

tomed to make light of suffering they go forth into life not fitted to become the friends the tender-hearted Cowper would select. He says :

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and
fine senses,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

The women of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Philadelphia, have obtained control of animals brought to the pound, and refuse their use for vivisection. Lately a distinguished surgeon of the Medical College, failing to obtain a dog from them for an experiment, the affair caused considerable excitement, but the women came off victorious. They could not furnish animal for experiments where they would be subject to torture.

When our actions are measured by the Golden Rule, "All things that we would have done to us do we also unto others," no cruelty or selfish acts would mar our intercourse with our fellow man, or any of the creatures our Heavenly Father hath made.

"UP THE HILL."

The eighth annual meeting of Chappaqua Mountain Institute Alumni Association was held at Chappaqua, N.Y., Seventh-day, 6th month 22nd, 1895. Among other exercises the following poem was prepared and read by a former graduate of the Institute :

UP THE HILL.

'Twas a sultry day in August,
I was standing looking down,
On a hill that sloped before me
Toward the outskirts of the town.

Horse cars on the hill were running,
Going down 'twas easy quite,
When the wheels turned without trouble
On the rails so smooth and bright.

Then I wondered how the horses,
Which now up the hill must climb,
Would accomplish their hard mission,
So I watched them for a time.

Near the foot a horse was standing,
Soon a car came into view,
It's two horses pulling steadily,
As the car along they drew.

When the hill was reached, the other
Horse I'd noticed standing there
Took his place with his two brothers,
Thus with them the work to share.

So the three the car drew upward,
At the top the third was freed,
Down the hill his way he wended
To another team in need.

Back and forth, his journey always
Only up and down the hill,
Helping others with their labor,
Patient always, never still.

This his life work, helping others ;
No glad journeys through the town
With a change of scene and labor,
Just the hill and up and down.

Yet he ne'er complained, protested
That his lot in life was hard,
But performed the task assigned him,
Nor it with repining marred.

Then I thought : Is here a lesson
That we might with profit learn ?
When we say that life's a failure,
And we haven't had our turn

At the work the world's in need of,
Stop and think can all be great,
All have places of high honor ?
Some there are must stand and wait.

How we strive to find our mission,
Thinking of the great deeds we
Shall accomplish in the future,
Never guessing it may be

That the task to us allotted
Is one seeming small and mean,
Till we think how all too seldom
Helpers in the world are seen.

Ah ! how many struggle vainly
All because no willing hand
Is outstretched to help them onward
With the duty for them planned ?

Shall we let them sink discouraged,
Going idly on our way,
Thinking of our work, our honor,
While to us for aid they pray ?

Is it not as great and noble
All good work to gladly aid,
As to do what we call our work
While the others stand dismayed ?

Let us seek, then, those who need us,
We can find them if we will,
And with ready heart and cheerful
Let us help them up the hill.

Remember this, my son, he who thinks
he cannot win is quite sure to be right
about it, for he has already lost.