

The Poor Man to his Son.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid,
Look labour boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.

Earth was first conquered by the power
Of daily sweat and peasant toil,
And where would kings have found their
dower,
If poor men had not trod the soil?

Hold up your brow in honest pride,
Though rough and swarth your hands may be;
Such hands are sap-veins that provide
The life-blood of a Nation's tree.

There's honour in the toiling part,
That finds us in the furrowed fields;
It stamps a crest upon the heart
Worth more than all your quartered
shields.

There's glory in the shuttle's song—
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;
There's merit in the brave and strong,
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

Work, work, my boy, and murmur not,
The fustian garb betrays no shame;
The grime of fore-soot leaves no blot,
And labour gilds the meanest name.

God grant thee but a due reward,
A guerdon portion fair and just;
And then ne'er think thy station hard,
But work, my boy, work—hope and
trust!

The Little Rag Sorter

I took my place by her bed, and went on to repeat to her, in a low voice, the parable of the prodigal son—Luke xv. 11—which at our first meeting had so deeply impressed her. The little hunger-pinched face became calm and composed, and the distressing excitement gave place to eager, and profound attention. At that touching passage, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him," &c., she exclaimed,

in a short, decided manner, a manner peculiar to these neglected little ones, reared in the very hot-bed of sin and strife—

"Ah! that was *just like me!* That's good, say it again. A *great way off!* What, ever so far? Away, away—like me with the devil? That must be far from God and the Lamb!"

After a pause, to moisten her poor black, parched lips, she continued, "Yes, I was a great way off. But the father saw him before he saw the father—that's like me again! Why did he not clean himself a little before he went home? I would. Oh! I forgot!" she added quickly, and in a tone of deep sadness, "you said we could not *make* ourselves clean. I wish we could! I should like to show Jesus that I want to be good."

I tried to make her understand that her heavenly Father saw her desire to be a good child, and had put away the filthiness of sin from her for His sake, who had died for her, that she might be made pure and holy in His precious blood; that this kind Father, who bade me invite her to go to Him, had provided her with a clean heart, without which no one can see God.

"Oh! how good! how kind! But,"—she hesitated, and covered her face with her long, thin fingers, as her tears flowed fast, and sob after sob almost choked her utterance—"I am afraid I have been worse than that bad son. I have told lies! and you said no liar could enter the beautiful home. I have used bad words, awful bad words—worse than you know of, and God said no one should take His name in vain. I have had a bad book, too, full of wicked songs, and I have sung them, and—don't turn away your head, I have stolen, too. I thought of all this when I came home, and for a long time I felt frightened to go to God; but, all at once I remembered about the thief, that poor thief who died with Jesus, you know; and as soon as everybody was fast asleep in our room, I got up very softly, I went over into the corner there by the fire, I took my song book and tore it into little pieces, red cover and all, though I once thought it so pretty. I struck a match, I burnt it, every morsel, to tinder. Then I said, 'Dear Jesus! I want very much to love you, I want to get away from the devil, please help me! Take away my naughty