

when mother has been shopping, and passes you on the corner, carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, "let me carry that for you, mother," but keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boys. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she has passed in.

Such a "little thing," do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman is a beautiful word. First, man—and that means everything brave, and strong, and noble, and then gentle—and that means full of all these little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentle man! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud! I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.

CHURN SLOWLY.

A little maid in the morning sun
Stood merrily singing and churning—
"Oh, how I wish this butter was done,
Then off to the fields I'd be turning!"
So she hurried the dasher up and down
Till the farmer called with a half-made frown:
"Churn slowly!"

"Don't ply the dasher so fast, my dear,
It's not so good for the butter,
And it will make your arms ache, too, I fear,
And put you all in a flutter;
For this is a rule, wherever we turn,
Don't be in haste whenever you churn—
Churn slowly!"

"If you'd see you butter come nice and sweet,
Don't churn with nervous jerking,
But ply the dasher slow and neat—
You'd hardly know that you're working;
And, when the butter has come, you'll say,
'Yes, this is surely the very best way'—
Churn slowly!"

Now, little folks, do you think that you
A lesson can find in butter?
Don't be in haste whatever you do,
Or get yourself in a flutter;
And while you stand at life's great churn,
Let the farmer's words to you return,
"Churn slowly!"

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU FILL UP WITH.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but he had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips. And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced the son said:

"Father, they roll off, I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You say you didn't know how you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold much more than so much; and here you have been the past month filling it up with rubbish—worthless, cheap novels."

The boy turned on his heel and whistled and said:

"Whew! I see the point."

THE BABY BOYS.

Two little baby boys I own;
The elder scarcely walks alone;
His sunny hair and light brown eyes,
His earnest look of sweet surprise,
His funny ways and joyous shout,
I could not tell you all about
If I should try a year.

He creeps so fast to catch his toys,
And then he sets up such a noise;
His horse, and dog, and book, and bell,
He throws them all about pell-mell,
Oh, Mother Goose! if you could see
This little boy, so full of glee,
Your sides would ache, I fear.

In hammock low, among the trees,
Rocked back and forth by passing breeze,
The baby swings and coos to see
The gentle rustle of the tree,
The lights and shade, the leaves that fall;
The sunshine brooding over all—
'Tis Indian summer here.

Way over head, in the blue sky,
The down clouds float softly by,
A lullaby fair nature sings,
And through the air its music rings;
All things peaceful tenor keep;
My little one falls fast asleep,
His mother watching near.

Two baby boys! a God of love
Sends as a gift from heaven above;
And like the shifting rainbow bright,
Tinging the drifting clouds with light,
Their souls so fine and sweet shine out,
Breaking through mists of grief and doubt,
And make my pathway clear.

POLITENESS IN CHILDREN.

Do not permit Sussie or Jennie, unreprieved, to bother or tease or annoy Bridget in the kitchen. Never let them allude to her as the "servant girl," or speak of "servant girls" in her presence. The phrase may define her position, but she does not like to hear it, and it takes off the bloom of their refinement every time they use it. Do not jump to pick up your own thimble which has rolled away, when Charlie is in the room. Let him bring it to you and say "thank you" to him for the kindness. Do not encourage in yourselves the habit of criticising and commenting on the foibles or faults of any member of your own family. There is nothing gained by it, and a great deal is lost. Love itself is often choked back and hindered in its growth by the rank sturdiness of weeds which spring up against it, unchecked in houses where people say all manner of ungentle speeches to each other. If you want to cultivate real happiness, cultivate goodness. Think more of others' excellent qualities than of their failings, and be gentle and amiable to all.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other; the night's coming on,
When friend and when brother perchance may be gone;
Then midst our dejection how sweet to have earned
The fond recollection of kindness returned.

Let falsehood assail not, nor envy reprove,
Let trifles prevail not against those you love;
Nor change with to-morrow, should fortune take wing,
But the closer the sorrow the closer still cling.

—In the good old days of yore though a person could not have two Christian names at one and the same time, that is, could not be called John and James, yet he could, according to the rules of the Church of England, receive one name at his baptism and another when he was confirmed; for no one was forced to abide by the name given him by his godfather and godmother, when he came himself to make a public profession of his religion. But he did not by taking the new name lose the old one.—*Bacon's Abr.*, vol. 4, p. 753.

GOOD MORNING.

Don't forget to say good morning! Say it to your parents, your brothers, your sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully with a smile; it will do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is also of all kind, heartsome greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly. Let no morning pass that you do not help to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.—If you perceive that anything in your ways make your parents unhappy, you ought to have no peace until you have corrected it; and if you find yourself indifferent or insensible to their will and wishes, depend upon it yours is a carnal, disobedient, ungrateful heart. If you love them keep their commandments, otherwise love is a mere word in the mouth, or a notion in the fancy, but not a ruling principle in the heart. They know much of the world, you very little; trust them, therefore, when they differ from you and refuse compliance with your desire. They watch over you for your good, and are entitled to great deference and cheerful obedience. You may easily shorten the lives of affectionate and conscientious parents by misconduct, bad tempers, and alienation from their injunctions. Let not this sin be laid to your charge.

HONOR THY MOTHER.—It was a cold dark night in winter. The wind blew, and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and notwithstanding the storm the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear him.

William Annesly, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother:

"Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had now grown up so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far before he said:

"I am very proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who, in his helpless infancy, watched over him.

—A pupil of Abbe Sincord gave the following extraordinary answers:—

—What is gratitude? Gratitude is the memory of the heart. What is hope? Hope is the blossom of happiness. What is the difference between hope and desire? Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit. What is eternity? A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no end. What is time? A path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb. What is God? The necessary being, the Sum of Eternity, the Merchant of Nature, the Eye of Justice, the Watchmaker of the Universe, the Soul of the World.

MARRIED

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. Wm. Hinds, Incumbent of Wardsville, the Rev. Joseph H. Moorehouse, Incumbent of Bervie, County of Bruce, to Miss Lorinda Jane Dobbyn, daughter of Richard Dobbyn, of Euphemia, County of Lambton.

At Albion Mines, N. S., Oct. 2nd, by Rev. D. C. Moore, Mr. Wm. Bowron of that parish, to Mrs. Jane Sayres, of Summerside, P. E. I.