

Just find peace and gladness in the thought that you've passed the morning doing your duty, and your own heart commends you, and that's more than Augustus can say, although he has the money and the credit which rightfully belonged to you."

And Robert Warren rose up, and the cloud had vanished from his face, and when he joined his uncle and his cousin once more, the former said—

"Why, my boy, how happy you look!"

"I feel so, sir!" answered Robert Warren.

Dear children, all of us, the old and the young, have in this world to bear our cross of injustice. It is a hard and cruel thing, but it has its sweet and hidden uses. And happy are we if we learn to take this cross quietly and bear it bravely, knowing that if our hearts approve us, the neglect or condemnation of others cannot do us harm. We must expect to be blamed and wronged sometimes, to see others claim and receive our rights, and it is natural and proper that we should feel indignation at these things; for God has implanted in all human souls a sense of justice deep as life itself.

But we can cultivate a spirit which will neutralize much of the sting and pain which a trespass on our rights so naturally inflicts; and we shall escape much suffering by resolving to do our duty, certain that God will approve it, and thus our souls need not always be torn with petty, narrow, selfish feelings, with heart-burnings and aching, but can grow calm and sweet and strong. So be sure that you carry in your hearts the sweet consciousness of never inflicting injustice upon others, and when it falls upon you, may God help you in a right spirit to take and bear it.

THE MEASURE OF STRENGTH.

There is a lesson in the following, which we should well consider, when judging of others:—

"The measure of the strength of a thing, is the measure of the strength of the weakest part. To put it in simple phrase, the strength of your table is the strength of the weak leg, not that of the sound ones. Apply this rule to character, and at once many things are explained. We have all been perplexed at the numerous brilliant failures we have observed—men with talents so fine and promise so great, accomplishing little or no-

thing in the life-battle; and we are puzzled daily at the learned, able men, whose judgments are all awry, and who founder in great seas of light. They are victims to this severe law of mental mechanics, which renders their strength of character only up to the level of their weakness—fatal 'rifts within the lute,' too often making 'the music mute.'"

There is a lesson, as we have said, in this, and it should lead to the careful study not only of ourselves, but of all who in any way come under our influence.—Let us find out, as far as may be possible, the measure of our own and of their strength, and see to it that failure or ruin do not come of an overstrain. The weakest part should be always most carefully guarded.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

We do not know the author of these hints to young ladies—but they are so good, that we endorse them:—Loveliness! It is not your costly dress, ladies, your expensive shawl, or gold-laden fingers. Men of good sense look far beyond these. It is your character they study—your deportment. If you are trifling and loose in your conversation, no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel, you have no attractions for them. If it is the loveliness of nature that attracts the first attention, it is the mental and moral excellence and cultivation that wins and continues to retain the affection of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow little or no thought on their minds and hearts. Fools may be won by gewgaws and fashionable and showy dresses; but the wise, the prudent and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty and virtue be your dress. Use pleasant and truthful language, study to do good, and though you may not be courted by the fop, the truly great will love to linger in your steps.

WHAT OUR PRINCESSES LEARN.

At the seaside residence of Queen Victoria, in the Isle of Wight, a large portion of the pleasure-grounds is appropriated to the young princes and princesses, who have each a flower and a vegetable garden, greenhouses, hothouses, and forcing-frames, nurseries, tool-houses, and

even a carpenter's shop. Here the royal children pass many hours of their time.—Each is supplied with a set of tools marked with the name of the owner; and here they work with the enthusiasm of an amateur and the zeal of an Anglo-Saxon.—There is no branch of gardening in which the royal children are not at home.

Moreover, on the juvenile property is a building, the ground-floor of which is fitted up as a kitchen, with pantries, closets, larders, and dairy, all complete in their arrangements; and here may be seen the young princesses, arrayed in their aprons and cooking jackets, floured to the elbows, deep in the mysteries of pastry-making, like rosy farm girls, cooking the vegetables from their own gardens, preserving, pickling, baking, sometimes to partake among themselves, or to distribute to the poor of the neighbourhood, as the result of their own handiwork. The Queen is determined that nothing shall remain unlearned by her children; nor are the young children ever happier than while thus engaged.

Over the domestic establishment is a museum of natural history, furnished with curiosities collected by the young party in their rambles and researches—geological and botanical specimens, stuffed birds and animals, articles of their own construction, and whatever is curious or interesting, classified and arranged by themselves. Here the most exalted and purifying tastes are cultivated. Here nature, common to all, is studied and admired; while beyond this, a capability of entering into the condition of the people, and a sympathy with their labors, is acquired by a practical knowledge of what labour is; and though we need scarcely suppose that the royal children weary themselves as those who gain their bread by the sweat of their brow, yet even in their moderate digging and working, they must learn the better to appreciate the results of labour in the luxuries surrounding them.

This is the picture of which the English nation may justly be proud. There is not such another royal family on the face of the earth.

Why does a blacksmith seem the most dissatisfied of all mechanics? Because he is continually striking for wages

If five and a half yards make a pole, what's the length of an Hungarian?