

## TANGLE-THREAD.

If you find that you like to have your way a good deal better than you like to have your mother to have hers; if you pout and cry when you cannot do as you please; if you never own that you are in the wrong, and are sorry for it—never, in short, try with all your might to be docile and gentle—then your name is Tangle Thread, and you may depend you cost your mother many sorrowful hours, and many tears. The best thing for you to do is to go away by yourself, and to pray to Jesus to make you see how naughty you are, and to make you humble and sorry. Then the old and soiled thread that can be seen by your mother in your life will disappear, and in its place there will come first a silver, and by and by, with time and patience and God's loving help, a sparkling and beautiful golden one. And do you know of anything in this world you would rather be, than somebody's Golden Thread and especially the Golden Thread of you: dear mamma, who has loved you so many years, who has prayed for you so many years, and who longs so to see you gentle and docile, like Him of whom it was said, "Behold the Lamb of God?"—*Mrs. Prentiss.*

## MANNERS.

There is nothing which adds to a boy's success in life, next to honesty of purpose, as the practice of good breeding wherever he goes—on the sidewalks, in the buggy, as well as in the parlor. If you meet a boy who refuses to give you half the road or turn out on the sidewalk you may class him as a boy with no sense of justice in his soul. When we speak of a polite boy we do not wish to be understood as referring to one who bows low, and takes off his hat simply, but we mean the honest face—the one who always carries a smile on his countenance—we mean the one who has a kind salutation when he meets you in the morning, and a pleasant "good-night" in the evening—a boy whose face is always void of offence.

## SOPHIA L——.

Some years ago a young lady began to visit her pastor's study as a religious inquirer. It was during a revival, and on every hand her young friends were coming to Christ. But there she stood at the very threshold of the kingdom, wistfully looking over, as if her feet were

chained. She made no advance. Her pastor and her friends were equally puzzled. Prayer was offered for her, and the plainest instruction given; but she remained unmoved, excepting to regret that she could not become a Christian. At last, after three months' labor and anxiety, her pastor said,

"I can do nothing with Sophia L——; she is perfectly unmanageable. I doubt if she will ever yield to the claims of the gospel."

"What is the trouble? Can you not discover the obstacle in her way?" was asked.

"I find she is an inveterate novel-reader, and I have come to the conclusion that this will keep her out of the kingdom."

"Can she not be persuaded to give up her novels?"

"That is not the point entirely. She has wasted her sensibilities over unreal objects so long—so continually reversed right and wrong, looking at vice in the garb of virtue, and of virtue in that of unworthiness and injustice [that she has destroyed her moral sense. She assents to truth, but seems to have no power to grasp it; she knows what is right, but has no energy of will to do it. Her mind is diseased and enervated, and I fear, hopelessly so."

When we look at the young people daily flocking to the public libraries for the latest novels, or see them lounging away their best hours over the story-papers and the magazines, when we hear of this one or that one who "does nothing but read novels the whole day through, we think of Sophia L——, who is "perfectly unmanageable" on points of truth and duty, and wonder if they too must be given over to mental and moral disease and death.

Many of these eager consumers of light literature profess to be Christians. Pastor and parents are longing to see them become earnest Christians, and wonder that they are so impassive and inefficient. These are they who crave worldly amusements, "who cannot see why" they may not dance, and go to the theater, and drink wine and play cards, if they only balance their gayety with an occasional prayer meeting or a class in the mission-school. How they clog the wheels of the church, to which they cling like dead weights! They seem to expect the church to carry them, rather than that they should themselves press into the kingdom of heaven.

Young friends, if you would not fail of everlasting life beware of novel-read-