

would commence," was on her lips and in her heart many times each day. "I have nothing to do, and time hangs heavily on my hands."

"Nothing to do, Lucy?" said her aunt, who had heard the often repeated remark. "Nothing to do?" and her countenance wore an expression of peculiar seriousness. "I have lived much longer than you, and yet I cannot recollect the time when I could say I have nothing to do."

"You are older than I am, aunt," said Lucy, "and grown persons always find more to occupy them than a young girl like me."

"They have more cares, I know," was her aunt's reply, "and yet no period of life, except mere infancy, is exempt from duty. You have not realized all you anticipated from this vacation, and I can tell you why. You expected only happiness, not thinking you had duties to perform or obligations to discharge. When you relinquished study for a season, you looked forward to an unceasing round of pleasure, imagining that thornless flowers and unmixed sweets would be your portion. You thought not of laboring for the gratification of others, but have selfishly sought only your own enjoyment. Still you complain that time hangs heavily on your hands, and you have nothing to do."

"What can I do?" inquired Lucy, into whose mind light was breaking. "If you have no great duties to perform," replied her aunt, "you need not neglect the smaller, an opportunity for which is always before you. I heard little Willie ask you not long ago to tell him about the pictures in his new book. You could have rendered him very happy by thus trying to amuse him; but it really made me sad to see his disappointed face when you quickly pushed the book aside. Then Henry came for you to cover his ball; 'it will take only a few minutes, Lucy,' he said, 'and then I can go and play with the other boys.' As you did not choose to perform this sisterly act, Henry left you with harsh words upon his lip, and still more angry thoughts in his heart."

"I cannot do such things as these all the time," said Lucy. "No, but you can always cherish a spirit of kindness which will lead you to render all these little offices without even waiting to be asked. Not an hour passes in which you may not do something for others. It may be a very simple act, and yet it will confer a double benefit. While rendering another happy, it will send a ray of sunshine

through your own heart. Do not say again, 'I have nothing to do, but look at your brothers and sisters, striving to be useful to them, or go to your careworn mother, seeking to lighten her heavy burden; and when there is no room in your home for the performance of duty, let your sympathies take a wider range. There is sin, and sorrow, and suffering all around you, which, young as you are, you can do much to lessen.'"

I have often heard the remark, "I have nothing to do," uttered by those whom God has given minds to devise and hands to execute. I have heard young lips complain of the weary hours dragging slowly along, and then have listened to various methods for speeding time more rapidly. Then I have thought, it cannot be in a world like ours, where there are so many calls for patient toil and untiring application, that any one can truly say, "I have nothing to do."

Reader, are you of the number who breathe this complaint? If so, look carefully around you, commencing in your home, and see if there are not duties for you there. Perchance you have younger brothers and sisters who need assistance and sympathy; or it may be toiling parents, to whom the little aid you can render would be very grateful. There may be untaught ones near you who are thirsting for the simplest rudiments of knowledge, or the children of sorrow and adversity, on whose grieving faces you can kindle a smile of happiness. Nothing to do! God created us all for action, and endowed us with powers of body and mind for this object. Let us strive to benefit the world in which we live, ever discharging the appropriate duties of our station.

Jewish Custom.

It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after the manner:—the lambs were separated from the dams, and enclosed in a sheepcote, with only one narrow way out; the dams were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to join the dams; and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying, "This be holy." Hence saith the Lord by the prophet, "I will cause you to pass under the rod." Ezek. XX.