The Family Circle.

"BLESSED TO GIVE."

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts xx: 35.

"The love of money is the root of all evil."—I Tim. vi: 10.

"Is not money what we make it? Dust in the miser's chests; canker in the proud man's heart; but golden sunbeams, streams of blessing earned by a child's labor and comforting a parent's heart, or loving gifts poured from rich men's hands into poor men's homes.—*Chronicles of the Schœnberg-Cotta Family.*

The kingly sun gives forth his rays,
Asks no return, demands no praise,
But wraps us in strong arms of life,
And says distinct, through human strife:
"If thou wouldst truly, nobly live,
Give—ever give."

The rustic flower, upspringing bright,
And answering back the regal light,
Fills all the air with fragrant breath,
And writes in myriad hues beneath:
"If thou wouldst gaily, gladly live,
Give—ever give."

The merchant rain, which carries on
Rich commerce 'twixt the earth and sun;
The autumn mist; the springtide shower—
All whisper soft to seed and flower:
"We know no other life to live
But this—we give."

Suggestive warnings crowd the earth;
Glad sounds of labor, songs of mirth,
From creatures both of field and air;
Who, whilst they take their rightful share,
Still truly chant: "We chiefly live
To give—to give."

O man! the gem and crown of all,
Take thou this lesson: Heed the call
Of these less gifted creatures near;
The rather that Christ's voice most dear
Once said, whilst here He deigned to live:
"Blessed to give."

—*London Good Words.*

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A STORY TOLD TO A CHILD.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Not many things have happened to me in the course of my life which can be called events. But one great event, as I then thought it, happened when I was eight years old. On that birthday I first possessed a piece of gold.

How well I remember the occasion! I had a holiday, and was reading aloud to my mother. The book was the "Life of Howard, the philanthropist." I was interested in it, though the style was considerably above my comprehension; at last I came to the following sentence, which I could make nothing of: "He could not let slip such a golden opportunity for doing good."

"What is a golden opportunity?" I inquired.

"It means a very good opportunity."

"But, mamma, why do they call it *golden*?"

My mamma smiled, and said it was a figurative expression; "Gold is very valuable, and very uncommon; this opportunity was a very valuable and uncommon one; we can express that in one word, by calling it a golden opportunity."

I pondered upon the information for some time, and then made a reply to the effect, that all the golden opportunities seemed to happen to very rich people; or people who lived a long time ago; or else to great men, whose lives we can read in books—very great men, such as Wilberforce and Howard; but they never happened to *real* people, whom we could see every day, nor to children.

"To children like you, Orris?" said my mother, "why, what kind of a golden opportunity are you wishing for just now?"

My reply was childish enough.

"If I were a great man I should like to sail after the slave ships, fight them, and take back the poor slaves to their own country. Or I should like to do something like what Quintus Curtius did. Not exactly like that; because you know, mamma, if I were to jump into a gulf, that would not really make it close."

"No," said my mother, "it would not."

"And besides," I reasoned, "if it *had* closed, I should never have known of the good I had done, because I should have been killed."

"Certainly," said my mother; I saw my mother smile, and thinking it was at the folly of my last wish, hastened to bring forward a wiser one.

"I think I should like to be a great lady, and then if there had been a bad harvest, and all the poor people on my lord's land were nearly starving, I should like to come down to them with a purse full of money, and divide it among them. But you see, mamma, I *have* no golden opportunities."

"My dear, we all have some opportunities for doing good, and they are golden, or not, according to the use we make of them."

"But, mamma, we cannot get people released out of prison, as Howard did."

"No; but sometimes, by instructing them in their duty, by providing them with work, so that they shall earn bread enough, and not be tempted and driven by hunger to steal, we can prevent some people from being ever put in prison."

My mother continued to explain that those who really desired to do good, never wanted opportunities, and that the difference between Howard and other people was more in perseverance and earnestness than in circumstances. But I do not profess to remember much of what she said; I only know that, very shortly, she took me into my grandfather's study, and, sitting down, began busily to mend a heap of pens which lay beside him on the table.

He was correcting proof-sheets, and, knowing that I must not talk, I stood awhile, very quietly watching him.

Presently I saw him mark out a letter in the page, make a long stroke in the margin, and write a letter *d* beside it.

Curiosity was too much for my prudence; I could not help saying—

"Grandpa, what did you write that letter *d* for?"

"There was a letter too much in the word, child," he replied; *I* spell 'potatoes' with only one *p*, and I want the printer to put out the second."

"Then *d* stands for *don't*, I suppose?" was my next observation; "it means don't put it in?"

"Yes, child, yes—something like that."

If it had not been my birthday, I should not have had courage to interrupt him again. "But, grandpapa, '*do*' begins with *d*, so how is the printer to know whether you mean 'do,' or 'don't?'"

My grandfather said "pshaw!" turned short round upon my mother, and asked her if she had heard what I said.

My mother admitted that it was a childish observation.

"Childish!" repeated my grandfather, "childish. She'll never be anything but a child—never; she has no reasoning faculties at all." When my grandfather was displeased with me, he never scolded me for the fault of the moment, but inveighed against me *in the piece*, as a draper would say.

"Did *you* ever talk nonsense at her age—ever play with a penny doll, and sing to a kitten? I should think not."

"I was of a very different disposition," said my mother, gently.

"Aye," said the old man, "that you were. Why, I wouldn't trust this child as I trusted you, for the world; you were quite a little woman, could pay bills, or take charge of keys; but this child has no discretion—no headpiece. She says things that are wide of the mark. She's—well, my dear, I didn't mean to vex you—she's a nice child enough, but, bless me, she never *thinks*, and never reasons about anything."

He was mistaken. I was thinking and reasoning at that moment. I was thinking how delightful it would be if I might have the cellar keys, and all the other keys, hanging to my side, so that every one might see that I was trusted with them; and I was reasoning that perhaps my mother had behaved like a little woman because she was treated like one.

"My dear, I did not mean that she was worse than many other children," repeated my grandmother; "come here, child, and I'll kiss you."

My mother pleaded by way of apology for me—"She has a very good memory."

"Memory! aye, there's another disadvantage. She remembers everything; she's a mere parrot. Why, when you, at her age, wanted a punishment, if I set you twenty lines of poetry, they'd keep you quiet for an hour. Set this child eighty—knows 'em directly, and there's time wasted in hearing her say 'em into the bargain."

"I hope she will become more thoughtful as she grows older," said my mother, gently.

"I hope she will—there's room for improvement. Come and sit on my knee, child. So this is your birth-day. Well, I suppose I must give you some present or other. Leave the child with me, my dear, I'll take care of her. But I won't detain you, for the proofs are all ready. Open the door for your mother, Orris. Ah! you'll never be anything like her—never."

I did as he desired, and then my grandfather, looking at me with comical gravity, took out a leathern purse, and dived with his fingers among the contents. "When I was a little boy, as old as you, nobody gave *me* any money."

Encouraged by his returning good humor, I drew closer, and peeped into the purse. There were as many as six or eight sovereigns in it. I thought what a rich man my grandfather was, and when he took out a small coin and laid it on my palm, I could scarcely believe it was for me.

"Do you know what that is child?"

"A half-sovereign, grandpapa."

"Well, do you think you could spend it?"

"O yes, grandpapa."

"'O yes!' and she opens her eyes! "Ah, child, child! that money was worth ten shillings when it was in my purse, and I wouldn't give sixpence for anything it will buy now it has touched your little fingers."

"Did you give it me to spend exactly as I like, grandpapa?"

"To be sure, child,—there, take it, —it's worth nothing to you, my dear."

"Nothing to me! The half-sovereign worth nothing to me! Why, grandpapa?"

"Nothing worth mentioning; you have no real wants; you have clothes, food, and shelter, without this half-sovereign."

"O, yes; but, grandpapa, I think it must be worth ten times as much to me as to you; I have only this one, and you have quantities; I shouldn't wonder if you have thirty or forty half-sovereigns, and a great many shillings and half-crowns, to spend every year."

"I shouldn't wonder!"

"And I have only one. I can't think, grandpapa, what you do with all your money; if I had it I would buy so many delightful things with it."

"No doubt! kaleidoscopes, and magic lanterns, and all sorts of trash; but, unfortunately, you have not got it: you have only one half-sovereign to throw away."

"But perhaps I shall not throw it away; perhaps I shall try to do some good with it."

"Do some good with it! Bless you, my dear, if you do but try to do some good with it, I shall not call it thrown away."

I then related what I had been reading, and had nearly concluded, when the housemaid came in. She laid a crumpled piece of paper by the desk, and with a shilling and a penny, saying, "there's the change, sir, out of your shoemaker's bill."

My grandfather took it up, looked at it, and remarked that the shilling was a new one. Then with a generosity which I am really at a loss to account for, he actually, and on the spot, gave me both the shilling and the penny.

There they lay in the palm of my hand, gold, silver, and copper; he then gave me another kiss and abruptly dismissed me, saying that he had more writing to do; and I walked along the little passage with an exultation of heart that a queen might have envied, to show this unheard-of wealth to my mother.

I remember laying the three coins upon a little table, and dancing round it, singing, "There's a golden opportunity! and there's a silver opportunity! and there's a copper opportunity!" and having continued this exercise till I was quite tired, I spent the rest of the morning in making three little silk bags, one for each of them, previously rubbing the penny with sand-paper, to make it bright and clean.

Visions and dreams floated through my brain as to the good I was to do with this property. They were vainglorious, but not selfish, but they were none of them fulfilled, and need not be recorded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORIGINAL FABLES.

I.—LOOK TO THE ROOT OF THE FAMILY TREE.

"Gentlemen," said old Tea kettle, that lay in a corner of a shed in which some worn-out locomotives had been stowed away; "gentlemen, I am sorry to see you in this place; I wasn't brought here till I had more than once lost my spout and handle, and been patched and soldered till very little of my original was left. I conclude, therefore, that, like me, you have seen your best days, and are now to be laid aside as useless."

The Locomotives frowned at one another, but didn't answer.

"Well, gentlemen and brothers," cried the Kettle again, "don't be downhearted; we have played busy and useful parts in our day, and may comfort ourselves now in thinking over the things we have respectively achieved. As for *me*, the remembrance of the domestic delight and refreshment that I have been the means of affording, affects me deeply."

"What is that little old tin whistling about up in the corner?" asked one of the Locomotives of his companion; "where are his *brothers*?"

"Hey-day! is that it?" cried the Kettle, all alive with indignation; "so you don't own the relationship? Let me tell you, with all your pitiful pride, that though you won't own me as a brother, I am father and mother to you; for who would ever have heard of steam-engine if it hadn't been for a tea-kettle?"

II.—LOOK UP AS WELL AS DOWN.

"O father! O mother! the moon is drowned; she is indeed; we have seen her lying trembling in the lake," cried the owlets, bustling back to the tower, where their parents sat among the ivy.

"Children," said the old birds, "you looked *down*, and saw the image in the lake; if you had looked *up*, you would have seen the moon herself in the sky. But it is the way with novices to be led astray by representations of a subject which a little further inquiry would have shown them were wholly deceptive."

III.—A SHUT UP TO AN EVEN QUESTION.

"How well I whistle!" said the Wind to the Keyhole.

"Well, if that isn't rich!" "you mean how well *I* whistle."

"Get me some paper," said the old woman, "and stuff up that keyhole and stop the draught."

And so neither Wind nor Keyhole whistled any longer.—*Leisure Hour.*

A Grain of Gold—Be all reality—no counterfeit. Do not pass for current coin what is base alloy. Let transparent honor and sincerity regulate all your dealings; despise all meanness; avoid the sinister motive, the underhand dealing; aim at that unswerving love of truth that would scorn to stoop to base compliances and unworthy equivocations; live more under the purifying and ennobling influence of the Gospel; take its golden rule as the matchless directory for the daily transactions of life: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—*Mind of Jesus.*

THE BLIND BOY.

BY REV. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D., LL. D.

It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild;
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thoughts I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot,
A little boy and girl reclined—
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—
A tree concealed me from their view;
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy?
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid;
"I see that bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said:
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell
And I can feel the green leaf's shade;
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! he has not given:
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, they all see—
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"O Mary! He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Erelong, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said: "Oh! never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, *God I shall see*.

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in heaven.

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AXE.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and of His special care than anything else I possess."

"I was a child four years old, with long, curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In so doing I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe, I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the dizziness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright, he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the ground and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips, he took up the curl and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That look he left to me on his death-bed."

PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

If any thing in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he's abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

THE SAILOR-BOY OF HAVRE; OR, WHAT JESUS HAS DONE FOR US.

I want to repeat to you a beautiful story which was told first, I think, a few months ago, to the dear children in England. It has now wandered away across the blue ocean, to teach the little ones here a great lesson.

I wish you to read it, that you may think of how much more the dear loving Saviour has done for you than this brave little Havre boy did for that ship's company.

As you read this touching story, think how much Jesus suffered to save you, and me, and all the world from perishing amid the rocks and breakers on the rough sea of life.

A French brig was returning from Toulon to Havre with a rich cargo and numerous passengers. Off the coast of Bretagne it was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm. Captain P—— at once saw the danger which threatened the ship on such a rocky coast, and he gave orders to put out to sea; but the winds and waves drove the brig violently toward the shore, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the crew, it continued to get nearer land.

Among the most active on board in doing all that he could to help, was little Jacques, a lad twelve years old, who was serving as cabin-boy in the vessel. At times, when he disappeared for a moment behind the folds of a sail, the sailors thought he had fallen overboard; and again, when a wave threw him down on the deck, they looked around to see if it had not carried away the poor boy with it; but Jacques was soon up again unhurt. "My mother," said he, smiling, to an old sailor, "would be frightened enough if she saw me just now."

His mother, who lived at Havre, was very poor and had a large family. Jacques loved her tenderly, and he was enjoying the prospect of carrying to her his little treasure—two five-franc pieces, which he had earned as his wages for the voyage.

The brig was beaten about a whole day by the storm, and, in spite of all the efforts of the crew, they could not steer clear of the rocks on the coast. By the gloom on the captain's brow it might be seen that he had little hope of saving the ship. All at once a violent shock was felt, accompanied by a horrible crash: the vessel had struck on a rock. At this terrible moment the passengers threw themselves on their knees to pray.

"Lower the boats," cried the captain. The sailors obeyed; but no sooner were the boats in the water than they were carried away by the violence of the waves.

"We have but one hope of safety," said the captain. "One of us must be brave enough to run the risk of swimming with a rope to the shore. We may fasten one end to the mast of the vessel, and the other to a rock on the coast, and by this means we may all get on shore."

"But, captain, it is impossible," said the mate, pointing to the surf breaking on the sharp rocks. "Woever should attempt to run such a risk would certainly be dashed to pieces."

"Well," said the captain, in a low tone, "we must all die together." At this moment there was a slight stir among the sailors, who were silently waiting for orders.

"What is the matter there?" inquired the captain.

"Captain," replied a sailor, "this little monkey of a cabin-boy is asking to swim to the shore with a string round his body to draw the cable after him: he is as obstinate as a little mule." And he pushed Jacques into the midst ot the circle. The boy stood turning his cap round and round in his hands, without daring to utter a work.

"Nonsense! such a child can't go," said the captain, roughly.

But Jacques was not a character to be so easily discouraged. "Captain," said he, timidly, "you don't wish to expose the lives of good sailors like these: it does not matter what becomes of a 'little monkey' of a cabin-boy, as the boatswain calls me. Give me a ball of strong string, which will unroll as I get on, fasten one end around my body, and I promise you that within an hour the rope will be well fastened to the shore, or I well perish in the attempt."

"Does he know how to swim?" asked the captain.

"As swiftly and as easy as an eel," replied one of the crew.

"I could swim up the Seine from Havre to Paris," said little Jacques. The captain hesitated, but the lives of all on board were at stake, and he yielded.

Jacques hastened to prepare for his terrible undertaking. Then he turned and softly approached the captain. "Captain," said he, "as I may be lost, may I ask you to take charge of something for me?"

"Certainly, my boy," said the captain, who was almost repenting of having yielded to his entreaties.

"Here, then, captain," replied Jacques, holding out two five-franc pieces wrapped in a bit of rag; "if I am eaten by the porpoises, and you get safe to land, be so kind as to give this to my mother, who lives on the quay at Havre; and will you tell her that I thought of her, and that I love her very much, as well as all my brothers and sisters?"

"Be easy about that, my boy. If you die for us, and we escape, your mother shall never want for anything."

"Oh, then, I will willingly try to save you," cried Jacques, hastening to the other side of the vessel, where all were prepared for his enterprise.

The captain thought for a moment. "We ought not to allow this lad to sacrifice himself for us in this way," said he at length: "I have been wrong. I must forbid it."

"Yes, yes," said some of the sailors round him; "it is disgraceful to us all that this little cabin-boy should set us an example of courage; and it would be a sad thing if the brave child should die for old men like us, who have lived our time. Let us stop him!"

They rushed to the side of the vessel, but it was too late. They found there only the sailor who had aided Jacqnes in his preparations, and who was unrolling the cord that was fasted to the body of the heroic boy.

They all leaned over the side of the vessel to see what was going to happen, and a few quietly wiped away a tear which would not be restrained.

At first nothing was seen but waves of white foam, mountains of water which seemed to rise as high as the mast, and then fell down with a thundering roar. Soon the practiced eye of some of the sailors perceived a little black point rising above the waves, and then, again, distance prevented them from distinguishing it at all. They anxiously watched the cord, and tried to guess, by its quicker or slower movement, the fate of him who was unrolling it.

Sometimes the cord was unrolled rapidly. "Oh, what a brave fellow!" they said; "see how quickly he swims!" At other times the unrolling of the ball of string stopped suddenly: "Poor boy," they said, "he has been drowned or dashed against the rocks!"

This anxiety lasted more than an hour; the ball of string continued to be unrolled, but at unequal periods. At length it slipped slowly over the side of the vessel, and often fell as if slackened. They thought Jacques must have much difficulty in getting through the surf on the coast. "Perhaps it is the body of the poor boy that the sea is tossing backwards and forwards in this way," said some of the sailors. The captain was deeply grieved that he had permitted the child to make the attempt; and, notwithstanding the desperate situation in which they were, all the crew seemed to be thinking more of the boy than of themselves.

All at once a violent pull was given to the cord. This was soon followed by a second, then by a third. It was the signal agreed upon to tell them that Jacques had reached the shore. A shout of joy was heard on the ship. They hastened to fasten a strong rope to the cord, which was drawn on shore as fast as they could let it out, and was firmly fastened by some of the people who had come to the help of the little cabin-boy. By means of this rope many of the shipwrecked sailors reached the shore, and found means to save the others. Not long after all had safely landed they saw the vessel sink.

The little cabin-boy was long ill from the consequences of his fatigue, and from the bruises he had received by being dashed against the rocks. But he did not mind that; for, in reward of his bravery, his mother received a yearly sum of money which placed her above the fear of want. Little Jacques rejoiced in having suffered for her, and at the same time in having saved so many lives. He felt that he had been abundantly rewarded.

You see this little fellow hoped all the time he should be able to reach the shore, and so save his own life and all on board the ship. If he had known that just as he had reached the shore and saved the rest, he would have breathed his last, perhaps he would not have ventured.

But when Jesus left heaven He knew that if He would save us He must die a dreadful death on the cross. He cried "It is finished," just as He bowed *His* head and died.

Take your Bible, my little friend, and read all about it, in Matthew xxvii.; and then kneel down and say, Dear Saviour, I thank Thee for suffering so much for me. With a chain of love Thou art trying to pull me out of the dark waters of sin. Oh, draw me, that I may run after thee. "Lord, save, or I perish," for Jesus sake, Amen.

SWEETLY SINGING.

I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded sinner whole;
My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

How kind is Jesus, O how good!
'Twas for my soul He shed his blood:
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

When I offend by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong,
If I repent, he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas, I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

TRYING TO BE A MAN.

As I was going along the street the other day, I met a little fellow of about fourteen years of age, wearing a silk hat and carrying a cane. His hat was such as men wear, and of the latest style, and his cane was one of those dandified affairs which are carried as ornaments by "children of a larger growth." He was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, pleasant to look at and no doubt pleasant to know; but it was very comical to see the grave air and measured gait he kept up, as though he was bent on forcing the public into believing that he was really a man. Why, it was about as far from the rim of his hat to its crown, as it was from his head to his waist: and instead of appearing dignified, he only put you in mind of Tom Thumb in full dress. As he strutted along the street, men and women turned around smilingly to look after him, and he seemed to be the occasion of no small amusement on the part of those ragged urchins who carry "the papers" and run on errands.

It is a very common wish among boys to become men; and a very proper desire, it is too, when they have correct notions of what it is to be a man. When they think, with the boy we have just described, that it consists in throwing off the jacket and loose cap, and putting on a long-tailed coat and high hat, why it is a very foolish symptom. Some boys even go further than the one we have named, and think it manly to smoke cigars and chew tobacco, and use those horrible words which we sometimes hear loafers indulge in. But do boys ever think, I wonder, that a grown up human being may wear fine clothes, and may look like a great, strong fellow, and yet not be a man, in any good sense of that term? If such a person has vices and degraded habits, he is no more a man, than a boy is a "good fellow" among his playmates, if he is selfish and quarrelsome.

What is it then to be a man, and what should boys imitate in men? Why, it is manly to be brave in time of danger. It is manly to be respectful to your superiors, reverential to the aged, generous to your equals, kind to your inferiors, charitable to the poor, forbearing with your associates. It is manly also to honor God and obey your parents.

Imitate men—good men, in these things, my dear young friends, and you will be manly, no matter what kind of clothes you wear.—*Moore's Rural.*

Fear not to have every action of your life open to the inspection of mankind. Remember that a nicer casuist than man sees into your least actions. Answer to Him, and fear no pain.