

more of sunlight, free air, and open fields in their lives, and a better acquaintance with plants and animals. To be deprived of these things is to be poor, disconsolate prisoners, like the birds shut up in cages, that may know nothing of freedom, but certainly are without the happiness of bird-life. In their ambition and thirst for gold men have flocked together and taken up conventional standards of living, and set their hearts on what the world thinks necessary to happiness, and in so doing have renounced real blessings. They have lost everything, and live on scraps. The truth of these words that follow is pathetic: "See now the existence of the men who live according to the world's rules. The higher their position in the world, the more they are deprived of this condition of happiness. Most of them—almost all the women—attain old age without having seen the dawn, the fields, and the forests more than once or twice in their lives, except through a car window; without ever having planted a seed, or raised a cow or horse or hen—without even knowing how animals are born, grow, and live. Wherever they go they are deprived of this happiness of nature, just as the prisoners are; and as the prisoners console themselves with the sight of the grass growing in the prison yard, and the furtive passage of a spider or a little mouse, so these men console themselves with the enjoyment of sickly hot-house plants and the society of a parrot, a little dog, or a monkey—and even these are reared and fed by mercenaries."

To one whose life is simply the artificial life of modern society, some such thoughts as these must come home, as he is enjoying a quiet holiday in some shady retreat by a quiet stream or lake, or on some farm where he learns the delights of early rising, fresh air, unbroken quiet, and closeness to nature. With what a weary feeling he looks back upon the turmoil of the city! He begins to realize what delights God has prepared for men, and holds close at hand, if only they would not reject them. We pay very dearly for the things we commonly set our hearts on. There is a great deal of progress of a certain kind to-day, but the individual suffers terribly. He has to go out annually and be re-made by a few weeks of altered living, or he would go to pieces. But if his aims were purer, and his personal desires more moderate, the joy and pleasure of his holiday weeks might be found in a great measure every day of his life.

THE DAY'S WORK.

Do thy day's work, my dear,
Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting near,
Though time has little left for hope and very much
for fear.

Do thy day's work, though now
The hand must falter and the head must bow,
And far above the falling foot shows the bold
mountain brow.

Yet there is left for us
Who on the valley's verge stand trembling thus,
A light that lies far in the west—soft, faint, but
luminous.

We can give kindly speech,
And ready, helping hand to all and each,
And patience to the young around by smiling
silence teach.

We can give gentle thought,
And charity, by life's long lesson taught,
And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by toil
and failure wrought.

We can give love, unmarred
By selfish snatch of happiness, unjarred
By the keen aims of power or joy that make youth
cold and hard.

And if gay hearts reject
The gifts we hold—would fain fare on unchecked,
On the bright roads that scarcely yield all that
young eyes expect—

Why, do thy day's work still,
The calm, deep founts of love are slow to chill;
And Heaven may yet the harvest yield, the work-
worn hands to fill.

—*All the Year Round.*

THE COMMERCIAL DECALOGUE.

I.

Thou shalt not in any wise boast, brag, bounce, or bluster, or the wise man will hold thee in low esteem.

II.

Thou shalt not permit thy wife to be living at the rate of £200 a year, when thy business is not yielding more than £199; nor shalt thou withhold from her the business information which, as I can meet, she is entitled to receive.

III.

Thou shalt not mock the unsuccessful man, for he may be richer in his poverty than thou art in thy boasted abundance.

IV.

Thou shalt not carry the counting-house into the domestic circle, nor in any wise spoil the children's hour by recapitulating the bankruptcies of the day.

V.

Thou shalt not hob-nob with idle persons, nor smoke with them, nor encourage them, nor approve their evil life.

VI.

Thou shalt not keep company with an unpunctual man, for he will certainly lead thee to carelessness and ruin.

VII.

Thou shalt not forget that a servant who can tell lies for thee may one day tell lies to thee.

VIII.

As to hours of slumber and sleep, remember the good old rule:

"Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven."

IX.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," but give where well bestowed right cheerfully.

X.

Be honest in copper, and in gold thy honesty will be sure — *Dr. Parker.*

TOO THIRSTY AND COLD.

A CHAPLAIN, during the American war, was passing over the field, when he saw a soldier that had been wounded lying upon the ground. He happened to have his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man:

"Would you like me to read you something that is in the Bible?"

The wounded man said: "I'm so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water." The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water. After the man had drunk the water he said:

"Could you lift my head and put something under it?"

The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and, tenderly lifting his head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on.

"Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me. I am so cold."

There was only one thing the chaplain could do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so the wounded man looked up in his face and said:

"For God's sake, if there is anything in that book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."

There is a world of meaning in this incident. The need of to-day is acting the object lesson the book teaches. — *Selected.*

"I MAKE not the least doubt in the world but the Church of England before the Reformation, and the Church of England after the Reformation, are as much the same church, as a garden before it is weeded and after it is weeded is the same garden." — *Archbishop Bramhall.*