

WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

If you've any task to do,
Light or heavy, old or new—
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yes or nay—
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above—
Love it.

If you've anything to give
That another's joy may live—
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night—
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day—
Pay it.

If you're any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it grow cold—
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet
At the loving Father's feet—
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be—
Be it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet or clear
Whispered low to every ear—
Hear it.

—Ex.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON MORNING.

The following extracts are from a letter written by Daniel Webster in Richmond, Va., at 5 a. m., April 29, 1847: "It is morning; and a morning sweet and fresh and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects and on so many occasions. The . . . strength and beauty of the early years lead us to call that period 'the morning of life.' Of a lovely young woman we say, she is

'bright as the morning and no one doubts why Lucifer is called 'son of the morning.

"But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people of Boston, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. . . . With them morning is not a new issuing of light; a new bursting forth of the sun; . . . it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school and giving orders for dinner. The first faint streaks of light purpling the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the dawning coloring into orange and red, till at length 'the glorious sun is seen, regent of the day'—this they never enjoy, for this they never see.

"Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages; but they are the strongest, perhaps, in those of the east.

King David sneaks of taking to him 'the wings of the morning.' This is highly poetical and beautiful. The 'wings of the morning' are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the son of righteousness shall arise 'with healing in his wings'—a rising sun, which shall scatter light . . . and joy throughout the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful images, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be gathered."—Ex.

Mrs. A. T. Huntington, of Portland, visited Violet Bourner on Wednesday. It was Mrs. Huntington's first visit to a school of this kind and she was greatly surprised to find the possibilities offered the Indian boys and girls here at Chemawa. She thought the grounds the most beautiful spot she had ever laid eyes on, and expects to visit Chemawa again with relatives and friends.