home in the evening before her husband, carrying a heavy basket on her arm.

'Well Peter,' she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down, 'what luck?'

'Nothing! nothing!' he groaned, 'I made out to get a dinner from an old chum, but could find no work.'

'And where have you been to-day?'

'O—everywhere. I've been to more than a hundred places, but it is nothing but an eternal no—no—no—no! I am sick and tired of it.'

'What have you offered to do?'

'Why I even went so far as to offer to tend a liquor store down town.'

The wife smiled.

'Now what shall we do?' uttered Peter spasmodically.

'Why we will eat supper first, and then talk the matter over.'

'Supper? Have you got any?'

'Yes—plenty of it.'

'But you told me you had none.'

'Neither had we this morning, but I've been after work this morning and found some.'

'You—you been after work?' uttered the husband in surprise.

'Yes.'

'But how—where—what?'

'Why first I went to Mrs. Snow's, I knew her girl was sick, and I hoped she might have work to do. I knew her, and told her my story, and she set me to work at once doing her washing. She gave me food to bring home to my children, and paid me three shillings when I got through.'

'What—you out washing for the butcher's wife?' said Peter, looking very much surprised.

'Of course I have, and earned enough to keep us in food through to-morrow at any rate, so to-morrow you may come home to dinner.'

'O, I have just seen Mr. Sampson, and told him