

'My dear boy,' said I, 'that isn't what I want. Run, and jump, and shout as much as you please; skate and slide, and snowball; but do it with politeness to other boys and girls, and I'll agree you shall find just as much fun in it. You sometimes accuse me of undue love for Burke Holland, whom you say I pet more than any of my child-friends. Can I help it? For though he gets into scrapes in plenty, and is thoroughly frolicsome, his manners are always good. You never see him with his chair tipped up, or his hat on in the house. He never pushes ahead of you to get first out of the room. If you are going out, he holds open the door; if weary, it is Burke who brings a glass of water, places a chair, hands a fan, springs to pick up your handkerchief—and all this without being told to do so, or interfering with his own gaiety in the least. Moreover, this attention is not given to me as the guest, or to Mrs. Jones when he visits her, but mamma, aunt Jenny and little sister, just as carefully; at home, in school, or at play, there is always just so much guarding against rudeness. His courtesy is not merely for state occasions, but a well-fitting garment worn constantly.'

'Why, I understand; he treats everybody just as Bernard does Cousin Zilpha,' explained little Daisy.

'Ahem—yes,' I assented, 'I think his good-breeding, or gentlemanliness is, after all, genuine loving-kindness. In fact that is exactly what real politeness is—carefulness for others, and watchfulness over ourselves, lest our angles shall interfere with their comfort. I am sure I think we all ought to cultivate it. The apostle Peter must have deemed it important, when among other charges he bade the brethren 'be pitiful, be courteous.'

'I knew you wouldn't let us off without a sermon,' said Wilfred, half sulkily.

'Hush up, you grumbler!' said Horace. 'Cousin is right. We all will begin to be polite at once. We'll be as polite as the man I read about the other day—somebody great too—but I can't remember his name—any way, somebody, who when he tumbled over an old cow lying across the sidewalk one dark

evening, took off his hat and said, 'Excuse me, Madam!''

How the children laughed! So our 'talk' ended in a frolic, which lasted till the children's bedtime.—*Congregationalist*.

#### ALL RIGHT; OR, TRUE OBE- DIENCE.

"'Aunt Mary, may I go on the top of the house and fly my kite?' asked Henry Alford one day. Henry was a visitor in the city, and almost a stranger to his aunt. He saw the little boys on the tops of the neighbouring houses flying their kites with great success, and the thought struck him that he would have special fun if he could the same. His aunt, of course, wished to gratify the boy in all reasonable enjoyment, but deemed this particular feat very unsafe; and, though she didn't know how it might affect Henry, she felt that she must refuse his request.

"'I don't want you to go, Henry,' said she; 'I consider that a very dangerous thing for a little boy like you to attempt.'

"'All right, then, I'll go out on the bridge,' replied Henry.

"'His aunt smiled. 'I hope you'll always be as acquiescent, my lad,' she said to herself.

"'Henry, what are you doing?' called his mother, on another occasion.

"'Spinning my new top, mother.'

"'Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him down.'

"'All right,' shouted the boy, as he put his top in his pocket and hastened to fulfil his mother's request.

"'Aunt Mary, may I go that errand for you? I know I can find the place, and I like to find my way round the city so much.'

"'Well, you go straight down P Street to F, and then cross that, and a little further down is J Street. Go into that, and about three blocks down—oh! no, Henry, it's of no use; there are so many crooks and turns in the way, you never can find it. Wait until Robert comes home, and you shall go with him.'

"'All right,' was the cheerful reply.

"'Uncle William, may I go over to your store this morning? I want to see