

The above estimate may be somewhat exaggerated, but it still remains an undisputed fact that more work is performed on Sunday, in France, than in any other civilized country, and there is a great deal of force in Macaulay's observation that "Man, the machine of machines, requires repairing and winding up once a week, so that he may return to his labors on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits and with renewed corporeal vigor."

The low pay received by the working classes of Hungary, and the long hours of service, day in and day out, exacted from the working classes of France, may be one reason why the American workmen, with shorter hours and better, can so easily compete with them.

"Wherever you find high rates of wages, you are almost certain to find the low costs of production, so far as labor is concerned." This may be in part accounted for by the contrast between our own condition and that of foreign countries. An Austrian manufacturer once said: "Our operatives cannot do the work performed in American factories, because they do not eat enough to admit of the sustained exertion."

Man must, like all other pieces of mechanism, be supplied with enough of fuel, in order to perform work in a satisfactory manner.

So, too, in the matter of hours of labor, when the human machine becomes exhausted a satisfactory performance of work cannot be expected; and the tendency in this country toward lessening the hours of daily labor, with the increased one of machinery, is one which is certain in time to accomplish the result of adding to the productiveness of our working-men, and at the same time, giving them larger opportunities for the enjoyment of life.

Dutch has been using myrtle green writing paper of late.

AT SUNSET.

JOHN SMITH.

When the sun is sinking low
And I see the evening glow
Lightly resting—soon to flow
Off from the distant hill;
Then I linger in delight,
Musing o'er this natural sight,
Parting day will kiss "goodnight,"
And the blush upon the mountains soon distil.

Then I listen to the stream,
Making noises that would seem
But the moment of a dream
Within my pensive mind.
All the sounds of love and fear,
All the voices—far and near,
Falling on my deafened ear,
Fail to penetrate the region of my mind.

O'er my memory sweeps a gale,
Breathing some mysterious tale,
Till I feel my lips grow pale
And find relief in sighs.
O'er my thoughts are brightly cast
Tints of color from the past,
Glories that are fading fast
As the sunset's glory fades before my eyes.

As I stroll o'er fenceless fields,
Seeking joys that nature yields,
Such as every flower conceals
From men with evil hearts—
Then I muse upon the bee,
Poised on vibrant wings is he,
O'er the flowers of the len,
Seeking treasures sweet, concealed by Nature's arts.

After toil of day is done,
Cares depart me one by one,
But I know not whither gone—
My wishes fill their void.
This soft hour at the close of day,
Clad in livery golden gray
Draws me by its grand display
Of sweet music-making voices now employed.

Parent birds now cease to sing,
Vesper bells begin to ring
Gentle breezes with them bring,
A chorus from abroad.
Peaceful moves this caravan,
Through the land where sinful man
Grasps whatever wealth he can,
Caring little what his duty is to God.