

I can't do that,' he requested the teacher not to be so hard with him. But it was different with the father of the other boy, named Henry. 'Don't give up, my boy! Try again; and if not successful, try again and again. You can do it; I know you can.' Thus encouraged, the boy persevered, and in every case overcame the difficulties in his way. Soon, although his mind was not naturally so active as the mind of his companion, he was in advance of him.—When they left school, which was about the same time, he was by far the better scholar. Why was this? He did not give up because his task was hard; for he had learned this important lesson—that we can do almost anything, if we try.

"Well, these two boys grew up towards manhood, and it became necessary for them to enter some business. Charles was placed by his father with a surgeon, but he did not stay there long. He found it difficult in the beginning to remember the names and uses of the various organs of the body, and soon became so much discouraged that his father thought it best to alter his intentions regarding him, and he put him into a merchant's counting-house, instead of continuing him as a student of medicine. Here Charles remained until he became of age. Some few years afterwards he went into business for himself, and got on pretty well for a time; but every young man who enters upon the world dependent upon his own efforts, meets with difficulties that only courage, confidence, and perseverance can overcome. He must never think of giving up. Unfortunately for Charles these virtues did not make a part of his character. When trouble and difficulties came, his mind sunk under a feeling of discouragement; and he 'gave up,' at a time when all that was needed for final success was a spirit of indomitable perseverance that removes all obstacles. He sank, unhappily, to rise no more. In giving up the struggle, he let go his hope in the future; and ere he had reached the prime of life found himself shattered in fortune, and without the energy of character necessary to repair it.

"Henry was sent as a student of medicine to the same surgeon with whom Charles was placed. At first when he looked into the books of anatomy, and heard the names of bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, etc., it seemed to him that he could never learn these names, much less their various uses in the human body. For a short time he gave way to a feeling of discouragement; but then a thought of the many hard tasks he had learned, by application, came over his mind, and with the words, 'Don't give up!' upon his tongue, he would apply himself with renewed efforts. Little by little he acquired the knowledge he was seeking. Daily he learned something; and it was not long before he could mark the steps of his progress. This encouraged him greatly. Some new and greater difficulties presented themselves; but, encouraged by past triumphs, he encountered them in a confident spirit, and came off conqueror. Thus Henry went on while Charles gave up quickly.—In the end the former graduated with honour, and then entered upon the practice of the profession he had chosen. There was much to discourage him at first. People do not readily put confidence in a young physician; and he had three or four years before he received practice enough to support himself, even with the closest economy. During this long period, in which the motto, 'Don't give up,' sustained him, he unhappily got into debt for articles necessary for health and comfort. While this greatly troubled him, it did not dishearten him. 'I can and will succeed,' he often said to himself. 'Others have met and overcome greater difficulties than mine; why then should I give up?' A little while longer he persevered, and had the pleasure to find himself free from debt. From that time a prosperous way was before him, though he had often to fall back upon the old motto, 'Don't give up!' Many years have passed, and Henry is now professor of anatomy in ——— University."

"Why, father, that is you!" exclaimed the listening boy, the interest on his face brightening into pleasure. "Yes, my son," replied Mr. W——; "I have been giving you my history." "But what became of Charles?" inquired Edward. "You know the janitor in our college?" said Mr. W——. "Yes, sir." "He it is who, when a boy, was my schoolmate. But he gave up at every difficulty. See where he is now! He has a good mind, but lacked industry, perseverance, and a will to succeed. You can do almost anything, my boy, if you only try in good earnest. But, if you give up when things are a little hard, you must never expect to rise in the world, to be useful according to your ability, either to yourself or mankind. Now try the hard problem again; I am sure you will get the right answer." "I will try," said Edward, confidently; "and I know it will come out right next time." And so it did.—Far happier was he, after this successful effort, than he could have been, if yielding to feeling, he had left his task unaccomplished. And so will all find it. Difficulties are permitted to stand in our way that we may overcome them; and only in overcoming them can we expect success and happiness. The mind, like the body, gains strength and maturity by vigorous exercise. It must feel, and brave, like the oak, the rushing storms, as well as bask amid gentle breezes in the warm sunshine.—*British Mother's Journal.*

7. THE HISTORY OF TWO SCHOOLMATES.

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Permit me to tell you a story concerning two school-boys, whom I well knew. They were not twins, as their names and ages might indicate. There was but a day's difference in their ages, and their names were John and Joseph.

They were schoolmates, but their parentage and circumstances were very different. John was fortunate in having pious parents, of temperate habits, who always instructed their children, by precept and example, in wisdom's ways, and against the ensnaring vices of the age, especially tobacco and rum.

But Joseph was unfortunate. Though his parents were church-members, yet his mother was a snuff-taker, and I believe the whole family were tobacco-users and brandy-drinkers; for his father kept a still-house for making cider-brandy, so that they always kept the "pure stuff" on hand, and of course used it liberally.

Joseph had a number of brothers, some of whom, as might be expected under such circumstances, found drunkards' graves; and they had things convenient, as one might fancy, for there was a burying-ground right opposite, and this, in connection with the still house, seemed very appropriate.

Joseph began to chew tobacco when quite young and continued it, and brandy-drinking also, which made him a sot in his teens. Think of it—a sot in life's early morning, when, if ever, life should be fair, joyous, and pure! Possessing as good natural advantages as John, or perhaps any other person, still, when the dew and freshness of youth should have been upon him, he appeared old and miserable, and, before he was twenty-one, he had paid the penalty of violated physical laws, and slept in a drunkard's grave,

"With his wealth of life all wasted."

But John took a different course. Adhering to the example and council of his parents, he has never used tobacco nor strong drinks. He has lived to see three times the age of Joseph, and is yet alive, in his sixty-third year, enjoying a good measure of health, and is a strong advocate of the anti-tobacco cause, and other reforms. He is the writer of this article, and this is a slight sketch of his own history, in contrast with that of his young companion.—J. M. in *Trask's Journal.*

8. THE POWER OF PENCE.

The Rev. J. B. Owen says:—A Manchester calico-printer was, on his wedding-day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced at the bargain; for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife.

They both worked hard; and he poor man, was seldom out of the public-house while the factory was closed.

The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast but, as she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted and even selfish allowance for housekeeping meet the demands, he never complained.

She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts. At odd times, she succeeded, by dint of one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions.

They had been married a year; and, on the morning of the wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her with some shade of remorse, as he observed—

"Mary, we have had no holiday since we were married; and only that I haven't a penny in the world, we would take a trip to see your mother."

"Would you like to go John?" asked she, softly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak kindly as in old times. "If you would like to go, John, I'll treat you."

"You treat me," he said, with half a sneer; "have you a fortune then?"

"Nay," said she; "But I have the pint of ale."

"The what?" said he, quite astonished.

"The pint of ale," was the reply.

John still did not understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 365 three-pences (i. e., £4 11s. 3d.), put it into his hand, exclaiming, "You shall have the holiday, John."

John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten, charmed. He wouldn't touch it. "Haven't you had your share? Then I'll have no more," he said.

They kept their wedding-day with the old dame; and the wife's