

questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolise all the talents of the family; but then again, I remember, when we were at play he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was not considered inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young men, if you would rise, but work! work!

A Maxim of Washington.—"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial life, *Conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principles, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding way. The marginal explanation in his account book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West Indies,—that name being regarded as an ample guaranty of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed,—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was every where understood.

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR US ALL TO DO.

"There's something for us all to do,
In this great world of ours;
There's work for you, there's work for
me,
Heaven sends no idle hours.
We have a mission to perform,
A post of trust to fill;
Then rouse the soul and nerve the arm,
And bend the lofty will.
Fame may not grave our names in
brass,
Or monumental stone;
But virtue's trophies far surpass
What heroes ever won.

There's something for us all to do,
Whatever may be our lot;
From jewelled loyalty unto
The peasant in his cot.
There's ignorance with crime to stay,
And God's own truth to spread,
Despair and want to chase away,
And hope's bright beams to shed;
And not a man in this wide earth,
Who holds the Christian's creed,
But may hand down some deed of
worth
The yet unborn may read."

A Noble Example.—"Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, a humble conscientious boy was to be seen, and it was evident to all that his soul was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him put forth on foot to settle in a remote town, and pursue his fortune there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is busied in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that part of the country. Before he is twenty-five years old, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac published in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-fitted lawyer. Next he is found on the bench of the Superior Court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. Then he is a member of the Committee of Six to frame the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest counsellors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored in every sphere the name of a Christian, he dies, regretted and respected by his state and nation. This man was Roger Sherman."