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“THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.”

The following is from the recent poetical work of James Montgomery, “The Park Poem.”

Sow in the morn thy seed, / And even hold not thy hand; / To doubt and fear give thou no heed, / Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow, / The high-way furrows stock, / Drop it where thorns and thistles grow, / Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground, / Expect not here nor there; / O'er hill and dale, by plots, ‘tis sown, / Go forth, then, every where.

Thou knowest not which may thrive, / The late or early sown; / Grace keeps the precious germs alive, / When and wherever sown.

And duly shall appear, / In verdure, beauty, strength, / The tender blade, the stalk, the ear, / And the full corn at length.

Thou hast not toil in vain, / Cold, heat, and moist, and dry, / Shall foster and mature the grain, / For garner in the sky.

Thence when the glorious end, / The day of God has come, / The angel reapers shall descend, / And heaven cry—“Harvest home.”

WHO ARE HAPPIEST?

“What troubles you William?” said Mrs. Aikin, speaking in a tone of kind concern to her husband, who sat silent and moody, with his eyes fixed upon the floor, and now following the forms of his plainly-clad children as they sported, full of health and spirits, about the room.

It was evening, and Mr. Aikin, a man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, had, a little while before, returned from his daily labor.

No answer was made to the wife's question. A few minutes went by, and then she spoke again.

“Is anything wrong with you, William?”

“Nothing more than usual,” was replied. “There's always something wrong. The fact is, I'm out of heart.”

“William?”

“Mrs. Aikin came and stood beside her husband, and laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

The evil spirit of envy and discontent was in the poor man's heart,—this his wife understood right well. She had often before seen him in this frame of mind.

“I'm as good as Freeman; am I not?”

“Yes, and a good deal better, I hope,” replied Mrs. Aikin.

“And yet, he is rolling in wealth, while I, though compelled to toil early and late, can scarcely keep soul and body together.”

“Hush, William. Don't talk so. It does you no good. We have a comfortable home, warm food and raiment,—let us be thankful for that.”

“Thankful for this mean hut! Thankful for hard labor, poor fare, and coarse clothing!”

“None are so happy as those who labor; none enjoy better health than they who have only the plainest food. Do you ever go hungry to bed, William?”

“No, of course not.”

“Do you or your children shiver in the cold of winter for lack of warm clothing?”

“No, but—”

“William! Do not look past your own comforts in envy of the blessings God has given to others. Depend upon it, we receive all of this world's goods the kind Father above sees it best for us to have. With more we might not be so happy as we are.”

“I'll take all that risk,” said Aikin.—“Give me plenty of money, and I'll find a way to largely increase the bonds of enjoyment.”

“The largest amount of happiness, I believe, is ever to be found in that external condition in which God has placed us.”

“Then every poor man should willingly remain poor.”

“I did not say that, William; I think every man should seek earnestly to improve his worldly affairs,—yet, be contented with his lot at all times; for, only in contentment is their happiness, and that is a blessing the poor may share

equally with the rich. Indeed, I believe the poor have this blessing in large store. You, for instance, are a happier man than Mr. Freeman.”

“I am not so sure of that.”

“I am, then. Look at his face. Doesn't that tell the story? Would you exchange with him in every respect?”

“No, not in every respect. I would like to have his money.”

“Ah, William! William!” Mrs. Aikin shook her head. “You are giving place in your heart for the entrance of bad spirits. Try to enjoy fully what you have, and you will be a happier man than Mr. Freeman: Your sleep is sound at night.”

“I know. A man who labors as hard as I do, can't help but sleep soundly.”

“Then labor is a blessing, if for nothing else. I took home, to-day, a couple of gross made for Mrs. Freeman. She looked pale and troubled, and I asked her if she was not well. ‘Not very,’ she replied. ‘I've lost so much rest of late, that I'm almost worn out.’”

“I did not ask why this was; but after remaining silent for a few moments, she said—”

“Mr. Freeman has got himself so excited about business, that he sleeps scarcely three hours in twenty-four.—He cares neither for eating nor drinking; and, if I did not watch him, would scarcely appear abroad in decent apparel. Hardly a day passes that something does not go wrong. Workmen fail in their contracts; prices fall below what he expected them to be; agents prove to be unfaithful; in fact, a hundred things occur to interfere with his expectation, and to cloud his mind with disappointment. We were far happier when we were poor, Mrs. Aikin. There was a time when we enjoyed this life. Bright days—how well are they remembered! Mr. Freeman's income was twelve dollars a week, we lived in two rooms, and did all our own work; I had fewer wants than I have ever had since, and was far happier than I ever expect to be again on this side of the grave.”

Just then a cry was heard in the street.

“Hark!” exclaimed Mr. Aikin.

“Fire! Fire! Fire!” The startling sound rose clear and shrill upon the air. Aikin sprang to the window and threw it open.

“Mr. Freeman's new building, as I live!”

Aikin dropped the window, and catching up his hat, hurriedly left the house. Mrs. Aikin shook her head.

It was an hour ere he returned.—Meanwhile, the fire raged furiously, and from her window where she was seated, Mrs. Aikin saw the large new factory, which the rich man had just erected, entirely consumed by the fierce devouring element. All in vain was it that the intrepid firemen wrought almost miracles of daring in their efforts to save the building. Story after story was successively wrapped in flames, until, at length, over fifty thousand dollars worth of property, lay a heap of black and smouldering ruins.

“What a terrible disaster!”

“Yes, and a great deal better, I hope,” replied Mrs. Aikin.

“William?”

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“No, of course not.”

“Do you or your children shiver in the cold of winter for lack of warm clothing?”

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“William! Do not look past your own comforts in envy of the blessings God has given to others. Depend upon it, we receive all of this world's goods the kind Father above sees it best for us to have. With more we might not be so happy as we are.”

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No answer was made to the wife's question. A few minutes went by, and then she spoke again.

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“And yet, he is rolling in wealth, while I, though compelled to toil early and late, can scarcely keep soul and body together.”

“Hush, William. Don't talk so. It does you no good. We have a comfortable home, warm food and raiment,—let us be thankful for that.”

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“Do you or your children shiver in the cold of winter for lack of warm clothing?”

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“William! Do not look past your own comforts in envy of the blessings God has given to others. Depend upon it, we receive all of this world's goods the kind Father above sees it best for us to have. With more we might not be so happy as we are.”

“I'll take all that risk,” said Aikin.—“Give me plenty of money, and I'll find a way to largely increase the bonds of enjoyment.”

“The largest amount of happiness, I believe, is ever to be found in that external condition in which God has placed us.”

“Then every poor man should willingly remain poor.”

“I did not say that, William; I think every man should seek earnestly to improve his worldly affairs,—yet, be contented with his lot at all times; for, only in contentment is their happiness, and that is a blessing the poor may share

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