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Poetry.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

She may not in the mazy dance,
With jewel'd maiden's vie;
She may not smile on courtly swain
With soft bewitching eye;
She cannot boast of a form and mein
The lavished wealth has brought her,
But ah! she has much fairer charms,
The farmer's peerless daughter!

The rose and lily on her cheek
Together love to dwell;
Her laughing blue eyes wreathe around
The heart a witching spell!
Her smiles are bright as morning's glow
Upon the dewy plain,
And listening to her voice we dream
That Spring has come again.

The timid fawn is not more mild,
Nor yet more gay and free;
The lily's cup is not more pure
In all its purity;
Of all the wild flowers in the wood
Or by the crystal water
There's none more pure or fair than she,
The farmer's peerless daughter.

The haughty belle whom all adore,
On downy pillow lies,
While forth upon the dewy lawn
The merry maiden hies;
And with the lark's uprising song,
Her own clear voice is heard,
Ye may not tell which the sweetest sings,
The maiden or the bird.

Then tell me not of jeweled fair;
The brightest jewel yet
Is the true heart where virtue dwells
And innocence is set!
The glow of health upon her cheek,
The grace no rule has taught her,
The fairest wreath that beauty twines
Is for the Farmer's Daughter.

A Young Wife's Story.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

I wonder if all the readers who linger entranced over the pages of books and the columns of newspapers, have any idea of the thought, the toil, the midnight labor, with which these enchanting creations of the brain are wrought out? I never had before I became Ernest's wife?

Only eighteen, a spoiled baby, in love with the pretty reflection that my mirror rendered back to me, and scarce out of the nursery.

"Ernest, the Thayers and Miss Montpelier are going to Atlantic City for a month—can't I go too?"

My husband looked up from his paper in surprise.

"To Atlantic City, Minnie? I thought we had concluded to spend such a quiet Summer together here.'

I shrugged my shoulders.

"'Tis so awfully stupid here, all by ourselves,' said I, "like a modern edition of Darby and Joan!'

"Do you really wish it so much?

"Of course I do?'

"Then we will go.'

I clapped my hands in a gleeful sort of a way.

And how much money are you going to give me for my dresses and things?'

"Dresses and things?' he repeated in some surprise. "Why it isn't six months since you had your wedding outfit is it?'

"That's just a man's reasoning,' said I, impatiently. "As if I hadn't worn every one of my dresses at least half a dozen times. I would sooner stay at home than go as a dowdy.'

A pained look came over Ernest's pale, intellectual face.

"How much money do you want?' he asked.

"I could make a hundred and fifty dollars do, I suppose,' said I slowly.

He drew his check-book out of one of the compartments of his desk, and filled out the narrow slip of paper.

"There!' said he, "I don't ask you to become as economical as possible, for I am sure you will be that in any event.—We are not rich people you know, Minnie.'

"I know, I know!' I retorted, hurrying away, and not over pleased with my husband's last words.

It was scarcely three days after this conversation that Ernest found me weeping in my room.

"Minnie! crying?' he exclaimed, in genuine surprise. "Why I thought you were perfectly happy at the prospect of a month in Atlantic City.'

"I can't help it,' sobbed I. "I know it's very ridiculous, but it's only because of Alice Montpelier's diamond cross. My little gold one looks so cheap and common by the side of hers.'

"But, Minnie, a poor author's wife can hardly expect to wear diamonds.'

"Yes, I know,' faltered I; "and that is exactly what I'm crying about.'

He looked at me with a grave, troubled expression in his face, and then left the room.

"Minnie,' said Ruth Elwell, my husband's cousin, who chanced to be sitting with me, "you are very wrong. You have pained Ernest deeply.'

"I won't be lectured,' retorted I, pettishly. "If you are so very considerate of Ernest, it is a pity you hadn't married him yourself!'

Ruth recoiled as if something had stung her. "That is neither logical nor generous, Minnie,' said she; and rising, she went quietly away.

The next day we started for Atlantic City, but at the last moment, Ernest changed his mind, and concluded to remain at home.

"I have some work that ought to be finished,' said he, "and I dare say you will enjoy it just as well in the company of the Thayers and Miss Montpelier.'

I pouted a little.

"Of course you can do as you please,' said I; "but after all my preparations, I shall most certainly go on.'

He bent his face to me.

"Do not let us part in unkindness, dear little wife,' he whispered.

But I resolutely turned my head awy.

"Good-by!' I said lightly, and we separated. Atlantic City was very gay that season, and for the first few weeks all was a whirl of happy excitement, entirely congenial to my giddy brain.

"Oh!' said Mrs. Alcott, regarding me through her double barrelled eye-glass; "this is the wife of the handsome young author, isn't it?'

"Yes,' I said with a flush of wifely pride. Mr. Ernest Everett.'

"He's in town, isn't he!' said Mrs. Alcott, maliciously.

"He still remains in Philadelphia,' I answered, indifferently.

"So does his cousin, Miss Elwell, don't she?' pursued the abominable old woman.

"Really,' I answered, striving to speak as light as possible. "I am not aware of Miss Elwell's movements this summer.'

"Oh, indeed?' said Mrs. Alcott. "Well, young lady, I dont wish to be a prophet of evil, but its a dangerous thing to leave these young husbands too much to the mercy of their old sweethearts. Ha! ha! ha!'

I pretended to take no notice of her malicious insinuations, but they sank into my heart, nevertheless, like poisoned arrows.

Atlantic City had lost all brilliant attractions for me. There was a mask ball the next evening, but I countermanded my for my dress, and astonished Alice Montpelier by declining to take part in a picnic to Cedar Grove.

"Why, Minnie! what ails you?' demanded Alice.

"Nothing,' I made answer, pettishly, except that I am home sick, and want to return to Philadelphia.'

"Oh,' said Alice, with a meaning laugh; "these husbands are terrible magnets. I'm glad I'm not married!'

I flung my things in my trunk with reckless haste, determined to return home at once and accuse Ernest, face to face, of his wickedness.

So if Ernest was faithless—my love, my demigod—in whom could I believe?'

It was nine o'clock at night when at last I stood on the steps of my own door. The servant stared at me in a bewildered way.

"Master wasn't a-expectin of yu ma'm,' she said, "and—'

"I know. Let me pass!' I uttered hoarsely, and the next minute I stood in Ernest's study.

I don't know whether or not I had expected to see Ruth Elwell sitting beside him, but it was certainly a relief beyond expression to discover that he was alone.

Alone, bending over his desk, intently contemplating some bright object in a velvet case. He started to his feet at the sight of me.

"Minnie?' he cried.

"Exactly,' I retorted, with a hard laugh. "You weren't expecting to see me? May I ask where Miss Elwell is?'

"Ruth Elwell?' He looked at me in genuine astonishment. "In the mountains I suppose. She went away the day after you did.'

"Oh, Ernest! Ernest!'

I threw myself on his breast, in a burst of hysterical tears. "Let us see if we cannot chase away these tears.'

And he hung something around my neck—a diamond cross!

"Ernest, this isn't mine?'

"Yes, dearest, it is yours. It is what I have worked and toiled for ever since you expressed a wish for it—a month ago.—Now you know, little one, why I did not go with you to Atlantic City!'

"Oh, Ernest! But how pale you are!' I cried, looking up in his face.

And even as I looked at him, he reeled and fell.

During the brain fever that followed, I had sufficient leisure and opportunity for regretting my own folly and levity; for if Ernest had died, I never could have looked again upon the diamond cross.

But all that is past and gone. Ernest is alive and well, thank God! and we are the happiest couple in the world. And I have never been jealous of him since.

SOME sheep belonging to a farmer named Reed having been stolen in the neighborhood of a colliery village in Durham, Eng., while the thief was still undiscovered, a local preacher, having a collection to make, thought he would turn the event to a good account; so he said:—"We have a collection to make this morning, and for the glory of God, whichever of you stole Mr. Reed's sheep don't put any thing on the plate." Of course every one joined in the collection.

WHEN a boy was asked "where was the text this morning?" he quickly replied:—"It was somewhere in hatchets." "In hatchets? No, in Acts." "Well, I knew it was somewhere that would cut," said the boy triumphantly.

Pittsburgh's Great Reform.

LETTER FROM HON. FELIX R. BRUNOT TO HON. WM. DODGE.

My Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 9th inst. is received, and it gives me pleasure to respond to your request for a "full account" of the Temperance work in Pittsburgh, so far as I can do so within reasonable limits.

Few cities have been so oppressed with the evil of intemperance as Pittsburgh, and the pernicious vice seemed to pervade all classes of society. The number of drinking-houses in proportion to the population was unusually large, and constantly increasing. Hundreds of our young men of the best circles and thousands in every rank seemed unable to resist the fascination of the saloons, and even in prominent business circles moderate drinking—so called—was, unconsciously to themselves, rapidly marking its victims to the eyes of their friends. Among the working and poorer classes hard times and the lack of employment seemed to be the excuse for self-inflicted degradation and ruin to an extent heretofore without precedent, and during the fall and winter the chief work of the Relief Societies and the overseers of the Poor has been to care for the unhappy families of such as these. The efforts of a very active "Temperance Alliance," and of several societies of ladies and bands of "Crusaders," whilst doing much good, seemed to count but little as against the grand aggregate of the prevailing vice.

Under the inspiration of George Wood's, LL. D., Chancellor of the Western Pennsylvania University, a few persons met in the University building in March, 1876, to consider the subject. At an adjourned meeting held later in the month, these gentlemen decided, "in view of the great evils of every form of intemperance to individuals, families, communities, and our nation, especially of the exposure of our young men to shame, suffering and ruin," to form themselves into "an Association with the purpose of abstaining entirely from the use of all intoxicating liquors, including beer and ale, and of inducing, by kindness, sympathy and love, all others wholly to abstain from their use." Thus the "Young Men's Temperance Union" was organized. From a dozen members the Society increased during the summer to 70 or 80, and at one of their meetings in November last, Chancellor Woods having reported the favorable results of his correspondence with "Mr. Francis Murphy, a celebrated Temperance lecturer," was appointed chairman of a committee empowered to secure his services and engage a room or church" for the lecturers. The Society had but $80 in its treasury, which was subsequently increased, by a special subscription paper, to $200; and with this sum the committee engaged Mr. Murphy for eight days, trusting to a good Providence for means to pay the other expenses. Ten weeks after, the Treasurer's report showed—receipts, $4,176.74; disbursments, $3,958.96. Insignificant as the money question seems, relatively to the grand moral aspects of the Temperance reform, nevertheless it is a part of the history, and the figures carry an important lesson.

The first lecture was delivered in the Opera House, on the 26th of November. "God has given us Pittsburgh, my brother," said Mr. Murphy to one of the committee, after its close. The five following were delivered in the Sixth avenue Presbyterian, the Cumberland Presbyterian, the Third Presbyterian Church, the Opera House, and the Fifth avenue M. E. Church, respectively. The Fifth Avenue M. E. Church, Rev. D. Murry pastor, was then secured as the regular place of meeting, and has been occupied every week night since.

The success of the earlier lectures was by no means marked, but a few well-known "hard drinkers" were induced to sign the pledge. Some of these,—men of education and culture, for whom refined mothers had yearned and prayed; and others from the very lowest grades of society, alike loved by their own,—were led to make public profession of their reformation, from the platform. Profoundly sensible of their past degradation and deeply repentant, who could so truly and feelingly depict the horrors of intemperance?—Exultant in their new-found freedom and happiness, and imbued with the reforming spirit of the leader of the movement, who could so effectively appeal to the hearts of men yet "without God and hope in the world," as they who had just found hope and God themselves? Scores of their old comrades were attracted, and in their turn became testifiers; and the scores became hundreds. "Murphy and his gang" was the topic of saloons and street corners, and Murphy and his meetings the subject in every parlor, counting-house and workshop.

An hour before the time appointed every inch of standing room in the Fifth avenue church was usually filled, and crowded overflow meetings were organized in the old Smithfield Methodist church and the Cumberland church in Sixth avenue. The North avenue Methodist church in Allegheny was next opened for "Murphy meetings," and overflow meetings in that neighborhood became necessary. In short, eight or nine weeks after Mr. Murphy's arrival, not less than thirty churches were opened to the Gospel Temperance meetings, and crowded night after night with an "eager, anxious throng." The churches are of every Protestant denomination; but not one denominational meeting has been held amongst them all. The eight or ten Gospel Temperance meetings held in St. James Episcopal Church, were just like those held in the Fifth avenue church;—and the walls of the good old U. P. church which, in times past, disciplined our friend Geo. H. Stuart for unorthodox singing, echo as sweetly and grandly "I hear thy welcome voice," "Hold the Fort," as any others. Ministers of all denominations are found shoulder to shoulder on the same platform in the blessed work for God and humanity.

In addition to the nightly meetings, a noonday prayer meeting has been held daily in the "Old Home," as Dr. Murry's church is now called; also a daily meeting for women in the latter; and stated meeting in other parts of the city. To "feed the hungry" and clothe the naked, was of course a necessary part of the work in a movement which recognized no condition of humanity as too low or too poor to be elevated by its principles; and to this part of the work bands of faithful Christian women and of men not a few, devoted themselves, occupying the basement rooms of the Fifth avenue church for their headquarters.

The temperance revival has reached every class of society, from the highest to the lowest. Many saloon keepers have signed the pledge, and closed their doors; and many more saloons are being closed for lack of business. The reports of the Mayor's courts and police arrests have become delightfully meagre; and the sad tales of starving families and drunken husbands, which, in the beginning of winter, met the visitors of the Relief Societies at every turn, are substituted by the joyous greeting: "He has signed the pledge. Oh, we are so happy!" The number of persons who have signed the pledge cannot be accurately stated. The Young Men's Temperance Union has had printed and given out 80,000 cards, sixty thousand of which were issued in the two cities, and the remainder to the neighboring towns. Allowing 15,000 to be still in the hands of the committees, there have been in Pittsburgh and Allegheny 45,000 persons who have signed the pledge. The officers of the Union, from the data in their possession, state the number as 50,000.

A marvellous feature of the reformation is the zeal and ability with which the reformed men take up the duty of laboring for their fellows. Each sets about using his one talent or his ten talents to convert others. Men who never dreamed of the possibility of "making a speech," sign the pledge and the next moment, under Mr. Murphy's kindly encouragement, face the largest audiences without trepidation. The consciousness of a right act done, and a manly resolve for the future,—"God helping them"—makes men of them. Few fail to speak fitting words, and some are eloquent. It must be admitted that a few have been injudicious, of course, but they are the exceptions. The most suitable among the reformed men are sent, or invited, to speak at the various meeting throughout the city; and some have gone forth to the neighboring towns and set the country, for a hundred miles around, all ablaze with the reformation. At Belle Vernon, a town of 1,000 inhabitants, 800 signed the pledge and the only saloon keeper in the place, after singing, closed his doors.

Many of our citizens have joined in the reform and been prominent in the meeting; and hundreds of the same class, whose names have been less publicly prominent in the work, have given it their efficient aid. It is eminently a CHRISTIAN temperance reformation, and constantly brings to my mind the words of the late Vice-President of the United States, Hon. Henry Wilson: "I have little hope," he said, "for the triumph of the temperance cause until a large proportion of the clergyman and of the professing Christians of this land rise up to the duties of the occasion, and speak words that shall touch the hearts of the people, and live lives that shall blossom into fruits."—*N. Y. Observer, Feb. 13th, 1877.*

A Jolly Undertaker.

A man whose business it is to be almost daily in a house of mourning, and take from the midst of weeping friends the last earthly remains of a loved one and bear them to the grave, one would think could never smile or be jolly, but the jolliest man I know is an undertaker, whose hearse may be seen going through the streets of Boston almost daily at the head of a funeral procession, sometimes a long one, sometimes a short one, according to the popularity and once worldly wealth of the party in the hearse, or friends following it.

I happened to call on the subject of this sketch a short time ago, and in a business like manner, not thinking of the character of his trade, inquired how business was.

"Well, very good. People talk of hard times, I don't find them so.'

"Suppose your business is a cash business. Your customers don't ask for thirty or sixty days time?' we querried.

"Just so,' he replied. "If a man loses a dear friend, or a rich one, or one who has left him property, or even a mother-in-law, he don't mind prices.'

"Suppose you see a good deal of sorrow and many sad faces?' I inquired.

"Oh, yes, but we have got used to that. We have our good times just as well as other men. For instance, you see I called upon a Jew the other day to get some clothing. Well, just for fun, I asked the old chap if we couldn't make a trade?'

"Vell vot you got mit yourself. I dinks perhaps, likely ve might,' says he.

"I took out my card and passed it to him,' the undertaker said, 'and then stood off while he read it.'

"Undertakers, eh! vas dot your trades? No, nothings for me, danks you. But hold a little. I's got von old mudder-in-law vat schust drives me vild around der house, and by schimminy ven you dakes her away I gives you von fine suits, and pays you top cash prices for the jobs,' says the old chap.

"And then, said the undertaker, "if you had seen the earnestness and excited manner of the old Jew, you'd laugh for a week. Why I haven't got over it yet,' and he lay back and roared.

For one hour he told his jolly stories in the midst of caskets and coffins that were soon to contain the last that was earthly of some ones friend.—*Boston Weekly Rambler.*

The "Dead-Beat" Nuisance.

The processes by which the dead-beat is made are various. A young man of bad habits goes on to worse, until as business becomes slack, he is discharged. From that day forth his clothes grow shabby. He begins to borrow of those who knew him in better days, with promise, and at first with the purpose, of paying; but at last, he wears out his friends, and begins to prey upon society at large. He has no resource but borrowing—borrowing on the basis of any story he can invent. He wants money to bury his wife, his child, to lead a starving family to get to some place where he has friends. Many pretend to belong to the South, and are only anxious to get back. Many in New York have just come from the South, their trunks pawned for passage money, and they want to get to Boston. Some are just from a hospital, where they have for a long time been ill.—They have been dismissed without money, and want to reach their friends.

The ingenious lies that are peddled about New York in any single day by men and women fairly well dressed, for the purpose of extorting from sympathetic and benevolent people sums varying from one dollar to twenty-five dollars, would make a series of narratives quite sufficient to set up a model novelist. So earnestly and consistently are these stories told that it is next to impossible to realize that they are not true: yet we suppose that the experience of the general public, like all the private experience with which we are acquainted, prove that ninety-nine times in a hundred they are pure, or most impure, inventions.

The genteel female dead-beat is, perhaps the hardest to get along with. She puts on airs and dignities. She talks of her former fortune, and of her expectations. She has sources of income at present shut up, but sure to be opened in time. Or she has a small income, terribly inadequate, at best, but not yet due. She wants something to bridge over the gulf that yawns between the last dollar and the next. Sometimes she lubricates her speech with tears, but dignity and great self-respectfulness and a beautiful show of faith in God and man are her principal instruments; and it takes a purse that shuts like a steel trap to withstand her appeals. Some of these women selfishly stay at home, or in some nice boarding house, and push out their children and even their young and well-educated daughters, to do their borrowing for them. One whom we know—confessedly a non-at-tendant at any church—rails at the church for not supporting her. "Pretty followers of Jesus Christ!" she thinks the church members are.

The moment a man begins to lie for the purpose of getting money, or for the purpose of excusing himself for the non-payment of a debt, that moment he changes from a man to a dead-beat. We thus have dead-beats in business, as well as out of business—men who 'shine' from day to day, and never know in the morning how they are going to get through. They live constantly by expedients. Of course it cannot take long to reduce them to dead-beats of the most disgraceful stamp.

The only safe way to manage these importunate and adroit scamps is either to turn them over to the investigation of some socsety, or to call a policeman. Fortunately there is in a larger number of houses the district telegraph, by the means of which a policeman can be summoned in a minute or two, without the visitor's knowledge.—In many instances the policeman will know his man at first sight. Every dollar given to these leeches upon the social body is a direct encouragement to the increase of the pauper population; and if the matter is still regarded carelessly we shall, in twenty years, be as badly off as Great Britain in this particular. What we give goes for rum, as a rule, and we not only foster idleness, but we nourish vice and crime. We need to make a dead set against tramps in the country and dead-beats in the city if we wish to save our children from a reign of pauperism only less destructive of the prosperity and the best interests of the country than the reign of war.—*Scribner.*

AN old black woman, reciting her "speerunce," said she had been to heaven. "Did you see any of de colored ladies dar?"—asked a younger sister. "Oh, you git out; you 'spose I went in de kitchen when I was dar?"

A boy found a pocket book and returned it to its owner, who gave him a five cent piece. The boy looked at the coin an instant, and then handing it reluctantly back, audibly sighed as he said "I can't change it."

Seeking Salvation.

Once I heard of a vessel that was wrecked, and there were not life boats enough to take all that were on the vessel, and some that were left there to perish went swimming around these life-boats. One poor fellow swam up to a life-boat, and seized it with his left hand, and a man in the boat seized his sword and cut off his hand. The man was terribly in earnest to save his life, and he swam up the second time and reached out his right hand, and they cut off his right hand. He didn't give it up. He was terribly in earnest to save his life. Everything else was forgotten, and he swam up again, and seized hold of the boat with his teeth, and it touched those men's hearts, and they had compassion, and they took him out of the jaws of death, out of a watery grave, and he was saved because he was in earnest. He was saved because he sought with all his mind and all his strength. And so, my friends, when you and I want salvation above everything else, then we will get it and not before. I have very little smypathy for those men who fold their arms and say: "Well, I would not object to being saved. The Lord can save me if He wants to. I don't have any serious objections to being saved." I never have found any one yet saved by this spirit. My friends, if you are saved at all, you have got to seek the Lord, and you never will be saved until you seek Him.—The idea that a man can talk in that way! I think it was not 24 hours ago I heard a man say that thing. My friends, you will never get into the kingdom of heaven with that spirit. If you want to find the Lord, you must seek him with all your heart and soul and strength.—*Moody.*

Benefit of Being Knocked About.

It is a good thing for a young man to be "knocked about in the world," although his soft hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved the better. If, in measuring themselves with wiser and older men than themselves, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully and of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable for their own sake that it should be knocked out of them.

A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home, but school boys are democratic in their ideas, and if arrogant, he is sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belongs to a leader, he will be installed into the position of a leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his ability, he will be compelled to fall back into the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability; but no man can be truly great or truly respectable who is vain, pompous, or overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social position, be the same high or low, the probability is the same disagreeable traits of character will be softened down and worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough, but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet, and arrived through by a rough road of knowledge.

The Hole in the Basket.

A native teacher in the South Seas once gave the following illustration: He said, "I will relate an ancient story to show how the gods once punished the sin of selfishness.

"Two men went fishing on the reef, and after many hours, both took up their fishing tackle and basket to return home.—One of the men had been quite successful, and had a full basket. The other, who had not obtained any, asked his fortunate friend to give him a fish. The reply was "No, get some yourself; I will not part with mine." So saying, he shouldered his heavy basket and marched away. The other man walked behind with his empty basket.

"Now there was a small hole in the bottom of the full basket, and as the fish dropped out one by one, the unsuccessful fisherman picked them up and dropped them into his empty basket. At this moment his eyes were opened, and too late he discovered that he had lost all through refusing to pay him who had none.

"Beware." said the preacher, "lest we, who have our baskets filled with Gospel privileges, should incur the anger of God through failing to pity those who are still in heathen darkness, so that eventually "the first should be last, and the last first." It is meet that the heathen should be fellow-heirs with us of the grace of life.—Once more, let us watch carefully against little sins. Beware of falling off in prayer and reading of the Bible. The little hole at the bottom of the basket, because it was unnoticed, went on increasing until the unhappy man lost all."

"WAS Mr. Chisselm a very popular man when he lived in your town?' inquired a busybody of a friend. "I should think he was,' replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, including the Sheriff's deputy, followed him some distance.'

The market reports speak of the tendency of provisions as "downward." What more natural?

Something to Do.

It is an old trick of despots, and a good one, to employ their subjects. Why? To keep them out of mischief. Employed men are most contented. There is no conspiracy. Men do not sit down and coolly proceed to concoct iniquity so long as their is plenty of pleasant and ptofitable employment for body and mind. Work drives off discontent, provided there is compensation in proportion to the amount of labor performed. There must be a stimulant. God never intended a man should sweat without eating of the fruits of his labor—reaping a reward—more than he intended the idle man should revel in plenty and grow gouty on luxuries. Industry is a great peacemaker—a mind-your-own-business citizen. Something to do renders the despairing good-natured and hopeful—stops the cry of the hungry and promotes all virtue. The best men are the most industrious; the most wealthy work the hardest. They always find something to do. Do you ever wonder that men of wealth do not "retire" and enjoy their substance? We know some young men who look forward with anticipation to the time of "retiring." It is doubtful if a man should ever retire from busines as long as he lives. We think we know men who, were they to abandon business, would be ruined, not pecuniarily, but mentally—their lives would be shortened.—God never intended man's mind should become dormant. It is governed by fixed laws. Those laws are imperative in their exactions.

Something to do! "Oh, if I had something to do!" There are young men who sigh for it, yet one thing they can do—that is, seek for a job. Once found, provided it is an honest one, do not hesitate to perform it, even if it does not pay as well as you expected.—*Scientific American.*

LITTLE BY LITTLE.—If you are gaining little by little, every day, be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be little, you are constantly accumulating and growing richer and richer every day? Be content; so far as concerns money, you are doing well.

Are you gaining knowledge every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate of the accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself.

Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day—always studying a little between the time of rising up in the morning and lying down at night; this is the way to accumulation a full store-house of knowledge.

Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is little by little. The best men fall short of what they themselves would wish to be.—It is something, it is much, if you keep good resolutions better to-day than you did yesterday, this week than you did last, better this year than you did last year. Strive to be perfect, but do not become downhearted so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.

Little by little, fortunes are accumulated; little by little, knowledge is gained; little by little, character and reputation are achieved.

WHEN one stands in a narrow valley he has about him a small but very definite horizon. Let him gradually ascend the mountain side. As he goes up he loses his former little world; but he loses it only as it becomes swallowed up in the larger outlook. It is all there, but the world has grown wider, and, as he rises, successive horizons are discovered only to be lost again in a broader sweep of vision. And when he stands on the summit, all he first knew is still about him, only he looks off over the rim of the world and knows now that the universe is boundless. So, as our thought of God grows wider and higher, we have really lost nothing that was good and true out of the old conceptions; we have only gained a grander and an all-inclusive one. We have lost a localized and semi-human God only to find him everywhere, and unspeakably better than human. If we lost a "special providence," it is only to find an universal one that includes dust particles as well as suns. If we have lost a changeful God, capable of being teased into compliance with partial and childish personal demands, it is only to find one too good and too wise to need any change. We have found a God who is all about us and in us as intimately as the air we breathe. Nothing of good, or loving, or true, or fair, but we may assert of him, and still know that he is higher than all our thought, and must forever be above and beyond all human utterance.—*Savage.*

A minister asked a new deacon if he had family prayers. "Yes, sir, night and morning regular, if I have to knock every one of the young ones down on their knees.'

A little boy came to his mother recently, and said: "Mamma, I should think if I was made of dust I would get muddy inside when I drink coffee."

WOMEN can't stand on the corner, talk politics and swear, but they can stay at home and rip and tear and darn—their husband's old clothes.