

Grind Your Axe in The Morning.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

"Grind your axe in the morning my boy."

"Twas a gray old wood cutter spoke,
Beneath whose arm, on his backwoods farm,
Had fallen the elm and the oak;
The hickory rough, and the hornbeam tough
Had yielded to wheat and corn,
Till his children played 'neath the apple-
tree's shade,
By the cabin where they were born.

"Grind your axe in the morning, my boy,"
He said to his lanky son,
"Or the hearts of oak will weary your stroke
Long ere the day is done.
The shagbark's shell and the hemlock knot
Defy the dull, blunt tool;
And man as you may, you will waste your
day,
If your strength is the strength of a fool.

"Grind your axe in the morning my boy,
Bring the hard bright steel to an edge;
The bit like a barber's razor keen,
The head like a blacksmith's sledge;
And then through the maple, and ironwood,
and ash,
Your stroke resistless shall drive,
Till the forest monarchs around you crash
And their rugged fibres rive.

"Grind your axe; ere the sunrise shine,
With long and patient care,
And whet with the oilstone sharp and fine,
Till the edge will clip a hair,
And what though you reel o'er the stubborn
steel,
Till the toll your right arm racks,
Pray, how could you cut the white oak butt,
If you had but a pewter axe?"

"Grind your axe; and be ready, my lad:
Then afar in the forest glen,
With a steady swing your heart shall ring,
Keeping time with the stalwart men;
But if you miss your grinding at dawn,
You'll never know manhood's joy;
No triumphs for you, the long day through;
You must back the brush with the boys."

"Grind your axe in the morning!" I heard
Life's watchword, rude but clear;
And my soul was stirred at the homely word
Of the backwoods sage and seer!
O youth, whose long day lies before,
Heed! heed the woodman's warning!
Would you fell life's oaks with manly strokes
You must grind your axe in the morning!

And he who dawdles and plays the fool,
Nor longs for virtue or knowledge;
Whose shirk at work, plays truant from school
Or "cuts" and "ponies" at college;
Whose soul no noble ambition fires
No hero purpose employs,
He must hoe life's fence-row among the
briers,
Or hack the brush with the boys.

Helen's Disappointment.

BY JULIA S. LAWRENCE.

Helen was miserable, there was no doubt of it; and the whole family were aware of the fact, for the otherwise pleasant breakfast hour had been chilled by her gloom. Her father left the house immediately after prayers, and Ben slipped out the back door rather than to go through the dining-room again, while Clare, who was making rapid preparations for school, wore a saucy look on her bright face.

"Poor Tabitha! I wish I could take you with me to-day!" she said to the great yellow cat who came purring about her. "I fear it is going to be a regular nor'easter," she went on wickedly, "so keep in a snug corner, Tabitha, out of the wake of the storm."

Then she stood with the door partly open, so that a rush of cold air came directly on Helen's poor neuralgia face, and waved a mournful farewell to Tabitha.

"D, shut that door!" screamed Helen, with her handkerchief to her face.

Clare ran off laughing, and Helen turned to her mother for sympathy.

Mrs. Wilson was hurried, and only said in reply to her bitter lament, "I would try to be a little more patient, Helen. We are all sorry for you, but it can't be helped; so do try to make the best of it."

Make the best of it, indeed! That was too much. How little she understood her disappointment! Helen could endure no more, so she hurried away to the solitude of her own room.

Reaching it, she first leaned both elbows on the pretty dressing-case and studied the reflection of her face in the glass; then, throwing herself upon the bed, she buried the troublesome face in the pillow and cried as though her heart would break.

What was it all about? Why, simply this. Dr. T. of Boston was to lecture in the Hall that evening and Helen desired above all things to hear him. A friend who had heard him had given her such glowing accounts of his eloquence that she had looked forward to this evening for weeks. She would rather lose all the other lectures in the course, she had said, than this one; but neuralgia, with its needle-like twinges, had been about her for some time, and this morning she had awakened to find one side of her face so badly swollen as to nearly close one eye, and her pretty mouth drawn to one side. All thought of attending the lecture

was given up, of course; for, had it been prudent, Helen's pride alone would have kept her at home.

"Was ever mortal so unfortunate as I?" she sobbed hysterically. "Oh I am so disappointed, how can I be patient! They are cruel to talk so to me!" and her tears flowed forth afresh at the thought of her mother's words.

At length she became calmer, and her tired nerves, soothed by her tears, began to relax. Reason once more asserted itself and she lay quiet yet busily thinking. Something Clare had read the night before came back to her as she lay there. The light had been so painful to Helen's eyes that she could not read her accustomed chapter and Clare had offered to read for her.

Helen, surprised yet pleased, had accepted her services; and Clare the merry, thoughtful, warm-hearted Clare, had read, "Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."

"Deny himself," "Clare repeated inquiringly. "Do penance?"

"No," replied Helen. Torturing the body is not denying one's self nor bearing one's cross; it is giving up one's will and pleasure for others' good or comfort, and bearing the trials and disappointments of life patiently."

"And cheerfully," added Clare, going on with her reading. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it. . . . For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Mother said a funny thing last Sunday," said Clare, closing the Bible and beginning to make preparations for bed. "I read to her from Comforter, and I said it was a silly idea to talk about 'gaining the whole world'; no one could ever do it, if they ever wished to; and I asked her what she thought it meant and she said 'having your own way in everything.'"

"That would be gaining the whole of the little world in which you live, would it not?" asked Helen.

All this conversation came back to Helen now. What would Clare think of her self-denial or cross-bearing to-day? How would her religion appear to the ever-watchful, critical sister now? Completely sobered by this thought, she slipped from the bed to her knees and poured the whole miserable story of her disappointment and sin into the sympathizing ears of him whom she was learning to trust. A quiet peace filled her soul ere she rose from her knees, and lying down once more, she was soon sweetly sleeping.

"I am sorry I was cross this morning, Clare," said Helen that night. "Forgive me, dear, and please don't think I am not trying to be good. I do try every day."

"I was the one to blame," replied Clare quickly, for she had been ashamed of herself before she had gone half a block that morning. "I am the one to be forgiven, I think I ought to have thought you did not sleep much last night. It is too bad, though, that you can't go to-night when you thought so much about it!"

"A burning shame, I say!" interposed Ben. "I wish the lecture could be put off just for your sake. What will you do with your ticket?"

"My ticket! I had not thought of that!" said Helen. "Some one might use it, but you all have tickets and so have my friends. I wish some one might enjoy it or get some good out of it."

Crossing the hall a few minutes later Helen met John Monroe, her father's office-boy, who had come to the house with a message for Judge Wilson.

"He is in the dining-room, I'll speak to him," she said in reply to his question and was just passing on when a thought struck her. "John," said she, turning back, "Wouldn't you like to go to the lecture to-night? You may have my ticket and welcome, if you will take it. You see I can't go with such a face as I have, and it is too bad to have any vacant seats."

Surprise and delight made John well-nigh speechless. He tried his best to thank her, though, but the sudden lighting of his face and the flash of his grey eyes were thanks enough for Helen.

"I don't know what to make of John lately," said Judge Wilson at the dinner table one day some weeks later. "He is at his books every moment when not otherwise employed, and I never saw a fellow make a more rapid improvement."

"I told you those gray eyes were not given him in vain," replied his wife. "He will make a smart man yet, you will see. I always said so, though the rest of you called him stupid. I pitied him when he first came, he seemed so spiritless and unhappy."

"That's just it, he was spiritless," said the judge. "He did what he was told simply because it was his duty. Now he puts so much animation into his work, he hardly seems like the same fellow; and it is astonishing how much information he picks up every day."

"What has got hold of him?" asked Ben.

"I asked him that same question to-day," replied his father, "and he said it was Dr. T.'s lecture; and he heard him, it seems. He said, to use his own words, that he had about given up trying to be anybody—thought it was no use with such a father as he has; but Dr. T. talked right to him, he says, and told him that there was a chance for him yet. I believe there is, and, if Dr. T. never does any other good deed in this world, he has saved one soul from ruin."

"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee," thought Helen, as she listened with a glad heart to this conversation. "I wonder if the disappointments and sufferings of his children cannot be made to add to his glory also. My disappointment opened a 'door of hope' to John, it seems, and Clare has certainly been more thoughtful since that day, while it taught me a lesson I shall never forget."—*Morning Star.*

USE SKODAS DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

The Family.

Fathers and mothers whatever may be your duties in the world, keep the better part of yourself for your family. Be sure that in neglecting it, you neglect an essential, and that the services you render elsewhere are neutralized by the injury you do at home. It is for this reason we are bound to the family by the tender ties of joy and sorrow. Make the family pleasant for the children. Make the nest warm, but at the same time be judicious. Be good, yet firm; loved, yet respected. Be neither violent, nor foolish indulgent. Have none of that tyrannical love which stifles individuality and kills the will. May the family and the hearth never lose their power of attraction and development. Keep the confidence of your sons as long as possible. Make them feel the need and pleasure of confiding in you by the tact with which you hear them.

How we must pity those who have no family, or towards whom the family has not done its duty. But let us not lift the veil; we should have before our eyes too hopeless a world.

Young men do not relax your family ties. Be your father's and mother's little children, even when you are yourselves fathers. It is so good to feel one's self a child, and the more one grows, and the older one gets, the more good it does one. The strongest men are those who have best loved their mothers. When we love and respect her who brought us into the world, we are very near respect for all women. And when we respect our father's moral authority, happy in being able to show our filial feeling, we have a good basis for respecting all authority—Honour thy father and mother. This twofold law of respect—for woman in her motherhood and for man in his moral pre-eminence—must be considered as an indispensable foundation of human solidarity and of good, just life. Let us strengthen our souls by contact with these elementary principles, these simple and holy truths, which become more widespread the farther from childhood we see them, and which even though our hair be white, we must hear, on bended knees and with joined hands, as little children.—*Youth.*

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

The Everyday Life.

It is our everyday life that declares what kind of Christians we are. We cannot form a proper estimate of Christian character by seeing our friends now and then, or passing a day or two in their society at intervals.

We are generally thrown into the society of our friends upon pleasant occasions. We meet them upon life's holidays oftener than in the usual routine of daily duties. We greet them upon social occasions, when they are prepared to meet us with pleasant words and loving smiles. It is easy then to smile and speak kindly. It is easy then to wear a cheerful look, when the burden and task are put away from them, and when free from the influences that chafe and fret the body and soul.

Divine grace is not always required upon occasions like this to win the good opinion and approval of others. There is often enough natural goodness about human beings to bring to the surface of their lives those genial graces which charm other eyes, and win the respect and confidence of those with whom they come in contact.

Not so, however, in the everyday life. Divine grace alone can sustain the soul when the burden is heavy, and care and trial meet us at every step. There is not enough moral strength in the heart of humanity to sustain it when the body is weary,

and the poor, weak arm just ready to let fall the burden. When trial, discouragement and disaster all combine to render the life path dreary, then the blessed faith in Christ alone can hold those unpleasant influences in check and still the troubled waters. With the "abiding Comforter" in the soul, it is as easy to smile and be cheerful in adverse circumstances as for the working to be happy in the hours of peace and prosperity.

It is our every day life that builds up our Christian character. If we overcome the daily annoyances of life we grow strong and heroic, and it soon becomes a pleasant task to do, bear and suffer. The service of Christ is one that grows lighter and more pleasant as the years go by. It never galls or inflicts needless wounds upon those who are engaged in it.

It is our daily life that exerts a lasting influence over the world. It is this that tests the value of religion, and proves to others that it is pure gold, and not a mere profession. It weighs and measures the golden treasure in a way which proves its worth, and the skeptic himself stands confounded and silenced.

A holy everyday life is the constant practice of the divine principle which saves, lifts up and elevates the human soul.—*Primitive Methodist.*

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Holiness Unto the Lord.

Baron Stow, of Boston, once preached from the words: "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses. 'Holiness unto the Lord.'" The sermon was of a practical character, and enforced the truth that in every transaction of life, in everything in which we engage, this should be the great principle which should govern us. "Inscribe these words," he said: "on every implement of trade; on the yard-sticks upon your counters; upon your scales and measures; let it be written at the head of every page of your day-book and ledger—'Holiness unto the Lord.'"

There was a man in the audience, a stranger, who was largely engaged in the liquor business. As Mr. Stow closed his sermon he said: "Some one has remarked that he can judge of the propriety of an idea if he can paint it out on the wall. Let us apply this text; inscribe it over the entrance to the house of God. 'Holiness unto the Lord'; nothing could be more proper; let it be inscribed over your court houses and colleges, over your hospitals and charitable institutions, and nothing could be more suitable. But suppose we inscribe over the entrance to a drinking saloon or gambling house the words, 'Holiness unto the Lord'; or suppose we go down to the wharf, and inscribe on those casks of liquid fire that burns men's bodies and destroys their souls, 'Holiness unto the Lord'?"

He closed here. The liquor dealer went out cursing the preacher and the sermon. That single question had a more terrible effect on that man's conscience than a whole hour's denunciation of the liquor traffic.—*Christian Safe-guard.*

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Bits of Things.

Be not deceived.

No earthly duty can take the place of duty to God.

Truth hides from those who do not love it well enough to seek it.

Every good man's life is a volume of God's thoughts in motion.

The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.—*Edwin Arnold.*

No man is a real hero who does not know that he is right with God.

Looking back is more than we can sustain without going back.—*Cecil.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

FOR SEVERE COLDS.

DEAR SIRS,—I had a severe cold, for which I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take.

J. PAYNTER, Huntsville, Ont.

Unequalled.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyndinaga, Ont., writes:—I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it.

GENTLEMEN.—For a number of years I suffered from deafness, and last winter I could scarcely hear at all. I applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil and I can hear as well as anyone now.

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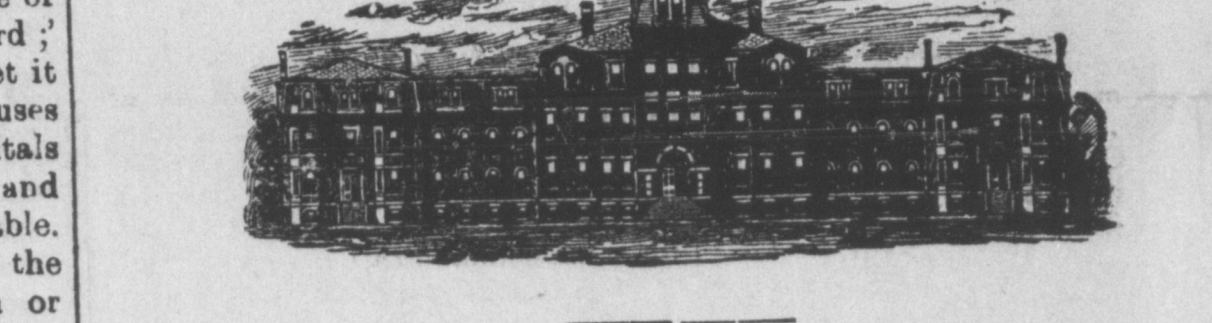
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