

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

A SHORT AND TRUE STORY.

"The hand that wiped away the tear of want,
The heart that melted at another's woe,
Were his, and blessings followed him."

David Wentworth had the kindest of hearts. There was neither mete nor bound to his benevolence, except inability. And happy were any man who had a title of the prayers that were offered up for the welfare of my friend, by the unfortunate and wretched whom his hand had relieved.

I speak of prayers—for it was the only reward he sought and of course the only reward he obtained, I mean here—but I forget.

David was paying attention to an excellent young lady of his native city. She was wealthy, beautiful and accomplished, and consequently had many suitors. Among them were rich, and noble (in extraction I mean) and handsomer men than David, but *n'importe* there was a kind of frank-hearted, straightforwardness about my friend that could not fail to carry him somewhere near the heart of his mistress, even if an emperor had been his rival.

The young lady hit upon a project to put the characters of her lovers to a test. She had come across a poor widow with a family in distress, in one of her benevolent excursions, and the idea occurred to her that it would be a good opportunity to ascertain the stuff her lovers' hearts were made of. Letters were forthwith indited, setting forth the good woman's tale, and forwarded to the different gentlemen in the widow's name requesting an answer and assistance.

The first reply was a lecture on idleness and begging, and concluded with the information that the writer was not accustomed to give to those he did not know. This was from \$10,000 a year. The second advised her to apply to some of the benevolent societies whose business it was to relieve those who were truly in want. This was from one who had a great reputation for benevolence—who had taken a leading part in several charitable associations, and whose pharisaical liberality had been blazoned in the Gazette. The lady thought, that interested as he was in the success of these institutions, he displayed a very commendable reluctance about taking the business out of their hands. A third from a good hearted and generous kind of fellow—enclosed her a five dollar bill with his compliments. Several took no notice of the good woman's petition. But there was another answer which the lady read with far different feelings. It was from David—from \$800 a year—and I need not say like himself kind and consoling. It spoke of the writer's narrow means, and also of the course he had adopted, of never giving unless persuaded of the object and concluded by requesting an interview. "If," said he, "I find myself otherwise unable to afford the assistance you require, I trust I may be of service in interesting others in your behalf."

Nor was this mere profession. For it was but a few weeks before the widow found herself comfortably located, and engaged in a thriving little business, commenced by the recommendation, and carried on by the aid of my friend. All this was done in genuine Scripture style. There was no sounding of any trumpets—and the right hand knew not the doings of the left. But his lady love was a silent observer of his conduct, and he received many a kind glance from that quarter, of which he little suspected the cause. She began to think that the homage of a spirit like his was not a thing to be despised, and she felt something very much like a palpitation of the heart, as she questioned herself respecting his intention.

Such was the train of thought which was one evening, as is often the case, interrupted by a call from the person who had been its cause. Hour after hour passed by that night, and still David lingered. He could not tear himself away. "She is a most fascinating creature," thought he, "and good as she is beautiful. Can she ever be mine?" And a cloud came over his features and he sat for a moment in silence. "This suspense must be ended," he at length thought. He started as the clock told eleven.

"You will think me insufferably tedious," said he with a faint smile, "but I have been so pleasantly engaged as to take no note of time. And the sin of this trespass upon the rules of good breeding must lie at your door. Besides I have lengthened this visit," he continued after a pause, "under the apprehension that as it has been the happiest, it might also be the last, it shall ever be my good fortune with Miss H."

The lady looked at him with much surprise.

"Nay," said he, "the rest is with yourself. Will you forgive my presumption? I know that others, perhaps more worthy of you, at least nobler and higher in the world's esteem, are striving for the honor of your hand. And yet I cannot restrain myself from making an avowal, which though it may be futile, it is yet but a deserved tribute to your worth." And he popped the question.

The lady did not swoon nor turn pale. But a flush of gratification passed over her face, and lighted her eye for a moment.

She frankly gave him her hand and looked up archly in his face. "The friend of the fatherless and widow," said she, (David blushed,) "cannot fail to make a constant lover and a worthy husband."

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

Selected from the Young Lady's Friend.

Brothers will generally be found strongly opposed to the slightest indecorum in sisters; even those who are ready enough to take advantage of freedom of manners in other girls, have very strict notions with regard to their own sisters. Their intercourse with all sorts of men enables them to judge of the construction put upon certain actions, and modes of dress and speech, much better than women can; and you will do well to take their advice on all such points.

I have been told by men, who had passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escape from many dangers to the intimate companionship of pureminded sisters. They have been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some home engagement, of which their sisters were the charm; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home thoughts and feeling which they could not share with those trusting and loving friends; they have put aside the wine cup and abstained from stronger potations, because they would not profane with their fumes the holy kiss, with which they were accustomed to bid their sisters good-night.

So many temptations beset young men, of which young women know nothing, that it is of the utmost importance that your brothers' evenings should be happily passed at home, that their friends should be your friends, that their engagements should be the same as yours, and that various innocent amusements should be provided for them in the family circle.

There is no reason in the world why any one who is not unhappy, should sit in the midst of gay companions, with a face so solemn and unmoved, that she seems not to belong to the company; that she should look so gloomy and unforbidding that strangers should feel repulsed, and her best friends disappointed. If you cannot look entertained and pleasant, you had better stay away, for politeness, requires some expression of sympathy in the countenance as much as a civil answer on the tongue.

If the natural feelings of modesty are not sufficient to guard you from all personal familiarity with the young men of your acquaintance, let good breeding, and good taste, aid you in laying down rules for yourself on this head.

Do not be afraid to refuse the acquaintance of a known libertine, it is a tribute which you owe to virtue, and if generally paid, would do more to purify society, and keep the moral standard of it high, than the laws of the land or the eloquence of the pulpit.

If you have a proper self-respect, you will not be lavish of your company to any one.

If one person is becoming uppermost in your thoughts, if his society is more and more necessary to your happiness, if what he does and says seems more important than that of any one else, it is time to be on your guard, time to deny yourself the dangerous pleasure of his company, time to turn your thoughts resolutely to something else.

If you attach an undue importance to the acquaintance of gentlemen, it will most certainly show itself in your manners and conversation, and will betray a weakness that is held in especial contempt by the stronger sex.

The following toast was given at a late Railroad celebration in Carlisle, Pa.

WOMAN—The Morning Star of our youth—the Day Star of our manhood—the Evening Star of our age. God bless our Stars.

Fortitude in adversity, and moderation in prosperity; eloquence in the senate, and courage in the field; great glory in renown, and labor in study; are the natural perfections of great minds.

A good name will wear out; a bad one may be turned; a nickname lasts forever.

Nor bathing with cool water, nor a necklace of pearls, nor anointing with sanders, yieldeth such comfort to the body oppressed with heat, as the language of a good man, cheerfully uttered, doth to the mind.

Time may bear us on like a rough trotting horse, and our journey may have its dark nights, its quagmires, and its jack'o lantern—but there will come a ruddy morning at last, a smoother road, and an easier gait.

WITTY REPLY.—A gentleman once made a very witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the whole world. "Sir," said he, "it is quite impossible that one man should know the whole world, but it is quite possible that some one may know himself."

"I make it a point said a very irritable lawyer, to another, to make my peace with all the world when I retire to my bed." "Wonderful" was the answer; "I have always taken you for a very industrious man and now I am convinced of it for you must really go through a great deal of labor, and particularly about bed time."

A loving heart incloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden. Hope, is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness, whether it has come or not.

Do every thing so as to have thine own approbation; this is the firm foundation of inward peace.

Gaming is a magical stream; if you but wade enough into it to wet the soles of your feet, there is an influence in the water which draws you irresistibly in deeper and deeper, till you are sucked into the roaring vortex and perish.

The difference between war and peace has been well defined by one of the ancients: "In the time of peace the sons bury their fathers; in the time of war the fathers bury their sons."

We soon forget not only our sorrow but the lessons we learned from them.

An English paper tells a good story of a clergyman, who, having received a public document which was ordered to be read in all the churches, and which was particularly obnoxious to the people, very shrewdly told his congregation that though he had positive orders to read the declaration, they had none to hear it—they might therefore leave the church. They availed themselves of the hint, and the clergyman read the document to empty pews!

Our evil genius, like the junior member of a deliberative body, always gives its views first.