

Recompense.

EUNICE M. AMORY.

What is the price of manhood?
 What sale does honor bring?
 Does virtue, unobscured character,
 Can not bought in lifetime's ring?
 Do wealth and a man's name
 Do not, vain, retain,
 The power and to trample down,
 Through, every, soul's task?
 Is there no truth and honor
 To come unasked to stay
 The all-consuming thing for gold,
 That runs down far away?
 Do honest labor cheapen
 The neck wherein we're one?
 Is black, corrupt inquiry
 The flag flung from life's mast?
 Forget not, One is watching
 Our actions day by day,
 And eithers give it at such a cost—
 He surely will repay.
 For though masked in judging
 Apparent, just all,
 The God, the just, the righteous Judge,
 Tops in our breast heart,
 Commands not, then, I pray thee,
 For thou, thyself, some day
 May'st seek for mercy from thy Judge,
 Whose verdict costs you away,
 And temper all the judgments
 With love and a kinder sense,
 The end will mean all 'twell being;
 Do serve till recompense.

Stick to It.

Stick to it! This is the great secret of success in whatever undertaking you may engage. Work early and late; never give up; always have faith; push forward in your

self and you will be getting sure to come out on top of the pile. Stick to it is exemplified in history. The Greeks before Troy stuck to it and they took the place; the Alti-did force stuck before Belshazzar and the supposedly impregnable towers fell into their hands; Goliath stuck to it, and his sticking to it, and his sledge hammer blow caused the death among brethren to come when nearly everybody had begun to give up hope. Another point to be taken forth is yourself; if you have not, no one else will. Look at things in a new light, even if prospects appear anything but bright. It is the pleasant business man who has the largest run of trade; it is the pleasant physician who cures more patients than the one with the sword and frown of an over-impudent doctor; it is the pleasant teacher who succeeds best with his scholars and who gives them more; and it is the pleasant man who is the healthiest, but the cross and crabbed man who never knows a bit of prosperity, but looks the woe, ever scowling"—(Cyrus Hays, 1872).

If we are in an uncomfortably crowded room, let us not complain; consider that there are others with us who are just as uncomfortable as we are. Let us think of the comfort of those around us before we think of our own. We do not realize how strongly we affect those with whom we come in contact. Some may turn away with unpleasant memories of us, while if we are patient, some may love to think of us and the kindness we have shown.

—[Red Man a Healer.]

Blind Man—"How are you getting along?"
 Cripple—"Oh I can't hike; how are you?"
 Blind Man—"Out of sight."—[Etc.]