

"Pshaw!" says the tease, "I did not hurt you any. I wouldn't make such a fuss about nothing. I was not teasing."

Exactly. And it is just because there is no meaning in it nor necessity for it, because it is only "teasing," that poor, tormented, insulted human nature cries out sometimes in a passion against it. If the tease cannot find anything else to annoy, he will torment an animal or a little child, and he thinks it is fun; but it is the most malicious, most dreadful and most dangerous fun in the world. I once knew a lady who was literally almost frightened to death by a miserable man who followed her home through the twilight; she reached shelter and dropped fainting upon the floor, and the thoughtless fellow who occasioned the distress explained that "he just followed her to tease her, because he knew she was timid, and he did it just for fun." He found that it was not so funny as he waited while she hovered between life and death, the victim of the wretched joke.

I think that a genuine tease is always a coward, for he never attacks his equals; his victims are the helpless animals, the little child, the timid woman. If you will notice, it is never the smallest boy who teases the larger one. And then a tease can never bear to be teased himself. Nothing makes him angrier than to be paid back in his own coin.

But, really, the most distressing thing about the whole matter is the effect which the habit of teasing has upon the nature of the one who indulges in it. A confirmed tease becomes positively heartless. He can look upon physical or mental distress quite unmoved.

If there is a boy who reads these lines, who likes to tease his little sister until she runs in tears to her mother, or torments some little fellow at school just to see him flush crimson and bristle with impotent rage, if you want to make a man of yourself, stop it; for it is a most ignoble and unmanly thing to take delight in causing pain to any living creature, especially if it is smaller and weaker than yourself.

Force of Character.

The road to glory would cease to be arduous if it were trite and trodden, and great minds must be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them. Alexander dragged the Phrygian priestess to the temple on a forbidden day. She exclaimed, "My son, thou art invincible," which was oracle enough for him. On a second occasion, he cut the Gordian knot which others had in vain attempted to untie. Those who start for human glory, like the mettled hounds of Actæon, must pursue the game, not only where there is a path, but where there is none. They must be able to simulate and dissimulate, to leap and to creep; to conquer the earth like Cæsar, or to fall down and kiss it like Brutus, or to throw their sword, like Brennus, into the trembling scale; or, like Nelson, to snatch laurels from the doubtful hand of victory, while she is hesitating where to bestow them. That policy that can strike only when the iron is hot will be overcome by that perseverance, which, like Cromwell's, can make the iron hot by striking; and he that can only rule the storm must yield to him who can both raise and rule it.—*Colton.*

Educate Yourself.

Young brother, sister, why don't you educate yourself? Can't do it? Too busy with the exactions of life? No time? Let us see. There are twenty-four hours in a day. Seven hours for sleep; nothing short. Three hours for toilet, and meals; enough. Nine hours for business or labour; he who takes more is shortening his life in order to live; foolishness. Two hours for trifles and receiving company. We present simply the daily average. Then have three hours to spare. What will you do with the three hours? Squander them? Where is your manhood, womanhood, conscience, sense of responsibility to the world and God, your common sense? Now, then, begin where you left off when you entered upon practical life; reading, spelling, writing, elementary studies. Spend one hour a day in bringing them up to higher branches. If there already, go on with some branch of science. Then one hour general reading, one hour with the Bible and God. This is entirely feasible. Do it; and be somebody.

—Aunt Mary:—"Eva, here's an apple for Johnnie and you; divide it generously with him." Eva—"How do you mean 'generously,' auntie?" Aunt Mary:—"Why, give him the largest half." Eva:—"I think I will let Johnnie divide it generously, auntie."

Prince Albert's Methods.

Many years ago Miss Hillyard, the governess in the royal family, seeing the Prince of Wales inattentive to his studies, said: "Your Royal Highness is not minding your business; will you please look at your book and learn your lesson."

His Royal Highness replied that he would not.

"Then I shall put you in the corner," said the governess.

His Royal Highness again replied that he should not learn his lesson, neither should he go into the corner, for he was the Prince of Wales, and as if to show his authority, he kicked his little foot through a pane of glass. Surprised at this act of bold defiance, Miss Hillyard, rising from her seat, said: "Sir, you must learn your lesson, and if you do not, though you are the Prince of Wales, I shall put you in the corner."

However, threats were of no avail; the defiance was repeated, and that, too, in the same determined manner as before—His Royal Highness breaking another pane of glass. Miss Hillyard, seeing her authority thus set at naught, rang the bell and requested that his father, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, might be sent for.

Shortly after the prince arrived, and having learned the reason why his presence was required, addressing the Prince of Wales, and pointing to a stool or ottoman, said:

"You will sit there, sir."

Prince Albert then went to his own room and returning with a Bible in his hand, he said to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales:

"Now I want you to listen to what S. Paul says about the people who are under tutors and governors."

And having read the passage to him he added:

"It is undoubtedly true that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly you may

some day be a great man—you may be king in room of your mother; but you are only a little boy; though you are the Prince of Wales, you are only a child under tutors and governors, who must be obeyed and must have those under them to do as they are bid. Moreover, I must tell you what Solomon says," and he read to him the declaration that he who loveth his son chasteneth him, betimes; and then, in order to show his child, he chastised him and put him in a corner, saying:

"Now, sir, you will stand there until you have learned your lesson, and until Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out; and remember that you are under tutors and governors, and that they must be obeyed."

—As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your Christian life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

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