only the initials[1] of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages.

6. Nor must I forgĕt the suddenly changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no lŏng and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom, one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pŏmpous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail.

7. The days wane[2] apace. Erelŏng the sun hardly rises above the horĭ'zon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns alŏng the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

8. And now the northern lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a sŏft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith,[3] east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart[4] the heavens, like a summer sunset.

9. Sŏft, purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pŏmp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding.

10. And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and

[1] Initials (in ĭsh als), the first letters of a name; the beginnings.—Wâne, decrease; waste away.—[3] Zĕ'nith, the point in the sky just overhead.—[4] A thwârt', across; through.

the sŏng of nightingales, is come! In every vil'age there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths, and roses, and ribbons, streaming in the wind; and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windōws and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

11. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadōws, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the lŏng, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yĕsterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit togĕther, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

12. From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a sŏft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer; and four times to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants—

"Ho! watchman, ho! twelve is the clock!
God keep our town from fire and brand,
And hostile hand! twelve is the clock!"

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night lŏng; and further north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

H. W. Longfellow.

94. Life and Death—A Parable.

1. A MAN through Syria's deserts speeding,
His camel by the halter leading,
The beast grew shy, began to rear,
With gestures wild to plunge and tear;
So fearful was his snort and cry
The driver was obliged to fly.
He ran, and saw a well which lay
By chance before him in the way.

2. He heard the snorting camel near,
And lŏst all consciousness in fear.
He plunged not in the shaft, but crept,
And hanging 'neath the brink he kept.
A blackberry bush its bed had found
Within the gaping fissures round;
Hereto the driver firmly clung,
While loud his doleful wailings rung.

3. He look'd on high, and lo! he saw
Above his head the camel's jaw,
About to seize him as his prize.
Then in the well he cast his eyes;
A dragon[1] on the ground he saw,
That gaped[2] with fearful, yawning jaw,
His prey there ready to devour,
When it should fall into his power.
Thus hovering between the two,
Another evil met his view.

4. Where in the stony fracture hung
The bush's roots, to which he clung,
He saw two mice within the crack,—
The one was white, the other black.
He saw the black one and the white,
How they the roots alternate[3] bite.
They gnaw'd, and pull'd, and dug around,
And tore from ŏff the roots the ground.
When he the crumbling earth espies,
On high the dragon casts his eyes,
To see how soon, with load and all,
The bush, torn by the roots, would fall.

5. The man with anxious terror quail'd,
Besiĕged, surrounded, and assail'd,
While in this doleful situation,
Look'd round in vain for his salvation.

[1] Drăg' on, a winged serpent.—[2] Gāped, yawned; opened wide the mouth.—[3] Al tĕrn' ate, by turns; one after the other.—[4] Quailed (kwāld), sunk from fear; failed in spirits.

And as around he cast his eyes,
A little nodding branch he spies,
With berries ripe, nor did he feign
His lustful lŏnging to restrain.

6. No more the camel's rage he saw,
Nor in the gulf the dragon's jaw;
No more the mice that gnaw'd the root,
When he beheld the luscious fruit.
He let the camel rage on high,
The dragon watch with lustful eye,
The mice gnaw at the bush's root,
While greedily he seized the fruit.
Right good he deem'd them to appease
His cravings, and he pluck'd at ease;
And thus his fear, his doleful lot,
Were in the juicy sweets forgot.

7. "Who is the fool," methinks I hear
Thee ask, "who thus forgĕts his fear?"
Know then, O friend, that man art thou!
But take the explanation now:—
The dragon lurking on the ground,
Is death's grim yawning[1] gulf profound;
The threatening camel standing there
Is life's anxiety and care:
'Tis you who gasp, 'twixt life and death,
Upon the world's green bush for breath.

8. The two that, gnawing at the tree,
Shall soon the bush, as well as thee,
Deliver to the dragon's might,
The mice, their names are day and night
Conceal'd, the black one gnaws away
From evening to the dawn of day,
The white one gnaws, and undermines,
From morn until the sun declines.

9. And 'midst these hŏrrors and alarms,
Thou lusteth for the berries' charms,

[1] Yāwn' ing, opening

Forgĕtting camel, life's distress,
And dragon death in the abyss,
As well as mice, the night and day,
And dost alone attention pay
To snatching berries, as they peep
From out the grave's dark fissures[1] deep.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

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95. CHILDREN.

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," says Wordsworth.[2] And who of us that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him in a way, which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

2. If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about every thing, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of—their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances and the common things which surround them, strange events and little ideal[3] worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand.

3. The still musing and deep abstraction[4] in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its

[1] Fissures (fĭsh'yerz), openings; cracks.—[2] William Wordsworth, the distinguished English poet, born April 7th, 1770, and died April 23d, 1850.—[3] I dē'al, imaginary.—[4] Ab străc'tion, deep thought, causing disregard or forgetfulness of things around us.

pride and jargon,[1] confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

4. When children are lying about seemingly idle and dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety,[2] forgĕt that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life.

5. And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts, with its countless parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony.[3] There are none of us who have stolen sŏftly behind a child when laboring in a sunny corner digging a liliputian[4] well, or fencing in a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crŏssed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

6. A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked lŏng in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children, and can take plĕasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindness and sympathy toward him as I have of revolting toward another who has gŏne through life with all due propriety,

[1] Jär'gon, senseless noise; confused talk.—[2] Sa ti'e ty, excess of gratification, which excites loathing; fullness beyond desire.—[3] Här'mo ny, agreement; just adaptation of parts where all fit together.—[4] Lil i pŭ'tian, diminutive; small. Dean Swift wrote a work called "Gulliver's Travels," the design of which was to bring into ridicule the extravagant stories of travelers. In this work he describes a place called Liliput where the inhabitants were not more than two or three inches high. Hence the word Liliputian.

with a cold and supercilious[1] bearing toward children, which makes them shrinking and still.

7. I have known one like the latter attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children. R. H Dana

96. The Votary of Pleasure.

1 I SAW a gallant youth depart
From his early home, o'er the world to roam:
With joyous eye, and bounding heart,
Did he speed alŏng, through the mingled thrŏng?
And he reck'd not of aught that lay in his course,
As he onward moved with the impetuous force
Of a spirit free and unrestrain'd,
That ne'er would rest till his gōal[2] was gain'd.

2. "Whither, O youth," a voice inquired
With an earnest tone, and a stifled groan,
"Art bound so swift, as thou wast fired
In thy inmost mind with an impulse blind?"
"I am bound for the realm, be it far or near,"
The rover replied, as he check'd his career,
"Where plĕasure is found, and mirth, and glee,
And a ceaseless flow of gayety."

3. I saw that youthful form once more,
When the goal was gain'd, and its end attain'd;
I knew its brief pursuit was o'er,
From its alter'd mien, and its faded sheen.[3]
Ah! the bounding heart, and the joy-beaming eye,
Were succeeded by tears, and the deep-drawn sigh.

[1] Supercilious (su per sĭl' yus), proud; haughty; overbearing.—[2] Gōal end; final purpose.—[3] Shēen, brightness; splendor.

Of beauty, and manly pride, and grace,
There scarcely linger'd a single trace.

4 "Oh, what," the voice inquired again,
"Hath wrought this chānge, so sad and strānge?
Didst thou at length, O youth, obtain,
In its full mĕasure, thy heart's fond trĕasure?
Didst thou gain the realm where the plĕasures of sense
In profusion[1] flow, unrestrain'd and intense?[2]
Didst thou reach the sphere where mirth and glee
Are blended with ceaseless gayety?"

5. "Too soon," exclaim'd the stricken form,
With downcast eye, and a bitter sigh,
"While hope was young, and passion warm,
Did my ardent soul reach the fatal goal.
Ah! my spirit hath been with the giddy throng,
And shared in the revel, the cup, and the sŏng.
But its tone is gŏne; 'tis stricken now;—
The curse of plĕasure is on my brow."

Charles H. Lyon.

97. Judge Not.

MANY years since, two pupils of the University of Warsaw[3] were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund,[4] round whose pedestal[5] may be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure, the oddity of which attracted their attention.

2. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age. His coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad hat overshadowed a thin, wrinkled face; his form was greatly

[1] Profusion (pro fū' zun), great abundance.—[2] In tēnse', strained close; violent; earnest.—[3] Wär' saw, the capital of the kingdom of Poland, a dependency of Russia.—[4] Sigismund, the name of three kings of Poland. Sigismund III., surnamed De Vasa, born 1566, and died 1632.—[5] Pĕd' es tal, that on which any thing stands.

emaciated,[1] yet he walked with a firm and rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a half-penny worth of bread, ate part of it, and putting the remainder into his pocket, pursued his way toward the palace of the lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar,[2] Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

3. "Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other "I do not; but, judging from his costūme', and mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker." "Wrŏng, my friend; he is Stanislaus Staszic."

4. "Staszic!" exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?" "Yĕt, so it is," replied his companion; "under this unpromising exterior[3] is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious men of Europe."

5. The man whose appearance contrasted so strŏngly with his social position,[4] who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owes all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius. Of low extraction,[5] he left Poland while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipsic[6] and Gottingen,[7] continued his studies in the College of France, under Brisson and D'Aubanton; gained the friendship of Buffon;[8] visited the Alps and the Apennines; and finally returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

[1] Emaciated (e mā' shāt ed), thin; wasted.—[2] Czar (zär), emperor of Russia. This word is probably from Cæsar, a title given to the emperors of Rome.—[3] Ex tē' ri or, outward appearance.—[4] Social position, rank or standing in society.—[5] Extraction (eks trăk' shun), source; birth; origin.—[6] Leipsic (lip' sik), the second city of Saxony, and one of the chief seats of commerce in Germany. The university, founded 1409, with a library of 110,000 volumes, and about 100 professors and private teachers, is attended by above 900 students.—[7] Gottingen (gĕt' ting en), a town of Hanover, capital of the principality of Gottingen. Its university, founded 1734, was, down to 1831, the chief of the German universities, and the number of its students, from 1822 to 1826, averaged 1481, annually. In 1845, it had only 633 students.—[8] Buffon, an eminent naturalist, born in 1707, and died in 1788.

6. He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterward, the Government wished to profit by his talents; and Staszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts, and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest.

7. When did any man ever rise vĕry far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and detraction[1] to aim their ărrōws against? Mediocrity[2] always avenges itself by calumny,[3] and so Staszic found it; for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister[4] motives. A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

8. "Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose gray mustache[5] and old-fashioned costume[6] recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that *he* could be a minister of State? Formerly, when a palatine[7] traversed the capital, a troop of horsemen bŏth preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

9. "His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms." "He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another. "He sits on the ground, for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mŏcking laugh.

10. A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant[8] silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned toward the priest, and said: "A man distinguished for his gen-

[1] De trăc' tion, abuse; taking from the merits of another.— Me diŏc' ri ty, a middle state; moderate degree of talents.—[3] Căl' um ny, detraction; abuse; scandal.—[4] Sĭn' is ter, left-handed; evil, corrupt.—Mustache (mus tăsh'), long hair on the upper lip.—[6] Cos tūme', dress.—[7] Păl' a tine, a minister; one invested with royal privileges.—[8] In dĭg nant, affected with anger and disdain.

erc sity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

11. "Pray, what use does he make of it?" "The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was t not Staszic?" "Oh, yes! because he is as greedy of praise as of gold," was the reply. "Poland esteems as her chief glory the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal[1] movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown—calling the chisel of Canova[2] to honor the memory of Copernicus?"[3]

12. "It was Staszic," replied the priest; "and for that all Europe honors the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noon-day sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life.

13. "This ostentatious[4] miser, in the books which he publishes, groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs. Go some morning to his house; there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man, who repulses her. That man is Staszic; that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relatives?"

98. Judge Not—concluded.

THE young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

[1] Si dē' re al, relating to the stars.—[2] Antonio Canova, one of the most distinguished sculptors of modern times, was born in 1757, and died in 1822, at Venice.—[3] Copernicus, a most distinguished astronomer, who revived the true system of the motion of the heavenly bodies, according to the theory of Pythagoras. He was born February 19th, 1473, and died in 1543.—[4] Os ten tā' tious, showy; making a display.

2. Next morning, he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping, and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother. This confirmation of what the priest had said, inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts; he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

3. The learnèd minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him: "Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out of my library; or instruments, order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want any thing."

4. "On the contrary, sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts." "You have, then, become rich?" "I am as poor as ever." "And your college?" "I must leave it." "Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils; it must not be!"

5. In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on hearing it. "You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favors on me at the expense of your suffering family."

6. The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion; his eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said: "Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel—'JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.' Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is in truth an enigma,[1] which I can not now solve—it is the secret of my life."

7. Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added: "Keep an account of the money I give you; consider it as a loan; and when, some day, through labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As for me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

[1] Ē nig' ma, a riddle; something mysterious.

8. During fifty years, Stanislaus Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice. On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.[1] The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man.

9. His last testament[2] fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice.[3] His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant, his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan, and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades.

10. A reserved fund was provided for the succor[4] of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated[5] serfs, was destined for purchasing by degrees the freedom of their neighbors, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

11. After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins[6] for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum toward educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless and extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

12. A strange fate was that of Stanislaus Staszic. A martyr[7] to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

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[1] Rĕl′ ic, remains; something esteemed holy.—[2] Tĕst′ a ment, will; a writing in which a person declares how he wishes his property disposed of after his death.—[3] Av′ a rice, excessive love of money, or gain.—[4] Succor (sŭk′ kor), help; assistance; aid.—[5] Lĭb′ er a ted, made free.—[6] Flŏr′ ins, coins first made at Florence. The silver florin was valued at from 23 to 54 cents. The gold florin was of the value of about a dollar and a half.—[7] Mär′ tyr, one who is put to death, or suffers, because he does what he thinks is right, or adheres to what he believes to be the truth.

99. The Laborer.

1. STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy Gŏd!—who more?
A soul as dauntless[1] 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.

2. What then?—Thou art as true a MAN
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the thrŏng.

3. Who is thine enemy?—the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step, and averted[2] eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

4. If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightèst cast
Aside, as idly as the blast[3]
The light leaf from the tree.

5. No:—uncurb'd passions—low desires—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires[4]
Forever, till thus check'd:

6. These are thine enemies—thy worst:
They chain thee to the lowly lot—
Thy labor and thy life accurst.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And lŏnger suffer not!

Dâunt′ less, bold; fearless.—[2] A vĕrt′ ed, turned aside or away.—Blâst, a gust of wind.—[4] As pires′, longs after; desires eagerly to reach.

7 Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has Gŏd with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?[1]

8. True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of bŏth—a noble mind.

9. With this, and passions under ban,[2]
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer[3] of any man.
Look up, then—that thy little span
Of life may be well trod! WM. D. GALLAHER.

100. The True Dignity of Labor.

FROM the foundation of the world there has been a tendency to look down upon labor, and upon those who live by it, with contempt, as though it were something mean and ignoble. This is one of those vulgar prejudices which have arisen from considering every thing vulgar that was peculiar to the multitude. Because the multitude have been suffered to remain too lŏng rude and ignorant, every thing associated[4] with their condition has been confounded with the circumstances of this condition.

2. The multitude were, in their rudeness and ignorance, mean in the public estimation, and the labor of their hands was held to be mean too. Nay, it has been said that labor is the result of God's primary curse, pronounced on man for his disobedience. But that is a great mistake. God told Adam that the ground was cursed for his sake; but not that his labor was cursed. He

[1] En dow', bestow; give.—[2] Bån, curse; restraint.—[3] Pēer, equal; a person of the same rank.—[4] Associated (as sō shāt ed), joined with made a companion

told him that in the sweat of his face he should eat his bread till he returned to the ground. But so far from labor partaking of the curse, it was given him as the means of triumphing over the curse. The ground was to produce thorns and thistles, but labor was to extir'pate[1] these thorns and thistles, and to cover the face of the earth with fruit-trees and bounteous harvests.

3. And labor has done this: labor has already converted the earth, so far as its surface is concerned, from a wilderness into a paradise.[2] Man eats his bread in the sweat of his face, but is there any bread so sweet as that, when he has only nature to contend with, and not the false arrangements of his fellow-men? So far is labor from being a curse—so far is it from being a disgrace—it is the vĕry principle which, like the winds of the air, or the agitation of the sea, keeps the world in health. It is the very life-blood of society, stirring in all its veins, and diffusing vigor and enjoyment through the whōle system.

4. Without man's labor, Gŏd had created the world in vain! Without our labor, all life, except that of the rudest and most savage kind, must perish. Arts, civilization, refinement, and religion must perish. Labor is the grand pedestal[3] of God's blessings upon earth; it is more—like man and the world itself—it is the ŏffspring and the work of God.

5. All honor then to labor, the ŏffspring of Deity; the most ān'cient of ancients, sent fōrth by the Almighty into these nĕ'ther[4] worlds as the most noble of nobles! Honor to that divine principle which has filled the earth with all the comforts, and joys, and af'fluence[5] that it possesses, and is undoubtedly the instrument of happiness wherever life is found.

6. Without labor, what is there? Without it, there were no world itself. Whatever we see or perceive—in heaven or on the earth—is the prŏd'uct of labor. The sky above us, the ground beneath us, the air we breathe, the sun, the moon, the stars—what are they? The product of labor. They are the labors of the Omnĭp'otent, and all our labors are but a continuance of His. Our work is a divine work. We carry on what God began.

[1] Extirpate (eks tĕr' pāt), root out; destroy.—[2] Pār'a dise, a place of great happiness.—[3] Pĕd' es tal, base or foundation on which any thing rests.—[4] Nĕth' er, lower.—[5] Af' flu ence, abundance; riches.