

should have as much time as his proper night's rest. Ten hours a day should be the longest day's work, and the workingman should have fair wages. No one who could not read and write should be allowed to vote. If all our people could read and write, and knew a trade, we should have sober, useful, contented citizens, all making as much money as they needed. When no man's money went for liquor, every man's money would keep his family in good beds, good dinners, and good shoes. The domestic affections would have a chance to grow, and fathers would be acquainted with and love their children.'

They were travelling at a leisurely pace in a county famous for coal and iron, for great furnaces and foundaries. About the middle of a bright afternoon, they had entered one of these black and busy towns, built about great works. It was an hour when the employees are generally occupied, the streets engrossed only by the necessities of traffic, and the sounds heard are the crash of wheels, the clank of machinery, and the roar of great fires. But as this peaceful strolling party entered the town they were aware of a great uproar, of rage and not of labor. Following the central street they soon saw a crowd of nearly five hundred men, surging and shouting about a large building.

'It's a mob,' said Rodney.

'A strike,' said Rasmus.

Most of the shopkeepers had prudently closed their windows and doors, but some were standing on the door-sills watching to see what would happen. Women were hanging about corners, children in their arms, or clinging to their gowns, and the women were most of them anxious or whimpering, and wishing 'the men would settle down peaceable, or trouble would come of it.'

'What is the matter?' asked Mr. Llewellyn of an old grocer.

'Well, the men struck Saturday for an advance in wages. I reckon if they'd sent a committee to insist on it they'd have had it without striking, for it was reasonable, and was given them on Tuesday morning. The men were right. They were not getting what their work was worth, and every man wants to be able to keep his family in some sort of shape by what he does.'

'You're right,' said Rasmus the ready; 'but if they got what they wanted, what are they kickin' about now? says I.'

'Why, here is where the foolish part of the matter comes in. Having got what they wanted and had a right to ask, they went to asking what they had no right to expect. These men all belong to some kind of a union or league, very good of its kind, no doubt, and useful to them if they will make it so; but ten of the workmen did not belong to that society, and as soon as the strikers got what they asked, instead of turning in and working, they said they'd stand out till these ten men were dismissed. That's the row today, and I don't call it fair. The ten have families, and are decent men, and to turn 'em out means to starve 'em. I don't think it is right. The company is standing out on that head, and I hope they will stand out everlastingly.'

'Land, what fools we mortals do be!' said Rasmus, all excited to draw nearer and hear how affairs got on. He pressed to the outskirts of the ever-increasing mob. They were besieging the company's office, and now an elderly gentleman appeared at a second-story window, stepped boldly out on a little wooden shelter over the office-door, and endeavored to address the throng. He had no fear of his men, and had no cause to fear; he was not unpopular, for they knew him to be just, and, on occasion, generous. But he could not secure a hearing—all were talking—all wanted to talk. The master gave up the contest of speech, but he folded his arms on his chest, and he shut close his mouth, with its long Scotch upper lip, and leaning back against the house, he stood at bay, and his whole person read boldly—'No surrender.'

Now a new orator appeared in the midst of the mob. Suddenly a box and a barrel were placed, one atop the other, for a staging, and a big-headed, red-faced man was handed up. On his fat hands were rings; a big pin ornamented his gorgeous necktie.

'He ain't no workingman,' quoth Rasmus to Rodney.

'He is the keeper of the big liquor-store,'

said a man who stood by Rasmus' shoulder.

This speaker had the advantage of standing in the midst of the crowd; also, he had other advantages—some of the men were his cronies, others his debtors. He burst forth into a hot tide of challenge and accusation of the company. The company was domineering, arbitrary, unjust. They rolled in wealth, while the men by whom their riches came wallowed in penury. The masters had coaches, the men went on foot. The men had little frame houses, the masters great mansions. These were honored, those were despised. All things should be free and equal—all the land, houses, mines, furnaces, should be share and share alike. Companies should get no more than the men. Thus he raged on, and the men got more and more surly and excited. Their rage began to turn on the master, who stood angry, silent, and resolved, above the door. There were murmurs of stoning him, egging him, breaking into the office, gutting the foundry, and so on. Insensate hate was being stirred in their usually orderly hearts.

(To be Continued.)

### Courtesies to Parents.

Parents lean upon their children, and especially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine. Their love is a constant inspiration, a perennial fountain of delight, from which other lips may quaff, and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, sees that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than many sons do, but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face, and made her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough of his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more could any reasonable woman ask?

Ah, but it is the mother-heart that craves an occasional kiss, the support of your youthful arm, the little attentions and kindly courtesies of life, that smooth down so many of its asperities and make the journey less wearisome. Material aid is good as far as it goes, but it has not that sustaining power which the loving, sympathetic heart bestows upon its object. You think she has outgrown these weaknesses and follies, and is content with the crust that is left; but you are mistaken. Every little offer of attention—your escort to church or concert, or for a quiet walk brings back the youth of her heart; her cheeks glow, and her eyes sparkle with pleasure, and O! how proud she is of her son!

Even the father, occupied and absorbed as he may be, is not wholly indifferent to these filial expressions of devoted love. He may pretend to care very little for them, but having faith in their sincerity, it would give him serious pain were they entirely withheld. Fathers need their sons quite as much as the sons need the fathers, but in how many deplorable instances do they fail to find in them a staff for their declining years!

My son, are you a sweetener of life? You may disappoint the ambition of your parents; may be unable to distinguish yourself as they fondly hoped; may find your intellectual strength inadequate to your own desires, but let none of these things move you from a determination to be a son of whose moral character they need never be ashamed. Begin early to cultivate a habit of thoughtfulness and consideration for others, especially for those whom you are commanded to honor. Can you begrudge a few extra steps for the mother who never stopped to number those you demanded during your helpless infancy? Have you the heart to slight her requests, or treat her remarks with indifference, when you cannot begin to measure the patient devotion with which she bore your peculiarities? Anticipate her wants, invite her confidence, be prompt to offer assistance, express your affections as heartily as you did when a child, that the mother may never grieve in secret for the son she has lost.—'Sunday School Times.'

### Dreaming.

(Grace May North, in the 'Christian Register.')

'O, for a splendid thing to do!  
Thought little Ben one day,  
'For something really, truly great,  
Not just pretend at play.'

So lost was Ben in idle dreams,  
He did not note, 'tis true,  
That, heedless, he was passing by,  
A splendid thing to do.

For poor blind Tom beside the curb  
Stood bending 'neath his load,  
Awaiting someone's helping hand  
To lead him o'er the road.

### The Muskrats Home.

All summer Mitty Muskrat had lived in a big cave in the bank just above the pond. One day in October she was delighted to hear that it was time for the family to build their winter house.

Soon after sunset one night she started out with her mother; they crossed the pond swimming with their fore feet tucked up under their throats, and using their broad, flat tails as rudders. Mitty, indeed, was in such a hurry that she wriggled her tail from side to side like a tadpole.

They entered the ditch which led into the swamp, but soon left it, and, making their way through mud and grass for a short distance, suddenly came upon several muskrats building a platform of sticks upon some alder roots.

The house itself was begun by weaving green twigs, flags, and reeds into a kind of fence around a circular enclosure. Mitty helped fetch reeds from the swamp all night. She slept all the next day, and did not awaken until after sundown. With several companions she went out to get food. Some dug yellow lily roots, towed them ashore, and feasted on their crisp white centers. Mitty fancied a rush banana. Diving to the bottom of the pond, she bit of a big rush, carried it to her usual eating place, sat up on her hind legs, and began to peel it, holding it in her paws and biting off the end of the soft, white pith as if were really a banana.

Suddenly one of her companions plunged noisily into the pond. This was a signal that danger was near. Although Mitty could see nothing she dropped her supper and dived into the pond. An instant later Slyfoot, the weasel, appeared on the bank, disgusted that his prey had escaped. Swimming under water, Mitty, with a few swift strokes, reached home.

That night the rain fell in torrents, and no one worked on the new house. Muskrats are not afraid of rain, their coats being quite waterproof, but the heavy clouds made the night pitch dark and they preferred to wait for moonlight.

When the weather was again pleasant the house progressed rapidly. A domeshaped structure was formed of interlaced reeds, and plastered on the outside with mud which the builders mixed in their paws and smoothed with their tails. On the top the reeds were more loosely woven and not so thickly covered with plaster, so that air might enter. There was no door above water; a passageway led from the upper into the lower one, and this room opened directly into the water.

One night it began to rain, and the children said gayly, 'This will make a pond of the meadow.' And, indeed, it did. A neighbor's house was swept away. Their own followed. The children mourned; but the elders said: 'How fortunate that the flood came early in the season! Now we have time to build again before winter!'

Then it suddenly grew cold. The ground froze, and ice formed on the pond.

'How can we build a house now?' wailed the children.

'Wait a little,' replied the elders, 'it is too early for winter yet; we shall have another warm spell.'

Sure enough, Indian summer soon came, with mild days and clear moonlight nights. How fast the muskrats worked on a new house! Every one did as much as he was able.

The new house was larger than the old one, and had another chamber on top, quite high