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## Zoetry.

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

Pause not to dream of the future before us, Pause not to weep the wild cares that come

o'ek us.

Hark! here creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing; Never the little seed stope in its growing, More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

A TOTAL TO SOUTH TO SOUTH TO SOUTH TO "Labor is worship," the wild bee is ringing. Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing, Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life giving shower'.

From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;

From the small insect, the rich coral bower Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life ! 'Tis the still water faileth ; Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth; Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labor is glory! The flying cloud lightens Only the waving wind changes and brightens; Idle bearts only the dark future frightenes Play the sweet keys would'st thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest, from the corrows that greet us Rest from the petty vexations that meet us; Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us, Rest from world-sireds that lure us to ill.

Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow; Work, thou shalt ride over care scoming billow, Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping-

willow: Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! lo, the husbandman reaping; How, through his veins goes the life current leaping,

How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,

True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides. Labor is wealth ! in the sea the pearl groweth, Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;

From the fine scorn, the strong forest bloweth; Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not; though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee

Bravely fling off the cold stain that hath bound thee !

Look to you pure heaven smiling beyond thee. Rest not content in thy darkness-a clod! Work ! for some good, be it ever so slowly ; Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly; Labor! all labor is noble and holy;

Let their great deeds be a work for thy God

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

Oh, mother, wherefore speak the name of death.

It was a most glorious evening of an Italian autumn. The mellow sunlight, that inimitable artist, colored with his setting beams the long range of the snowy Appenines, till their glittering points shone like crimson beaconlights against the deep blue eastern heavens; the classic Arno gave out glimpses of silver through its close embankments of spreading firs and chestnuts; the-vine-covered heights of Fiesole, where the poet milton spent long weeks of delicious retirement, shadowing out, it may be, his glorious dream of Paradise, rose even then like a hanging garden above "Florence the Fair :" and a spell of romance and ideality rested over the whole scene, as though it was not a real picture, but some dreamy vision of enchantment too fair for duration. But the loveliest piece of sunlight in the glowing landscape was a small but richly cultivated villa, somewhat retired from the road which extended between'Florence and Sienna, whose marble palace of small but exquisite preportions looked. when viewed from a neighboring height, like a pearl embedded in emeralds, so closely was it surrounded by a shrubbery of laurustinus, flowering clematis and glossy bays, while a plantation of young oaks, ex tending to the river, formed a back ground of sombre and agreeable relief. This spot was the abode of the widowed Countess de Gondi, a descendant of one of the most illustrious families in Florence, and renowned as the first. who. after the destructive wars of Italy, expended large sums of money in encouraging Grecian artist to make their abode among them; till, as it were, in recompense of their love of the arts, one of their own line, the youthful Cimabue, caught the painter's fire. and embodied those glorious conceptions which still form the boast and delight of his native

daughter, who had sprung up like a flower in her brief path of wedded love : and although she daily "guessed of heaven," and pictured the bliss of meeting with the dear departed, maternal love still bound her with its sweet thraidom, and she felt, when, alsa! it was too late, that she was willing to be immured still longer in the prison walls of this earth for the sake of her lovely and dependent Giuletta. Some days had elapsed since the invalid had learned from her physician that the shadows of the grave were resting upon her, and yet she could not find courage to introduce the subject which lay nearest her heart, and thus; in some measure, as she trusted prepare

the mind of her child for the dreadful, but booldertain event of her approaching decease. And yet such warning is ever unavailing; for who, even among those who have watched their lost ones through long months of, languishing and decay, but will not acknowledge that hope would not let them be convinced, and that the stroke has ever fallen at length with overwhelming might: Truly, the youth ful heart cannot anticipate its coming grief, but finds them ever sudden and unexpected as

the lightning flush, and it seems a mercitul

providence that it is to for hour water le

The influence of the sunset had fallen soothingly on the heart of the invalid, and as she reclined on her cushioned couch in a western apartment, gazing for a long while on the beautiful face of Nature, she felt that He who akes such care of his lesser, works, must preside mercifully over the destinies of His creat ture, man; and as the evening breeze cooled. strengthened into prayer and resolution that she left that the time had at length arrived when she could yield up her spirit cheerfully and unmurmingly.

Can any spot on earth be more beautiful than this?" asked the lovely Giuletta, as, leaning on the low casement, she looked with glis tening eye on the gay landscape, and then turned for her answer toward the couch. "

"Beautiful! beautiful!" murmired the countess; and as her gaze rested on the lovely being at her side, it was difficult to say which had most won her admiring exclamation, the glowing landscape of its living spec-

"In a little while, dear mother, you will be enabled to enjoy it more fully; I mean when you are strong enough to walk abroad and breathe the free air of the woods, and listen to the song of the birds, and pluck the flowers, which are waiting your coming. Oh ! when will you be well enough for that, mamma?" and as Giuletta leant towards the couch. with the sunny smile playing around her dimpled mouth, and her hazel eyes moistened with appealing tenderness, she might have been chosen as a fit personification of trustful and childlike hope.

"I shall never walk abroad in this world. Giuletts," replied her suffering parent. "And now must the tale table be told, daughter, which I have deferred for so many days. feel that my time is very short : disease has fastened upon me. In these last hours it would soothe me could I but see you display that fortitude which, alas ! failed me entirely when I was left with only you to comfort me."

A shrick of fearful surprise broke from the maiden's lips with her mother's first words but hope would not yield to the cruel truth. and clinging to the arm which rested on hers, she exclaimed reproachfully-"Say not so, mother; your fears deceive you. Only live for me, and I will be your comfort and your joy through my whole life."

"Nay, Giuletta, there are moments when the soul sees the future; not as in a glass darkly, but, as it were; face to face; and some thing tells me, this evening, that the day of my departure are at hand. Dear daughter. I have confined you some weeks since to the care of my best friend, the Duchess de Madici: and it will comfort my dying bed to know that your young affections will be watched and tended by one who will prove a second

"None-none can be to me what you have been !" sobbed the wretched girl, as she threw herself in an abandonment of sorrow at her parent's side. "I cannot live without you, mother; stay, stay, do not leave me deso late."

The mother's task was over, and although her voice was weak and hollow, yet her tones were full of hope and consolation as she whispered her parting counsels into the ear of the young being who knelt at her side; and when death, that awful visitant came at length, after the lapse of a few weeks, it found her surrounded by the friends who had watched with affectionate solicitude her bed of languishing, while her last words were expressive of peace and resignation, as she bequeathed to them, with a look of unutterable solemnity, the care of the young and almost heart-broken Giuletta,

of Louisian CHAPTER II.

Mine own sleer love, this heart is thine. Two years had passed away since the death of the Counters ale Gondi, and in the gay still come the possit and delight of his native hosehold of the Grand Duke de Medici, Gincity with the still have been carried to the little was the country to the time of my story. It is possible that we could have not the country to the time of my story. It is possible that we could have not the country to the time of my story. It is possible that we could have nice to be put away immediately, to be considered that we could have nice to be put away immediately. It is possible that we could have nice to be put away immediately to be considered that we could have nice to be put away immediately. It is possible that we could have nice to be put away immediately to be considered that we could have nice to be put away immediately to be considered that we could have nice to be put away immediately to be considered that we could have nice to be put away immediately to be considered that we may always the could have nice the country of the cou household of the Grand Duke de Medici, Giu-

and studies suiting her age, till she grew to be so great a favorite that even the storn and inaccessible duke frequently relaxed from his chilling dignity to bestow a kind caress on the lovely orphan. With her constant companions, the duke's two sons, she played the game of love most successfully; and when, in their hours of relaxation, Giovanni and Garcia were permitted to attend her to the favorite haunts of their boyhood, the dispute was ever who should ride nearest at her side on horseback in the narrow paths, or prove most successful in culling for her the most numerous wild flowers that grew on the mountain's steep

The young brother, Garcia, was of a mood that liked not to be disturbed. The dark fiend of jealousy, " whose sting is sharper than a serpent's tooth," began already to whisper in his car its hateful suspicions; and the fair girl was frequently startled in the midst of her pleasures as she caught the kindling expression of his eye when he apparently detected her in some slight attention to the more gentle Giovanni. In their occasional contentions, Giuletta could not but observe the rule which Garcia, although the youngest, exercised over his brother; and although she felt flattered and was grateful for his devoted attentions, yet there were times when her girlish apirit poised the scale of preference, and then she could not but avow how the balance weighed in favor of the quiet celder brother; till though her heart was yet blind to its emotions, love had become Fresh, full, the most mature of blossoms, yet a blossom

. The season of the carnival was drawing near and all Floranceswas sincreages corpectation of the gaiety of that Catholic, Saturnalia, which is ever the singular precedent of the mournful season of Lent singular, unless instituted to make the contrast fully striking. For several weeks it had formed the constant subject of discussion in the grand duke's household, and Giuletta's ingenuity had been taxed to the device of numerous masks for her youthful companions-for, with a fancy sparkling as the spray of the summer ocean, she was ever the one to whom the youthe referred in all their slight difficulties of taste and criticism.

It was on the day preceding the last of the carnival, when Giuletta was summoned from the drawing-room by Garcia, to share in his favorite promenade on the extensive terrace For a short time the conversation turned on indifferent subjects, when suddenly, as if just roused to remembrance, the youth exclaimed -" Nay, but I almost forgot to urge ore little request, and let me do it ere it be too late. dear Giuletta. To-morrow is the gayest day of the carnival, and I have set my heart on driving you along the Corso in my new equipage; when Giovanni and I have once more shown ourselves to the populace in our gayest masquerade."

A shade of sadness stole over the maiden's face as she replied-" Ask it not of me, Garcia. My heart cannot mingle freely with the revel-1.rs, and my quiet mood would but create in you disappointment when you are making kind efforts for my amusement."

"Now you vex me sorely, Giuletta, by your refusal," replied Garcia, impatiently. have chosen you among all the high-born maidens of Florence for my day's partner, and now you play the prude in full measure. Methinks you would not have spurned the pleasures of the festival," he haughtily added, "if Giovanni had but thought fit to invite you to accompany him."

Tears started into the maiden's eves with happy. pang of disappointment shot through her heart when made thus aware of his indifference, and the fairy castles, Chateaux d'Espayne, which no woman, however unconsciously, but delights to build, were orashed by this single blow. Garcia's watchful eye noted her emotion. and a smile of scorn curled his lip as he continued-"Then I must go alone, when Giovanni has, perhaps, already engaged the fair Rosa Romano, who would so cheerfully have acceded to my invitation."

"Just then the youth alluded to appeared at the farther end of the terrace, and yielding to the first promptings of jealousy, which had played its discordant music on her gentle breast, Giulotta hurriedly exclaimed, while s deep rose-tint suffused her usually pale cheek -" I will accompany you, since you so much desire it, Garcia !" and when, with a graceful kiss of her hand, and a lively acknowledge ment, the delighted youth sprang away and was soon mounted on the steed which stood waiting for his morning ride, his elder brother quietly approached and timidly bestowed the usual salution on the shrinking girl.

"I have brought a flower to add to the bou quet you are working in embroidery," he said as he presented her with a fine specimen of the graceful clematis. "I found it in yonder mook of the silvery Arno, beneath that dark clump of olive trees, whose peculiar depth of light and shade you but lately admired. Will you print it for me, in silk, to-morrow?"

There was a strange pettishness in Giuletta' manner, as, chaing with a sense of his indif ference, she replied, that she should have no forence, one reputed, time on the morrow, as Garcia had already

"I thought that you had already engaged Rosa Romano," she answered, coldly; "for so I understood from-"but before she could finish the frontence, the tell-tale tears would have way, and she hastily turned from her companion.

"Dear Giuletta, what ails you? What has vexed you?" inquired the distressed youth, as he placed his arm around her waist and sought to draw the weeping girl nearer; but conscious that she repressed his familiarity of manner, he added, despondingly, "Ah, I see that you love him, him only. Away with the hope that has been so long cherished in this weak bosom. I fancied that your heart might be won; I dreamt of the bliss of claiming you as my own; I thought that with my humble advantages I might succeed. Fool that I was! Who would not prefer the noble, winning, persuasive Garcia, to the timid and silent Giovanni?" and just pressing the burning spot on the maiden's cheek with his quivering lip. he almost pushed her away, as he murmured, falteringly, "Think not of me; be Garcia'sbe happy !"

"Never-never! you wrong me by the thought!" burst from her full heart, as the agitated girl listened intently to his words, and in a moment discovered the slight train of deception which had been laid to ensuare her affections.

"He loves you foully, devotedly, madly he is all that can satisfy even you. And would vod refuse his love!" inquired the trembling youth, as he still shrank from the form that now seemed to ask his supportions and the contraction

aged love him not; why would you wige it on me, Giovanni ?! she sobbed, reproschfully, as her small white hand rested confidingly

But mine, then—mine only, Giuletta." exclaimed the delighted youth, as, clasping her unrestrainedly to his bosom, he met with rapturous gaze the timid smile that told her heart's unutterable secret. "I will guard you from all bvil, Giuletta. For your sake I will seek to shine. Your joy shall be my joy, and your grief my grief. My own my dearest, no love can be stronger than my love !" and overcome by emotion, his soft, lustrous blue eyes were suffused with tears, and his frame shook with delicious agitation.

How full of happiness was the hour that succeeded to this first cisclosure; but, oh, how brief! A world of gushing sensation and unspoken feeling was compressed within it. But we will not seek to unravel the mysterties of that trustful confidence. The sentiment of love is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; but like free masonry, none but the initiated can understand its secret, and it seems sacrilege to open that sparkling fount to the broad garnish light of indifferent minds. It is no "midsummer night's dream" of pleasant phantasies, but its spring is never dry in the breast where it has once freely gushed.

(To be continued.)

## MANAGING A

Nellie Davis was the prettiest, best, sweetest little girl in Hillsdale, and when Tom Carter fell over heels in love with her, no one blamed him in the least.

And when the parson gave consent, and they went to housekeeping in a cozy bird nest of a little house on the south side of the town, everybody prophesied all sorts of happiness for the pretty bride.

And, truth to tell, Nelly Carter was very

for the first time, with everything spick and span, new and shiny, and if you have some one you love very much for a companion, it is much pleasanter.

Now Nellie did love the great blubbering Tom Carter with all her might, and there was only one thing to mar her peace. She was the very pink of tidiness and Tom the most careless fellow alive.

He kept his person neat and nice-but he kept his personal belonging anything else. In vain did Nellie braid a handsome merino ase. and tack it behind the door for Tom to put his slippers in. Tom would insist in tossing everything in some other place. Now Mrs. Nellie was only human, and Tom's ways annoved her considerably. She resolved not to spoil the peace of her cozy home by scolding, but how to cure him she could not tell.

She bore with him with the patience of an angel, till one morning, when he had gone up town she went into the parlor, broom in hand, and there lay Tom's big shawl right across the centre table, ruthlessly crushing beneath it the trifles that lay on the marble top.

'Now, I can't have this, and I won't.' said she, as she raised the shawl from the delicate treasures, and discovered the ruins of a favorits Bohemian vase.

'I don't know what to do, but this I won't have." she continued, with a little bit of wifely snap, which every good wife must have, if she expects to get along at all with that occasionally unreasonable animal, man, in sin and and in Some way must be discovered to cure Ton.

f such performances as this; went on Mrs.

Before Mys. Nellie had closed her eyes that night, she had arranged plans for that cam-

paigh against her liege lord, who slept the sleep of innocence at her side. But the meant to give one more chance. So,

after breakfast, when Tom drew on his boots, and gave his alippers the usual toes under the sofs, she gently said;

Tom, dear, hadn't you better put the slippers in the case?

'No, let war alone; they'll be handy tonight.

'But, Tom, they look so untidy.'

'Why, no they don't. A thing looks as well in one place as another. What's the use of a man having a home if he can't keep things where he wants to?

'What's the use of keeping a woman on her feet all day to pick up things after you?' asked Nellie, without the least show of temper.

'Don't pick 'em up. Just let 'em alone, and then I can find em when I want em. declared; Tom, as he gave her a kiss and took himself off.

And at the moment the door closed on him. Nellie's red lips compressed again, and her brown eyes were the same look they had worn vesterday.

"War is it, then? she said to herself. 'Now master Tom, we shall see who wins the field.

She set quietly about her morning's work. and when Iom came home to dinner, everything was in its usual good order. It remained so and Nellie busied herself with her sewing until nearly time for Tom to return for supper. Then she arose; put away her works and prepared to open the campaign. This of misco Rirat, she put Tom's slipper's where he always left them, under the sofa, is Then she tossed the shawl upon the piane, and his best hat on the centre-table. She brought some of ner dresses and flung them across the chairs and on the sois. Her furs and sacque reposed on Tom's especial arm chair, and her best

mantle, and rosin sel or And then, thinking that ingenuity could make no greater sacrifice than her Sunday bonnet, she sat down to crotcheting. Presently the door opened and in walked Master Tom. He gave a alow whistle of surprise as he glanced at the unusual disorder, and at Nellie sitting in the midst with her crotchet work, and then came into the room.

bonnet kept Tom's slippers company under

the sofa; while her own slippers lay on the

'What, house cleaning, Nell?' he asked.

'Oh no. Why?' said Nellie, looking up in sweet unconsciousness.

'I thought maybe you had been, that's all,' remarked Tom, dryly, as he looked for a place to sit down.

Nellie quietly pursued her work. Presently Tom said:

'Paper come this evening ?'

'Not yet.' answered Nellie. Tom gave half a sigh.

'Nellie, I met Granger in town, and he said he'd call around this evening.' 'Very well; probably he won't come before

tea. It will be ready soon,' said Nellie, working away in demure innocence. 'Hadn't you better pick up things a little

before he comes? said Tom, looking first at Nellie, and then around the room. 'Oh, no just let 'em be,' said Nellie sweetly.

But they look bad,' said Tom.

Oh, no they don't, said Nellie, as sweetly as before. 'A thing looks just as well in one place as another.

Tom's face reddened.

'I never saw your room look like this before.' hs said hesitatingly.' I shouldn't very much like to have any one step in.' 'Why not?' said Nellie. 'We might as

well keep things handy.-What's the use of having a house, if you can't keep things just where you want to ?' Tom's face grew redder and redder. He

tried to look sober and then broke into a laugh. O, that's your game, is it? he said; 'trying to beat me with my own weapons, are you, little woman ?'

'Well, don't you like the plan,' said Nellie. 'No, by George, I don't,' cried Tom.

'Well, then, I'll make a bargain with you. As long as you will keep your things in their places, I will do the same with mine, and whenever you don't-

'O, I will,' interrupted Tom- 'Come Nellie. I'll own up like a man—you've beat this time. Only just straighten up this room, and I'll never throw anything down again. There, now, let's kiss and make up, as the children sav.

Nellio rose, and laughingly held up her sweet mouth for a kiss of peace. And then, under the magic influence of her deft fingers. confusion was suddenly banished, and when Granger came round to spend the evening, he decided that no one had a prottier wife or a tidier house than his friend Tom Carter.

Wise little Nellie, having once gained possession of the matrimonial field, took care to keep it until Tom was cured of his careless habits.

Sometimes he seemed threatened with a relapse, but Nellie, instead of scolding, only had quietly to bring something of her own and lay