

## Page for the Young.

### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted  
With life, little man?  
I will tell you a wonderful trick  
That will bring you contentment  
If anything can—  
Do something for somebody, quick;  
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired  
With play, little girl?  
Weary, discouraged and sick?  
I'll tell you the loveliest  
Game in the world—  
Do something for somebody, quick;  
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain  
Of the flood, little man,  
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,  
You can make the sun shine  
In your soul, little man—  
Do something for somebody, quick;  
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass  
Overhead, little girl,  
And the walk like a well-heated brick,  
And are earthly affairs  
In a terrible whirl?  
Do something for somebody, quick;  
Do something for somebody, quick!

### PROCRASTINATION.

The steamship "Central America," on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel, seeing her signal of distress, bore down toward her. Perceiving the danger to be imminent, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the "Central America": "What is amiss?" "We are in bad repair, and are going down. Lie by till morning," was the answer. "Let me take your passengers on board now." But as it was night, the commander of the "Central America" did not like to send his passengers away lest some might be lost, and thinking that they could keep afloat a while longer, replied, "Lie by till morning." Once again the captain of the rescue ship called, "You had better let me take them now." "Lie by till morning," was sounded back through the trumpet. About an hour and a half later her lights were missed; and though no sound was heard, the "Central America" had gone down and all on board perished, because it was thought they could be saved better at another time.

### WHAT OUGHT WE TO DO?

"Patty, come here; for I want to ask you some curious questions that my mother has

been asking me. What ought we to do in March, when the wind blows?"

"What ought we to do? Why, hold our bonnets fast, that they may not be blown away."

"Yes; but that is not the answer. I will tell you what it is: we ought to love one another."

"Very true; but I did not think of that."

"Now, for another question. What ought we to do in April, when the showers fall?"

"Why, put up an umbrella, or run under a tree, or into the house."

"You have not given me the right answer, now. This is the right answer: we ought to love one another."

"That is just the same as the other."

"Yes, it is. And now for my last question. What ought we to do when May comes, with its flowers?"

"Why, 'love one another,' I suppose."

"You are right, Patty. Let the month be what it may,—whether the wind blows, the showers fall, and the flowers spring, or not, just the same,—every month of the year, and every hour of the day, we ought to keep the commandment of the Saviour, 'Love one another.'"

### PERSEVERANCE.

Demosthenes, the poor stuttering son of a butler, became the most famous orator of ancient times. Virgil, the son of a baker, was the most celebrated of Latin poets. Æsop, the son of a slave, and almost a slave himself, managed to acquire imperishable fame. Thomas Wolsey, the son of a butcher, became cardinal of the Church of Rome, and next to the king, in his day the most powerful person in the English dominion. William Shakespeare, also the son of a butcher, yet one of the most famous poets the world has ever beheld. Oliver Cromwell rose from a comparatively humble station to be Protector of the English Commonwealth. Benjamin Franklin was a printer in his early days; he afterwards became one of the most celebrated philosophers and statesmen. William Guildford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was in youth an humble shoemaker apprentice, and, for want of paper, was obliged to work his algebraic problems upon leather with an awl. Robert Burns, a ploughman, of Ayrshire, Scotland, was afterwards the greatest of Scotch poets. James Cook, for a long time a common sailor, but afterwards, on voyages of discovery, sailed three times around the world. Jeremy Taylor was a barber's boy, and afterwards a D. D. Thomas Telford, the great civil engineer, was once a shepherd's boy. Inigo Jones was first a journeyman carpenter, and afterwards the chief architect of his age. Halley, the astronomer, was the son of a poor soap-boiler. Hayden, the composer, was the son of a poor wheelwright. Henry, the chemist, was the son of a weaver. And when you have read the lives of all these, ask yourself whether perseverance had not as much to do in making these men great, as any other quality which they possessed.