

*The boy enjoys.* What more charming picture than the Prophetic poet paints when forecasting the happiness of the Church in these last times:—"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, there shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem and every man with his staff in his hand for very age; and the streets of the city shall be full of girls and boys playing in the streets thereof." Indeed boyhood is just another word for amusement. It is the period for fun and frolic; the period when the capacity to enjoy is most inventive and most powerful. It throws a charm over the most common place objects and invests with a value not easily computed the most indifferent things. What a mysterious worth do buttons possess in their estimation; and what diligent collectors of the most antique and rarest specimens! Your modern button, bone or pearl, of the diameter of a seven-pence-half-penny, or the tiny cross thing which glitters in the breast of your would-be dandy, is put down in his estimate at the value of *one*, but your antique specimen which was wont to grace the wristband or the lappels of his grandfather's marriage coat, of the breadth of a dollar with its burnished disc and its mysterious superscription, why that stands for six or it may be a dozen. "I say aunty," said a young rogue whom I have often dandled on my knee, a boy as lovely as he was frolicsome, "I say aunty how many buttons do you think are there?" holding out in his hand some half dozen of the more ancient and rare specimens; "Six," replied his nurse, "six, John;" "Six," exclaimed he, in perfect amazement; "six! aunty there are thirty six"! And a jack-knife; what a treasure! especially if it has two blades. And does he not hold himself some two or three inches more than straight the first time he discusses its qualities with his favourite schoolmates, who are each most anxious to test the purity and temper of the steel by marking the rate of the dissolving vapour which they had just breathed on it. And how could a boy get on without twine! It is one of his necessaries. It is essential to his plans. He can no more do without it than his mother can do without pins. It is in daily requisition, and sorely, sorely, is that house lacking of one of the first elements of comfort, which has not a regular supply of twine. But then this must never be known. Did he suppose he could get it *ad libitum*, just as much and as often as he thought proper, he would regard it as worthless. It is the scarcity which makes it so valuable in his own eye, and