

## THE TOILER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

His weary hair of toil  
 Still for his labour bent,  
 Outborn with never-ending tasks,  
 With ceaseless effort spent;  
 With a cheerful heart he bore his part,  
 The man was yet content.

His toil was cheered by tender thoughts  
 Of loved ones and of home,  
 Of babes and wife, the joys of life;  
 His cot than palace fine  
 They made more dear, and evermore  
 Suppressed complaint or moan.

His frame was nerved to bravest deeds;  
 It was for them he wrought;  
 His soul was strong; the day, though long,  
 Was gladdened by the thought  
 Of household joys and childhood wiles  
 That purest pleasure brought.

Now ringeth forth the welcome bell,  
 The signal of release:  
 Amid the evening shadows cool  
 He findeth sweet success  
 From bond and thrall. Like dews that fall  
 Descendeth Home's calm peace.

So we, amid life's weary toil,  
 May cheer our fainting souls  
 With hope of Heaven and Home above,  
 Where joy's full river rolls  
 For us at last, life's sorrows past,  
 When Death's mild curlew tolls.  
 —Metodist Magazine for June.

## LABOUR IS HONOURABLE.

The following from the pen of the late J. G. Holland possesses the essential elements of pathos and truth:—Labour is the honourable thing among men. There is not a neatly-graded lawn, a pretty garden, or a well-trained tree that does not tell of it. It builds magnificent cities, and creates navies, and bridges, rivers, and lays railroad tracks, and infuses every part of the flying locomotive. Wherever a steamer plows the waves or the long canal bears the nation's inland wealth; wherever the wheat fields wave and the mill wheels turn, there labour is the conqueror and the king. The newspaper, wherever it spreads its wings, bears the impress of toilers' hands. Should not the labourer be well housed? Should he not have the best wife, and the prettiest children in the world? Should not the man who produces all that he can eat and wear be honoured? To us there is more true poetry about the labourers' life and lot than any other man's under heaven. It matters not in what calling a man toils, if he toils manfully, honestly, and contentedly. The little tin pail should be a badge of nobility everywhere, and in the "good time coming, boys," it will be.

## HOW TO GET AN EDUCATION.

Boys say to me: "We want an education, but we can't get it; so we are going to learn a trade, or go into a store, or do something else." Now let me say that every boy who wants an education, if he will bend his force to it, can get just as good a one as he wants. The way is open. Education doesn't come through academies, colleges, seminaries, though these are helps; but it comes by study and reading, and comparing; and all the schools, and colleges, and seminaries in the world will not make a scholar of a man without those; and with them a man will be one, if he never sees a college. And what is true of boys, is of girls; and what is true of this pursuit, is of any other. The force must be in yourself, and you must develop it. It is that indomitable "I can" that sets man astride in the world.

## ONLY ONE SCENE.

It was a dreary, miserable morning; a heavy fog hung over the wretched street; the rain had fallen constantly through the night, and still drizzled in a forlorn way. Pedestrians jostled along, occasionally hitting one another with their wet umbrellas and sloshing the mud right and left over the dirty pavement.

Crossing a filthy street where the thick black mud entered the soles of her sodden shoes and clung with tenacity about her thin ankles, was a young girl of thirteen or thereabouts. She breast the driving wind and swerved not from a straight course ahead, although her weapons against the elements were only a ragged dress and a thin faded shawl, of many colors. Tied about her untidy mass of hair was an old hood, while upon her feet an old one-sided shoe, unlaced and torn at the toe, did duty for one, while the other walked bravely on in a man's discarded boot, hard and unwieldy though it was. She seemed utterly indifferent to the rain. And why should she be otherwise? For when one is thoroughly wet and worn a few drops more or less either of water or trouble make no difference. She hurried around the corner; and a shiver passed through her frame with the cutting blast of wind. She shuffled on as fast as possible, considering her soaked feet, held her poor wet garments closely to her as if for protection, and soon turned up a dark court, opened a cracking door in a rickety tenement house, and entered. How cold and dark and damp! although just what she expected. A deep sigh escaped her. The "bundle of rags" (called father) on the straw in the corner did not move, and she softly opened the door into another smaller one and looked in. All was hushed and still. On a low couch of straw, covered with a thin, patched army blanket, lay a little girl of seven, pale and faded; but though a clammy sweat stood upon the fair brow, one could not but say, "How lovely!" Yes; though a drunkard's forsaken child, Lena Croft's pinched features were classically beautiful. Amy knelt down by her side, took the little thin hand in her own, and, poor child, although she did not intend to awaken her sick sister, the hot tears that fell from her eyes had that effect, and the blue eyes opened and fastened upon her imploringly. She had begged her father with all the strength and pathos of her young voice to call a physician for Lena, even getting down upon her knees before the degraded man with her earnest pleading; but no, this heartless father turned away from his eldest born's prayer and took the money that, with God's will, would have brought relief to his sick child and gave it willingly to the cruel rumseller who was licensed to flood his home with poverty, and perhaps something worse.

"I am so glad you've come, Amy! I'm so hungry! Can I have something now?"

Amy looked at the thin cheek so touchingly white, at the blue eyes that had once beamed with laughter, and her heart sank within her. She felt such a weight of oppression that she could not speak. She had promised to get something for the sick child and had failed. She had rung at many basement doors, but the servants had bade her begone. "Shure," said one, "oi've enough to do without waitin' on the loikes of yea."

"You may, dearie; you shall, my little lamb! Just wait a minute." And out again she bounded (that freezing, wet starving child), resolved that she would ring the front door bells and see the ladies themselves as a last resort.

Thinking only of Lena, her poor, tired feet seemed shod with wings. She hurried through the streets and rung the front door bell of the first respectable house. A tidy housemaid opened the door, and in answer to Amy's pleading, "Please may I see the lady?" she received, "You dirty girl, to come up these clean steps with your muddy feet. Begone this instant!" and the door slammed in her face. She turned despairingly but resolutely (the sad eyes at home haunting her) and pulled the next bell. As the servant opened the door, Amy said quickly, "My little sister is starving; please give me something for her."

"Beggars should go to the back doors," angrily answered the girl, and was about to close the door when a gentle voice called: "Let her step in on the oil cloth so that I can see her."

"But, shure, she's drippin' wet, ma'am, an' covered with mud."

"Do as I say; let her in."

The door was opened reluctantly and Amy stepped in.

"Oh how lovely," thought the poor outcast. "How bright and nice everything is!" And her eyes wandered to the sweet voiced individual lying upon the crimson hall couch.

"My poor girl, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, ma'am! something for my poor sister; my poor little sister is sick and dyin', and starvin'."

"Poor child; poor little girl! Katy, tell the cook to give her part of my beef tea in a bottle, a cup of jelly, and some bread and meat. And be quick about it."

The poor girl received the package with a thankful heart, and the world seemed brighter as she ran to the hovel she called home, although the rain still fell pitilessly. As she entered her door the tattered heap in the corner moved, and the miserable father raised himself with difficulty to a sitting posture and looked at her in an ill-tempered leer. He had grown so bitter and revengeful in his dissipation that Amy shuddered with dread.

"What you carryin' so sneakin'?" he fiercely demanded.

"Something for Lena; she's starvin', father."

"Bring me what you've got; I'm starvin' and thirstin' too."

"Oh, father! I can't; Lena's dyin'," moaned Amy, trying to pass the miserable wreck on the floor; but he raised himself slowly and uttered a threat so terrible, ending with the words, "Pity ye wan't both dyin'; ye better lock out or ye will; bring me the basket, I say;" and Amy tremblingly handed it to him.

Snatching it from her, he swallowed the beef tea and as much of the bread as he could possibly eat; then he rose with difficulty, and, wrapping the cup of jelly in a paper, tottered to the door. Amy stood looking with horrified eyes, but with great effort asked: "Where are you goin' with the jelly, father?"

"To Washburn's for a drink."

"Oh, father! leave me the jelly or Lena will die." And poor Amy wrung her hands in agony.

"Pick up the crusts that I left; they're good enough for such brats as ye

are." And the brutal father turned away.

Amy opened the bedroom door tramplingly. How could she face her little sister without food again and tell her there was none? But there was no need; Lena had heard all. Through the little broken window came a feeble ray of light, revealing a smile on the white lips, sweeter and lovelier than sunlight. She held out her thin hand to Amy, and the heartbroken girl caught it between her own and covered it with scalding tears as she broke forth into convulsive sobbing.

"Don't cry, Amy, my good Amy. I'm sleepy; but I love you sister Amy. Kiss me, Amy, for I'm goin' to mamma. I won't be hungry any more, nor cry any more, will I sister? Amy's tears were falling faster than the raindrops outside, but her heart was too full to speak.

"I'll ask God to come for you sister, soon—soon. No tears there—mamma." And the little sinless sleeper was at rest.

One little tired heart has found peace; up the golden stairs her little feet have gone. But oh, Father, the other!—*National Temperance Advocate.*

## LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

THERE were no libraries and but few books in the "back settlements" in which Lincoln lived. Among the few volumes which he found in the cabins of the illiterate families by which he was surrounded were the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington," and the poems of Robert Burns. These he read over and over again, until they became as familiar as the alphabet. The Bible has been at all times the book in every home and cabin in the republic; yet it was truly said of Lincoln, that no man, clergyman or otherwise, could be found so familiar with this book as he. This is apparent both in his conversation and his writings. There is hardly a speech or state paper of his in which allusions and illustrations taken from the Bible did not appear. Burns he could quote from end to end. Long afterward he wrote a most able lecture upon this, perhaps next to Shakespeare, his favourite poet. Young Abraham borrowed of the neighbours and read every book he could hear of in the settlement within a wide circuit. If by chance he heard of a book that he had not read, he would walk many miles to borrow it. Among other volumes he borrowed of one Crawford, Weems' "Life of Washington." Reading it with great eagerness, he took it to bed with him in the loft of the cabin, and read on until his nubbins of tallow candle had burned out. Then he placed the book between the legs of the cabin, that it might be at hand as soon as there was light enough in the morning to enable him to read. But during the night a violent rain came on, and he awoke to find his book wet through and through. Drying it as well as he could, he went to Crawford and told him of the mishap, and, as he had no money to pay for it, offered to work out the value of the injured volume. Crawford fixed the price at three days' work, and the future president pulled corn three days, and thus became the owner of the fascinating book. He thought the labour well invested.—*Arnold's new "Life of Abraham Lincoln."*