

THE EGG.

Beautiful cell,
With freshened gleam,
And pearly bloom
On thy oval shell—
What dost thou tell?
What if the egg cup will not hold
Aught but its own, its unwrought gold?
It yet may be—
The germ of a life-hope,
Full and free;
A life that shall fill,
A world full of nestlings,—
At its pure, sweet will.
When its own unfolded growth in time,
Shall have run its course to an end divine;
Shall shelter them there with folded wings,
And its sweetest song be the one it sings,
To the brooded love of its daily care.
That it shelters and loves, though the world is fair.
Say, what would we have thee be—
But an egg—to all eternity—
What would we have the egg shell hold,
But its own full heart, and its own true gold.

—Hope Haywood.

BE YOURSELF.

"If you do not paint me as I am, with all my scars and wrinkles, I will not give you a shilling for your picture," said the hero Cromwell to Lely the portrait painter. The manly veteran cared not to be limned by the pencil of flattery, or colored with the brush of vanity. With whatever furrows the slow running plows of time and care had scarred his brow, with whatever lines war and work had marred his visage, with these he wished to appear to posterity; careless whether his complexion were of the fashionable shade, or his hair of the orthodox twist.

It seems a simple thing to say that the hero wished to appear the man he was. How many of us wish to be seen just as we really are? How many of us would willingly be stripped of those showy peacock's feathers, with which we fondly trust we have so cleverly bedecked ourselves that even our most intimate friends have no idea what a poor little jackdaw it is which carries so brave a panoply?

If we could only make ourselves happy by the assurance that even jackdaws are useful birds, and have a place in creation that peacocks cannot fill, it would afford a satisfaction in existence that no assumption of finery can furnish.

If the youthful Whop-straw, who so admires rich young Tomnoddy with his fast team and loose associates, could only be got to realize how much more real happiness may lie in his own apparently duller surroundings, nay assuredly *must and will* lie there if he so determines, we should hear less talk of "forsaking the farm."

It is the very old story that "one fool makes many." Tomnoddy, cursed with a superfluity of cash and a scarcity of brains, is lavish of the former, hoping that he may conceal his deficiency of the latter; having no mind of his own he is vainly hoping to show his manhood by following the fashion of fast life.

Whop-straw, blessed with a sound mind in a sound body (and thus having chances in life a thousand to one ahead of Tomnoddy) is half inclined to whine at his lot, and fancy that to show himself as much a man as Tomnoddy he must run in similar vicious courses. He does not realize how pitiable an object Tomnoddy is, with no ennobling occupation of mind or body, with jaded last for refining love, with satiety for appetite, without ambition for the future, without satisfaction in the past; surely the countless dollars are hardly an enviable heritage!

Why, then, does Whop-straw seek to mold himself in the dollar mold? Must we all be railroad kings or nobodies? Is there no higher standard than the "guinea stamp?" Has the poor man no longer enjoyment in the "some-

thing attempted, something done" that earns his night's repose? Has he no relish for his hard-earned meals, when good digestion waits on appetite?

Why then this perpetual, insatiable folly of aping the rich man? We need again the poet's warning in our ears:

"Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head and s' that!
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that.
For s' that, and s' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

Let every youth lay to heart that last line. Man is the gold; not must lie for gold; must steal for gold; must sell himself body and soul for gold. Man is the gold and youth is the time for putting shape to the metal. Don't feel bound to use just the exact pattern every one else uses. We are sure to get enough of the regulation stamp; it is originality keeps the world moving on. Not only resolve to paddle your own canoe, but *steer* it yourself; make up your mind where you are going to, and determine to get there. Guide your course by the pole star of Truth, avoiding alike the rocks of bigotry and the shoals of indolence. Know all you can! Act up to your knowledge! Disregard the blustering gusts of opinion.

There was a time when one man held his opinion against all the world. That man was Athanasius. Now *the world holds his creed*, and declares that he who denies that creed shall, without doubt, perish everlastingly.

By being true to yourself, to the light that is in you, to your better self, it may be your lot to set the world right. There's as much scope for reformers and truth-seekers now as there was then. Anyway, if you don't succeed in setting the Pacific ocean on fire, you will ennoble one individual in the human family, and that's what you are living for. Work for others if you may, but you must first work for yourself to be able to help others by and by.

Make a good start in life! To have done well once is a reason for repeatedly doing well; and "the penalty of untruth is untruth." Finally, don't for one moment suppose that you prove your manhood by indulging in vice; any fool can do that.

The locomotive is useful only when on the right track. Get you on the right track!

"Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crows lose the bull-dog's grip.
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the following monarch of the field."

—Edward Bernick in *Pacific Rural Press*.

A LITTLE HERO.—A brave act makes everyone feel happy; the one who performs it, and those who are witnesses of it. A coal shaft is being sunk just north of Hollis, Ill., and one day lately, a workman by the name of Hartland lighted a slow match leading to a blast, and then signaled to be drawn up. The depth of the shaft was 70 feet. When he had been raised 14 feet he struck the bottom of a board partition, and was thrown back to the bottom. Thomas Crandall, a step-son of Mr. Hartland, was a witness to the accident, and promptly slid down the rope, 70 feet, and tore the match from the fuse in time to prevent an explosion. The act was a brave one, scarcely to be paralleled. The boy's hands were terribly lacerated by the friction of the rope. The stepfather was rescued with a broken rib and other severe bruises.

An old Scottish lady was told that her minister used notes, or read his sermons, but she would not believe it. A neighbor lady said, "Gang up to the gallery and see for yourself!" She did so, and from her new point of view she saw and heard the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded the reading of the last page, the good lady could scarcely contain herself, when he said, "But I will not enlarge." Then the worthy old lady spoke out in open meeting, "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's a given out."

CHAFF.

QUITE ACCOUNTING FOR IT.—Mrs. Scroggins: "How did yewr mamma like that butter I sold her, Miss Lucy?" Miss Lucy: "The butter was not good at all, Mrs. Scroggins; and it was all sorts of different colors." Mrs. Scroggins: "That ain't noffa." If yew was to see my cows yew'd find them a main soight more speckelder than the batter."

A DANGEROUS RIVAL.—Fashionable wife: "Good heavens, George! you are not going out to dinner like that?" Athletic husband: "Just ain't I, though! Look here, Maria, I'll grant you your neck and shoulders and your pretty face, but I think I beat you in the matter of arms—and if so, why should'nt I show as much of them as you do?"

A CLERGYMAN, preaching a sermon on death, concluded with the following observation: "But even death, my brethren, so well deserved by mankind (for their sins, the wisdom of Providence has, in its paternal kindness, put at the end of our existence; for only think what life would be worth if death were at the beginning!"

It is related that Joseph Cook once asked a certain lady to be his wife, and immediately lapsed into a profound study of something. The lady softly said "Yes," and as he didn't respond she repeated the word a little louder. "Stop your noise," roared Joseph, "I've got an argument at my tongue's end that will knock the spots out of John Stuart Mill, and here you're trying to spoil it."

THE OLD DOG'S STORY.

I was born and reared in a stirring family of thirteen children. I believe thirteen is accounted a lucky number, but for me it was a very *unlucky* one! That thirteenth member never wearied of pulling me about, and my long, solemn nose was ever pointing in all directions. My caudal appendage, of which I was proud, and justly too, took on an extra kick in my puppy days, which I have never been able to get out, and I shall carry that additional quirk to my dying day; sad reminder of the pranks of that odd number of our family circle.

Had not that both useful and ornamental member of my frame been very strongly attached to my body, it and I would have parted company long ago, for I solemnly aver that I have had four of those children pulling it at once, but in opposite directions. A strong pull altogether would have done the work for me, and I should have gone through life with no wagging appendage to show when fortune was smiling upon me, and no drooping of the same member to tell of adversity, with its cold and dearth of bones. I was a very martyr to that family. It was "Skip" here and "Skip" there, until the skip left in me was run out, and I an old dog before my time. They braided my long glossy hair until it stood out all over me like "quills on the fretful porcupine." The pride was thus all taken out of me, and I felt sneaking, like a dog that had stolen a bone; by the way, a thing that I never do!

To be a pet dog in a growing family is simply business; it means to be ready to run at every member's beck, and never to consult one's own ease or convenience. My chief source of comfort was from exercising a bit of wholesome authority now and then over our common foe, the cat! It was such fun to secretly show her my white teeth when she was enjoying a coveted morsel, and appropriate the same to myself; but I was sure to hear "Skip!" pronounced in thunder tones close to my startled ear, and all relish for the stolen morsel was gone.

I am getting old and gray now. My young masters are leaving me more undisturbed, and I hope for a peaceful old age, and a bone to gnaw now and then. Yet I get lonely sometimes, and sit out on moonlight evenings and bark at the moon, to give vent to my pent-up feelings.

—Western Rural.