

Alas! poor drunkard. Whichever you behold him, you see "something that should have been a man."—*Religious Herald, Hartford, Ct.*

AN HONEST BOY.



THAT is right, my boy," said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his shop boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay amongst the dust and papers of the sweepings.

"That is right," he said again; "always be honest; it is the best policy."

"Should you say that?" asked the lad timidly.

"Should I say what? that honesty is the best policy? Why it is a time honored old saying. I don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing; the spirit is rather narrow, I will allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy. "She said we should do right, because God approved it, without thinking what man would say."

The merchant turned abruptly toward the desk, and the thoughtful faced little lad resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning, a rich and influential citizen called at the store. While conversing, he said:

"I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is that if a boy of twelve (the age I should prefer,) is fixed in his habits, and if they are bad—"

"Stop!" said the merchant. "Did you see that lad yonder?"

"With that noble brow? Yes, what of him?"

"He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes—that's what everybody tells me who has boys to dispose of. No doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," remarked the merchant calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, sir, never. He would restore a pin; indeed, (the merchant colored,) he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws in goods, and I cannot teach him prudence in that respect. Common prudence, you know, is—common prudence—ahem!"

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say:

"He was a parish orphan—taken by an old woman out of pity when a babe. Poverty has been his lot. No doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold unaccounted times; his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than have been dishonest. I can't account for it, upon my word I can't."

"Have you any claim upon him?"

"Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed, the boy is entirely too good for me."

"Then I will adopt him; and if I have found one really honest boy, thank God."

The little fellow who rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious home; he who sat shivering in one corner, listening to the words of a poor old pious creature who had been taught by the spirit, became one of the best and greatest divines that England ever produced.