

THE BLESSINGS OF TO-DAY.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced birds are flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets,
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of science
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed of such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of the day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

THE FORGETFUL HUSBAND.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do? The hoop has burst off my wash-tub, and my suds are all over the floor!" said Mrs. Alden, in a tone of despondency, to her husband, as he came in to wash his hands at the sink, after oiling his new horse-rake.

"That is bad, Jennie. You will have to let your washing go till to-morrow; then you can borrow Mrs. Selden's tub."

"But this will all fall to pieces if it stands; and we are expecting company to-morrow."

"I can't help it; I can't stop the work to go off with it now. You must make hay when the sun shines if you do at all. Can't you tie it up, so that it will do to-day? I should think you might."

"Perhaps so, if you will help me. What can I take?"

"Oh, any thing for this time; but really I ought not to stop a minute. Where is your clothes-line?"

"The colored clothes are on it, to dry."

"Hang them on the fence and let's have it quick."

So Mrs. Alden trotted out and moved her clothes and took the line down, while Mr. Alden stood in the door and whistled impatiently.

"Do mop up this water, Jennie. How can you stand in such a puddle? There, I forgot to get you a new mop-handle, but you can make it go to-day, can't you?"

"I suppose I shall have to. You promised to get one three weeks ago, when you broke this."

"I know I did, but I never think of it—a man has so many things to see to. There, that will go this week; it doesn't leak much. I don't know what made it break."

"The hoop rusted out. The old tub has done good service; it has been in use fifteen years."

"There! what did you leave the washboard there for? I have broken it all to pieces."

"It is worn out and rotten. I wish you would get me a new one. I can never tinker it up again."

"Rub your clothes with your hands; my mother always did, and she never had a washboard in her life."

Alden marched off to the hay-field, before he met another catastrophe to take up his time.

He was hardly out of sight before a tin peddler's cart stopped at the door, containing a collection of all articles used in a family, from wash-tubs down to brooms, mops and pins.

"Anything in the way of trade, Mrs. Alden, to-day?" asked the man.

"No, I think not. My husband does not like to buy of peddlers. He says I always get cheated."

"Have you not as good a right to have suitable apparatus to work with as he has? He

has a new horse-rake and a hay-todder, and his wife is washing in a tub tied up with a rope, and a wash-board that looks as if Noah's wife brought it out of the ark, and a leaky water-pail; a dipper without a handle; a broken mop-handle—bless me! Mrs. Alden! What is the use? You had more money when you married than he had, and I would have tools to work with that were comfortable, to say the least. He never stops to think what a thing costs, if he needs it, or if it will make his work easier. It tires you more to get along with these things than it does to do your work."

Mrs. Alden sat down and looked the property over. It was ridiculous to get along in this way. The peddler was right; she had more money than her husband when they started life, and she had worked harder than ever he had. She had managed every way to get along and he never thought she needed anything new or convenient. Her setting out was almost worn out and nothing was ever replaced. "You must make it do; it costs everything to live!"—and so she had dragged along year after year, and things wore out and were not replaced. A big lump rose in her throat as she sat there thinking.

"What do you ask for your wash-tubs?" she inquired at length.

"Two dollars for the large ones; a dollar and a quarter for the next size. Mop-handles for a quarter, wash-boards a quarter, dippers 20 cents, brooms 30."

"Hand me down two wash-tubs, if you please—one of each size; a zinc wash-board, too."

"Yes; and a pail and dipper, too! I would have them."

And she did have them, and sundry other necessary things, amounting in all to the little sum of \$12. She paid in barter, such as feathers, rags, eggs, dried apples and butter, and went to work with renewed courage; but she knew that her husband would growl at the outlay and expected a regular tempest at dinner.

She was not disappointed. But she had got the things and was glad of it and couldn't feel very bad. Alden opened his eyes in astonishment.

"You paid twice what the things are worth. I could have bought them cheaper. We could have got along a while longer."

"I suppose I have as good a right to judge of what I need to do my work as you have to get things to make your work easy; and I made up my mind to-day that when I needed anything I should have it hereafter. You know that every article I bought to-day was actually needed in the house. You have said time and again you would get them, but you never remember it. It is a hard place for a woman to be placed in, to have to do her work and nothing convenient to do it with. It is like the ancient Israelites, compelled to make bricks without straw, and I am not going to do it any longer."

"All owing to the hoop bursting off the wash-tub to-day."

"Yes, that was the last feather that broke the camel's back; that and the new horse-rake came too near together. I could not avoid contrasting your conveniences with mine; and you can see yourself how it stood. You have every new machine that is intended to make farm work easy, and I have nothing at all."

Mr. Alden said no more, but ate his dinner in silence, and the hired men exchanged significant glances at each other. They had thought and spoken of the patience which the little woman had shown in working at such a disadvantage, and always trying to make the best of what she had, and they were heartily glad that she had at last made a protest against the injustice.

After the day's work was done, Alden drove his team down to the village, and when he came back he brought a new stove for the kitchen, a new pump for the cistern, and a butter-worker for the dairy; and his wife has, since that washing-day, found that her rough places have been smoothed in a most satisfactory manner. Her good man had never thought about it. He did not mean to be unjust,—but he didn't think!

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and, if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact she can secure to her partner and to herself a competency in old age, no matter how small their beginning or how adverse a fate may be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirit shaken by the anxiety of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health if disease has overtaken his powers. By her counsel and love she can win him from bad company if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray. By her examples, her precepts, and her sex's insight into character she can mold her children, however adverse their dispositions, into noble men and women. And, by leading in all things a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within reach; so that, with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated. She can do much, alas! perhaps more, to degrade man if she chooses to do it. Who can estimate the evils that woman has the power to do? As a wife she can ruin herself by extravagance, folly or want of affection. She can make a demon or an outcast of a man who might otherwise become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings, strife and discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes into vile men and even into vile women. She can lower the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the spring head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the earth smiles with a loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and arid desert, covered with the scorn of all evil passions and swept by the bitter blast of everlasting death. This is what woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no worthy work as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher road to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.—*London Journal.*

Don't, Boys.—Don't be impatient, no matter if things do go wrong sometimes. Don't give the ball a kick and send it into a mud-puddle, because it would not go straight where you throw it. Do not send the marbles against the fence, and thus break your best glass alley, because your clumsy fingers could not hit the center. Do not break your kite string all to pieces because it will not come down from the tree at the first jerk. It will take you three times as long to get it down afterward. Do not give your little brother an angry push and a sharp word if he cannot see into the mysteries of marble playing or hoop rolling at the first lesson. You were once as stupid as he is, although you have forgotten it. What in the world would become of you if your mother had no more patience than you? If, every time that you came near her when she was busy she thrust you off with a cross word? Dear, kind, loving mother, who never ceases to think of you, to care for you, who keeps you so nicely clothed, and makes such nice things for you to eat. What if she were so impatient that you would be half the time afraid to speak to her, to tell her of your own troubles at school or at play? Ah, do not grieve your mother by your impatience and your crossness.

"I AM afraid it is mixed goods," said the lady to the clerk. "Oh, no, madam, impossible," replied the polite gentleman. "All our camel-hair shawls are made of pure silk direct from the worm."