

THE PLEASURE OF LABOR.

When the fiat of omnipotence was uttered to man: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," there was an intermixture of mercy in the punishment by toil then decreed, and the self-consciousness of duty performed mitigated the seeming harshness of the penalty.

When the toiler has accomplished his allotted task the sensation of having done so, blended with the anticipation of peaceful rest, produces a pleasure and a delight which the idler can never experience. To have labored with an object in view, and to have accomplished the desired result, is a gratification which renders the toil less irksome and lightens the fatigue attendant upon it.

In whatever field of labor man may put forth his exertions, the satisfaction of seeing the consummation of his efforts creates a joy which amply compensates him for having labored. If he is working for recompense, the receipt of his earnings gives to him the proud feeling of independence and of self-sustaining powers. He receives the tribute for his labor as a just return for it; it is his because he has given his strength of muscle or of brain for it. The obligation was mutual between the employee and the employer. One had the means with which to purchase, the other had the labor to sell. Of the two the laborer stood upon the firmest pedestal. The riches of the one might "take to themselves wings and fly away," but the brawn of the other would always be available.

The author may have passed long years in gathering the facts or the knowledge which he transcribes on the pages of his volume; but when the task is finished and the book goes forth to be scanned by his fellow men, he feels a glow of pleasure in having awakened from their dormant slumber in his brain the ideas which shall create in his readers sensations of delight or thoughts of an elevating nature. If he has added to the general intelligence of the world; if his words have given strength to the weak; if they have nerved the wavering to steadiness of purpose; if they have dried the tear of sorrow; if they have brought into existence the cheering smile, or the kindly glance, he knows that his toil has not been in vain, and there comes to his soul a reward which is above all price when he considers the benefits he has conferred upon his race.

The artisan may strike heavy blows and tax his muscular power to its utmost extent as he forges the shaft, or tempers the tool with which to complete his work, which, when finished, he exhibits with honest pride, as its utility and excellence of design are self-evident to all. If by it he has lightened the hours of toil; if he has increased the power of production; if he has made the seasons of rest to the wearied ones longer and more frequent; if he has given to the homes of all more comfort, beauty and cheerfulness; if he has rendered life's burthens less difficult to bear, he must find a gratification in the result of his labors such as the drone could never know.

If the toiler is working for the support of his family how will his heart throb with delight as he witnesses the happiness which the expenditure of his wages brings into his home. His fare, simple though it may be, seems to him like a luxurious and sumptuous banquet, sweetened as it is by the glad satisfaction that he has added to the joy of the loved ones there. If he has brought to them pleasing apparel; if he has given them wherewith to adorn themselves; if he has found for them the long-wished-for object, even if it be but a trifle in itself; if he has brought to them the volume, the picture, or some article of utility; if he has contributed to their joy or their happiness, he finds his own

still more augmented as he receives their grateful acknowledgment for his kindly gifts.

Does not the artist, in the rich enthusiasm which pervades his soul, as the delineations of his conceptions of the beautiful are traced in brilliant hues, or cut from the Parian, experience a delight which seems to transcend all earthly bliss, and be far deeper and purer even for a brief moment, than the pampered idler could experience during the whole period of his existence.

Labor adds to the complete development of the physical and mental powers. It creates a healthy condition of the body and mind, and such a condition is always conducive to happiness. Labor does not depress; it recuperates and strengthens, and in the full flow of spirits and the flush of physical well being, there arises

THE LIBERIAN COFFEE.

The engraving on this page shows a young seedling of the Liberia coffee. Mr. William Saunders, chief of the Horticultural bureau of the department, says that the Liberian coffee proves to be more tender and to require a higher temperature for its profitable culture than the common or Arabian coffee. The Liberian plant is of a larger growth, the foliage heavier and very distinct; individual leaves measure from 10 to 12 inches in length, and from 4 to 6 inches in width—while those of the common coffee, under similar conditions of growth, measure from 5 to 6 inches in length and about 3 inches in width. The berry of the Liberian species is propor-



YOUNG PLANT OF LIBERIA COFFEE.

a pleasure and enjoyment that indolence can never bring into action.

SPOTS ON FINGER NAILS.—The white spots which appear on our finger nails are due to the variable nutrition of the nails. When the vital forces are vigorous and every part of the body is supplied with good blood, their growth is steady, and there is uniformity in color and consistency. It is a peculiarity in the growth of the nails that if a person experiences a severe attack of disease, or some strange shock to his organization, the nails will indicate it. There will be a change of color, a partial cessation of growth, and as they emerge from the skin, ridges may appear. In some remarkable cases the nails have dropped out as a consequence of illness.—*Pharmacological Journal.*

tionately large, but objections are made in regard to its introduction in South America on account of the size of the plant, as being less amenable to culture and the gathering of the crop. The quality of the beverage it furnishes is not inferior to that of common coffee, and the plants are very productive.

A MAN from central New York, having more money than anything else, endured a tour through Europe because he thought he must. In speaking of his trip upon his return he exclaimed: "The happiest day of it all was when I stepped on my own native vice versa."

A MINCE pie at bedtime is the shortest route to the menagerie.