

just as severe as on the day before, and so on forever. Goethe says :

"The sister serves her brother while young, and serves her parents;  
And all her life is still a continued coming and going,  
A carrying ever and bringing, a making and shaping for others;  
Well for her, if she learn to think no road a foul one;  
To make the hours of the night the same as the hours of the day,  
To think no labor too trifling, and never too fine the needle;  
Forgetting herself altogether and living in others alone."

The only sweetener of woman's toil, the only compensation she expects is love and sympathy, and pitiable indeed is her lot, to whom these cheap luxuries are denied. Poor woman! Her future looks to her as dark as it does to an exile condemned to toil for life in Siberia, or to the galley slave chained always to his boat and his labor. Nay, the condition of these is in some respects better than hers, for the exile may have loving friends to share his exile and suffering. Even the galley slave may have the sympathy and friendship of his companions, but the woman who toils "from early morn" not "till dewy eve" but till late at night, day after day, and year after year, who patiently spends her days in weary and often distasteful work, and sometimes her nights in watching, and all this without one word of love, or thanks, without one sympathizing, encouraging smile of approval, without one fond caress, or outward token of love; the woman who suffers all this and yet remains cheerful is a glorified martyr, if not in the eyes of the world yet in the eyes of Him who knoweth all hearts.

No woman of an affectionate disposition and sensitive, delicate organization can go on in this way for many years without losing her life, her temper, or her reason. Either constant coldness and neglect from those who ought to cherish and protect her, will harden her heart, and make her bitter and vindictive, or else dull, morose and complaining, either of which may end in insanity, or else if through grace and help from above she be enabled to bear the burden patiently and sweetly, still the pain though unseen is there always gnawing at her heart, and every year as she struggles on, she struggles more and more faintly to buffet the waves of circumstance that continually beat her down, till at last fainting, chilled, and exhausted she sinks to find rest and peace at last in the arms of Infinite Love.

Reports from the insane asylums of England, state that it is found upon careful investigation that among causes found for the insanity of the inmates, in the largest number of cases the cause is intemperance; next in order of number, domestic trouble and infelicity, and then poverty and overwork; and often the last three mentioned are but steps to the first.

A writer has said, "For a woman to love some men, is to cast a flower into a sepulchre," and love bestowed upon them seems like the beautiful flower, but to wither in their chilling embrace. There are some men who seem to regard their wives as useful machines expected to be in good working order, ready to serve in the household at all times when needed, but alas! they too often forget to bestow upon these poor machines the oil of love and kindness, to keep the wheels of domestic life from grating and creaking. They forget the old song:

"The merry heart goes a' the day  
Your sad tires at a mile O."

These husbands seem to regard time spent in kindly converse with wife and children as time wasted! Time wasted to bind up the crushed and broken tendrils of the heart! Time wasted to preserve a love that can never be found again. Time wasted to save a mind from wreck, a soul from death, or a life for usefulness! Poh!

As a mere matter of economy it would be well for husbands to cultivate fondness and courtesy. The woman who works for love and secures the love she earns will do twice as much as she who works without it. She has double the strength of body and brain. She is the one who will astonish all her friends by her achievements in housekeeping. She is the one who "turns off the work" so fast and so easily that it seems nothing. A man seldom leaves his

material nature far enough to forget that he is cold or hungry, or in pain, or weary, and he seldom neglects to see that all these wants are promptly supplied. But a woman who loves and is beloved is too happy to think of pain and discomfort. She forgets that she is tired, or hungry, or in pain. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Ah! there is no tonic for a woman like love. It is the great panacea that cures so many diseases to which their frail flesh is heir. So easy to give, so hard to get! Alas!

Why is it that a certain class of men seem to feel that they lower their dignity by showing any feeling? and so sometimes when they really do love their wives to a certain extent, they do not show it until they are dead, and then they are not ashamed to show signs of grief. "A living dog is better than a dead lion," and a woman generally prefers a very common place sort of man with love, to the most brilliant man who has not it. Ah! ye slow of heart and understanding, will you give so little when woman gives you so much? "As ye sow so shall ye reap." He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, is a truth in love as well as in spiritual things.—*Household.*

### FRUGAL HABITS.

He who knows how to save has learned a valuable lesson. A boy who saves ten dollars a year out of a very meagre salary acquires a habit of taking care of his money which will be of the utmost value to him. The reason why working men as a class do not get ahead faster, are not more independent, is that they have never learned to save their earnings. It does not matter a great deal whether a man receives a salary of two dollars a day or three dollars, so that there is nothing left on Saturday night, he will not get rich very rapidly. He will never have much ahead. But the individual who receives a dollar a day and is able to save ten cents, is laying up something for a rainy day. Young people who expect to labor with their hands for what they may have of this world's goods, who have no ambition or wish to become professional men, office-holders, or speculators, should by all means acquire habits of economy, learn to save. So surely as they do this, so surely will they be able to accumulate, so surely will they be in a situation to ask no special favors. Every man wants to learn to look out for himself and rely upon himself. Every man needs to feel that he is the peer of every other man, and he cannot do it if he is penniless. Money is power, and those who have it exert a wider influence than the destitute. They are more independent. Hence it should be the ambition of every young man to acquire, and to do this he must learn to save. This is the first lesson to be learned, and the youth who cannot master it will never have anything. He will be a dependent all the days of his life—a mere useless appendage to society.

### JUDGE NOT.

BY B. G. P.

"There goes Leslie Camp, drunk as usual," said Mrs. Worthen to Mrs. Turner, on whom she was calling, as a young man drove past at a breakneck speed, balancing unsteadily on the carriage seat while he brandished the whip and clung to the reins. He was a handsome youth, of fine address and no mean abilities, who was apparently fast going to ruin despite his mother's tears and his father's advice, and he their only son. "How much I pity his poor mother," continued the same lady as they turned from the window after he was out of sight.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Turner, hesitatingly, "I suppose they are all to be pitied, but I claim that such things need not be. I hold to Solomon's proverb, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;' and I think Leslie Camp has not had the right training." And she looked proudly on her own sons, Newton and Willie, boys of fifteen and twelve, who were playing ball in the yard. Mrs. Worthen's eyes followed the mother's, and she could not fail to admire the fine face and graceful figure of Newton Turner, the elder son of the speaker. The younger was far less interesting, and less often called forth the love and admiration of his mother's friends and associates.

"But," said Mrs. Worthen, "who of us mothers are wise enough to do that? What we think for the best in our teach-