

Labour.

BY FRANCIS OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come
o'er us;

Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-waves falter in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps
glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labour is worship!" the wild bee is
ringing;

Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's
heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving
shower.

From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing
flower;

From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from
his part.

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water falleth;
Illness ever despaireth, bewailoth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust
assaileth;

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of
noon.

Labour is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and
brightens;

Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep
them in tune.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet
us;

Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sun-promptings that ever entreat
us;

Rest from the world-sirens that lead us to
ill.

Work! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy
pillow;

Work! thou shalt ride o'er care's coming
billow;

Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping
willow;

Work with a stout heart and resolute
will.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish
are round thee;

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath
bound thee;

Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond
thee;

Rest not content in thy darkness—a cloud.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;

Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labour!—all labour is noble and holy;

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy
God.

BEGINNING RIGHT AND EARLY.

I SHALL never forget a lesson I received when at school at A—. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good-nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day, "I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them, that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighbouring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote:

"Not long since some boys were flying a kite in the street just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy, 'I will drive the cow.'

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for awhile.' 'O, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots clumsily as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots, in particular, were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the

widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial were discovered by his teacher.

"And now ladies and gentlemen, I ask you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—*The Children's Own.*

A WORD TO GIRLS.

PUTTING aside all the sad showing of low ideals to be found in the manner of dressing to be seen everywhere around us, we may perhaps help ourselves and others to find a better plane of thought on the subject by taking note of what some girls have said who hold the matter under consideration. I find it possible to divide these girls into three classes:

First, the girls who have nearly all their money they want, and who believe that their first duty in life is to dress themselves with it.

Second, the girls who have very little money, and who use what time they have, as well as all their money, in appearing as well dressed as possible.

Third, the girls who have very little of either time or of money at their own disposal, and whose interests are in something quite different from their clothes, yet who have taste and sentiment and who suffer if they ever find themselves dressed inappropriately.

We have all known girls belonging to each of these classes.

We know the girl who is given nearly all the money she wants and is told to get the prettiest things she can find to wear. What is the result? Sometimes, like the girls in confectionery shops, who get so tired of sweet things that they never want to touch them, the taste palls. It is like any other earthly possession—once ours, we care very little for it. I heard a young dressmaker with a large custom say the other day: "Why, if it were not my business, I would wear the plainest things I could find, and never think of dress again as long as I live." Famous actresses, too, whose profession requires constant attention to dress, are known to despise fine dressing when they are in private. Charlotte Cushman, who saw more of society, and that of the best kind, through a long series of years, than almost anybody of her time, used to limit herself to three dresses—a comfortable gray woollen dress for

every day, a good black dress, and a light silk for "occasions." This left her a margin of money for doing many noble things.

It is wonderful what a moth of money fine dressing is! and of all unsatisfactory results, perhaps, to be finely dressed is one of the least. I am speaking, of course, of fine dressing, not forgetting that witty saying of one of our excellent New England women—that "there is a consolation in being well dressed which even religion cannot bestow."

Religion does not work in that way. If we neglect our duties she is not coming to help us until we take pains to help ourselves; and one of our first duties to ourselves and to others is to be *fitly* dressed. There never was a carelessly dressed or an unneat person known who was not also careless about appointments, careless at figures, unneat in processes of thought, and in some way untrustworthy. Alas! It is a fact—that clothes illustrate the man.—*Wide Awake.*

A BABY IN JAIL.

It was a queer little tot of a girl who put in an appearance at a Philadelphia police-station, and, looking from one officer to another, said, "Did you put my mother in jail?"

The officer stared at the little midget, so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps of the station-house, and wondered what she meant. They had arrested a tangle-haired woman, who had fought like a fury and stormed at them in three languages; but they did not dream that this little innocent thing was her child. But she was, and the mother heard her voice and called for her.

So they swung open the door of the corridor and let the baby in. She trotted up to the cell door, and looking in said, "Why, mother, are you in jail?"

The mother shrank back, ashamed. The child dropped upon her knees upon the stone floor and, clinging to the cold bars, began to pray:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

There was a strange moisture about the strong policeman's eyes as they led the little thing away. When the case came into court, the Judge whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake behave as another should.

It was the drink that made the mischief, and drink is always making mischief. It begins with a little for medicine, and it ends with wretchedness, madness, misery, and death. Many a fair, bright young girl has tasted of this poisoned cup, and has never stopped until she reached the depths of sorrow and despair.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Good Temp'ar.*