

## Poetry.

## WORK AND BE HAPPY.

BY ADRIAN.

Spent not life's precious moments  
Idly dreaming, day by day,  
O'er the beautiful, phantom pictures  
Fancy paints so bright and gay.

Though they may seem very near thee,  
Out of reach they'll always be,  
If with folded hands thou stitest,  
Waiting 'ere so patiently.

To find pleasure without labour,  
Thou wilt ever seek in vain.  
Work to ease another's burden;  
Work to soothe another's pain.

When thou hearst their grateful voices  
Thinking thee for friendly aid,  
Then thy heart shall thrill with pleasure;  
Thou shalt amply be repaid.

Dost thou love the blessed Saviour?  
Then let this life-work be:  
Do his will, and in his vineyard  
Strive to labour faithfully.

Of thyself, thou'rt perfect weakness;  
Plead with God, in Jesus' name,  
For the strength to toil and sinners,  
Why from heaven the Saviour came.

Thus, in leading souls from darkness  
Into God's own glorious light,  
To thine own heart will be given,  
New and holier delight.

When life's conflicts all are ended,  
And the cross thou hast laid down—  
Then, from earth, thou'lt rise to heaven,  
And receive thy waiting crown.

## The Fireside.

## ARRESTED BY PRAYER.

A FACT.

Mrs. Hale was a brave, patient, hard working, God-fearing woman. Sharp sorrows had driven her to the mercy seat, and she had learned to pray, as those who without sorrow seldom pray. God knew her, and listened to the voice of her supplication, and attended to her cry.

She had had, until recently, one abiding sorrow; one which had been present with her morning, noon, and night. Her husband, a skillful, and even a well-read workman, was a slave to strong drink. No one but herself knew how much he drank, for he was ashamed to make a boast of himself in public houses, so he came home after a time, and finished the work there.

How much Mrs. Hale suffered, and what she passed through, is known only to other poor women similarly circumstanced. Yet she bore up bravely, though clothes and furniture went to ruin, and nothing could be replaced through the drink. She avoided debt, was always clean, and covered her husband's sin as far as possible; though daily, and almost hourly sometimes, taking it to the Lord.

At length Mrs. Hale, after much remorse, and many struggles with himself, and many vain endeavours, resolved, in God's strength, to throw off this galling chain, which Satan had cast about his neck, and to forth a free man. He signed the pledge; and, rejoicing with trembling, yet giving God thanks, poor Mrs. Hale watched over him tenderly, and besought the Lord to keep him.

He had kept the pledge six weeks, and already things in their poverty-stricken home were beginning to wear a different aspect. A new table cloth had been bought for the little parlor table, and several articles recovered from that place— which it pierces the heart of every woman, brought up Mrs. Hale had been brought up, to be obliged to enter the pawn shop. The children were beginning to look happier and healthier, because better fed, and the wife's brow to look less troubled and anxious.

The father, too, felt like a new man. He worked hard, and brought home his wages; was rejoiced by the sight of a hopeful wife and happy children, and everything seemed to prosper with him.

But about this time came again the craving for drink. He had seen it in the workshop; he was feverish, and not well; the cup was offered to him, but he refused it, and fled from the workshop. He battled bravely with himself, but the contest was sharp; yet he came off victorious. Pale and trembling, he entered his own dwelling.

"My poor wife!" said he, kissing her affectionately, "I have had a fight this morning. I did so want a glass of ale. I did not have it; but oh, it was such hard work to resist. You have no idea how strong the craving for it was."

Mrs. Hale became alarmed. She saw how agitated her husband was, and how pale he looked; and she lifted up her heart in prayer for him. There would be these struggles for a time, at least, she knew; the habit of years was not to be overcome all at once, without difficulty. She was a wise woman, and spoke words of cheer and comfort to him. His nice dinner was quite ready, and she sent one of the children for a pint of new milk.

The strife was over for that day; but, alas, it was soon to be renewed.

Mrs. Hale was again battling fearfully with himself, and the false and fatal appetite was craving for stimulants.

"If you break your pledge," said the poor wife, "you will most likely be worse than ever. You know what extremes men go to when they break out after having been sober for a time. Pray, my dear husband."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hale, "I will pray; I do pray; but I am not well. I think I will take a holiday to-morrow, and go for a long walk—a walk far out into the country. Perhaps it may divert my mind, and do me good."

"Do," said Mrs. Hale, catching at the thought. "You can take something with you, and eat it under the trees, and come home to a nice hot dinner at tea time."

Morning came. The little parcel of provisions was made up, and given to Mrs. Hale to put in her pocket. When ready, he came to say good-bye to his wife.

"I hope I shall not break my pledge to-day," said he, doubtfully.

"Oh! I hope not; I pray not!" said Mrs. Hale.

"Well," said Mrs. Hale, "don't you be surprised, or too much cast down, my poor wife, if it should happen."

Mrs. Hale watched him depart with a very heavy heart. She had no resource, however—that was prayer. She lifted up her heart earnestly to God to keep him. But she was very busy—very hard pressed; she could not at that moment go to make a more formal application at the throne of grace.

The day wore on, and towards three o'clock the poor wife, becoming increasingly anxious, and following her husband in thought all day long, retired to her sleeping room, there to tell the Lord, with whom she had trusted so often, her griefs and her fears. Her prayer ran thus:

"Thou knowest all things, Lord. Thou canst do all things. Thou seest him at this moment keep him. If he is about to do wrong—to give way—oh, Lord, assist him!"

The wife wrestled on in prayer, she knew not how time passed. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. One thing, however, she noticed; that when she got up from her knees, a church clock struck four.

But the husband, he walked on out into the sweet country, for it was a lovely day, listening to the singing of birds in that bright spring time, and watching the hedges with the dog-roses, and many other wild flowers, bursting into bloom; sometimes sitting down to rest, and then walking on again, until he got into the hot and dusty road. He had eaten his dinner, and he was beginning to feel a little tired, for the high road was

not so pleasant as the lanes and fields, when he came upon a small, neat looking public house, the landlord of which was standing at the door.

"A lovely day this, sir," said the landlord, "but very hot just now. Won't you step in, and rest a little? You seem to have walked far."

"I have walked a long way," said Mr. Hale, striving against the inclination to enter now strong upon him, "but I won't walk in, thank you."

"In a hurry?" said the landlord. "We have some first-rate ale now on draught; or ale stout, or, which you please. Shall I bring you a glass out here, sir?"

Mr. Hale trembled, and made but a feeble resistance. He had warned his wife, he thought, of what might happen; then he said—"Ale, I think."

He had warned his wife; that brave, patient, loving, much-enduring woman, who spoke of his faults to no one. And what was he about to do now? To nip her happiness in the bud, to mock himself, and destroy his last chance of being a sober and prosperous man; to bring desolation and misery into a happy home—for he knew well enough what would happen if he once gave way. The ale, however, was brought and placed before him. He was raising it to his lips.

What could hold it back? Something prevented his even tasting it, much as he had wanted it. He hesitated, turned sick, and put it down. To escape, was all he thought of now. The landlord's look was turned to him. "Here," said Mr. Hale, hurriedly, and in a voice which sounded loud and strange to himself, "I want to pay for my ale; will you take the money? I am in a great hurry, and want to get home." And so Mr. Hale paid for the ale, which he never drank, and fled, as it seemed to him, for his life.

As he walked homewards, he felt happy and free, and like a bird escaped from the net of the devil. He had not yielded, thank God, and he now felt strong; the temptation was past. But how strange had been the occurrence! The more he thought about it, the more certain it seemed to him that he had been restrained by some invisible power; for the tankard was just at his lips. Was anybody praying for him just then? How else could it be accounted for, if it were not so? What was the time? He would take notice, for he should never, and could never, forget the circumstance.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hale, "I was earnestly interceding for you between three and four o'clock this afternoon, that you may be kept from falling."

"That explains it," said Mr. Hale. "I know now, that God of a surety, hears and answers the prayers of His believing children, and you are one. It seems to me, dear wife, that something little short of a miracle has been worked in my behalf to-day."

Mr. Hale remembered that she had heard the church clock strike four, when she rose from her knees, after she had been agonizing in prayer for some time for her husband.

How strong grew the heart of both husband and wife, after this event. Their faith was strengthened; and how thankful it made them. The impression on the heart of the husband was, perhaps, even deeper than that of the wife; we cannot say with certainty, for it was different. He was filled with astonishment at the signal and speedy answer to his wife's prayer; and was led to say, "There is more in prayer than I ever dreamed of." Her heart overflowed with thankfulness; she knew in whom she had believed, and she trusted the promises.

Mrs. Hale was a saved man; he was no more bound under the bondage of drink, nor felt the slavery of his galling yoke. He turned to the Lord with full power of heart; and is now, with his wife, earnestly seeking a better country, even a heavenly.

"For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"—British Workman.

THE WORK THAT WINS.

If I can only impress upon the young men who read this journal the importance of choosing one thing for their life-business, and sticking to it, I shall not have written this article in vain. What is success but the reward of persevering industry? Oh, I have any reference to that industry of some people, who go changing about from one thing to another during their whole lives. They accomplish nothing. I mean the well-directed effort that lays one on some particular trade or profession, and conquers and takes full command of it, just as armies besiege and conquer a strong city.

The desire to be brilliant, is a disease that often works fatally among our talented young Americans, withering inherent genius by pulling it from the particular soil where it naturally grows, and transplanting it wherever foolish fancy dictates.

What a pity it is that there exists in our land a spirit which looks disparagingly upon hard work, slow-plodding mediocrity. There is a thousand times more hope for an honest shoemaker, who does his work well and sticks to his business, than for your brilliant fellow who gallops over land and sea, now scribbling a nice little poem for a newspaper, again reading a little of law, and next managing medical books. Continuity, like every other quality of mind, is capable of development, but, like other almost all it is sometimes largely inherited, and often exhibits itself in a remarkable degree, quite early in life. Show me a boy who makes his kite fly in spite of his ragged tail, and a boisterous wind; who works day after day, and at night after night, at his problem, and gets it; who whittles till his fingers are sore and his knife is blunt, but finally succeeds in making a top to suit him, and I do not care if he is as slow as molasses in winter. Till wages may mean him on him a hundred times in preference to the bright, and the little pet of the school who gets his lessons in five minutes, and lets his kite go in the dog days because the tail breaks.

How many fine young men we have seen of acknowledged talent and finished education, who have had to yield the palm to some plodding fellow who was reckoned a blockhead in his school days.

John M.—, while at college, was regarded as a young man of great promise. The professors lavished much praise upon him, and there was no office to be filled in students' associations, the honor was generally conferred upon him. On commencement day, he delivered one of the most pleasing orations given, and the audience whispered, "one to another," "How eloquent!" The first year after he received his diploma, he taught school; the next he studied medicine; the next he had something to do with a country paper; for a time he kept books; and for several years more he was engaged in several other trades, and the last time I saw him he was about thirty-five years of age, and only a lawyer's clerk.

William P.—, his early school-mate, was not nearly so apt a scholar; yet by dint of hard study he had managed to worry out of all the difficult points in his lessons. Besides, he had so many peculiarities in his ways, that the schoolboys were tempted to poke fun at him, and play dry tricks at his expense whenever they could. Being sensitive, this, of course, hurt his feelings, but no doubt contributed somewhat to his success, as it goaded him to greater diligence, so that he could have revenge upon his tormentors by beating them in recitation. But he never got higher than the public school. He had to support his widowed mother, and her

poverty would not allow him the luxury of a collegiate education. So he began active life by teaching a country school, and, liking the business, chose teaching for his profession. Year by year he added to his store of knowledge, until he became recognized as a thorough English scholar, as well as the most successful teacher in the country. At thirty-five, while John M.—was still a lawyer's clerk, he was State Superintendent of the public schools, in one of the foremost States of the Union.

The cause of difference in the career of these two men is easily seen. One was inconsistent in his work. He entered his profession early, and worked as if he had made a decision to follow it to the end of his life. When a man chooses his profession of his trade, as he chooses his wife, because he loves it above all other things, and proves himself faithful to his first love with an unwearied diligence, it requires no prophet to foretell his success.—*Phrenological Journal*.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

About thirty years ago the members of a circus company were exhibiting in the city of Boston, and a youth about sixteen years of age, who was very fond of natural history, every day paid a visit to the entertainment, attracted by the display of a large collection of wild animals. He was particularly interested in watching the maneuvers of a very fine Bengal tiger, who, by his restless movements, showed its great power and courage. One day it endured, and he took delight in annoying the captive brute, who roared with impotent rage, and by the flashing of its malignant eyes, and the display of its deadly fangs, indicated what its tormentor's fate would be, if at any time he should be in its power. One morning he visited the menagerie before the usual hour of the performance, and finding no person at the ticket taker's office, he slipped into the enclosure, and was soon confined. Advancing to the cage of the tiger, to his great surprise, he perceived that it was empty; and, without thinking of the danger he incurred, his curiosity prompted him to enter the cage, and endeavor to realize how the creature felt when it was a captive. Fortunately for him, he closed the door of the cage when he entered, and the instant after he had fastened the bolt, he perceived the tiger protruding its head from behind some boards that were placed at the back of the menagerie. With a roar of malignity and triumph, the fearful brute advanced to the cage, and, inserting one of its paws between the bars, endeavored to seize the youth by the neck, and drag him to his fate. The poor boy was so overwhelmed with horror at the dangerous position in which he had placed himself, that he was unable to call for assistance, and could only press himself as closely as possible against the back of the cage. He then perceived, with terror, that the fore paw of the animal reached within two inches of his head, which the infuriated brute endeavored by every means in its power to grasp with its claws. Trembling with horror and despair, the boy pressed himself as far back as possible, and seemed almost to flatten himself into the smallest possible compass, the tiger, by a sudden movement of its paw, managed to grasp his jacket with one of its claws, and dragged the boy forward, until he was within a few inches of the bars, the cloth of the jacket gave way; and, in consequence of the force the tiger was exerting, the sudden separation of its claw from the dress, caused the paw to be withdrawn from within the bars of the cage, and the boy availed himself of the opportunity to press himself once more against the back of the cage. The ferocious brute finding itself baffled in its attempt to grasp the boy, uttered a loud, menacing growl, and then commenced to walk slowly around the room—the time casting malignant glances upon the boy—as its eyes gleamed with baleful light, and seeming at times to flash with sparks of fire. Suddenly it crouched to the ground, and then sprang at the bars of the cage with such fury and rage, that it seemed to strike the cage like a thunderbolt, and then rebounded from the iron bars as a football rebounded from a rock. The boy now lay thought himself of a penknife he carried in his pocket, and determined to defend himself. Opening one of the blades, he calmly awaited the attack which the maddened animal evidently intended to make; and as soon as it protruded its paw again into the cage he struck at it with all his force, and drove the pointed blade into its flesh, which penetrated to the bone. When the brute felt the pain and agony, it uttered a wailing mingled rage and agony; and the keeper, hearing the noise rushed into the room, and immediately released the situation, they sent for one of the performers, who was a circus rider from South America, and who had been in the habit of capturing wild horses on the plains of the South. The rider hastened to the menagerie, bringing with him his lasso, which is a strong string or rope about thirty feet in length, and with a loop at one end. This he threw over the head of the tiger, and drawing it right around its throat, he caught it, and the keeper, carrying a large net over his shoulder, and the now helpless beast and easily secured. The boy was soon released from his perilous position, his curiosity being fully gratified. He never again was desirous to know how a tiger felt when it was confined in a cage.—*Pictorial World*.

To BOLI A HAM.—Take a ham weighing about eight or ten pounds, soak it for twelve or twenty-four hours in cold water; then cover it with boiling water, add one pint of vinegar, two three bay-leaves, a little bunch of thyme and parsley (the dried and sifted will do, or even seeds of parsley may be used if the flesh cannot be procured); boil two hours and a half, take it out, skim it, remove all the fat, except a layer about half an inch thick—cut off with a sharp knife the skin, and look out under it the ham into your dripping pan, fat side uppermost, grate bread-crumbs over it, and sprinkle a tea-spoonful of powdered sugar over it; put it in the oven for half an hour, until it is a beautiful brown. Eat cold; cut the nicest portion in slices; the ragged and little odds and ends can be chopped fine, and used for sandwiches; or by adding a little more of the fat, except a layer about half an inch thick, and a pint of the chopped ham, and frying brown, you have a delicious hot breakfast or lunch. The bone should be put into the soup-kettle. The rag and fat should be rendered and strained for frying potatoes or cutters. A ham prepared in this way will "go" twice as far as when cooked and carved in the ordinary manner, besides the conviction it gives the housekeeper of being economical, and at the same time placing a nice and palatable dish before her family.

WONKRO HAND.—Working hard is not always working to the advantage. A man may work very hard chopping cord wood, and then, after having pumped water with a pump that "sucks" air, but he is not working with economy. A man gets pay, or ought to get, for not working, but for what he accomplishes. This is as true of the farmer as of the hired man, though we do not feel its force so fully in the one case as in the other. We do not like paying a man for carrying one pall of water when he might just as well carry two, or for plowing or harrowing with one horse, when he might just as well drive two. But men themselves often do things equally wasteful of time and labor. Do they never take a load to the town and come back empty, and then go empty to the town to bring a load back, and thus lose half their own time and that of their team?

HATS OFF.—With your hat, my boy, when you enter the house. Gentlemen never keep their hats on in the presence of ladies, and if you always take yours off when mamma and the girls are in, you will not forget yourself, or be mortified when a guest or stranger happens to be in the parlour. Habit is stronger than anything else, and you will always find that the easiest way to make sure of doing right, is to get in the habit of doing right. Good manners cannot be put at a moment's warning.

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