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| 25 | " " 50 | 1,250 00 |
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A WISH.

If you might only have, love,
The sunshine and the flowers,
And I the cold and loneliness
Of dreary, wintry hours;
If every sweetness in my life
Might answer to your clasp,
And I could bear whatever loss,
Whatever wrong or pain,
Would otherwise fall to you, love,
As falls the autumn rain:
I think I could not ask, love,
For any happier hours
That just to know God sends to you
The sunshine and the flowers.

LILIAN WHITING.

LOVE.

I lit a fire on my hearth's cold stone,
And that fire a raging flame hath grown,
And now I sit through the dreary night,
Like the watchman of a beacon light,
Heaping the ashes damp and cold,
Lest the raging flames should burn my soul.

There are flames that seas cannot subdue,
Though they burn themselves to an ashen blue;
There are flames that will leap through the silent grave;
And kindle the forest leaves they crave;
This is the fire that fell from above,
And, despite the fates, I call it love.

I know not whether this flame shall be
A blessing or a curse to me,
If it burns the dross that hath o'er me played,
I shall not regret the price I have paid;
But if only the golden grain should fall,
Then love is a tyrant that taketh all.

—Lillie Binkley, in the American.

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD—PAST AND PRESENT.

Every man is bound to work in some way or other. If he does not procure employment for himself, the devil, according to the learned and pious Dr. Watts, is sure to furnish it for him. Labor is one of the conditions of strength. All slothful races are weak, physically, morally, and intellectually. Go to the intertropical regions, where nature, without culture, produces all that is necessary to supply the animal wants of man, and you will find the natives deficient alike in brain and brawn. Morality is at the lowest possible ebb among the lazy tribes of hot countries—a fact that demonstrates the truth of the theory so musically propounded by our old friend Dr. Watts. It ought to be a great consolation to the work day world to know that it could thrash the play day world in a fair fight without pulling off its jacket. And yet the stalwart toilers are sometimes foolish enough to envy the effeminate do-nothings. Silly fellows, they do not know that the most valuable of all jewels are the sweet beads that fall from their own pores—most valuable, because they purchase health, vigor, and sound repose; things which all the gems of Golconda cannot buy. There is no real enjoyment save that which is fairly earned either by hand-work or head-work, or both.

It is true that the human machine may be overtasked. It sometimes is. But in these days, when the roughest portion of the world's work is done by steam-driven iron, there is no necessity, in enlightened countries, for man to overstrain his strength. Let those who are inclined to grumble at their share of the wear and tear of life, glance back into antiquity, and learn to be content with their lot. The miserable ancients—the toiling class we mean—had a hard time of it. Think how the steam-engineless Egyptians must have strained their unfortunate arms and spines while piling up the Pyramids and scooping out the Catacombs—how the comparatively scrawls and leverless Chinese must have ruined their constitutions in building their "Great Wall" to keep out the Tartars—and at what a cost of broken backs and contracted sinews the immense masses of rock on Salisbury Plain were brought from distant quarries and arranged in circles for the mysterious uses of Nobody-knows-who. Possibly the poor wretches of the past had more mechanical helps than we know of, but certainly they had no steam-engines. Look at the gigantic results of Roman labor as seen in the moldering remains of the noblest aqueducts, havens, roads, and public buildings that were ever constructed. It seems incredible that these were the achievements of mere muscle. The Roman conquered the world, though—we must remember that—and that it was only when they became lazy that they lost it.

After all, there is nothing like hard work; it is the parent of greatness. We have not a very high opinion of the Turks, but they have one admirable maxim, viz., that every boy, no matter what his degree, shall be taught some handicraft whereby, under any circumstances, he may get a living. Sultan Mahmoud was a tolerable shoemaker, and other Sultans were compelled in their youth to learn mechanical trades. The worst of it is that your Ottoman is so confoundedly indolent that, after having been taught how to earn his bread, he would almost rather starve than labor. Upon the whole, modern toilers—in civilized and Christian lands at least—can well afford to pity the fate of their brethren of long ago. Modern toilers are not sightless Samsons, working in the dark and treated with scorn. They work understandingly, and live in an age where exertion is honorable and idleness disgraceful. Furthermore, mechanical power, scientifically applied, is the slave that does most of the hard jobs, and saves muscle no end of lifting, pushing, striking, and hauling. It has been well said that no illustration could more aptly show the difference between the old times and the new than the picture of the ancient galley, urged onward with tiers of flashing oars wielded by the sinewy arms of unwilling servitors, and the modern steamer propelled by the fire and water that science has made the vassals of man. Still, all of us, if we would be happy, must perform fairly and squarely the work given us to do.—New York Ledger.