

FOR THE YOUNG.

NEVER WASTE BREAD.

It is said we are a wasteful people, suffering, as the chosen people of old, from "pride and fullness of bread." It ought not so to be. Nothing should be wasted, so long as there are many about us who suffer for want of bread. This wastefulness is often a matter of habit and education, or rather want of education—often mere thoughtlessness; for

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

Of course, there is extravagance in other things, but nothing appears more wanton than the waste of food. No doubt it is wrong to eat what we do not want. In this respect, a little care and thought may remedy the evil. I remember, as a child, the rules to which we were subjected, and the care our parents took to make us thoughtful on this subject of wastefulness.

Such lessons cannot be forgotten, and I remember well how I lost my respect for a gentleman who visited us, and whom we had spoken of till his coming was looked for with great eagerness. We were prepared to wonder and admire, especially as he had the rare talent of making books which we children liked. But when we saw him at table—saw him take one article of food after another, and leave more on his plate than he had eaten—such was our training, that we lost our reverence for him, and quietly concluded among ourselves, that he could preach better than he could practice.

One of the lessons we learned was a little story our father read to us one day, dating some day in the early history of Scotland, which I will here copy for the benefit of other young people:

"My father," said she, "was a tenant of the good, unfortunate Lord Pitslisso. It was in the spring of '45, immediately after the defeat of the Prince's army at Culloden, and when the gentlemen out upon that unfortunate occasion, and many of the commons, too, were hiding for their lives, and I, then a very young woman, was left in charge of the house, my father and all the servants being engaged at their seed time, and my mother, who was delicate, being not yet out of bed.

"I was busy preparing breakfast, when a very old, infirm man came to the door, and in an humble manner requested to be allowed to warm himself at the fire. He was trembling from cold, and I not only requested him to enter, but hastened to place a chair for him, and make the fire warmer for his use. After sitting for some time, he asked if I could give him a little bread and milk, and I immediately brought some, and placed the milk on the fire, to take the chill off it.

"As I gave him the bread, a small morsel fell on the floor, and I reached with my foot to put it out of the way among the ashes, when the old man immediately stopped me. "Do not that," said he, "trembling with cold and emotion, '*never waste bread!*' The time has been that I have given gold for a handful of drammock kneaded in a sol-