

Thoughts Dug Up From Around my Pansies.

[An Essay read by Mrs. Wm. Englund at a Sunday School Concert, in Salem, Or., Sept. 7, 1880.]

This subject may seem somewhat out of place, but these are some of my fancies, fond, and foolish no doubt, but I only offer them for what they are worth. Of course I have looked through the lenses of imagination, and we all know they have a wonderfully magnifying power. The word pansy means thoughts and is derived from the Latin *pando* to weigh, to weigh in ones mind is the idea. Shakespeare says, "There's pansies that's for thoughts." Any one who can cultivate flowers, especially pansies, plant the seed, enrich the soil, water them, dig up the weeds and not dig up some useful thoughts as well, has not made a very good use of God's great gift of time. When looking into their bright faces how natural it is to trace a resemblance to human faces, some of them seem to have just heard something they will tell if you will but listen, others seem to want to laugh right out loud, while others are pouting and look like a sulky child that is not allowed to eat at the first table, while another half hidden in its green leaves, modestly, timidly says I'm so sorry, thank you, please.

To some the idea of expression in flowers may seem absurd, but go into a room decorated with fresh flowers, and "be it ever so humble," it will appear cheerful and even, elegant, and one may show artistic taste as well in the arrangement of a bouquet as in the painting of a picture. Pansies are also called heartsease, it may be because of their heart-shaped petals, but a more poetical idea is that when one is heartsick and lonely only notice their sweet faces which are trying so hard to talk and offer sympathy, and it will prove something of a solace to the saddest heart. Milton says the "Bower of Eden was formed of pansies and violets," a fairer couch can not be conceived, the costliest silks and richest damasks of the Orient might not rival its fragrant beauty. Pansies to be kept in the height of perfection must be gathered every day, or they will become small and fade, the more they are gathered, the more and brighter colored flowers they will produce, proving that even the flowers verify the teachings of Holy Writ, "The more ye give the more ye shall receive."

But it is not of pansies alone I would speak, for we may cull a lesson with every flower. The rose is the emblem of beauty and is called the queen of flowers. One of our poets, feeling his utter inability to describe the beauty and fragrance of the rose, says:

"Oh roses, roses who shall sing
The beauty of Thy flowers oh! God
Or thank the angel from whose wing
The seed was scattered o'er the sod."

The beauty of the lily rivals the rose, and in every land the lily is the emblem of purity. We are told to "consider the lilies," and we read that Solomon, of whose wisdom and grandeur, as long as the earth exists, men will sing, though clothed in his glittering kingly robes, his flashing crown, and jeweled sceptre, all this splendor failed to compare with the lilies. Look into the pure depths of a Calla lily, and do you not vaguely dream there is a clean white soul imprisoned within? We imagine angels robes to be like this snowy glistening lily, its golden heart like an angel's crown, its broad glossy leaves like the evergreen shore of the bank of the "River of Life." Yet this lovely lily with its soft, subdued, and dreamy whiteness, its golden heart, and glossy leaves, is a native weed of the slimy mud of the Nile, where the venomous adder oft leaves its trail upon its shining petals, so sometimes the sweetest, fairest flowers bloom in desert places; and often the noblest, truest hearts are found in the meanest surroundings. But if I devote a page

to every flower whose enchanting beauty appeals to the *spirituelle*, diviner side of our natures it would require hours, for the theme is exhaustless. When drinking like an elixir the perfume of a thousand flowers, how little we appreciate them because, like many other blessings of heaven, they have never been denied us, yet we enjoy them carelessly, thankless whence they come, or whither tending, just as we drink the waters of the stream, unheeding the fountain from whence it springs, or the ocean to which it hastens, and as the flowers bloom on in spite of neglect, so the Father's hand withholds not the blessings from his creatures however unworthy.

But we may not only gather thoughts from the flowers we love, but from the weeds we despise. Often the weeds we strive to exterminate, in other lands, and other skies may bloom in wondrous beauty, the choicest of rare plants, while in its leaves may be concealed the healing ointment which will cure the most dreaded malady, while the plant we tend with gentlest care, may contain deadly poison in its bright blossoms and emerald leaves. Experience teaches that people are not unlike the flowers, often those we most admire may be as poison, while those by us unappreciated, under other circumstances may develop talents, and a nobility of character of which we little dreamed. Many flowers are beautiful yet emit no fragrance, they may be compared to those Christians who do no harm, they may never accomplish much good, for they only strive to save themselves; but they who unselfishly strive for heaven not because of no evil done, but for the greatest good their hands have wrought, are like flowers whose fragrance is wafted forth on every zephyr like thank-offerings of grateful hearts.

The Great Gardener creates all hearts pure alike, and while all parents are willing to believe that their child is rich in intellect, quick to receive education, they may not all realize that the rich soil which brings forth the most brilliant flowers and luscious fruits, produce rank weeds as well, so the brightest intellect is most susceptible of either good or bad influence. Many times we sow the seed scarcely daring to hope it will spring into beauty, because we see no immediate results our poor hopes that come and go like the stars of night seem one by one to be shattered, yet patience weary sower. We read in eastern story of the Aloe plant which grows a hundred years e'er it sends forth one blossom, and then the bud, which all the waiting years has been forming, bursts in a thousand flowers, ten blossoms for every year of patient waiting, and each radiant flower as it droops and dies fastens its rootlets in the earth where it falls, and grows again, while this wondrous birth of beauty is death to the parent plant, in dying it lives a thousand times. Then should we not gather courage? We know not the results of little efforts, they spring up a thousand fold in the heart which is the garden of the soul, if we sow the seeds of sorrow and misery, although we wish to undo the work, yet our repentance alone may not atone, and the results, our tears, though ceaseless, may never wash away, for no matter how famous the individual, how great a gap left in society, how passionate the grief when we are gone, the grave closes, time, the healer, assuages the mourners tears, the gap in society will be filled by one worthier perhaps, and all this while the bones yet lie within the earth, e'er "dust" hath yet returned to "dust," yet there comes a longing to be remembered, but alas! vain wish—you and I will surely be forgotten; but of that seed we have sown these shall bud and blossom in other ages, and whose fruits shall be gathered in eternity. Childhood is the seed time, youth the time of

flowers, and as autumn is the time of fruits so in mature years the rich fruits shall ripen and be gathered by the "angel reapers." The tender buds of life's springtime shall wither, youth's roses shall pale, leaving lines of care upon the brow and the yellow shrivelled look of age, the glossy locks may be silvered by time's remorseless touch, the full dark eyes may lose their brightness, but the heart still throbs with tenderest love, for though these bodies are earthly the soul is "heir of eternal youth," and we shall realize that time which all too soon robs the fairest face of physical beauty if we do just the best we can, makes amends by developing the soul and fitting it for a higher destiny, and renders life's autumn more attractive than its spring. Then from our hearts let us uproot the weeds of evil habits, the brambles of envy and jealousy, the columbine of folly, the wormwood of hate, the piercing thorns of slander, the nightshade of despair. Let us cultivate the crocuses of cheerfulness, the touch-me-nots of independence, the pale blue forget-me-nots of sweet memories, the violets of modesty, the rose of beauty of the soul, the pale lilies of purity, and the myrtle of love, which after all is the divinest part of our existence. Then will spring up within us the olive of peace, and while we may not wear the laurel of glory, yet when the lengthening shadows are merging into death's darkening night, we may in retrospect view the garden of our lives, which may not be a Gethsemane of darkness and sorrow, nor an Eden of bliss and beauty, yet may glow with beautiful flowers and ripening fruits which have sprung from seed sown by our hands; there may be weeds, for it was not always good seed sown, yet when the King asks "what offering we bring, some little tiny childish hand may offer only a broken bud with leaves of tenderest green, another fair, soft, youthful hands a handful of flowers, other with hard bony hands that have labored early and late in the Master's vineyard, will at His feet lay down mellow fruits, and golden sheaves; and receive the palm of victory, the amaranthine wreath of immortality, where the verdure is immortal and the flowers are fadeless.

"For there is a beautiful garden,
Afar in the crystal gream;
A garden where dwell the angels,
A heaven beyond a dream.
The roses there are unfading,
It is spring, it is always spring;
And every glistening lily
Is a living radiant thing.
I dream of this beautiful garden
And the glorious seraphs afar,
Where sound is the soul of music
And each rose is a deathless star."

The Hon. Josiah Quincy, in a recent very interesting article of reminiscences concerning Harvard College, given in the New York *Independent*, and entitled "Harvard Sixty Years Ago," referring to the college-club life in early days, says that there were then associations "known as 'blowing clubs,' in connection with which drunkenness was exhibited with a publicity that would not now be tolerated." He mentions one club which on exhibition days, was wont "to march to Porter's Tavern, preceded by a full band," for dinner, and would then attempt to return in the same manner. First would come the band with the sober portion of the club; "then came, reeling and swaying from side to side, a mass of bacchanals in all stages of intoxication." It is cause for congratulation that such disgraceful scenes are no longer witnessed on the college grounds; but that the improvement which has taken place is due to outside influence rather than to the college authorities may be inferred from Mr. Quincy's closing sentence: "All honor to the temperance party, which has brought authority—physiological, religious, and social—to the rebuke of this monstrous evil."—*Nat. Temperance Advocate*.

Conscientious Workers.

The tendency of our times is to disregard old maxims. It is true, many of them, based on the experience of other people under very different conditions, are not applicable in our day. "Haste makes waste" may be true in the workshop, but the business man knows that "time is money," and it pays to be in a hurry when the market shows signs of a change.

The good old maxim that "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," is too often forgotten. "That is good enough for him, or for the money," is a poor excuse for a man to sacrifice his good name, and still worse to induce him to acquire careless habits. It has been said that while American workmen are better paid, better fed, better educated, and, we may add, better behaved, than those of any other country, they can beat the world in slighting their work and cheating their customers and employers. The shoemaker, who turns out one or two pairs of boots a week for a customer, takes an honest pride in his work, and feels and knows that he is to be held personally responsible for every stitch he puts in. In a large factory, where the division of labor should make every man an expert in his own branch, the workman often loses his identity and responsibility. He knows the customer cannot fall back on him, however imperfect his work. If it is only covered up so as to conceal it from the eye of his foreman he is safe. Probably this is doing much to encourage careless work. It is well known that ready-made clothing, boots, dresses, under-clothing, everything made in large quantities, is far cheaper than custom work, but alas! it is very often not as good.

There are many people in every land who like to be humbugged, while others have an equally strong passion for cheap wares, whether poor or good, and some one must supply this demand. The producers of such goods employ poor workmen at correspondingly poor wages, because they must make their profits out of their workmen. Five and ten cent stores are lowering the standard of production as well as the scale of wages.

It never pays to be a poor workman. If you are a young man, aim to do honest work, and, although your present employer may not be willing to pay you any more for a well-made coat or a neatly-finished boot than he would for a botch, don't be discouraged. If you are a carpenter, make the best joint you can; if you are a machinist, see that every bolt and rivet is as firm as if your life depended on its properly fulfilling its duties. How carefully the aeronaut examines his balloon, the tight rope performer his rope before he trusts his life to it. Would a shipbuilder take passage on a vessel of his own building if he knew that he had willfully neglected or slighted any essential part of her hull? Yet many a young mechanic has destroyed his own future and committed moral suicide by sending forth a poor piece of work. The old surgical professor's caution to a young medical student is not inapt here. Said he, "If you are ever called to set a broken leg, and your work is a failure, and the man becomes a cripple, you may be sure he will always come limping along just at the wrong time, when you are surrounded by your clients and friends. He is a walking advertisement of your incapacity."

Every manufacturer knows the value of a good reputation. There are names that will sell almost anything. Why do Burt's shoes bring a better price than those of other makers? Why does Squibb's ether bring a higher price than that of any one else? Why do Merk's chemicals have their own price list? Because they are known to be honestly prepared.

The path to fame by honest merit

is a slow and tedious one. A manufacturer who is so careful about his products that he has to put a higher price on them than his less conscientious neighbor can sell for, may be repaid at first by small sales and smaller profits. It takes a long time to build up a reputation by excellence, but once acquired it is like the pearl of great price.

It is much the same with the workman as with the manufacturer. If every stroke he strikes is solid work, conscientiously performed, he will acquire a reputation, limited as it may be, that is sure to pay in the end. We would not conceal or deny the fact that some men labor under peculiar disadvantages. All men are not born equal, either mentally or physically. One is naturally skillful in one direction, another is expert in many things. One man may do his level best, and yet he will not turn out as good a piece of work as his more skillful brother who only half tries. Let him not be discouraged because he is handicapped in the race, and may not be able to reach the top of the ladder. There is room for honest workmen everywhere; even respectable mediocrity pays better than brilliancy coupled with trickery.

The native American is distinguished by his ingenuity, and with half a chance he makes his mark everywhere. Yet he sometimes loses the race in competition with less able men of other lands, because their careful training and early drill in their profession, their long and severe apprenticeship, has more than compensated for the want of natural tact and ingenuity.

Perseverance will not conquer all things, but it goes a long way toward success. While luck seems to favor the few, most men have to carve out their own success by hard labor, in which a full determination to do everything to the very best of one's ability counts for more than is generally supposed. Above all things, don't waste time in regretting that another trade was not chosen. If it is an honest one, stick to it and it will pay.—*Scientific American*.

How to Interest the Girls in the Bible.

As my scholars are girls, and I found them amazingly ignorant of Bible history, and indifferent to the study of the Scriptures—indeed, they seemed to think the Bible the most stupid of all books—I at once sought to awaken their interest in the story of Esther, Ruth, Deborah, Miriam, etc. In addition to these, they have become familiar with the personal history of Christ, Moses, Joseph, Daniel and David. I had each one detail to me in her own language these several histories, and she was in such a manner led to feel that Esther, for example, was once a young girl like herself and that in later life she had her splendors and her trials, much as an American girl might, and how bravely and nobly she strove to save her people. Neither did I forbid them to look at Vashti, or fail to applaud her womanly behavior, although it deprived her of her crown. In this way, I believe, my girls have come to regard the Bible in an entirely new light, finding out that it is a book full of beauty and interest, and that the more they study the more they will find it precious.—*Sunday Afternoon*.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like a magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle.