

### Youths' Department.

#### COUNSEL TO MERCHANTS OR LAWYER'S CLERKS.

—Make yourself indispensable to your employers, that is the golden path to success. Be so industrious, so prompt, so careful, that if you are absent one half hour out of the usual time you will be missed, and he in whose employ you are shall say—"I did not dream George was so useful." Make your employer your friend, by performing with alacrity whatever task he sets before you, and above all, be not too nice to lend a hand at dirty work, no matter how repugnant your business in after years depends upon how you deport yourself now. If you are really good for anything you are good for a great deal. Be energetic, put your manners into your business. Look as well as act with alacrity; make your master's success your own if you have an honest one. Let your eye light up at his request, and your feet be nimble; there are some who look so dull and heavy, and go with so slow and heavy a pace, that it is irksome to ask them what it is your right to demand of them. Do not like these.

Do the arch upon which your employer may rest with safety; let him feel that he may intrust with you uncounted gold.

If you do an errand lightly you begin to lose his confidence: if you forget twice some important request, you cannot be trusted. If you accustom yourself to loose and untidy habits, you will gain no respect, but rather contempt. Avoid taverns, card-rooms, and billiard saloons, as you would a pestilence; little faults are like so many loop holes in your character, through which all that is valuable sifts, and all that is pernicious sifts in to fill the empty places.

But say you want some pleasure! Make your work a pleasure. There are two ways of seeing sunrise—one with a dull, complaining spirit, that if it could, would blot out the great luminary with its washy flood of eternal complaints; the other, with joyous, lark-like pleasure, soaring upward and seeing along the western path gates of gold and palaces of ivory. So there are two ways of doing work; one that depresses the soul by its listless, formal, fretful participation; the other that making labor a boon and a blessing pursues not only for gain, but the higher exaltation of the mental and moral being.

**DANGERS OF THE YOUNG—DANCING.**—Little as some of you have been accustomed to look for danger, in the promiscuous mingling of the sexes, in balls, cotillion parties and dances of various names, reflection and observation convince me, that the results of such amusements are never useful, and rarely fail to prove pernicious. The advocates of this class of amusement usually begin by telling us dancing is highly conducive to health, and almost indispensable to those who lead a sedentary life. I reply, that whatever it might be, we are to judge of it as it is, as it has been, and it is likely it always will be. Now whatever it might be we may safely affirm that, as it is, it kills or injures two, where it cures or benefits one. Its advocates are very cautious not to tell us of the late hours, the heated rooms, the thin dresses, the excessive fatigue, the excitement preceding and the languor succeeding, the coughs and pulmonary complaints, superinduced by passing out of heated rooms into the damp or frosty atmosphere of a winter's night.—We hear from them nothing of the incredible number of deaths following a winter of fashionable dissipation.

It is alleged that dancing is almost or quite essential, to impart ease or grace to the carriage, to give elasticity to the step, and teach what some are pleased to term "the poetry of motion." Now the idea that dancing should be essential to the formation of a genteel carriage, appears to me very much like positive nonsense. As though a young person could not learn to enter or leave a room, to walk gracefully across the floor, or to make a polite bow, without passing under the hands of the dancing master. Have the boys no fathers, or the girls no mothers—have they no powers of observation or imitation—and is a dancing master the only person capable of teaching politeness?

Truly gentility is not a thing to be played off in measured steps, and whorled out in affected poses. It is the spontaneous growth of a benevolent heart, and the out-coming of a gentle soul through a mind's eye. The true way to refine the manners is to refine the feelings. How refining to gentleness, feelings of maidenly delicacy must be the necessary spring of the mind. No, my young friends, you must not mistake a mincing step, or a simpering smile, or a refined bow, for refinement. It is not in the dancing master's evolutions, or the sounds of the fiddle-strings, that you can

find it. Wealth cannot buy it; it dwells not in jewellery and buckram. Power and place cannot bestow it. Lord Jeffreys, though seated on the highest tribunal in the realm, was a very vulgar man, and could pour forth torrents of brutal ribaldry; and a vulgar man was Chancellor Thurlow, sporting oaths and obscenity at the table of the Prince of Wales. But there was no vulgarity about James Ferguson, though herding sheep, while his eye watched Arcturus and the Pleiades, and his wistful spirit wandered through immensity. Though seated at a stocking loom, there was no want of refinement in the youth who penned the "Star of Bethlehem,"—the weaver-boy, Henry Kirke White, was not a vulgar lad. The school of fine feeling is the school of good manners. Gentleness is the parent of gentility. One hour in a refined and virtuous social circle, is worth more than all the dancing parties of a whole season.

**THE BABY'S COMPLAINT.**—Now, I suppose you think, because you never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are mistaken, and that I am tormented half to death, though I never say anything about it. How should you like every morning to have your nose washed up instead of down? How should you like to have a pin put through your dress into your skin, and have to bear it all day until your clothes were taken off at night? How should you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half scorched out of your head while the nurse was reading a novel? How should you like to have a great fly light on your nose, and not know how to take aim at him, with your little fat useless fingers? How should you like to be left alone in the room to take a nap, and have a great pussy jump into your cradle, and sit staring at you with her bright green eyes till you were all of a tremble? How should you like to reach out your hand for the pretty candle, and find that it was away across the room instead of close by? How should you like to tire yourself out crawling away across the carpet to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper. How should you like to have your mama stay at a party till you were as hungry as a little cub, and be left to the mercy of a nurse, who trotted you up and down till every bone in your body ached? How should you like, when your mama dressed you up pretty to take the nice fresh air, to spend the afternoon in your nurse in some smoky corner of the kitchen while she gossips with one of her cronies? How should you like to submit to have your toes tickled by all the children who insisted upon "seeing baby's feet"? How should you like to have a dreadful pain under your apron, and have every body call you 'a cross little thing,' when you couldn't speak or tell what was the matter with you? How should you like to crawl to the top of the stairs, just to look about a little, and pitch heels over head from the top to the bottom? Oh, I can tell you it's no joke to be a baby! Such a thinking as we keep up, and if we try to call out any thing, we are sure to get our brains knocked out in the attempt. It is very trying to a sensible baby who is in a hurry to know every thing and can't wait to grow up.—*Fanny Fern.*

### Selections.

**THE Clergy Orphan Institution** is deservedly attracting some attention. Its objects are truly benevolent, and have now been pretty extensively promulgated, both by the advocacy of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Bishop of London. This institution originated so long ago as 1746, and was incorporated in 1809, when it enjoyed the privilege of an excellent benefactor in Bishop Shute Barrington. It has educated upwards of 1500 children, and at present seventy boys and sixty-seven girls are under instruction. So crowded is the building that no additional pupils can be admitted, although very many claim the privilege. The Bishop of London addressed a very forcible appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury in last June, wherein he fully set forth the just and pressing claims of this institution upon the wealthier brethren and upon all Christians. It is proposed to appropriate the present building in St. John's Wood to girls, and to build elsewhere a school to accommodate two hundred boys. Dr. Warnerford, with his usual munificence, has purchased a site at Canterbury for 3000l., and makes an additional offer of 1200l. towards the erection of the new building, and 6300l. to fund scholarships, provided his noble efforts be carried into effect by the co-operation of other willing subscribers. At least 25,000l. will be requisite for the complete erection of the pro-

posed building, and an increase in the expenditure will be occasioned of about 6000l. a year. We earnestly trust such a magnificent and much needed offer will not have been tendered in vain.

**PROPENSITIES AND HABITS OF LIONS.**—One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs, at other times he startles the forest with low, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third and fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of those nocturnal forest concerts is incredibly striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect is greatly enhanced when the hunter happens to be situated in the depth of the forest at the hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troop of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerable good taste for music, I consider the catches which I am regaled with, as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the forest, and continuing at intervals during the night. In distant and secluded regions, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as one or ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In dry and rainy weather, they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide spreading bush, within the level forest, or on the mountain side. He is also partial to reeds or fields of long rank yellow grass, occurring in lowly valleys. When he is successful in his catch, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

I remarked a fact connected with the lion's hour of drinking peculiar to themselves; they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at an early hour in the night.

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out to such as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which in a dark night glaze like two balls of fire.—*Cumming's Hunter's Life in South Africa.*

**LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.**—Certainly it may be affirmed of any place in Africa remote from the coast, that a printing press in operation must be a light in a dark place; but there is one in the Orange River Sovereignty, from whence a missionary has sent to the London Watchman a half-sheet of an edition of the Psalms, which the missionary says they are printing at Bechuana, in the Sento dialect, a language spoken with slight variations, by a great number of the tribes on the Continent of Africa.