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### NOON.

BY BRYANT.

'Tis noon. At noon the Hebrew bowed the knee And worshiped, while the husdandman withdrew From the scorched field, and the wayfaring man Grew fanit, and turned aside by bubbling fount, Or rested in the shadow of the palm.

I, too, amid the overflow of day, Behold the power which wields and cherishes The frame of Nature. From this brow of rock That overlooks the Hudson's western marge. I gaze upon the long array of groves. The piles and gulfs of verdure drinking in The grateful heats They love the firey sun; [sprays Their broadening leaves grow glossier, and their Climb as he looks upon them. In the midst, The swelling river into his green gulfs. Unshadowed save by passing sails above, Takes the redundant glory and enjoys The chimer in his chilly bed. Coy flowers. That would not open in the early light. [pool. Push back their plaited sheaths. The rivulet's beautful girl, awaited at my door, with its im-That darkly quivered all the morning long In the cool shade, now glimmers in the sun, And o'er its surface shoots, and shoots again, The glittering dragon-fly, and deep within Run the brown water-beetles to and fro,

A silence, the brief sabbath of an hour, Reigns o'er the fields; the laborer sits within His dwelling; he has left his steers awhile, Unyoked, to bite the herbage, ane his dog Sleeps stretched beside the door-stone in the shade Now the gray marmot, with uplifted paws, No more sits listening by his den, but steals Abroad, in safety, to the clover field, And crops its juicy blossoms. All the while A seaseluss murmer from the populous town Swells o'er these solitudes : a mingled sound Of jarring wheels, and iron hoofs that clash Upon the stony ways, and hammer clang, And creak of engines lifting pondrous bulks, And calls and cries, and tread of eager feet, Innumerable, hurrying to and fro. Noon, in that mighty mart of nations, brings No pause to toil and care; with early day Began the tumuit, and shall only cease When midnight, hushing one by one the sounds Of bustle, gathers the tired brood to rest.

Thus, in this feverish time, when love of gai And luxury possess the hearts of men, "hus is it with the noon of human life. We in our fervid manhood, in our strength Of reason, we, with hurry, noise and care, Plan, toil and strive, and pause not to refresh Our spirits with the calm and beautiful Of God's harmonious universe, that won Onr youthful wonder; pause not to inquire Why we are here, and what the reverence Man owes to man, and what the mystery That links us to the greater world, beside Whose borders we but hover for a space.

## AN INCEDENT

IN NORTHERN PRATICE. ILL-CLAD poverty, numbed with cold, alone was abroad that winter's night, as the white snow fleeced the frost-hardened ground. But pever mind, earth's cold bosom, the rich man's heart doth warm him, and makes him merry. however blows the wind, or rages the storm. Shiver, shiver on, beggar-poor! Ye have no hearts. Hungry stomach and chilly skin belong to such as you. Kindly impulse nor feeling are thine! Starvation and sense dulling cold alone belong to you!

Winter night! hast thou no tongue to tell how spiritless poverty covers beneath thy frogen breath, and vainly wraps its icy blood in fattered rags? Canst thou not enter the summered air of earth's favored children, and teach a lesson to them ?

Through the crunching snow trudged a weary boy, with alms-basket upon his shivering arm. From his figure, he seemed not over ten years old; but his face was so wan and sad that it was difficult to tell how many year-blights the begger child had seen. Summer clothes were still upon him; a tattered woolen comforter was the only winter article he wore.

Light yet enough remained with the snow's reflection to discern every outline of chimney and housetop, against the milky sky. A gay carriage rolled noiselessly on, with a beautiful girl well wrapped in fur and cape, whilst the snow was dashed from the rapid wheels like a white dust. She saw the weary, thin-clad boy, as he stopped, with his head bent aside to the flake-burdened blast, to gaze on the smoking horses as they plunged through the fast-deepening crust. The window was let down. She threw a coin to the boy-it sank from her warm hand deep into the snow! It might have brought bread and a cheering faggot; but the smitten child never got it: the snow closed over it, whilst the blast blew keener .-Trudge, trudge on, weary boy; life is a God-

lesson! Fire and lamplight gleamed through window pane and wide-open door, as the gay girl leapbeggar boy it would have lain as upon a exclaimed, in a wild, delirious tone: corpse-life blood had ceased to warm it.

Alas! for the beggar-poor! From lowly cot to palace-house, the snow the very watch-dogs were hid in some place exclaimed, with affrighted gesture: secure from cold. The wind alone was abroad. howling its wintry dirge through leaf-stripped | doctor, she raves." tree and hedge. Still the snow fell and drift-

ed; like in the grave, their claims were one.

make house a home-were there to welcome here." the wandering boy. He placed his basket upon a bench. A wick still struggled to light the wretched apartment, as it flickered in the deep socket. An old woman lay asleep in the corner, covered with rug and rags. The boy approached, and touched her face with his cold fingers-they were colder than the blood of starved age! Their chill aroused her. Another light was placed in the socket, and a few

dried leaves with shavings, were put beneath some rotten and water-soaked bark, to warm the frozen fragments that unwilling charity had given ; and thus wrinkled age and wasted youth-life broke fast. The clock had just struck two, as I was summoned to the house of Mrs. T-. The same

carriage that in the evening had borne the

patient horses snorting against the frosted air. In a few minutes, I entered the house. Mrs. myself and old grandma." T- met me in the hall; her face was deadly pale and her manner much excited. Her at times singular nervousness had struck me, at swered, "I am very cold, sir." my former visits, whenever her daughter ailed. She now informed me that her darling ging violently against the traces, and the Emily was very ill with high fever.

The young girl lay with her head turned aside upon the pillow, her golden brown hair scattered in wild profusion upon its white cover, whilst the nurse was gently moistening the paim of her out-stretched hand. The pulse was beating wildly at the wrist and temples,which were scorching hot; fever heat glowed from her lustrous eyes. As I kept my finger on the pulse, and watched the expression of seemed to whisper-it was not from any regular reasoning from the symptoms-that mind Whilst the nurse held the candle to her face, beauty was his only possession! the traces of dried tears shone on her suffused

tient that excited my curiosity in the case .-Some eight or ten hours had only passed since she had thrown the snow-claimed alms to the beggar-boy, and now fever was running riot through every artery in her body.

Silently seating myself at the bedside, after administering a cooling draught, I watched for the changes that might ensue.

The snow continued to fall, and was driven clinking against the double window casements. failing, and that her physicians had pronoun-A comfortable fire burned on the hearth, casting long shadows on the floor and walls. The young girl dozed, but now and then started from her short fever sleep with eyes wildly open. Once or twice a deep sob escaped her lips, and a few words, unintelligible to the ear, were uttered. After a time, she slambered most calmly. I placed my finger gently on her wrist; the pulse had lost much of its increased strength and frequency. I was now satisfied that this sudden incursion of fever originated from some violent mental cause.

Her mother sat near the fire, its blaze lighting up every feature of her once beautiful face, led to believe that disease consisted of an ex- spoken with a melancholy slowness, that but which still remained very pale. In all my intercourse with Mrs. T-, I had never had so prolonged an opportunity of examining in detail the expression of her countenance. The longer I gazed on her the more satisfied I became that she had not passed through life

A few vague rumors had floated around reltive to her history: that a strange desertion of her husband had taken place, and that he was afterwards found drowned in a river near his house, and that by his death Mrs. T -- had become possessed of an immense estate .-These tales, however, had soon subsided, and as her means were large and her charities ample, the gossips of the town quietly dropped the past and speculated on the future, as all respectable gossips should do.

The longer I scanned her features, which at imes became almost flerce, and varied with the thoughts that seemed crowding her memory, the more I was satisfied that this weman, generally so stately and self-possessed, had passed a stormy life at some period when her passions were under less restraint than now .--The voice of the fevered girl diverted her thoughts: a few words were murmured, and then the lips pressed tremblingly together, warmly from her bright cheek. The snow denly starting up in the bed, and threading melted as it fell on her up-turned face: on the her curling hair with her slender fingers, she

"It cannot be true. Oh, mother-tell me,

Mrs. T- fairly leaped to the bedside, and lay unbroken-not a sound broke on the night; placing her hand on her daughter's mouth, her hands on my shoulders, she bowed her was alone in the world!

ed in ridge-like heaps-landmark and road-cut | The mother stood trembling and pale by the save her!" were all gone. None could tell where poor bed, a nameless terror depicted on every fea- She sank fainting on the floor. We gently child had been secreted. That about three earth and heaven. He always described himman's lot or rich man's grounds began or end- ture. Turning to me, in a quick, restless raised her, and bore her to her own chamber. years after the birth, she was married to Har- self as a man of the same kind with his favor- view of security from future destruction, le The beggar-boy toiled on through drift and |- canything that would keep her from raving." room. She turned her head languidly towards by a singular accident, the knowledge of her withered, whose capacity for happiness was ters for life, so accustomed to disregard the dark ere he returned, more weary as the night The room was not more than comfortably me, while her right hand moved as if to take trespass was made known to him. That after gone, and could not be restored; but whose moral sense of shame as to openly violate the

No light, nor warming hearth—things that "Conscience," I thought to myself, "must lie were sunken; her eyes seemed double their | so fatal to Emily had accidently dropped from

her moanings were more constant.

Day was just breaking as I left my young me!" patient to return home. The snow was still out of the carriage window, I saw a small boy the blood felt thin like water in the easily-com-It was the poor beggar-child, thin-clad, as of young and innocent! yesterday, with his pale cheek as white as the snow he toiled through. I called to the coachman to stop, as we were passing the child .--"Where are you going," I exclaimed, "in this to live?" "Yes, yes," she distinctly mur. made in vain. cold winter morning, my poor boy?"

He raised his large, dark eyes to my face; my heart grieved at their look of utter hopelessness, as he simply answered, "To beg for

"Are you not very cold in those thin clothes?" I asked. His little teeth chattered as he an-

The horses, impatient at resting, were pluncoachman asked if he had not better drive on. I gave the boy a few silver coins that were in claim. Your child, 'Emily,' take to your my pocket, and the carriage passed by. I haunts me to this day. As I drove on, memory was busy tracing where I had ever seen features like his. The dark hair that laid in uncombed curls upon his forehead, and clustered warmly about his neck, as though in head, and promised I would be a father to her. protection against the bitter cold; his large my young patient's countenance, something black eyes, with their long lashes; the chiseler, if she has sinned, has suffered much for gnocks. I opened the carriage door and plaled outline of his pose and mouth; these all struck me that somewhere I had seen a face had much to do in this over-action of matter. that strikingly resembled his. Poor boy! could I forget myself, unblessed as I am? But

cheek. "Heart-ache surely is here," I said summoned me immediately to see one of my ory returns now indistinctly from my early The mother watched my countenance with a leaving, I wrote a hurried note to Mrs. T-, small cottage in a deep wood, where my moth- a large wooden chair, lay the beggar-boy.— during the last three centuries, operated to painful solicitude. A faint harshness of ex- stating the cause of my sudden departure, de- er often came to see me, and a tall woman His cap had fallen on the ground, and his dark pression gave a certain rigidity to her fea- siring that she would call in, during my ab- who took care of me; then a gay carriage took curling hair fell clustering over his extended tures, which were still beatiful. There was sence, another physician. The young girl's me to a large house; but I never went back to arm as his head rested on it. He had seemingly something in the whole appearance of my pa- fate, and the beggar-boy's sad face, were al- the word again. There mother left me a long fallen asleep the night before, for his thin most forgotten, during the journey, in my time, and when she came back-Oh, doctor, I summer clothes were on, and his basket yet own cares.

> On the sixth day after, I again found myself at home. My first thought was for my

My suspense was not long: a messenger had just left, stating that the dear girl was fast to the hungry and fireless! ced her laboring under typhus fever. My God! how my heart sank as the words fell on my ear. Thad dreaded this mistake as I left .-Alas! how many have fallen by the name of a disease, and not by the disease itself! When will medical men learn to cast aside the shackles, tastened in ignorance, and which have so a wreck! The proud look of self-possession long clogged their progress? Thank God, was gone, suppliant dejection filling every feathe time is not far distant when the wretched ture; the haughty carriage bowed beneath a nosological works of the superanuated will weight, as though long years had robbed the have ceased to be read, and the dust of neglect | muscles of their strength and pliant mould. consign them to a merited grave. Read these Her voice, but of late so charged with represstomes, penderous in error, and one would be ed impulse, was now low, and every word

After a hurried meal, I drove rapidly to Mrs. T---'s. The weather had again turned intensely cold; the icy road cracked beneath my horse's feet. The only green thing showing was where here and there the wind had blown the snow-caps from the stunted cedartops. Earth looked arrayed for the grave.

The house-door was quietly opened by a servant: in another minute I stood in Emily's chamber. The mantel was crowded with nu- pilgrimage of time is near ended. You will man, the dell of Egeria, with its summer-birds merous vials; the close atmosphere of the room judge how great my sin, and how severe my and rustling lizards, the shapeless ruins of if not their total ruin; and among the habits sickened me. Daylight just sufficient to dis- punishment has been. I ask no forgiveness, Rome, overgrown with ivy and wall-flowers, which I have observed as tending most surely cern objects was admitted through a partly for there will be none left to forgive me. But the stars, the sea, the mountains-all were to ruin, I know of none more prominent than opened blind. My step was so light that no charity of feeling I beg from you; for I would more accessaries—the back-ground to one that of parents permitting their sons to be in one perceived my entrance. By the bed-side, not like to die knowing that you would retain dark and melancholy figure. with her head bowed down over one of her a severity of thought against one who, howdaughter's pale hands, which she held in both ever erring, had paid the forfeit by great suf- the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy and ces. They acquire, under the cover of night her own, sat the wretched mother. It seemed fering." to me as though ten years had passed over hea faded and care-worn countenance; her hair had same low, distinct voice. Well I knew her perennial waters of bitterness. Never was become gray! I could not move-my heart heart was nigh crushed! I soon left her and there such variety in monotony as that of Bystood still. On the young girl's temples, dark, sought her daughters chamber. How still ev- ron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamround, blue marks with crossed gashes, showed that the fatal cups had been at their work; long flame parted by the thickened wick-char, anguish of which he was not master. Year af- rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents the left arm, exposed by the withdrawn sleeve -blood also had been taken from the arm !- hands crossed upon her bosom, as though in all; that to be eminently wretched, is the desed from the carriage step-health glowed as and a tear flowed and ran off her cheek. Sud. Oh, God! how my heart ached. The doom of prayer. An orange blossom had dropped tiny of the eminent; that all the desires by streets after nightfall with a view of engaging the sweet sufferer had been thus surely sealed. from her grasp ad lay neglected by her side. which we are cursed lead alike to misery ;-if in out-of door sports, or meet other boys for Fatal error! The excilement of the brain had Her life-hand never touched it more. I pla- they are not gratified, to the misery of disapbeen mistaken for inflamation.

I approached the bed; for the first time the desolate mother heard my step, and turning quickly she sprang from the chair, and placing head on my chest. She sobbed wildly, as "What is it? What do you mean? My God though her heart would break.

"Look, look, doctor, would you have known The young girl fell back on her pillows. her? Oh God! she is leaving me-save her,

Poor child! her dark tongue was so thick

took the young girl's hand within my own .mere, a "I am very young-too young to die!" "Then, dear child, tell me, what has shocked your nervous system so terribly-tell me."

With a strength that startled me, she searched under the mattress side, and placed a small on me; the features that had so tormenred note in my hand. It was slightly discolored, as though by time. I opened it; the date was over twelve years back. It ran-

"When you receive this, Mira, my career will have ended. By my death you will inherit all. Let my unborn child have its just legal home, as though it were an adopted orphan .never saw that boy but once again. His look Let not her youth be blighted by the knowledge of her unblest birth. I forgive you .--Adien for ever .- H. T."

My God! the doomed child was illegitimate! I stooped down and kissed the sufferer's fore- dow panes. After a few minutes the horses periority of the Portuguese was unquestions-"Come," I whispered, "cheer up; your moth- hovel. Not a word answered the footman's is no less so. Compare Edinburgh and Floryour sake-forgive her."

"I do forgive her," she answered; "but I must live to know the truth. Oh where is of rugs with some straw apparently used for a happy. Yet whoever knows what Florence At breakfast, a letter was handed me which the right owner of all this wealth? My mem- bed, but it was unoccupied. Near the fire- and Edinburgh were in the generation prececan speak no more; do give me something to filled with the fragments of broken feasts, restrengthen me, and I will yet try to live!";;;

A cordial was administered by my own poor Emily. I dreaded to ask-there was hands, and in a short time sleep came over Quickly pushing back the hair from his cheek. something whispering at my heart that all her. Night again closed in; the wind had gone down as the sun set. Another night of cold was ushered in. Woe to the poor! Woe ing, for a tear lay frozen between the long

> The wretched mother still retained her room. By night-watch, and fast, and heart-corroding had now deserted her leaving every heartagony deeply line-graven on her faded countenance. In all my life I had never seen such too often becomes the forerenner of some

great life-change. As I entered late in the evening, I found her sitting in an easy-chair near the fire. A small private secretaire had been brought from the library to her chamber; its lid was down, and mighty force of England riding on its bosom, upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally as I seated myself she took from a package of the tower of Cintrea overhanging the shaggy apprehensive lest parents who are not foretied letters a sealed parcel and placed it in forest of cork-trees and willows, the glaring thoughtful, and who have not habituated

my hand.

death had claimed her as his bride?

I retired to my room in the house, and open- sembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or ed the sealed package. I briefly told its tale of Satan in the burning marl; who can master of sin and sorrow. How from first love Emily their agonies by the force of their will, and was the fruit; and how, unknown to all, the who, to the last, defy the whole power of peer; their lead lightens not, the' life lessens! eited mether's forehead like a thick dew .- had faded away; the round moulded cheeks shortly after found drowned. That the letter befall him here or hereafter.

natural size, and of a deeper color; the mouth | her secretaire, and was picked up by her, un-In the course of an hour, the sufferer slum- was seemingly swollon, whilst the lips parted known to the mother till the day before my bered heavily; her breathing was hurried and sluggishly from the dark, crust-covered teeth, return, when she missed it. It then spoke of you have come back to me-do try to save and that seized with an insane fury, she had resolved he should never inherit the father's name and wealth; and how, through the confailing. The tracts of wheels, made during and dry that her words were scarcely intelligi- nivance of a nurse, it was placed, with a sum the night, were nearly eraced. As I looked ble. I felt her pulses it was very rapid, and of money, at a beggar's door, and a dead child laid beside her in its stead. That before senstruggling knee-deep, in the unbroken snow. pressed vein. Death was at its work in the ding the infant away, she had its fathers initials tatooed on its left arm. All trace of the Sending the nurse from the room, I quickly child had been lost; the beggar woman had died, and another had taken it. At length her "Emily," I said to her, "do you really wish heart had reproached her, but search had been

> As I read the tale of crime and repentence memory traced out the features of the beggarboy, as he stood shivering in the deep snow before me. Like a sudden light, it burst upmy memory to recall were those of the unhappy mother. Quickly I walked to Mrs. T--- 's room; she was not there. I entered Emily's; the mother was clasping her daughter's shrouded body, weeping as though her heart would break. Gently bearing her back to her own chamber, Linformed her that perhaps another child long lost might be restored to her. She listened as one bewilderad. I then informed her of my seventure with the beggar-boy.

It was hardly day-dawn as I entered the mained untouched at his feet. I put my hand upon his beautiful head: it was icv cold! the unmistakeable evidence of death met my eye. He had apparently fallen asleep weep-

We raised the sitflened corps of the ill-fated youth, and tearing away the thin sleeve from memories, her energies had been suddenly his left arm, the letters H. T were discovered snapped. Pride and passion so long her friends, in light blue points. Deserted, famished, and forzen, Death had claimed the lone boy before he knew a mother's love.

#### Byron. PROM MAGAULAY.

Byron's descriptions, great as was there inrinsic merit, derived their principal interest from the feeling which always mingled with them. He was himself the beginning, the middle, and the end of all his own poetry, the Never had any writer so vast a command of

despair. That Marah was never dry. No art She spoke for some minutes longer, in the could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its moral, and profane language, obscene practicery thing seemed! The very candle with its entation, there was not a single note of human ucation of the bad, and capacity for becoming seemed not to flicker as it burnt on! I look- ter year, and month after month, he continued of her night dress, was bandaged at the elbow ed at the bed; the sweet girl lay with both to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of flexible rule, that will not permit a son under ced its stem gently back in her palm ; for pointment; if they are gratified, to the misery this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon of satiety. His principal heroes are men who A wild piercing shriek sounded through the have arrived by different roads at the same house; the erring mother now knew that she goal of despair, who are sick of life, who are at war with society, who are supported in their Whilst the shrouding of the dead took place, anguish only by an unconquerable pride, revoice, she bade me give her a quieting draught In a few minutes I returned to my patient's old T-, whom she never loved; and how, ite creations, as a man whose heart had been them not become, while formidg their characgathered on. Thus is it ever with the humble warm, yet the perspiration stood upon the ex- mine. How dry the palm was! Her color violently cursing her, he left her, and was invincible spirit dared the worst that could Sabbath day in street pastimes during its dare

Protestantism and Catholicism. PROM MACAULAY. The geographical frontier between the two religions has continued to run almost precisely where it ran at the close of the Thirty Years' War : nor has Protestantism given proofs of that "expansive power" which has been ascribed to it. But the Protestant boasts, and most justly, that wealth, civilization, and intelligence, have increased far more on the northern than on the southern side of the boundary; that countries so little favored by nature as Scotland and Prussia, are now among the most flourishing and best governed portions of the world-while the marble palaces of Genoa are deserted-while banditti infest the beautiful shores of Campania-while the fertile seacoast of the Pontifical State is abandoned to Buffaloes and wild boars. It cannot be doubted, that since the sixteenth century, the Protestant nations-fair allowance being made for physical disadvantages-have made decidedly greater progress than their neighbors. The progress made by those nations in which Protestantism though not finally successful, yet maintained a long struggle, and left perms. nent traces, has generally been considerable-But when we come to the Catholic Land, to the part of Europe in which the first spark of reformation was trodden out as soon as it appeared, and from which proceeded the impulse which drove Protestantism back, we find, at best, a very slow progress, and on the whole a retrogression. Compare Denmark and Procarriage. My breath froze agains, the win- tugal. When Luther began to preach, the sustopped before the wretched snow-covered ble. At present the superiority of the Danes ced my hand on the latch; the door opend; it soil, and to the fostering care of rulers, than was neither locked nor barred; for no thief any capital, Protestant or Catholic. In all would enter there. In the corner lay a bundle these respects, Florence has been singularly place, where naught but a little ashes and ding the Reformation, and what they are now well charred bark remained, half-reclining in will acknowledge that some great cause has,

raise one part of the European family, and to depress the other. Compare the history of England and that of Spain during the last contury. In arms, arts, sciences, letters, commerce, agriculture, the contrast is is striking. The distinction is not confined to this side of the Atlantic. The colonies planted by England in America, have immeasureably overgrown in power those planted by Spain. Yes we have no reason to believe that, at the be. ginning of the sixteenth century, the Castilian was in any respect inferior to the Englishman. Our firm belief is, that the North owes its great civilization and prosperity chiefly to the moral effect of the Protestant Reformation; and that the decay of the Southern countries of Europe is to be mainly ascribed to the great Catholic revival.

Boys out after Night.

The following observations of "A true friend of boys," are so important and the evil deprecated in them is so common, that we desire to impress them on the notice of parents and guardians with all the emphais of editorial recommendation.

"I have been an observer, as I am a sympahero, of every tale, the chief object in ev- thizing lover of boys. I like to see them ery landscape. Harold, Lara, Manfred, and a happy, cheerful, gleesome. Indeed, I can crowd of other characters, were universally hardly understand how a hightoned useful man considered merely loose incognitos of By- can be the ripened fruit of a boy who had not ron; and there is every reason to believe that enjoyed a full share of the glad privileges due he meant them to be so considered. The won- to youth. But while I watch with a very jealders of the outer world, the Tague, with the ous eye all rights and cusoms which entrench marble of Pentelicus, the banks of the Rhine, themselves to close observation upon this sub-"Read this, doctor, at your leisure. My the glaciers of Clarens, the sweet lake of Le- ject, permit their sons indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, the streets after nightfall.

> "It is ruinous to their morals in all instanan unhealthful state of mind-bad, vulgar, imes, criminal sentiments, a lawless and riotons bearing. Indeed it is in the street after nightfall that the boys principally acquire the edshould in this particular, have a rigid and inany circumstances whatever, to go into the social chance occupation. A right rule of deaden the desire for such dangerous practices.

Boys should be taught to have pleasure around the family centre table, in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusement. Boys are seen in the street after nightfall, behaving in a manuer entirely destructive of all good morals. Fathers and mothers, keep your children home at night, and see that you take pains to make your home pleasant, attractive and profitable to them; and above all, with a or evening hours."