



WAR WEAPONS.

Nothing to Show.

"My day has all gone"—'twas a woman who spoke,

As she turned her face to the sunset glow—
"And I have been busy the whole day long;
Yet for my work there is nothing to show."

No painting nor sculpture her hand had wrought;

No laurel of fame her hand had won.
What was she doing in all the long day,
With nothing to show at set of the sun?

What was she doing? Listen: "I'll tell you
What she was doing all the long day;
Beautiful deeds too many to number;
Beautiful deeds in a beautiful way;

"Womanly deeds that a woman may do,
Trifles that only a woman can see,
Wielding a power unmeasured, unknown,
Wherever the light of her presence might be.

"She had rejoiced with those who rejoiced,
Wept with the sad, and strengthened the weak;
And a poor wanderer, straying in sin,
She in compassion had gone forth to seek.

"Unto the poor her aid had been given,
Unto the weary the rest of her home;
Freely her blessings to others were given,
Freely and kindly to all who had come.

"Humbly and quietly all the long day
Had her sweet service for others been done;
Yet for the labour of heart and of hand
What could she show at set of the sun?

"Ah, she forgot that our Father in Heaven
Ever is watching the work that we do,
And records he keeps of all that we do,
Then judges our work with judgment that's true.

"For an angel writes down in a volume of gold
The beautiful deeds that all do below,
Though nothing she had at set of the sun,
The angel above had something to show."

"MAN," said Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

War Weapons.

BEFORE the invention of gunpowder every nation had its own peculiar weapons of warfare, and men were trained to use them with wonderful skill and precision. Owing to the long distances to be traversed and the difficulties of marching, horses and elephants were brought into requisition and made to act their part upon the battle-field.

The cutlass, the spear, the lance, the battle-axe, the assegai, the bow and arrow, the arbalest, and the arquebuse have all figured as instruments of warfare, and have lent their aid to many a conquering hero.

War is, at times, a direful necessity; but it is painful to think how many battles have been fought merely to

gratify an unholy ambition, and how many lives have been sacrificed to please a blood-thirsty monarch.

War spreads like an epidemic. Passions are inflamed. Private injuries are made an excuse for committing public outrages, and those who have no personal interest in the strife engage in it for love of the pastime.

During the Middle Ages the Pope summoned his people to a holy war, his object being to maintain the right of Christian pilgrims to visit the Holy Sepulchre. The Mohammedans of Syria and Palestine opposed them. After the conquest of Palestine the object of the crusade was enlarged, and the crusaders sought to rescue the whole land from the Saracens. Eight different crusades were undertaken, with less success than might have been accomplished had there been fewer traitors and cowards among the wearers of the cross.

They went forth as destroyers, and were pagans at heart though bearing the name of Christians, and effected but a temporary conquest over the Moslem foe.

With what different weapons do Christ's disciples—the true followers of the cross—engage in their crusade against sin! Not by their own strength and valor do they hope to conquer, but through the merits of a Saviour whose precepts they teach and whose example they follow. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds."

A LAZY fellow once declared in company that he couldn't find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic, "I am obliged to work for it."

Lord Palmerston and the Irish Widow.

SOME years before his death Lord Palmerston visited his Irish estate for the purpose of inspecting the improvements which were being made; and one morning he and a friend walked with their guns many miles over it in search of game. They found little sport, and became tired and hungry. In the distance Lord Palmerston saw a cabin—a poor little cottage, not so good as a stable—to which he made his way, in company with his friend and a keeper, and found the tenement occupied by an old woman and her pig. His lordship asked if she had anything to eat.

"God bless your honor, sure there's praties and eggs at your service," was the reply; and while the old woman, without further ado, commenced washing the potatoes and putting them in a pot, his lordship told her he would return in half an hour. When he did so the old woman had prepared him a substantial meal of potatoes and fresh eggs, which, being hungry, he heartily enjoyed. One is naturally in good humour after dinner, however simple it may have been, and Lord Palmerston drew from the old woman that she had been many years a widow, and worked hard for a livelihood, but feared when her strength should fail her that she should go to the workhouse; but she fortunately added:

"If my husband had taken less of the whiskey and kept the money to buy a cow, I would have got the agent to let me the bit of waste land in the corner, and I would have been as happy as the queen. It's the poor lone woman I'll be, and nobody will care whether poor Biddy is alive or dead."

"Suppose I were to speak to Lord Palmerston," suggested her visitor.

"O, faith, your honor, it's not the like of you Lord Palmerston talks to," said Biddy. "Isn't it himself that has dinner with the queen, and tells her what she has to do, and don't he tell the House of Lords and the Parliament and all on 'em what they ought to do? Sure it's not yourself that'll get within a mile of him. Take the country all over, and he's the biggest man in it; he's equal to the Prince of Wales, and perhaps beyond him."

"Well," replied his lordship, "I am going to London, and I'll try to see him; so I shall not give you anything for your hospitality, but leave Lord Palmerston to reward you."

"Luck go wid you," said Biddy, "it's a good maning gentleman ye are, but it's not Lord Palmerston that you'll see."

His lordship shook the old woman by the hand and departed. In a few days the agent sent down a fine cow and gave Biddy ten acres of land free of rent for her life-time. The old woman's delight knew no bounds, and when told that the person she had shaken hands with was Lord Palmerston himself, her gratification was positively greater than the acquisition of the land and the cow.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

VI.

JACK has got his commission at last. He is wild with delight, and patronizes us all, and bestows imaginary fortunes on every one in the parish, on the strength of the cities he means to take, and the prize-money he means to win.

Father seems to live over his youth again, as he talks to Jack of the perils and adventures before him; and although he warns him that the days of victory are few and the nights of watching many, and the days of marching long, yet the old martial enthusiasm that comes over him as he fights Marlborough's battles over again, certainly has more power to enkindle Jack's ardour than the sober commentaries at the end have to cool it.

It is pleasant, however, to see how cordial father and Jack become over the old book of "Fortifications," and in their endless discussions concerning arms and accoutrements.

Meanwhile mother and I rise early and sit up late to complete Jack's outfit. And many tears mother lets fall on the long seams and hems—although I am sure it is easier for us both, than if we were rich, and could pay some one else to do the work, while we sat brooding over the parting. It is a comfort to put our whole hearts into every stitch we do for him; to feel that no money could ever purchase the delicate stitching and the elaborate button-holes, and the close, strong sewing we delight to make as perfect as possible. Mother sews her tender anxieties into every needleful, and certainly relieves her anxieties as she does so. And I sew all sorts of mingled feelings in besides; repentance for every sharp word I ever spoke to Jack, and every hard thought I ever had of his little mistakes, and plans of my own for his comfort. For the bees, and the three Spanish hens, whose honey and eggs constitute my "pin-money," have been very successful lately; and I can very well, with a little contrivance, make my woolsey dress last one more winter; so that I shall have quite a nice little sum for Jack.

Father seems to feel as if he were going forth again to the wars and adventures of his youth in Jack's person. But to mother it is not a going forth, but a going away. She shudders as father goes over his battles on the table after supper, with the bread and cheese for fortresses, and the plates and salt-cellars for the armies, and talks of "massing forces," and "cutting up detachments in detail."

"My dear," she said one day, "you talk so coolly of masses and forces, and of 'cutting them up!' You seem to forget it is men you are talking of, and that our Jack is to be one of them."