

labourers never can, or at least never do, make any provision for old age. There are districts of the best cultivated land in the country, where it would be almost impossible to find a labourer who had saved five pounds. As a class, they look forward to be maintained upon parish relief when they are unable to work. It therefore appears that our agricultural economy is such that those who till our soil frequently spend their lives in poverty, and end their days in pauperism.

"Leisure is a priceless blessing to those who possess some mental cultivation, but it hangs heavily on the hands of those who are as uneducated as our agricultural labourers. I remember one winter's evening calling upon one of these labourers, about seven o'clock; I found him just going to bed.

"On being asked why he did not sit up an hour or two longer, he said in a tone of peculiar melancholy which I can never forget, 'My time is no use to me; I can't read. I have nothing to do, and so it is no use burning fire and candle for nothing.' When I reflected that this was a man endowed by nature with no ordinary intellectual power, I thought what a satire his words were upon our vaunted civilization.

"A man's moral qualities are, as a general rule, developed by the proper

training of the mind. It is of peculiar importance in agriculture that the workman should possess a high moral character. The profits of the farmer often entirely depend upon the honesty and the fidelity with which his labourers do their work."

Mr. Fawcett laboured constantly for compulsory education, and after years of effort saw it accomplished by Mr. Mundella's bill in 1880.

He found by personal investigation that children were taken away from school at a very early age, and made to earn to help to support the family. In one village there was not a single youth who could read sufficiently well to enjoy a newspaper. "A child when he is seven or eight years old can earn a shilling a week by holloaing at crows, and when a year older gets two shillings a week as plough-boy. These children are almost invariably taken away from school at this early age, and they consequently soon forget the little they have learned."

QUIETNESS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"—Job xxxiv. 29.

"He giveth quietness." Sweet words of blessing,
When the storm gathers, and the skies are dark;
Out of the tempest to His sheltering bosom
Fly, O my soul, and find a welcome ark.

"He giveth quietness." O Elder Brother,
Whose homeless feet have pressed our path of pain,
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,
That in our losses we might find our gain.

Of all Thy gifts and infinite consolings
I ask but this: in every troubled hour
To hear Thy voice through all the tumult stealing,
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

Cares cannot fret me, if my soul be dwelling
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;
Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside Thee,
My hand in Thine, along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morning
When from all shadows I shall find release;
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning,
Who can make trouble when Thou sendest peace?