

appeared to have done it. Wicked instruments were often used to work out good. God had answered her prayer and it was enough. She only hoped we would not be ashamed of having knelt by our lonely schoolmistress.

Ashamed! For the first time in our lives we threw our arms around Abby Punderson's neck and kissed her. Poor soul! she hardly knew how to take it; those withered lips had been so long unused to kisses that they began to tremble as ours touched them. We were very young and could not comprehend why she hid her face between those stiff hands and wept so piteously.

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.

Take life just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as if it was a grand opportunity to do and achieve; to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labours earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolises; yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he *will*, and follow it up, he may expect to accomplish anything reasonable.

SELF-CONTROL.

A merchant had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing his voice, called out from the top of the stairs, "Tell the rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, looking up to him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck afterwards with the

meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right, and that he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you. How were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?"—"Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful; and I found it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spoke loud; and I thought if I could control my voice I should repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper." The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may do, benefited by his example.

PRESENTLY.

Never say you will do *presently* what your reason or your conscience tells you you should do *now*. No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others, wisely and well, who dealt much in *presently*. Look at Nature. If she never hurries she never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look upward. The shining worlds never put off their rising or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments; and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been pre-determined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so, too frequently to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by indolence upon the future are pretty sure to be dishonoured. Make *now* your banker. Do not say you will economise *presently*, for *presently* you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent or make atonement *presently*, for *presently* you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers, and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five, *presently* is TOO LATE.

ADVANTAGES OF LABOUR.

There is a very false notion in the world respecting employment. Thousands imagine that if they could live in idleness they would be perfectly happy. This is a great mistake. Every industrious man and woman knows that nothing is so tiresome as being unemployed. During some seasons of the year we have holidays, and it is pleasing on these occasions to

see the operative enjoy himself; but we have generally found that after two or three days recreation the diligent mechanic or labourer becomes quite unhappy. Often he sighs over the wretchedness of being idle. The fact is, we are made to labour; and our health, comfort, and happiness depend upon exertion. Whether we look at our bodies or examine our minds, everything tells us that our Creator intended that we should be active. Hands, feet, eyes, and mental powers, show that we were born to be doing. If we had been made to be idle, a very large portion of our bodily and mental faculties would be redundant.

FORGIVENESS.

Amongst all the proverbs, maxims and apothegms, which the poets have furnished, there is none more useful than the familiar line,

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

The context of this conveys such admirable advice, that it deserves equal familiarity, running, as it does, thus:

"For every trifle scorn to take offence—
That always shows great pride or little sense;
Good nature and good sense must always join.
To err is human, to forgive divine."

It cannot be too familiarly or strongly impressed upon the minds of our young readers, that there is nothing more beautiful than forgiveness of real injuries. And, as for imaginary ones—the trifles spoken of by the poet—it should require no effort to overlook them in our erring fellow-beings.

IGNORANCE.

There was a time when Ignorance could scarcely be called a vice. In the dark ages, ignorance was a matter of necessity with the great bulk of mankind; and we ought rather to pity the mistaken notions and rude ferocity of manners to which that ignorance gave rise, as inevitable consequences of a cause over which our ancestors had no control, than to ridicule the former, or declaim against the latter. But in the present enlightened state of our country, the meanest among us has no excuse for being ignorant. To the poorest and humblest, means of information and improvement are now accessible which in the earlier and dark ages did not exist, even for the wealthy and noble.

CURE FOR CORNS—For the benefit of those who hobble through the world under the affliction of corns, a Correspondent sends us the following, which is said to be a thorough cure:—"A little white bread soaked in vinegar, applied to the corn night and morning, will remove it in a short time. I have tried it, and four applications cured my corns." We would suggest that the soaked bread be laid on as a poultice, a piece of oilskin being bound on to keep it moist.—*Family Her.*