

## WORK FOR ALL.

I sit and muse in the twilight hour,  
 When the work of the day is through ;  
 I think, and 'tis rather a pleasant thought,  
 There's enough for all to do.

There are none so high, or none so low,  
 And none so weak and small,  
 That may not find some good to do ;  
 There's work enough for all.

The field is wide, and the field is white,  
 And the reapers are too few,  
 There are foes to fight and wrongs to right,  
 There is work enough to do.

From " cradle time " to age of prime,  
 A day we ne'er should know,  
 That does not prove some work of love  
 We each and all may do.

What voice so weak that may not speak  
 Some little word of cheer ?  
 What feet so slow that may not go  
 On some kind errand near ?

What heart so chill that may not fill  
 Some other heart with love ?  
 What words so small they may not fall  
 Like manna from above ?

There's not a soul from pole to pole,  
 In region dark or bright,  
 That may not be in some degree  
 A minister of light.

In pulpits grand the gifted stand,  
 Who come as others call ;  
 But places wait for *each estate*,  
 And God ordains us *all*.

One soul may raise a *song* of praise,  
 That never dies away ;  
 Another, voice in language choice,  
 Such *thoughts* as ne'er decay.

One sooty hand, on sea or land,  
 The tireless "*iron horse*" leads ;  
 While finger tips, with silent lips,  
 The lightning message speeds.

Some toil with pen, and some with tongue,  
 And some with hand must do ;  
 But weak or strong, or old or young,  
 They all are workers true.

This world will grow if each will do  
 His work of hand or brain ;  
 If we aspire to something higher,  
 And strive, we shall attain.

Oh ! happy thought ! that things are wrought  
 With such consummate skill,  
 That missions grand, on every hand,  
 Await us to fulfill

We who are least, can do our best,  
 And none can farther go ;  
 And all are great, whatever their state,  
 Who do the best they know.

## WHEN TO ACT.

When doubt and forebodings are realized in domestic, social or business relations, act not in such condition. The way is closed, rest for a time, wait for the dawn, and if premonition continues obstructing or shadowing the way, heed it and alter the course into that which leadeth out of uncertainty into the light ; a path plain, open and clear, where contentment and peace reigneth, established through Divine order for the children of God to journey together in harmony with Him, because manifestations of the light in man, when followed, leadeth and blendeth therein, dethroning discord.

Antagonism of the natural man with the indwelling, causes man to err, consequently the cause of unhappiness lieth entirely with ourselves. Then discordant thoughts, if entertained and carried into effect, deranges the instrument, while concord blends, producing melody. Man is altogether a delicate piece of mechanism, and to keep in recognized relationship with the Divine he must act in unity with Him and understand that conformity to His will produceth the oneness, realizing peace with God and fellowship with man ; for when we enter the vineyard, the closet, the Kingdom of Heaven, the gardens (each of the above named referring to the same innate locality) the chosen spot where the very central conceptions of clear understanding in the way of purity is found in man. In short, our Father's own Divine college (so to speak), where His pupils listen to and learn what the pure Spirit says unto the Churches ; how to successfully trim and lop off imperfections, knowing God is there ready to preside over all therein employed, where Divine tillage and pruning is conducted under the supervision of the Gardener-in-Chief, affording the highest school of culture that man can engage in and attain to. We must personally know of access to the garden of the tree of life before we can labor in its cultivation to