

To a Departed Child.

Thou art gone to the realm of the blest,
That wert so sweet and dear to us all;
To the Paradisa! bowers of rest.
The Lord of love has deign'd thee to call:
Thou art gone—we will not deplore thee;
All things are ordain'd for the best:
Thou art free—to us nought can restore thee;
This thought, the rising tear repress.

Thou art become an Angel of Glory,
One of Spirit throng, happy and bright,
Who hymn Salvation's grand story,
And stand—worthily stand in God's sight:
While we in life's struggle sorry,
Must still join issue, and fight,
Till death—that grim terror hoary!
Ope to us too, the portals of light!

—H. Patterson.

APPRECIATION OF OTHERS.

Among the many uses to which a vivid imagination can be applied, there are perhaps none that would be more valuable, were it followed up, than the practice of putting ourselves in the places of others. That this is seldom done with any degree of correctness must be manifest to every thoughtful observer. That it is extremely difficult to do cannot be denied. Yet, upon our ability to attain some degree of power in this direction depends most of the justice with which we treat our fellow-men. It is perhaps impossible to do this, to any sensible extent, when considering the conduct of different races of men, or those who lived in remote ages. When we read of ancient superstitions and usages we instinctively deem them so irrational and absurd that we regard their adherents with amazement. This is because we interpret them from our own standpoint, and judge of them with faculties so far beyond those of the ancient barbarian, and by modes of thought so utterly foreign to his, that we fail to arrive at any correct conclusion respecting him.

The belief once held by the Hindoos, that one of their deities descended in the form of a boar, the symbol of strength, to draw up and support on his tusks the whole earth, which had been sunk beneath the ocean, appears to us so unnatural that we count the believers themselves as absurd as their doctrines. Yet were it possible for us to divest ourselves for a moment of our accumulated knowledge and habits of thought, and to assume the mental state of the ancient Hindoo, we should probably discover that he accepted such beliefs as naturally and inevitably as we do those of our own time.

Something of this better understanding may be gained by the patient and unprejudiced study of history in the light of progress and by a trained imagination, which at least attempts to conceive of the low development, the limited knowledge, the narrow sphere in which ideas must have moved in ancient races. Yet, with utmost care and patience of investigation, we can only form a partial conception of remote ancestors, and only gain a glimpse of comprehension concerning the causes of their beliefs or the motives of their deeds. It is not surprising, then, that those persons who make no such effort, should remain so utterly incompetent to pronounce judgment upon those whom they so readily and so hastily despise and condemn.

When, however, we come to consider the opinions, ideas and actions, not of persons separated from us by centuries of civilization and mental growth, but of those of our own age and country, whose range of thought, opportunities for information and development of mind are mainly on a level with our own, it would seem as if we might make some close approximation to the truth, and learn to make such allowances for the comparatively small differences in age, sex, constitution or opportunities as are necessary. Yet that even this is not generally the case, is but too evident, and from this universal lack proceeds more of the social evils which we deplore than from any other single cause.

There are, happily, few, if any, who deliberately intend to be unjust, or unkind, or unreasonable; there are few, indeed, who are conscious that they are so; and yet there is a vast amount of injustice, unkindness, harsh and cruel judgments, unreasonable demands, and merciless exactions among us to-

day. Selfishness is undoubtedly the root of all this, but the stem from which at least many of these poisonous branches issue, is the habit of conceiving of others only after a pattern of our own, and measuring their conduct by our own standards.

Take difference of age, for example, how hard it is for those of one generation to understand those of another, and how seldom do they even make the effort to do so! Even parents, who have themselves lived through the phases of restless vivacity and eager curiosity, and have, besides, the instinctive affection which might be supposed to interpret much of their children's natures to them, are continually filled with surprise and dismay at the exhibition of these natural attributes, and hasten to repress them, as something essentially improper, instead of ministering to them as necessities.

There seems to be but little power of imagining the child's thoughts and feelings, and thus the sympathy, that would be the parent's truest guide, is absent. So the young cannot conceive how age longs for rest and quiet, and therefore they take no special pains to procure it for them. The rich, knowing but little of the poor, complain of their improvidence and unreasonableness; and the poor, with an equal ignorance of the rich, pronounce them exacting and oppressive. Employers wonder at the lack of industry and energy in the employed, who, in their turn, are amazed at the profuse expenditure and luxurious habits of their employers. The well educated cannot tolerate the mistakes of the ignorant, nor the ignorant see any benefit in the particularity of the cultured.

So through all the varieties of occupation, of disposition, of taste, of training, of capacity, of opinion, of party preference, we fail to understand each other, or to bear in mind the important truth that the differences which characterize classes and individuals must of necessity produce different results, and induce different conduct. Could we not only "see ourselves as others see us," but learn to see others as they see themselves, to put ourselves into their places mentally, to study their peculiar circumstances, and bring the force of our imagination to bear upon their actual thoughts, feelings and standards, a new bond of sympathy would draw society together in closer union, and a firmer foundation of equity would sustain it.

WOMAN'S WORK.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Classic writers tell us that sometime after the siege of Troy, Anchises descended to the abodes of the dead in search of his father. On his way to Heaven he looks into the infernal regions, and sees there, among many others, Sisyphus, condemned to toil always, to roll up from the deep pit a monstrous stone, which, as often as he has nearly reached the top, some invisible power hurls back with tremendous force, and thus his punishment is eternal. Sisyphus was justly condemned for his many crimes and cruelties, but how many poor toiling women with pure and loving hearts striving to give their whole lives a living sacrifice to those around them suffer just this terrible punishment.

The stone which is ever to be lifted is their work. Ten thousand ministries to husband, children and friends, thousands of steps taken in the never ending sweeping, dusting putting away, getting meals, clearing away, washing and dressing children, attending to their manifold wants, mending, making, patching, darning, saving, pickling, preserving, scouring, polishing, and in all the unending cares and labors of the housekeeper, nurse, wife and mother. 'Truly the old saw has it,

"A man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

Work as diligently as she will, something always remains undone, and when at last after the weary duties and cares of the day are ended for the time and "tired nature seeks repose," she is often too tired to sleep.

"The time for repose has come at last,
But long, long after the storm has passed.
Rolls the wave on the turbulent billow."

Morning comes but too soon to find that the stone so nearly lifted, has been hurled back, and her labors must be