

son, which, though it be silently read as acted, may do more good than tongue can tell—like the rippling waves, widen and widen so far, that only when you have passed beyond this narrow world and stand on the boundless shore of eternity you may see its real worth to your happiness, its real effect on those around you.

What are we living for? A question all should ask, and none more seriously than our young men—with your time and talents, what are you doing? Go over the record, brother. God will help you turn back the pages. It may be of a few years, for you can never be separated from Him. In evil as well as in good He is ever at your side ready to help. With His witness in your soul you may read over the scroll. Go over it carefully, and go over it to-night; and if there are dark passages which will not stand the light of Heaven, or which you know would sadden the hearts of those who loved you first and best, ask your Heavenly Father to forgive, to blot out the darkness and help you cast forever aside the habits that mar the record. He will do it. The fault will be all on your side if yours is not a noble manhood and the world is not both brighter and better that you are in it. For this, I apprehend, should be the object of our living. E. J. E.

SELFISHNESS.

Methinks the writers of long ago made a mistake when they said "Money is the root of all evil." Is it not rather selfishness that is the root of all evil? The timpler thinks not of his wife and family who are weeping over his downward ways and ruined life, but of the mere gratification of a perverted, selfish appetite. The miser thinks not of the poor around him, half clothed and half starved. He thinks only of getting a hoard of wealth for the selfish end of being called rich; but, alas, really poor. So, in a great measure, we all look for our own individual comforts and pleasures, thoughtlessly regardless of our brothers.

B.

BROADCAST THY SEED.

Broadcast thy seed!

Although some portion may be found
To fall on uncongenial ground,
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay
Its coming into light of day;
Or when it comes, some pestilent air
May make it droop and wither there.
Be not discouraged; some will find
Congenial soil and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew and ripening shower,
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit, to glad thine eyes
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.

WHITTIER ON FARMING.

The following, taken from the *Intelligencer*, is Whittier's answer in response to the congratulations of the Essex County Agricultural Society, tendered the poet at the occasion of their meeting in 12th mo., when the subject for consideration was: "Whittier, the Poet of Our New England Homes," and his influence upon the homes of our farmers:

OAK KNOLL, Danvers,
12th mo., 30, 1888.

David W. Low, Esq., Secretary Essex
County Agricultural Society.

Dear Friend: Thy letter conveying the congratulations and kind wishes of the Essex County Agricultural Society at its meeting on the 28th inst., I have received with no common satisfaction. No birthday has ever given me more pleasure. My ancestors since 1640 have been farmers in Essex county. I was early initiated into the mysteries of farming as it was practised seventy years ago, and worked faithfully on the old Haverhill homestead, until at the age of thirty years I was impelled to leave it, greatly to my regret. Ever since, if I have envied anybody, it has been the hale, strong farmer, who could till his own acres, and if he needed help could afford to hire it, because he was able to lead the work himself. I have lived to see a great and favorable change in the farming population of Essex county. The curse of intemperance is almost unknown among them; the