

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

HEN THAT WALKETH UPRIGHTLY, WALKETH SURELY.—**Mr. W.**—crossed the plains in 1849, and never swore a word all the way, nor travelled an inch on Sunday that was not absolutely necessary to find feed or water. He did not get angry or fall out by the way with any of his company. He did not forget to read his Bible nor to pray, either while crossing the plains or after he got into the country; but kept up both regularly all the three years he was there. The first winter, the whole company kept together and divided the avails of their labor equally. **Mr. W.**—walked five miles to work every morning and back at night to his cabin, and did as much as the best of them. In the spring they divided the money, and found that they had averaged \$29 a day to the man, from the day after they had arrived. But that was too little in those times, so **Mr. W.**—and part of the company went off to the Trinity. There instead of making more, they made much less. So when it was proposed that three or four of them should start a store in a town not far off, he assented, and in his money with theirs. His partners went to buy goods and he stayed behind to dig. After they got over to the town, the question arose whether they should sell liquor. They sent over to **Mr. W.** to know what he thought. If you do, said he, you can take my money out; for I will have no interest in any store where liquor is sold. They could not spare his money, so they assented to his terms.—And when the question of keeping the store open and trading on Sunday came up, his answer was the same. So the store was never open on the Lord's day. Did they lose their trade? Yes, to some extent. They would doubtless have sold more goods and made more money for the time, if they had kept open on the Sabbath, and sold whiskey. But **Mr. W.**, though he had a large family depending on him, whom he greatly longed to join, could not afford to grow rich at the expense of conscience, character, and God. But, after all, he did not lose so much as you would at first imagine: for some gave their custom because he kept his principles. And many others gave him their confidence, and their gold dust to keep in his safe at half per cent. a month; and \$200,000 was not an unusual amount to have on hand. The following conversation which was once overheard between two partners in front of his store, will show you what one man thought.

Have you bought your goods yet?

Yes.

Where?

In here.

Did you inquire the prices at any of the other stores?

No.

Why didn't you?

Because these men don't keep open Sunday, and don't sell whiskey, and I aint afraid to trust to their honesty.

A LESSON FROM THE SPIDER.—A little girl, who had permission to accompany her mother in a walk, hastened to change her dress, but discovered that the one she desired to wear had, by some means, been torn. Her vexation was so great that, until it was too late to think of going out, she did nothing but cry. At length the mother, hearing her daughter lament and grieve over her misfortune, took her by

the hand and directed her attention to a little spider that was busily engaged in weaving itself a web, in the same place where but a few hours before, it had been destroyed by the servant's broom. "This web," said she, "which had cost the spider several days' labor to construct, was this morning, swept away, and it was with great difficulty that it saved itself from the ruins; yet without stopping to lament its loss, it has set itself cheerfully to work again, and by perseverance and industry has nearly constructed as comfortable a dwelling as that which had been destroyed." The little girl, feeling that she had much less reason to grieve than the spider, perceived that, had she followed the example of the industrious insect, and employed the time she had wasted in idle grief in mending her dress, she would neither have been disappointed of her walk, nor have had to bewail a mispent day.

The Lay of the Lowly.

Robert Nicoll, a Scotch poet, is remarkable for the unaffected simplicity of his verses. He selects homely themes, but he throws into them the loftiest feelings. The following poem will go home to every heart:

We are lowly—very lowly,
Misfortune is our crime;
We have been trodden under foot
From all recorded time.
A yoke upon our necks is laid,
A burden to endure;
To suffer is our legacy,
The portion of the poor!

We are lowly—very lowly,
And scorned from day to day;
Yet we have something of our own
Power cannot take away.
By tyrants we are tilled to death—
By cold and hunger killed;
But peace is in our heart, it speaks
Of duties all fulfilled!

We are lowly—very lowly,
Nor house nor land have we,
But there's a heritage for us
While we have eyes to see.
They cannot hide the lovely stars,
Words in creation's book,
Although they hold their fields and lanes
Corrupted by our look!

We are lowly—very lowly,
And yet the fairest flowers
That by the wayside raise their eyes—
Thank God! they still are ours!
Ours is the streamlet's mellow voice,
And ours the common dew;
We still dare gaze on hill and plain,
And field and meadow too!

We are lowly—very lowly;
But when the cheerful spring
Comes forth with flowers upon her feet
To hear the thrush sing,
Although we dare not seek the shade
Where haunt the forest deer,
The waving leaves we still can see—
The hymning birds can hear!

We are lowly—very lowly;
Our hedgerow paths are gone,
Where woodbines lay their fairy hands
The hawthorn's breast upon.
Yet slender mercies still are left,
And heaven doth endure,
And hears the prayers that upward rise
From the afflicted poor.