

as of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the look-out for matters of derision.

Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning as we were on our way to school he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemson. "Halloa!" he exclaimed; "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots?"

Hartly, waving his hand at us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail-fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school in the afternoon he let out the cow, and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of — Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson, were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartly. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartly bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartly," said Jemson, one day, "I suppose your lady means to make a milkman of you." "Why not?" asked Hartly. "O nothing: only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all!" The boys laughed, and Hartly, not in the least mortified, replies, "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation, there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from other cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our Academy, and both Hartly and Jemson received a creditable number; for, in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a medal, which was rarely awarded; not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said that with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story. Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar who had witnessed the accident from a distance, but stayed to render services.

This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole sup-

port consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back, helpless. "Never mind, good woman," said the scholar, "I can drive your cow!" With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted his offer.

But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. "I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with: but I can do without them for awhile." "O no," said the old woman, "I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of cowhide boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we would get along nicely." The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

Well, when it was discovered by the other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed with laughter and ridicule. His cow-hide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of charitable motives, and, furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you. Was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, master Hartly, do not slink out of sight behind the black board! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face!

As Hartly, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots or Hartly's feet seemed prouder ornaments than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell a good thing of Jamson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured railery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears in his eyes and tendered his hand to Hartly, making a handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartly, with delightful cordiality; "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set forth with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!

From the Morning Star.

RELIGIOUS PROSPERITY.

Much has been said and written within a few years about the decline of religion. One who had his eye simply on these accounts might suppose that by this time our churches were forsaken of the people and given up to the moles and bats, the Sabbath and Bible obsolete, and religion unknown on earth. But