

self; for he could make so many sad hearts glad, so many homes pleasant, and give so much happiness to those around him in need, if he would but do so. And he should do so, for one of the highest duties, one man owes to another, is to make him happy, if it is in his power.

It may be urged that if one man is more prosperous than another, he is so from care and frugality, and hence has the right to enjoy the fruits of his own labors for his own pleasure in any way he pleases. But there are serious objections to this. One man is placed in favorable circumstances; he is blessed with health and strength; while another seems to be but the mark at which nature hurls all her bolts of disease and misfortune.

Shall the one blessed with plenty leave the other to his fate? No: humanity says that of his plenty he shall give a little, and, indeed, in so doing, he increases his own happiness as well as his neighbor's.

There is another class, however, who apparently have no right to ask help from any one. They are the improvident and the dissolute. If these classes could be separated from the others, if they alone had to suffer for their folly and wickedness, it might, perhaps, be well to let them take the consequences of their own acts. But the facts are that while one such would have to suffer by such a cause, many who are not responsible for their condition, would have to endure the lot also.

When a person has enough of every thing to supply all his necessary wants, to add more and introduce the luxuries of life does not increase his happiness, but on the contrary rather detracts from it just as a satiety of any thing else has a tendency to produce indifference and in many cases even a loathing.

Just where to draw the line between luxury and a competency is somewhat difficult, but I think it should be where money would cease to add to the comfort and happiness of its possessor. Wherever it may be drawn, it is right that the sav-

ing and industrious man should have more of the comforts of life than the improvident; for while man is placed here to do good, and make his fellow man happy, it is also true that each man, to a certain degree, is responsible for his condition. Hence if he will not take the means to surround himself with the comforts of life, he must take the consequences.

Finally, whatever a man *ought* to do, he has the right to do; and whatever he *ought not* to do, he has no right to do: hence, as a man *ought* to help, in some way, the needy, and ought not to hoard up for his own desires alone, he has not the right to use luxuries till those in want around him are provided for.

WALT.

LEAVES.

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible form.

She speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his dark musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

Human nature is beautifully prototyped in the development of foliage. The early, tender buds, nursed into existence by genial sun and gentle shower, shyly, timorously advance, and grow firm by exposure to the elements around.

Developed at last into refreshing leaves, they rollie and rustle on the parent bough from which they derive life. The tree, in turn, enjoys sweet protection from its frail offsprings, the leaves, until crowded off, their mission fulfilled, they cosily nestle around its roots one by one.

Although there is an allotted time when they must all retire to a hidden life, they by no means follow the same law of departure. Some more delicate or earlier matured than others, their mission being sooner fulfilled, lose their grasp and la-