

"I wish you a Happy Year, and a *whole one.*"

With careful hands we laid it away in Memory's casket. Ofttimes, as the passing days of 1874 left weariness and unrest at our hearts, would we turn to survey this treasure. Its radiance serving ever a possible prophecy of work unfinished and the sudden requisition "Give an account of thy stewardship." Thus would we take on vigor, and achieve many a victory which else had been defeat.

1875 dawned in the full glory of a new birth. I watched the ingress of visitors and at last he came.

"Prof.—this treasure—your message. Upon it has poised many a success which otherwise had not been counted worthy the struggle. It has fulfilled its mission. I live and have won. Receive it again at my hands, and may it prove to you a surer talisman in its two-fold ministry."

May loosened winter's icy fetters. June roses bloomed. Our Christian poet had already made our new state a land of poetry and song by his "Nebraska Legends" and softer "Midland Poems." But having adopted Punshon's labor song, "No rest except between the achievement of to-day and the higher venture of to-morrow's dawn," his fertile pen might not rest, even amid the exhaustive labors of a Professorship. Many contributions to current periodicals indicated to his friends growth rather than surcease of literary strength. Whilst, as he expressed to the writer, his specific work for the year was to compile materials for a new volume, such as in his riper culture he chose to leave to posterity. Summer deepened into autumn. A mellow October sunset—a quiet Sabbath evening.

The Prof., child in hand, strolled out. Was it to borrow soul radiance from the dying rays? Did he read thereon the prediction of his own near sunset? His friends perceived a radiance but did not dream the night drew on.

At 5 A. M. he aroused his companion with an expression of pain—his last utter

ance. At 10 A. M. he had passed "The rock waste and the river." In the ripeness of mental and spiritual culture he erected the Grand Conservatory of God, into which comes nor blight nor waste. The unfinished work which fills every hand when the paralysis of death seizes it—doth it go on, with the resources of Eternity to furnish the materials? We would not lift the veil. The revelation may be nearer to us than we think. Read the lesson we may.

Casual words. They drop from our lips into hearts, as the leaden plummet or the sorcerer's elixir. The dead weight of sorrow sinks deeper—or the canker-worm dies and from its ashes springs a new faith. The soul's stagnant waters give forth rank vegetation and the serpent's venom, or, by the new alchemy, make new affinities, and the white lily blossoms.

Be wary then, oh trifer! Sensitive plants may wither at thy touch, never to put forth fresh leaves. Be strong, sad reaper, looking in vain for full ears. There are harvests which ripen when Alpine snows have melted. Ye of the trembling lips, if the Master hath touched thee, put forth the message. It shall not fail of its mission—though the announcement await Throne Day.

Speak quickly, thou of slow utterance. The waiting spirit passeth thee. Dumb lips—palsied hands—death's signet and thy love token may be too late.

Mrs. ANGIE F. NEWMAN.

CHOICE OF PROFESSION.

Before the ship sets sail on the rough and boisterous sea, in order to insure her a successful voyage, she must undergo an examination, be scrutinized by the workmen, her rigging must be overhauled, her weakest parts made secure. She is then tried on the smooth and placid waters, where she glides with seeming perfection. All is now ready and the captain sets sail with high hopes of a successful voyage because he has tried his ship and knows