

Don'ts Department.

"COME THIS WAY FATHER."

During a short visit to the sea-shore of our State, some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed one bright afternoon that we should make up a party and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going further, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly we left them and proceeded some six miles further. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached, a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without a compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment and heard through the thick fog, and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy calling, "Come this way, father!—steer straight for me—I'm here waiting for you!" We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped to my arms with joy saying, "I know you would hear me, father!" and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now tossed on the rough sea of life without compass or guide, enveloped in fog and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice calling from the bright shore—"Come this way, father! steer straight for me!" When oppressed with sadness I take my way to our quiet cemetery, still, as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence, "Come this way father!—I'm waiting for thee!"

I remember a voice
Which once guided my way,
When lost on the sea,
Fog enshrouded I lay:
'Twas the voice of a child,
As he stood on the shore—
It sounded out clear
O'er the dark billows roar—
'Come this way, my father!
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice,
'Midst rocks and through breakers
And high dashing spray;
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear
O'er the dark billows' roar.
'Come this way, my father!
Steer straight for me:
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember my joy,
When I held to my breast
The form of that dear one,
And soothed it to rest:
For the tones of my child—
'I called you dear father,
And knew you would hear
The voice of your darling
Far o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore
I was waiting for thee."

That voice now is hushed
Which then guided my way:
The form I then pressed
Is now mingling with clay:
But the tones of my child
Still sound in my ear.
'I am calling you, father!
O, can you not hear
The voice of your darling
As you toss on life's sea?
For on a bright shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice:
In many a lone hour
It speaks to my heart
With fresh beauty and power
And still echoes far out
Over life's troubled wave,

And sounds from loved lips
That lie in the grave—
'Come this way, my father!
O, steer straight for me!
Here safely in heaven
I am waiting for thee!"

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Franklin, the Philosopher, when quite a young man, after the absence of some time from home, thought he would try the extent to which instinct in a parent would discover the child. The result was that his mother was loath to give him a shelter over night, though a seven snow storm was raging, and would only allow him the use of an arm chair to sleep in—having the colored boy stay in the same room after the precaution of locking up *all her silver*. Her instinct was more than overcome by her prudence, and she, with bitter tears to the last of her life, regretted that her son had thus been treated in his mother's house as a felon.

One of our townsmen on a recent visit to New England, after 13 years absence, thought he would try Franklin's experiment. He rapped at his father's door mentioning that he was weary, and asked if he could have a lunch, as it was some distance to an inn. It was his father who met him at the door, and asked him in, after telling him he could be supplied with food. The mother was not in the room, but as the father asked her to bring the refreshments, she came in.

With the feelings and emotions of a child, unknown under a parents roof, our hero had turned his back, that on opening the door his face might not at first be seen—he proceeded to partake of what they hospitably set before him. Mentioning that he came from Rochester, N Y, our friend was at once questioned if he knew one there whose name was R—. "Oh, yes I know him well," was the reply. "He is a hatter in the city, and made my hat."—showing it with the maker's name inside.

"Well," says the mother, "you must give me the *lame*, at any rate, for it is a long time since we have seen our son!" At this our friend could not further hesitate to make himself known—and what followed all can well imagine.—*Rural New-Yorker*.

A noble saying is recorded by a member of the British House of Commons' who by his own industry and perseverance had won his way to that high position. A proud scion of the aristocracy one day taunted him with his humble origin, saying—

"I remember when you blacked your father's boots."
"Well, sir," was the noble response, "did I not do them well?"

So highly is the monkey esteemed in India, that temples are erected to his honor. One of these, a large magnificent structure, in the island of Ceylon, was plundered by the Portuguese, who took from it an ape's tooth heavily encased in gold, and for the ransom of which the natives offered 700,000 ducats. At Ahmedabad, the capital of Guzerat, there are three hospitals for monkeys' where the sick and lame are nursed by salaried attendants.

GIVE YOUR CHILD A NEWSPAPER—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are familiar, and he will make progress accordingly. A newspaper one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is concerned with advancement. The mother of a family being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for emergency. Children amused by reading or study, are of course considerate and more easily governed. How many thoughtful young men have spent their earnings in a tavern or grog shop, who ought to have been reading? How many parents who never spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter, who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

MAXIMS TO GUIDE YOUNG MEN.—Keep good company or none.

Never be idle. If your hands be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Live up to your engagements.
Have no intimate friends.
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good Character is above all things else.
Never listen to loose and infidel conversation.
You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that no one will believe him.

Always speak and act as in the presence of God.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquor.
Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.
Never speak lightly of religion.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
Small and steady gains give competence and tranquility of mind.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

☞ Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker.—Read the Bible every day of your life.—*Dr. Samuel Johnston*.



The Literary Gem.

THE FALLING LEAF.

I mused in an autumn day, in a forest still,
Seated on a grassy bank, by a bubbling rill;
The Sun was shining brightly, and all was calm
around,
I saw a little yellow leaf, come whirling to the ground.

'Twas from a noble maple tree, I lately there had
seen,
All full of stately beauty, so shadowy and green;
The birds had gaily sung there, and there had built
their nest,
And amidst its glossy foliage, had sung themselves to
rest.

That glorious tree so verdant, was dressed in paleness
now,
It's pride was gone to swift decay, and death sat on its
brow;
I listened for the little birds that carolled there of late,
But I saw that they, like sunshine friends, had left it
to its fate.

Autumnal suns and colors gay, too soon will pass
away,
And leave the forest now so still, to winter's boisterous
sway;
When howling winds and rushing storms, will sweep
the plain,
And the forest shake, till summer suns shall come
again.

Departing man in this beholds his fate, death's coming
pall;
He blooms, rejoices and departeth like the leaves
that fall;
He brightly glows in youth, He's proud in manhood's
prime,
Ambition fires his soul, and he heeds not passing time.

We saw him lately but a child, at play upon the green,
Regardless he of passing time, no care he yet had
seen;
A man we saw him proudly stand, but care was on
his brow,
His youth did flee, his manhood came, and now he's
bended low.

Lo! winter sits upon his head, and trembling are his
limbs;
The frost of time has stricken him, his once bright
eye it dims;
That lovely tree when spring returns, again will fresh-
ly bloom,
And the spirit in that aged man, will rise above the
tomb.