

Then she opened the window to let in the summer breeze, and began to sing with lighter heart, as she worked at her plait. And as she sang, her beautiful voice attracted a lady, who stopped her carriage that she might listen.

The neighbours told her about Johanne, and the lady placed her in school. Then she was entered as a pupil elsewhere, and in course of time, under the name of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," became the most famous singer of her day.

THE "BEST HAND ON THE FARM."

UP with the birds in the early morning—
The dew drop glows like a precious gem;

Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
And what the men give when the meals are late.

Oh, glorious colours the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes, and here is the churning—
Those things always must yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary,
Oh, for an hour to cool her head,
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and make her bread;
The busy men in the hay field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would call her lazy, and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

But after the strife and weary tussle
With life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest,
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

JACOB'S DISASTER—A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY L. L. ROBINSON.

In a small log-house, just on the edge of a very fertile-looking field, lived Widow Murray and her only son Jacob, and very happy were the mother and boy, united by the fond dependence that ever grows stronger between those struggling together through life's trials, each striving to make the burden lighter for the other.

But for six long weeks now, the widow had been alone, save the company of a little neighbour at night; for Jacob had heard of work to be found with one of the farmers of the adjoining county, and had gladly taken advantage of the opportunity thus to make a little money during the leisure season, before it would be time to begin work in their own small plot of ground.

Very trying to both had these weeks of separation been, as wearisome, perhaps, to one as the other; but how fully recompensed seemed the mother's loneliness and Jacob's homesickness as the day drew near that was to bring him back. And now, here he was, right at the door, ruddy and warm from his long walk over the hills, and his heart all aglow with happiness as his mother came to welcome him, her eyes bright with eager gladness.

"And tell me, now, all about yourself and your work!" she cried impatiently as they sat down before the great log fire.

"Well, as for myself," said Jake, with a merry laugh, "my tongue can tell all that's worth hearing; but for my work—this will speak best for that, and with fingers clumsy through eager haste, he fumbled in his pockets, till drawing forth his cotton handkerchief tied in a succession of difficult knots, he rapidly loosened them, one by one, and triumphantly extricated a carefully folded twenty-dollar green-back!

"What do you think of that for six weeks' work!" he cried exultantly.

The widow's eyes brightened as much through pride and pleasure in Jake's happiness, as at sight of such a rare sum of money.

"And it is really all yours!" she asked admiringly.

"No," laughed Jake, "for now it is half yours; but we will lay it by, if we can, till I have made my crop, and see if there will not be another to keep it company."

Ah, what a happy evening that was, but Jake had walked far, and as he was to begin ploughing their own field on the morrow, tired eyes and an easy conscience soon brought the hour for sleep, from which he did not waken till the sun was calling all busy people to begin anew their work.

"Jake," said his mother, anxiously, "I hope you have put the money in a safe place; hadn't you better—?"

"Oh, it is safe enough," interrupted Jake, quickly, "trust me for that, mother," and off he hurried to the field.

Had he waited a moment longer she would have urged that the money be given into her safe keeping, but she thought as her eyes followed him, he loves to look at it, and it will be a pleasure to him to hide it away in some safe place of his own; while as wise Jake went on his way he was saying to himself, "I would be foolish indeed to leave such a sum of money as that about the house and perhaps have her murdered some day by tramps when I am out in the field. No, I shall keep it in a safer place than she thinks."

Jake was a bright boy in many things. But, O dear, how much better are two heads than one in most matters!

All through the day a merry whistle rang over the field, gladdening the mother's heart whenever near, as Jake tramped up and down, back and forth, turning up the long furrows with his plough. The fresh-turned sod was damp and chill, but what cared he for that with his heavy boots that kept his feet warm and dry and left the print of their broad, thick soles along many a line that day. And thus, day after day, Jake followed his plough till at the close of a week the work was done, and with tired limbs but a happy heart he went to his little loft-room above his mother's.

"And now for a peep at my nest egg," he said to himself. "I have not looked at it for a whole week," and seated on the side of his bed Jake pulled off one heavy boot, and slipping his hand down inside his well-darned sock drew out—what!

A worn, flimsy, tattered scrap, that looked as though it might possibly once have been a bank-note, but Jake's eyes could not recognize it as such as

he gazed silently upon it. It was not merely soiled or crumpled—that he might have expected; but it was literally in shreds, and almost fell to pieces as, in a dazed way, he tried to smooth it out.

Then slowly, overwhelmingly, the truth dawned upon him. For a whole week that paper note had been at the bottom of his boot, and as he gazed upon the result, his heart seemed to go right down to where the money had lain. How could he bear it! How could he tell his hard-working, patient mother, that the money, on which they had counted so much, was gone—utterly used up, and all for nothing! Oh how poor Jake blamed his own foolish head and his confidence in his own foolish judgment!

But the pain and dismayed astonishment was unbearable; he could not longer endure it alone, and slowly descending the loft stairway in his stocking feet, looked in upon his mother, who with the folded hands of Saturday night, sat gazing meditatively into the fire.

The sight of her tired face was too much for Jake, and it was a kind of gulping sob that first attracted her attention, and with a little cry of alarm she turned quickly, exclaiming: "What is it, Jake—are you sick, boy—what is it?"

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Jake, "the money is gone—it is all used up and wore out!"

And opening his hand, he showed the poor dilapidated note, whilst the widow's eyes slowly widened in sorrowful, blank dismay. The story was soon told, but what could she say to comfort him? Poor woman, both she and Jake were well acquainted with ways of doing without money, but knew little of means for restoring it, and it was truly two sad hearts that sat by the fire that night.

"Well, I 'spose it is used up and gone, Jake," said the mother at last, "and I can see no way of bringin' it back; but we can at least try to bear it cheerfully, and to help us do that, 'spose we tell God about it; it always comforts me greatly just to tell him a trouble, and I always know, if there is any way to help it, he will be sure to know it and make it plain."

It is by no means certain that Jake was a particular pious boy; but his heart was so sore and troubled that evening that he made no objection, and joined very fervently in his mother's humble, trustful prayer.

But that night, as Jake lay on his bed, a sudden thought came to his mind, a kind of forlorn hope, but still it was something worth trying.

The postmaster of the nearest village was known throughout the community as a wonderfully "smart" man; the extent of his information and the amount of his knowledge relating to hundreds of things, was simply remarkable. What now if with his mucilage bottles, his sticking papers, etc., he could mend up this poor tattered note! With all his learning he was a genial, kind-hearted man, and Jake would at least go to him with his trouble, it could bring him nothing worse than, perhaps, a good-natured lecture on his foolish, thoughtless act.

He said nothing of his intention to his mother, but Jake was soon on his way to the post-office, knowing he would find the master alone there at that hour making up the evening mail.

With all his genuine sympathy the

good man could scarcely repress a smile when at the end of the story the poor boy drew out the hopeless looking wreck—the note which he had said was "right-sharply rumbled."

"It does look like a pretty hard case, Jake," said the postmaster, with a twinkle in his eye, "and it will take a deal of time and mucilage to mend it, but leave it with me, and come back next Saturday evening, I will see what I can do with it."

It was at least a comfort to have even so slight a hope, thought Jake, but he would not tell his mother for fear of causing her only a second disappointment. No, he would keep it all to himself, but morning and evening found Jake telling some One else whom his mother trusted, and asking that the note, if possible, might be restored.

Saturday evening came, and it is needless to say that with it came Jake to the post-office, and with another twinkle in his eye the master looked up to meet him.

"Well, Jake," he said, "I have done the best I could for you, and here it is"—and before Jake's staring, incredulous eyes was laid down a twenty-dollar note, as crisp and bright as if just issued from the Treasury.

"But—how—how did you do it?" he gasped, still fearful it must be only a joke.

"Well, my boy," said the postmaster, kindly, "of course you did not know, but I could have told you, that Uncle Sam at Washington is always ready to make his own notes good, it matters not how worn and tattered they may be, and it has taken just a week to send the one you brought to him, and get this in return. It was a lucky thing that you thought of bringing it to me."

With a heart lighter, if possible, than on that evening two weeks before, Jake hastened home, and soon the widow's heart was again throbbing with glad astonishment.

"Oh, Jake," she cried, "did I not tell you that if there was a way out of the trouble, God would make it plain?"

But Jake had already been thinking of that, and what is more—he never forgot it.

TOM'S GOLD DUST.

"THAT boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "that boy knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as though they were. Take care of your gold dust, and lay up something for old age—for time as well as eternity.—*Exchange.*