

IT'S WHAT YOU SPEND.

A wise economy is a very different thing from a sordid penuriousness: while the latter should always be condemned, too much cannot be urged in behalf of the former.

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite, for it was but Franklin's in another shape; "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves it is only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the sea shore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day, even, is thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day only is so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars. Every sixteen years, ten cents a day becomes six hundred dollars, and if invested quarterly, does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well then, John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much. But he knew that in making such a sum a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would constantly keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses, and when, on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went to." To save is the golden rule to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step towards the poor house.

BEE CULTURE

The world is again waking up as to the value of bees. Corsica formerly produced so much wax that in the year 175 B. C., the Romans imposed upon the inhabitants an annual tribute of 100 000 pounds of this valuable commodity. And some years after the island having revolted, a tax of twice that was forthwith levied and duly paid. From this circumstance, some faint idea may be gathered of the quantity of honey gathered there at that period. Wax is to honey, in the Mediterranean isles, in the proportion of 1 to 15 or 20. Taking for 200,000 pounds of wax the lowest multiplier, 15, it will be seen that Corsica then produced three millions weight of honey. Brittany is another French Province which has been equally famous in this same kind of production. We learn from the records of the Chamber of Commerce at Rennes, that in the eighteenth century six hundred and fifty millions of wax was bleached every year; but it must be remembered that in that climate the proportion of wax to honey is as 1 to 30 or 36. The product of Brittany, then in A. D. 1700, was 19,500,000 pounds—nineteen and a half millions of pounds of honey! M. Debeauvoys, who has been at the pains of making all this delicate research, and who has proved himself to be a very learned as well as successful apiarian, very pertinently asks his countrymen, in a recently published pamphlet, why this famous product of times past cannot now be repeated, and, under systematic management, made a source of immense profit; and the more readily, as the labor is always so very slight to the farmer, who in less thickly settled regions of Corsica and Brittany can raise bees in unlimited quantities.

THE PENITENT SCHOLAR.

School is out. The last lesson has been recited, and the evening hymn sung, and the shouts of merry voices are heard on the green. Their spirits overflow like long pent-up waters. But one of their number remains behind. All is quiet now in the school room. There sits the teacher at her desk, with a sad and troubled look.

At one of the desks before her, sits a boy, whose flushed countenance and flashing eye tell of a struggle within. His arms are proudly folded, as in defiance, and his lips are compressed. He will never say, "I am sorry, will you forgive me?" No! not he. His breath comes thick and fast, and the angry flush upon his cheek grows a deep crimson. The door stands invitingly open. A few quick steps, and he can be beyond the reach of his teacher. Involuntarily his hand snatches up his cap, as she says, "George come to me." A moment more and he has darted out, and is away down the lane. The teacher's face grows more sad; her head sinks upon the desk, and tears will come, as she thinks of the return he is making for all her love and care for him.

The clock strikes five, and slowly putting on her bonnet and shawl, she prepares to go, when, looking out at the door, she sees the boy coming toward the school-house now taking rapid steps forward, as though fearful his resolution would fail him; then pausing, as if ashamed to be seen coming back. What has thus changed his purpose?

Breathless with haste, he has thrown himself down upon the green grass by the side of the creek, cooling his burning cheeks in the pure, sweet water; and as gradually the flush faded away, so in his heart died away the anger he felt towards his teacher.

The south wind as it stole by, lifting the hair from his brow, seemed to whisper in his ear, "This way, little boy, this way," and voices within him murmured, "Go back, go back." He started to his feet. Should he heed those kind words—should he go back? Could he go? Ah! here was the struggle. Could he be man enough to conquer his pride and anger, and in true humility retrace his steps, and say "forgive?" Could he go back? As he repeated the words he said to himself, "I will go back;" and the victory was won. Soon, with downcast eye, and throbbing heart, he stood before his teacher, acknowledging in broken accents his fault, and asked forgiveness.

The sunbeams streamed in through the open window, filling the room with golden light, but the sunlight in those hearts was brighter yet. Ah, children, if you would always have the sunlight in your hearts, never let the clouds of anger rise to dim your sky.

He was a hero. He conquered himself; and Solomon says "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that ruleth a city." At first he cowardly ran away; but his courage came again; he rallied his forces, and took the city. Brave is the boy that has courage to do right, when his proud heart says I will not.—*New York Observer.*

TRUANCY.

An Act to prevent Truancy from School in the City of Providence, Rhode Island.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. The Board of Aldermen of the City of Providence, may, at any time after the passage of this act, and annually thereafter, appoint one or more discreet and suitable persons in said city, whose duty it shall be to see that all children, truants from school, between six and fifteen years of age, residing in said city, who are without lawful occupation, and are growing up in ignorance, are placed and kept in some public or private school in said city. Said persons, so appointed, shall be called supervisors of schools, and shall have power to hear and examine complaints and at their discretion to take such children to school; and in case of continued truancy, with the approbation of the Board of Aldermen of said city, as is hereinafter provided, may commit any such children to the Reform School in said city.

Sec. 2. When any supervisor cannot induce any such child regularly to attend some school in said city, he shall report the name of such child, with their parents or guardians, to be brought before them by said supervisor, and the matter shall then be, by said Board, fully investigated; and if upon a full hearing of the case, said Board determine that said child cannot be kept at school, and that such child is growing up in ignorance, having no lawful occupation, said Board may order said supervisor to commit said child to the Reform School for a term not exceeding the period of his minority.—*Hon. E. R. Potter's Report, 1854.*

ARE THE BIBLE AND PRAYER ENTITLED TO ANY PART OF SCHOOL TIME?

The Bible cannot be held sectarian, except by such as hold to some other standard of religion and practice, or to none at all. If a man believes in the Koran, the Bible, of course is sectarian to him, and his conscience will be opposed to its use in schools. If Confucius, or Zoroaster, is his teacher, instead of Jesus Christ, he will not wish or think it right for the Bible to be read in the public schools.

So, prayer to Jehovah, at the opening and close of school, cannot, one would think, be objected to, except by those who believe rather in praying to Jupiter, or Mars, or Mammon, or to nothing at all. All who really believe in Jehovah, believe that he ought to be worshipped and invoked on all important occasions at least; and the heathen did, and now do, no less to their supposed deities on all important and many unimportant occasions. A Jew, of course, would not approve my praying to Christ at the opening of my school; and a Mahomedan would demand a recognition of Mahomet as God's greatest prophet, and a Chinese would say, "Worship my Buddha, or nothing."

Now, how many in all, in any one of our States, would be found to object on these grounds, and such as these, to the use of the Bible, and the practice of prayer to Jehovah in our public schools? Comparatively few in our States, and of these few, not one is *obliged* to send his children to the Bible-reading, God-worshipping school. Every one sends, if he sends at all, of his own motion and choice, and should therefore take, without a word of complaint on the score of conscience such a school as the majority give him. If he thinks the Bible and prayer hurt his children, let him take them away, and suffer the overwhelming majority of parents to have, and to keep up such schools as they conscientiously believe alone fitted to train their children in the way they should go.

Do you say, the property of these conscientious objectors should not then be taken to support schools of whose privileges they cannot conscientiously avail themselves? Very well, remit their taxes. Let the property of friends is taxed to support the government of the Union; and if the government should use the proceeds of such taxes to carry