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REST

BY THE LATE FATHER RYAN.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain,
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,
For rest for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest;
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

And I'm restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;
For, down the west
Life's sun is setting and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

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boy's flesh, he could not have taken the first stitch with less reluctance. His needle unthreaded twice it took him in the first instance five minutes to thread it and once rolled out of his large fingers, to the floor, where it required father and two sons to find it, but after Mr. Baker worked himself into a profuse perspiration by his efforts, Charley was of the opinion that it would 'hold,' of which his progenitor was by no means certain. Next, the jammed hat was produced. Mr. Baker manipulated in this way and that, but its crushed proportions defied his skill; it went 'jammed' to school. Flattening himself that nothing more was wanted, the demonstrator of the new system, wiped his face, and breathed a sigh of relief.

'What are you waiting for now?' he demanded impatiently, perceiving that the boys still lingered, as if wishing yet half afraid to speak.

'School's been gone most an hour; must have an excuse; get punished for being late, if we don't, spoke up Charley

'I've half a mind to make you go without one, for spoiling hats and breaking shoe strings,' responded the impatient father. 'However, one goes and get the inkstand and I'll write one. I can't wait upon you any longer. A boy bounded up the stairs and bounded down: spilling its contents over a smaller boy.

'Why can't boys and he might have added men carry anything without slopping?' grumbled Mr. Baker, surveying the black circle which the inkstand left on the table cloth. 'I wish I had gone myself.

The remedy for lateness being put upon paper, Charles and William went their way rejoicing, to the great satisfaction of the senior Baker.

It must not be supposed that the three smaller juveniles were inactive during his relaxation of surveillance. Rare reasoners are children. Perceiving no watchful eyes upon them, they commenced amusing themselves in their own way. Their shabby hands and the bed of ashes under the grate were soon in contact, while tiny heaps began to multiply upon the floor under their nimble fingers, between which they made railroads, placing thereupon chips for cars, and a large piece of coal for an engine.

That his eyes could not be everywhere was fully obvious; that children required more watching, much stricter attention than he had before imagined, was another evident conclusion; and that the labor of attending to the wants of five young Bakers not inconsiderable nor to be performed without fatigue, he was also, just then inclined to admit. He had assuredly 'started right', yet for some singular reason, his system didn't work to his mind. It had met with unexpected obstacles and was rapidly running off the track. Half the day was nearly spent. What had he accomplished? Nothing—absolutely nothing; or at least, that was the word he felt sure Mrs. Baker would have chosen to apply to this morning's work.

Still there was yet time to redeem his mistakes; between that and night, he promised himself to take a new track, to triumphantly walk over the difficulties relating to the management of children.

After proper reprimands the trio of offenders were placed upon chairs, where they remained perched until Mr. Baker's back was turned, when they slid down noiselessly to look about for amusement. The culinary department required attention; five hungry children would soon be wanting dinner, he proposed trying his skill at a soup. Mrs. Baker made very good soup, but he was confident he could make a better. He was some time in getting the materials together, and once he came very near scalding one of his male heirs, who persisted in disregarding his direction to keep off; but the necessary articles were at length collected in a pot and put to simmering over the fire which he made of such intensity that he burned his compound in less than half an hour. The accident didn't add to the fineness of its flavor, which he was a little suspicious of before, from the fact that he had, in an unlucky moment, substituted ginger for pepper. But congratulating

himself that the children wouldn't taste it, he poured his preparation into a large tureen, and seating his noisy boys and girls, who were clamoring for "something to eat," he proceeded to divide the spoil. All being duly served, Mr. Baker stirred the soup thoroughly, and helped himself to a ladle full. The first mouthful was smart—the next smarter—the third smartest. That was owing to the ginger. But then ginger was highly sanitative, and prized for many purposes; that was no disparagement to the soup. His mouth felt uncomfortably warm, while an incessant call for "drink" kept him trotting busily between the pump and the table.

But though he slyly wet his own lips with the cooling liquid, he was not going to retire vanquished from the field, albeit the bitter mingled with the sweet. He made another dive at the bottom of the dish, bringing up a suspicious-looking object, which he deposited upon his plate for closer inspection. It proved to be one of Fanny's shoes, and it was neither nice nor tender. That did not increase his appetite, or add to his admiration of that young lady's behavior. No one participate in his discovery but Charley, whose astonished exclamations were out short by a frown from his father, who dexterously pushed the dripping shoe between the tureen and a large pitcher, that eight other eyes might not detect it.

'What torments children are!' mentally ejaculated Mr. Baker, wiping his moist forehead after dinner. 'It is possible the little plagues act like this all the time! If they do, I shouldn't blame the women for committing suicide or going crazy! Here I've questioned the mischievous imp and not one of them know anything about the con-founded shoe! I've a good mind to whip them all and put them to bed!'

But the performance of this threat would prevent a satisfactory demonstration of his system, therefore it was given up as inexpedient.

Stepping out a moment for something which he needed, he charged his charges (Charles and William having gone to school again) to be very quiet and do no mischief in the interim. A sheer waste of words! Mischievous lurked in their eyes smiled on their lips; mischief was largely represented in their compositions, and it must have an outlet. Scarcely had the door closed behind the retiring Mr. Baker, than the trio started on a voyage of discovery. Frank, being the oldest, led the expedition, which took for its first field of operations the kitchen closet. Pushing a chair before him to render less difficult the pleasant task in prospective he mounted it and took a peep into the sugar bowl. Generously giving his brother and sister two small lumps apiece, he stuffed his own mouth to repletion casting, meantime, longing glances as a jar of jam beyond his reach. A logical mind had Master Frank for a boy of five. He thought that if he had a high chair, or was as tall as Charley, he could touch the coveted article; the next link in the chain of his reasoning was, how could he make the chair he was on higher. A square box stood on the shelf on a level with his feet. He jumped down pushed it on to the chair, and climbed up again. Now for the jam. His little mouth and two other little mouths watered for the delicious compound. He knew he was "doing mischief," but that very knowledge made him more eager to touch the earthen jar; for is it not a truism that stolen fruit is the sweetest. Standing on his toes, and stretching his body as much as convenient, he was about grasping the treasure when down came boy, box, and chair—chair uppermost. The young climber was not heavy, yet his weight was sufficient to break the slight box cover, plunge his feet into a layer of choice honeycomb, slide the box off, and overturn the chair.

Much surprised at this unlooked for manifestation, but not a bit hurt, Master Frank essayed to rise. That, however, promised to be a matter of some difficulty, inasmuch as both feet were firmly imbedded in the sticky substance. By struggling he extricated himself, and the expectant ones, having no scruples against the contact of honey, set about regaling themselves in a very primitive mode with their fingers. Freddy, stretching over Fanny for his share, dropped a

liberal allowance on her hair and his own pinafore, and then tried to repair it, by rubbing both with his hands, to the detriment of the silky hair, which assumed at every brush of his fingers a still gummier aspect.

In the midst of this sweet repast Mr. Baker returned. One glance at Frank's feet, Frederic's apron, and Fanny's head and face, and the dripping box upon the floor, explained the nature of what presented itself. He shook one, boxed a second, and slapped a third, before recollecting that he was opposed to physical punishment. And Fanny's hair, what would Mrs. Baker say. How should he get the honey off. He was undecided where or how to begin. He had just taken her locks in hand when the door bell was heard to ring. Commanding the offenders on no account to leave the room he started for the door. It was a lady whose acquaintance he valued. He shook hands with her heartily, and invited her in. The lady was polite, but eyed her glove furtively. Our founder of a new system thought of his hands and apologized, telling some out of the way story, extremely improbable.

The disagreeable subject was hardly disposed of before the three victims of honey appeared, bashfully sliding in one after the other; Frank with his shoes sticking to the Brussels at every step, Frederic with dripping apron, and Fanny in her night dress (Mr. Baker had't been able to find time to put on more presentable apparel), and bare feet (one shoe was under the stove drying).

The father of this interesting group, peremptorily ordered them out, and wishing himself in Japan, was there ever a man so harassed by adverse circumstances and children? The lady not finding her host very talkative, and somewhat flurried in manner, withal took leave very soon, thinking the little Bakers not at all attractive, and shockingly neglected; while the disturbed master of the mansion took his way to the kitchen, lamenting the inauspicious chance that had shown her his progeny in such a plight. Mrs. Baker would never forgive his agency in the unfortunate occurrence, priding herself as she did on the general cleanliness and tidiness of her offspring. What could possess the little tormentors to come trooping in unbidden, with their fingers in their mouths, and said to be very dirty? To plague him, doubtless, and make their mother miserable when she came to hear of it.

It was somewhere in the vicinity of four o'clock when Mr. Baker got time to sit down. His limbs ached with weariness, and his head felt for nothing but a pillow. Yet desirous of showing his wife what he could find leisure for, he produced pen, ink, and paper, and commenced a letter; writing to begin with, with one eye on the sheep and the other on the children, who were penitently sitting in a row, just still enough to be meditating more mischief. The indefatigable but unfortunate Baker was soon absorbed in his occupation, forgetful of the responsibility resting upon him. Casually raising his eyes at length, he beheld Fanny with a suspicious-looking vial to her lips, and hastened to take it from her, Unlucky child! it was labelled "Laudanum."

The effect of this terrific discovery upon the nervous system of the father was most startling. It was the grand climax of his experiment—fatal alike to that and to Fanny. The vial was empty, but still emitted a flavor of the execrable drug which it had contained. No time was to be lost. The paternal Baker caught up his hat and ran for medical aid at a speed truly indicative of the emergency. He was tearing by Mr. Ball's house at a frantic pace, when he was hailed by Mrs. Baker, who, from the window of her friend's dwelling, had perceived his hurried advances.

'What, for pity's sake, is the matter, Mr. Baker?' cried the anxious wife.

'Fanny—Laudanum—doctor!' replied he, much out of breath.

'There's not a drop of Laudanum in the house,' added Mrs. Baker.

'The vial—the vial,' exclaimed the husband, in tones so tragical that they were frightfully Otello-like.

'There was nothing in it.'

'Are you sure?'

Mrs. Baker assured him that she was

Concluded on Fifth Page