

The Potter's Song.

BY H. W. LON FELLOW.

TURN, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound;
So spins the flying world away!

This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow and some command,
Though all are made of clay!

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange.

Nothing that is can pause or stay
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar
And shall it to the potter say,
What maketh thou? Thou hast no hand!
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis Nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;
In youth the heart exults and stags,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest-home of day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done.
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will scorch the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon,
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday:
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the Past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay.

"Harden not Your Hearts."

In the diary of Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster, it is told that one day an old man was giving a young lad some friendly counsel. He was warning him not to follow his own example. He said that "he could remember well about his own youthful days. His heart was then soft and tender. Many a time he was almost persuaded to be a Christian. But he grieved the Spirit. He stifled the still, small voice of conscience. He refused to give up his sins. What was the result? It was a very terrible one. "Now," said the old man, laying great stress on the words, "my heart is hard and brown." Sin had hardened his heart. It had become like the nether millstone.

Dear young friends, your hearts may be soft and impressible now, like the newly-fallen snow. But very soon, unless you yield them up to Jesus, they will become "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin" (Heb. iii. 13). Every time you grieve the Spirit, every time you refuse Christ's loving invitations, your hearts are getting harder and harder.

Be warned in time. Choose Christ now, lest at the last you have to say, like the aged rejector of Christ, "My heart is hard and brown."

Paragraphs for Girls.

MRS J. M. JOHNSTON.

I WAS a student once at Albion. Years have crowded in, but they have not crowded out pleasant memories of that school-girl period. A face—a thought—an aspiration—a heart-throb of those receding years comes back to me often, with pleasant, suggestive lessons.

One day while waiting for the stroke of the bell that should bring the recitation hour, I listened to a conversation between two young friends, which was about as follows: "I shall never learn music enough to pay for all this fuss and fret. It is downright drudgery—drill—drill—drill! I am heartily sick of it! If I had your sister Lucy's voice and her wonderful control of it, I would make any sacrifice to perfect it. But what is the use? It will never amount to *that*!"—and the speaker, a bright, little brunette, snapped her fingers and looked grave.

"See here, Fanny," and I heard a little ringing laugh, "I am going to call you lazy. I don't mean it, you pretty silver-throat, of course I don't. I will tell you something of Lucy's experience. It may prove a tonic to your expiring ambition.

"Well, to begin, Lucy is not a natural singer, as you are. You sing like a canary, because you were made to sing. She studied music to please papa. He is passionately fond of it and set his heart on Lucy, with the determination to spare no pains to develop every hint of music in her. As she grew in years he almost despaired, for she rarely sang, as most children do, and if she attempted, her voice was harsh and inflexible. She was about thirteen before she comprehended his anxiety about the matter. Then she seemed to awaken into a new life, and her wonderful tenacity of purpose became manifest. She began in earnest to study music—she became its devotee. The more she gave herself to music, the more music gave itself to her. It is wonderful how her voice came and developed in sweetness and power. I have seen papa listen at the parlor door with great tears dropping from his cheeks, as though an all-absorbing desire of his soul was being gratified. To you, Fanny, with your beautiful talent, which needs but purpose and industry to make it all glorious, I will say that my sister had neither voice nor ear at first, but it has all come about through heroic persistence, stimulated by love for papa, and desire to please him."

I was a silent listener to this biographical tit-bit. She of whom it related, was a dear, earnest girl, and as fellow-students we all delighted in her voice. Few of us knew how filial devotion had been the power behind the throne. How I wished all girlhood had that secret and could feel its power as at that moment I felt it.

In this age of luxurious living it does, indeed, require a world of determination to rise above the enervations and dissipation of life, and to achieve a high ideal. But noble examples of woman's scholarship are every year multiplying. Her record in special studies and in full collegiate competition is already no mean one.

But fashion is the great maw that devours time. Her tyranny demoralizes the very foundation of stable character, in one who yields to her away. She may be a good servant

when your necessities demand her services, but as a monarch, she is relentless.

Time is a most sacred gift. It belongs to the youthful, and to the majority, is their stock in trade. Upon its use hangs their fortune or misfortune. The morning dew is soon brushed off. The short, impatient years of seed-sowing and the bringing into fruitful growth "those beginnings which are the budding of every sweet and immortal virtue," are gone like the flight of a bird across the sky. Take each new day, fresh and fragrant, from the Bountiful Hand and make its golden hours tell to some purpose.

The hour of relaxation is set over against the hour of toil and is just as subservient in its end. But preserve the relaxation from degeneration. Hold it up to its moral uses. Demand of it character as wholesome and atmosphere as pure as of hours given to your noblest achievements. There are many who need no stimulus to incite them to vigilant, mental industry, but more sluggish and indolent natures are benefitted by a little goading of high example. Such in their lazy moments sometimes wonder how some people accomplish so much. There is a hint in the reply of Ferdinand Christian Baur, of Tubingen, to Theodore Parker, who on a visit to the venerable student, asked him how many hours a day he studied. The old theologian answered with a sigh, "*Ach! leider nur achtzehn*"—alas! only eighteen.

How Slate-Pencils are Made.

Most of our readers who are old enough to attend school are familiar with slate-pencils. All will be interested in knowing how they are made; and the following article from the *Vermont Chronicle*, even if several hard words are not understood, will teach them:

"In making slate-pencils, broken slate is put into a mortar run by steam and pounded into small particles; then it goes into a mill, and runs into a 'bolting machine,' such as is used in flour-mills, where it is 'bolted,' the fine, almost impalpable flour that results being taken to a mixing-tub, where a small quantity of steatite flour, similarly manufactured, is added, together with other materials, the whole being made into a stiff dough. This dough is kneaded thoroughly by passing it several times between iron rollers. Thence it is conveyed to a table, where it is made into 'charges,' or short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing eight to twelve pounds each. Four of these are placed in a strong iron chamber, or 'retort,' with a changeable nozzle, (so as to regulate the size of the pencil,) and subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure, under which the composition is pushed through the nozzle in the shape of a long cord, and passed over a sloping table slit at right angles with the cords to give passage to a knife, which cuts them into lengths. They are then laid on boards to dry, and after a few hours are removed to sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugation serving to prevent the pencils from warping during the process of baking, to which they are next subjected in a kiln into which super-heated steam is introduced in pipes, the temperature being regulated according to the requirement of the article exposed to its influence. From the kiln the articles go to the finishing and packing room,

where the ends are thrust for a second under rapidly-revolving emery-wheels, and withdrawn neatly and smoothly pointed. They are then packed in pasteboard boxes, each containing one hundred pencils, and these boxes are in turn packed for shipment in wooden boxes containing one hundred each, or ten thousand pencils in a shipping-box. Nearly all the work is done by boys, and the cost, therefore, is light.

Links with Heaven.

Our God in heaven, from that holy place,
To each of us an angel guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace,
For they give angels to their God and heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary,
Knowing her dearer self, safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark and dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

How can she sin? Our hearts may be un-heeding,
Our God forgive, our holy saints defend;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel hands aside?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother love; we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never,
With such a stake in heaven fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honour,
But all the angels flitting to and fro,
Pause, smiling as they pass—they look upon her
As mother of an angel whom they know.

How to Straighten Girls.

THOSE interested in the physical education of girls may learn a serviceable lesson from the practice of the Hindoo. His girls know nothing of calisthenics, and never used dumb bells or Indian clubs. They are not strapped to a backboard, nor practised in "sitting up straight," yet they are graceful in movement, exquisite in form, and straight as an arrow.

Their physical training, which produces results far superior to those wrought out in the gymnasium, or in the calisthenic class of the boarding-school, is as simple as it is effective. From their earliest childhood they are trained to carry burdens on their heads.

The water for the use of the family is brought from the village tank by the girls. It is carried not in pails held in the hand, as with us, but in earthen jars, poised on the head. So carefully is the filled jar adjusted, and so steadily does the girl walk, that not a drop of water is spilt, and never is the vessel broken by a fall.

The exercise strengthens the muscles of the back, throws the chest forward, and compels the body to stand erect and to walk with a firm, regular, and elastic step. No young lady is seen in Hindostan with a crooked back. Her walk is the envy of English women.

In the south of Italy, where the custom of carrying water on the head is also observed, travellers pause to notice the erect carriage and elastic gait of the peasant women. A Neapolitan woman is not unfrequently met with returning from the village fountain with a jar full of water to the brim poised on her head. The road may be rough and stony and run up a steep hill, but she moves with such rhythmic grace and elasticity as not to spill a drop.—*Youth's Companion*.