

MAN AND THE STREAMLET.

"Whither merry little streamlet,
Hast'nest thou on silver feet?"
"I am hurrying to the ocean,
Hurrying ocean's waves to greet."

"I am but a little brooklet,
And I would a river be;
And I'm ever pushing onward,
Till my waters find the sea."

"But a rill the morning found thee,
O'er thy waves the flowers bent;
Canst thou not, ambitious streamlet,
Canst not be therewith content?"

Then the brook to me replying,
"How can man reprove the stream;
Is not he forever trying
To obtain ambition's dream?"

"My pure waters, flowing onward,
Nourish flowers as they go;
You may trace each brooklet's pathway
By the flowers that round it grow."

"Ah, not thus with man's ambition,
Every path a desert shows;
Blackened ruins, desolation,
Follow him wh'er he goes."

"When man's lot in life is humble,
Let him learn content to be;
Then reprove ambitious streamlets,
As they're hurrying to the sea."

HOW TO GROW.

ONCE I read of a lively, fun-loving little fellow who was found standing in the garden, with his feet buried in the soil and his hand clasping a tall sunflower. His face was aglow with delight; and when his mother said, "Willie dear, what pleases you so much?" he replied, "Mamma, I'm going to be a man; I've planted myself to grow."

Willie seemed to think he was a plant and could draw food for growth from the soil. In this he was mistaken, as you know. Boys grow into men by means of food taken into the mouth, but to be real noble men, they must eat something more than bread and meat. They must eat facts.

"O! how can we do that?" exclaims some wee Willie.

"By thinking of them, my dear boy. Reading is the spoon with which you get the facts into your head. By thinking, you get to know what the facts really signify. Now, just as the bread, meat, vegetables and fruit you put into your mouth, makes the body grow, so the facts you think about make your mind grow. Be a reader and a thinker."

KILLING TIME.

NEVER "kill time," boys. He is your best friend. Use him well.—Don't let him slip through your fingers, as many do when they are young. The days of your boyhood are the most precious you will ever see.—The habits you get into will stick to you like wax. If they are good ones, life will be a pleasure, and above all a success—I mean a true success.—You may not grow rich, but your life will be a success, nevertheless.

If, on the contrary, you waste your early years, live for fun only, trifle with your opportunities, you will find after a while that your life is a failure—yes, even if you should be as rich as Cæsar.

One of the saddest things is to meet a man who has let golden opportunities go by him, just entering the battle of life, yet entirely unfitted for his position. He is to be pitied, and yet blamed. In this favored land every one can learn to read and write, for instance. But how often do we meet with young men utterly unable to write a dozen lines without making mistakes. Be assured, my young friends, that it will be a source of shame to you as men, if you do not pay attention to your education as boys.

The world is full of good books to read. You are surrounded by your friends and relatives. Be warned in time, and coin happiness and honor from the industry of the present, and you will not have read this page in vain.

THE BOY AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

A BOY had sold a cow, at a fair in England, in the year 1766. He was waylaid by a highwayman, who at a convenient place, demanded the money; on this the boy took to his heels and ran away; but being overtaken by the highwayman, who dismounted, he pulled the money out of his pocket, and strewed it about, and while the highwayman was picking it up, the boy jumped upon the horse and rode home. Upon searching the saddle-bags, there were found twelve pounds in cash, and two loaded pistols.

—Our Young Folks' Magazine.

Patience is very good, but perseverance is much better; while the former stands as a stone under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ring.