BOOK OF LIFE.

Over and over again,
No matter what may we turn,
We may find in the Book of Life
Some lesson we have to learn.
We must take our turn at the mill,
We must grind out the golden grain,
We must work at our task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the humblest flower,
Or check the flow of the tiniest sands
That run through a single hour.
But the smallest grains do not fail,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it as well
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes
Once doing will not suffice,
Though it be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod,
It never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never to be repeated.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven
With sore and unequal pulses, and then all
To render us meet for heaven.

DEMONSTRATIVE PEOPLE.

Household.

Cousin Robert and I were talking over this subject one day, when he said oracularly:—

"There are three kinds of folks in the world. One kind say a good deal more than they mean, and are over-poweringly polite, are all gush and sentiment, and are always pretty mad when they think you for any favor done them, but seemingly, for the privilege of living upon the footstool at the same time with yourself. The second class extreme about what they feel, are polite and appreciative when occasion requires, and impress you with their sincerity and truthfulness. The third class shut themselves up like a clam shell. Whether they swing high or swing low is all one and the same to them, as far as any expression of their feeling is concerned. They speak neither of their joys nor their sorrows, and you might as well look for expression in a barn door as to try to read their moods in their faces, for they have schooled themselves so that their faces tell no tales. I suppose I am too much that way myself. I can't, for the life of me, seem to express what I do feel. I suppose, consequently of people have done me favors, and have never had the least idea how grateful I really was, because I couldn't 'tell them,' and he added he had almost met with the air of one who had not been fairly treated.

'Bless the absurd man,' I cried, 'how can people know how you feel if you never tell them? Nobody knows your own heart but yourself, and how are people to know you have obstinate stain, if you never show it?'

A slightly startled look crossed his face which would be handsome if he would allow his emotions to play out it, but which, from its fixedness, is in danger of losing all beauty of expression.

Now I have known cousin Robert long and well, and know that he is highly emotional, so do all his best and nearest friends, but a stranger would think him totally indifferent. I have regretted this exceedingly, for I think he is not aware how deep a hold this habit has upon him, and that he would be much happier if he would act his real self and be much more beloved and respected. Then I could point to his influence on his young children, and I know his wife, Jane, keenly feels his manner, though she has such a bright, sunny, transparent nature, that it seems impossible that she could ever be made over into a cold, indifferent, reticent woman. I suppose I showed something of my thoughts in my face, for Robert is by no means a reading other people's feelings even if he does conceal his own.

"The fact is," he broke forth, "I wasn't brought up right. You know father was a hard, stern man who didn't believe in sentiment or emotion Mother was just the contrary. The smiles or the tears came very easy. I inherited all my mother's tenderness, with just enough of my father's firmness to make me think it unmanly to show my real feelings, especially as father always pocked at us when we manifested any unusual emotion. It's hard for children to be brought up so!"

'Yes,' I answered, 'it is very bad. Your boy Fred was in here Christmas day, and I gave him a pair of bright wristers I had been knitting for him, and what do you think the little fellow did? After one short look of surprise and delight, which I had to watch sharp to catch, he thrust them into his pocket, cocked his head on one side, fixed his eye on the farthest point in the ceiling, and uttered the simple word, 'Thanks.' After a little he said indifferently, 'Guess I'll be going,' ambled slowly out, and walked down the street with his hands in his pockets, whistling. During the day Frank came in, and I produced a similar pair of wristers for him. His face lighted up as he put them on, and said: 'Thank you, they are just what I wanted. All the school boys have them. But ain't they beauties, though? I must go home and show them to mother.' But he stooped in front of the window to hold up both wrists to me significantly, then threw me a kiss and ran away.'

'Yes,' said Robert, with a little chuckle, 'Fred is just like me. It's his misfortune, and Frank is just like his mother. You wouldn't think they were born on the same continent, much less sons and brothers. I never thought so much about it as I have lately, but I think Jane's way is the best, though I have sometimes laughed at her. 'Twas only a few days ago that Bill Shows was in the yard talking to me. You know the Shows have been an idea in common with Jane, as you may say, since she came into door and asked him how his family was, sent her love to his wife, and a pocketful of apples to the children. I asked her afterwards if she was not the least bit hypocritical. 'Why,' my mother! she said, 'I am sure I feel kindly towards them, and I have got love enough left for all my friends. I haven't improved half myself as I ought, and those apples will do the children more good than a dozen lectures. Sometime, when I want to do them good and reach their hearts, I will try to pray, or say by my little entering wedges. When I ask the children, next summer, to come into Sabbath-school class, I shall get them.'"

'Of course Jane's is the best way,' I answered, 'since we have to do one just, and I may as well say my say. If Fred's manner is his misfortune it is certainly your fault. You are not to blame for what you inherited from your father, nor for your bringing up. You had no control over those things. But now that you are brought up and realize your deficiency, you should set yourself at work to correct the defects by the aid of your better judgment. You had no control over those things. But now that you are brought up and realize your deficiency, you should set yourself at work to correct the defects by the aid of your better judgment. You had could you help it that Fred should take on your nature, but you are to blame if you do not do your very best, by example and precept, to eradicate this miserable inheritance in yourself and your boy.'

'Well, but, Charity, I am not so very bad as you make me. I feel as much as any one, and Fred is just as warm-hearted and affectionate as Frank, only he don't show it.'

'That may all be true, and more's the pity, to spoil a fine nature by an unfortunate manner. Most people take one for what he appears to be. I like a person with a handsome face wearing an ugly mask continually. People don't see beneath it. Beauty amounts to but little when it is concealed. You have no right to cover every good quality of mind and heart under a false mask, and you do your boy a grievous wrong if you allow him to go through the world doomed thus to hide. It is your duty, you for any favor done them, but seemingly, for the privilege of living upon the footstool at the same time with yourself. The second class extreme about what they feel, are polite and appreciative when occasion requires, and impress you with their sincerity and truthfulness. The third class shut themselves up like a clam shell. Whether they swing high or swing low is all one and the same to them, as far as any expression of their feeling is concerned. They speak neither of their joys nor their sorrows, and you might as well look for expression in a barn door as to try to read their moods in their faces, for they have schooled themselves so that their faces tell no tales. I suppose I am too much that way myself. I can't, for the life of me, seem to express what I do feel. I suppose, consequently of people have done me favors, and have never had the least idea how grateful I really was, because I couldn't 'tell them,' and he added he had almost met with the air of one who had not been fairly treated.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

ONE STICK AT A TIME

Boston Home Journal.

Coming home from school one day, I found a large pile of wood before our door.

"There's work for you, Willie," said Ned Blake, the boy who was with me. "Your father had better do as my father does, hire a man to get it in. It is too much for a boy, mother says; and it will take the whole of Wednesday afternoon. You will have no time to play. Now, Will, I would not do that I tell you."

This was the substance of Ned's talk, as we stood before the woodpile; and the more he said nothing, the higher it grew. By the time he left me, I began to think myself a poorly used boy, indeed.

"There is work for you, Willie," said mother, as I sidled into the kitchen. "Did you see that beautiful wood at the gate as you came in?"

"I should think I did!" I muttered to myself, but said nothing aloud, only asking how father was. He was ill, and had been for many months; and the family funds, I knew, were becoming low.

"It is a monstrous pile," I at length said, getting a glimpse of it from the window.

"So much the better for us, Willie," said mother, cheerfully. A long winter is before us, you know."

Dinner was soon ready, the table spread in the little kitchen, and father was helped from the adjoining room by his two little daughters, one on each side. Father and mother sat down, to our frugal meal with thankful hearts, I am sure; the girls chatted as usual, while I sat brooding over that "awful woodpile." I am afraid my chief dish was a dish of pouts. Father asked me several questions, but I took no part in the pleasant tabledom.

"Well, my boy," said father, after dinner, "there's that wood to be put in. No school this afternoon, so you have time enough. You had better do it the first thing."

"It will take the whole afternoon," I said coldly. "The boys are going nutting."

I was not sure of this, but anything in the way of an objection to the wood. My father said nothing. Dear, dear father! God forgive me for wounding his feelings!

"Mother," I said, following her into the pantry, "Ned Blake's father hires a man to get his wood in. His mother thinks it too much for a boy to do. Why does not father hire one?"

"Ah!" said my mother, sadly, "the Blakes are better off than we. Your poor father"—

Tears came into her eyes. She stopped. Mary ran in where we were, and I, half ashamed of myself, escaped out of the back door.

Still, Ned Blake's words rankled in me, and I thought it was too bad; nor did the brisk west wind blow off the fumes of the foolish grumbling which made a coward of me. I sat down on the woodpile with my hands in my pockets, and shuffled my feet among the chips in sour discontent.

"It is such a monstrous pile," I said in a self-pitying tone. "It will take me forever, and half kill me in the bargain."

"Forever is a long, long while," she said. "Come, let us look at the pile. It is big, but all you have to do is to take one stick at a time. I will help you, Willie, I am sure—only one stick at a time; yet one stick at a time will make that pile vanish quicker than you think for, Willie. Try it, now."

There was a kindness in her voice, a decision in my mother's tones which were irresistible. She could put even hard things, or what we thought hard, in a very achievable light.

"Only one stick at a time!" I cried, jumping up and following her. Really, the pile seemed already to lessen under this new mode of attack. "Only one stick at a time! What could I have to do that? One stick at a time! If Ned Blake could not do that, he was a poor fool."

"And a poor fool he proved to be. My mother had got my mettle up, and I boldly went to work.

"Father," said I, bolting into the house a little later than the afternoon all in a glow, "please tell me what time it is?"

"Eight minutes after three," answered he, looking at his watch.

"Whew!" I shouted, "and the pile is mamoth!"

Never did I feel such a strong and joyous sense of the power of doing. Finding mother, I put my arms around her neck, and said, "Mother, I was a naughty boy, but 'one stick at a time' has cured me."

I did not then know the full value of the lesson I had learned. Years of labor—successful labor—have since tested and amply proved its value. When my work looks most formidable, and you seem to have no heart to take hold of it, as work many a time will, remember it is only one stick at a time, and go at it.

"Dear Polly."

Having been absent from town during the winter, I called soon after my return upon my old friend, Mrs. H——, whom I had missed seeing at my own home a few days before. While ansewering her frequent and interested inquiries, I was suddenly and unfeelingly cut in a slow