

in children and youth it is very unlovely. the modest child is every where received with kindness, when the forward youth would scarcely be noticed at all, or, if noticed, it would be only to receive a deserved reproof. Let the young, then, ever be modist in their behaviour,

The Boy, the Father of the Man.

Solomon said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all.

On the contrary, any observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking for himself or herself, and and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarreling, I think it a sign that they will be hateful and violent men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never attends to the services of religion, and who is in the habit of sabbath-breaking I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great

future blessings from his heavenly Parent.

When I see a boy fond of the bible, and well acquainted with it, I think it a sign that he will be a pious and happy man.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.

MY WISH.

May the blessing of God rest upon thee, and may the sun of Glory shine around thy head, and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness, be always open to thee and thine. May no strife disturb thy days, may no sorrow disturb thy nights, and may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and pleasure of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, may the curtains of death gently close round the scene of thy existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction; and finally, may the Saviour's blood wash thee from all impurities, and at last usher thee into the Realms of everlasting Bliss.

A LITTLE MORE BIRCH.

We believe in birch. Boys do not relish it much. But it is a capital thing in its place, there may be too much of it, and it may not be put on the right way; nevertheless, in its place it is excellent. When needed, you ought to ask for it, as we have known some children do, rather than shrink from it.

Louis XIV, when in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often unbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction, exclaiming, "Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainebleau?"