

use his carriage lest it should wear out the sooner. All day he was fretting lest the bank should break, and a part of his money be lost; and all night long he lay full of fears lest his house should be robbed, or the trees be pulled up in the shrubberies and plantations. He was, in short, an unhappy man. Within a quarter of a mile of his house lived a cobbler, who, come wet or dry, shine or shower, was always as blythe as a lark. Morning, noon, and night, he might be heard singing some lively tune, and thumping anon at his lapstone. Everybody saw that the cobbler, though he had not a crown piece more than he wanted for his week's maintenance, was a happier man than his rich neighbour. A poor lad who happened to be present when old Michael Bliggard, the clerk, was making it out that the cobbler was by far the richest man in the village on account of the happiness he enjoyed, was soon after desired by his master to run forward and wait for him opposite the rich man's house. Away went the lad, his head brimful of what he had heard the clerk say, and stopped opposite the cobbler's door. Just as his master was rating him for his blunder, up comes old Michael, who no sooner heard the merits of the case than he thus spoke: 'I take it that the poor lad has done the very thing that you told him to do. You sent him to the rich man's house: now, he who is peaceful all night and happy all day must needs be a happy man, while he who has thousands and knows neither happiness nor peace must be miserably poor.' Good temper, health and contentment are better than all the gold that can be got together, and when God's grace is added to them, they leave a man nothing to desire, unless it be to live more to God's glory.'—*Old Humphrey*.

DON'T TATTLE.—Children, don't talk about each other. Don't call one of your school-mates ugly, another stingy, another cross, behind their backs. It is mean. Even if they are ugly, stingy, or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults—it makes you uncharitable—your soul grows smaller—your heart loses its generous blood, when you tattle about your friends. Tell all the good you know about them, and carry the sins in your own heart, or else tell them of God, and ask him to pardon them. That will be Christlike. If anybody says to you, "O, that Mary Willis did such a naughty thing!" call to mind some virtue that Mary possesses, and hold it up to her praise. For your own sake, learn to make this a habit.

OFFICIAL NOTICE

The Conference of the American Branch of the Evangelical Union will be held in Zion Chapel, Guelph, Canada West, on the first Wednesday of July. The churches are requested to send each two delegates. Friends of the cause are earnestly requested to be present.