

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?—Come, my little boy, and you, my little girl, what answer can you give me to this question? Who was it that watched over you when you were a helpless baby? Who nursed and fondled you, and never grew weary in her love? Who kept you from the cold by night, and the heat by day? Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when you were ill? Who was it that wept when the fever made your skin feel hot, and your pulse beat quick and hard? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling drink to your parched lips? Who sang the pretty hymn to please you as you lay, or knelt down by the side of the bed in prayer? Who was glad when you began to get well, and who carried you into the fresh air, to help your recovery? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient with your childish ways? Who loves you still, and contrives, and works, and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother, your own dear mother? Now, then, let me ask you, Are you kind to your mother? There are many ways in which children show whether they are kind or not. Do you always obey her, and try to please her? When she speaks, are you ready to attend to her voice? or do you neglect what she wishes you to do? Do you love to make her heart feel glad?

PERSEVERANCE.—Let not the failure of your first efforts deter you. Alexander Bethune's first effort for print was a contribution to the "Amethyst;" but the lady at whose request he wrote it, advised him not to send it. He wrote an article for "Blackwood," and it was declined. A host of others have tried, and they have failed; but where there has been a firm and settled purpose to succeed, they have tried, and tried and tried again, and in the end they have been successful.

Let not the unfavourable opinion of others deter you. Xenocrates was a disciple of Plato, and a fellow student with Aristotle. Plato used to call Xenocrates "a dull ass that needed the spur," and Aristotle "a mettlesome horse that needed the curb." When, after the death of Plato, the Chair of Instruction in the Academy was vacant, the choice of a successor lay between Aristotle and Xenocrates; the honour was conferred upon Xenocrates.

"If it should please God," said a father once, "to take away one of my children, I hope it will be my son Isaac" as he looked upon him as the most unpromising. That child became the truly eminent Dr. Isaac Barrow. Such was the character of Sheridan, in his earliest days, that his mother regarded him as "the dullest and most hopeless of her sons." In spite of the unfavourable opinion which others had formed of these men, they rose, and so may you. Be as resolute, be as diligent, be as patient, be as persevering as they were, and success will as certainly put its seal upon your efforts as upon theirs.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN MILTON—INCIDENT IN HIS LIFE.

It is said that "every man has his price." The implication is, that every man can be bought from one party to another; or that no one is so firm in adherence to principle, that he cannot be induced to sacrifice it by the proffer of some very attractive reward, in the form of wealth or honour. The great weakness often betrayed by men, in the facility with which they change their principles, has furnished occasion for the maxim.

But, thanks to the Great Author of all truth and goodness; there have been exceptions—noble exceptions to the maxim. It relieves the humiliating picture of human weakness and cupidity to contemplate the image of a man whom gold could not bribe, or honours seduce. Such a man was John Milton, the great Puritan Poet of the seventeenth century—an excellent name, second to no other "in the radiant list of which England has reason to be proud." On the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, Milton of course was immediately dismissed from office, as Latin Secretary. Poor, hated, persecuted, and fined, his work in defence of the great principles of liberty publicly burnt as a mark of indignity, he retired to his lowly dwelling, blind and in want, for he had been reduced to humble circumstances. Instead of committing suicide, or dying of a broken heart, as politicians in our times might have done, he applied his mind to his work, and wrote his immortal poem, "*The Paradise*

Lost," exalting his name among the stars, to illumine the sons of light for ages to come. As neglect, and scorn, and persecution, and poverty did not kill the blind old man, the heart of Charles seems to have relented, or rather, perhaps, he resolved to buy him—for who ever heard of a Stuart with heart enough to relent? For this purpose the King offered him the office of Latin Secretary, from which he was removed a few years before, at the restoration. Contemplate the nobly endowed old man, at this critical moment of his history. On the one side was royal favour, honourable office under the crown, with his ample rewards, and all the attentions and blandishments of a rich and titled nobility. By holding on to his principles, he could not hope to change the government. What use then in adhering to them? On the other side was neglect, poverty and want, and contumely, and the scorn and derision of the aspirants of the day. Milton was unmoved by the bribe. He promptly declined the office and the honour which his sovereign tendered, and passing his remaining days in the quietness of obscurity. And when the angel of death came to release his celestial spirit, he fulfilled his mission so gently, that even his attendants did not observe the moment of his departure.—*Southern Presbyterian.*

DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

It is long since Dr. Leyden died, and the record of his life may be considered old; yet it really is not so, for the example of his energy and the greatness of his genius are too precious to humanity to be allowed to wane into the shades of forgetfulness. Besides, his eccentricities and enthusiasm invest his personal history with an interest that is always new.

He was born one of the poorest of Scotland's poor peasantry, and his early life was passed in superlative indigence, yet the vigour of his fame, and the majesty of his intellect, lifted him triumphantly above the depressions of his condition, and eventually placed him amongst the chiefs in the republic of letters. Leyden attended the parish school, where he obtained the rudiments of his education, with uncovered feet; and he took his position on the forms of the University of Edinburgh in the coarsest of homespun. Yet the aristocratic alumni did not dare to laugh twice at his uncouth pronunciation of Greek, or the unwonted poverty of his attire, for he was as proud as the proudest of them, and his right arm was strong. This poor youth, who supported himself by teaching, and who faithfully prosecuted his studies as a student to theology, contrived in the course of his probation to acquire the mastery over eleven languages.

It was Bishop Heber that first stumbled on him, in an old bookstore in Edinburgh, and led him from his modest obscurity. An introduction to Sir Walter Scott was his admission into the highest literary circles of the Scottish metropolis. It was Leyden who assisted Scott in the collection of the materials for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and the following anecdote shows his enthusiasm in the work. Scott had obtained the fragments of a rare old ballad, but had despaired of completely restoring it, when it was discovered that an aged couple in the solitudes of one of the rural districts were in possession of the precious lay. A party was one day convened at 39 Castle-street to dinner. The genial smiles and inspiring conversation of the host had illumined every face with pleasure, when suddenly the wild tones of a voice were heard echoing along the corridors, the dining-room door was thrown open, and John Leyden, with his fair hair matted with sweat, his blue eyes gleaming with inspiration, his unfashionable attire covered with dust, and his shoes white with travel, was seen brandishing his arms wildly aloft, and chanting the disordered passages of the old ballad. He had travelled about fifty miles to consummate his purpose.

Leyden had a most unbounded contempt for anything which he conceived to be effeminacy, and this sentiment, together with his national prejudice against Englishmen, conduced to render Ritson, the author of the "Percy Anecdotes," particularly obnoxious to him, and the feeling was heartily reciprocated. Leyden looked upon Ritson as he would upon a dainty little English poodle dog; Ritson had about as high an opinion of a bear as of John Leyden. This antipathy manifested itself upon one occasion in a manner not very pleasing to Ritson, who was a most fastidious epicure, and who above all things hated half-cooked meat. Leyden stumbled upon Ritson in Scott's parlour one day, at Lasswade, when the great novelist, himself, was engaged with visitors in viewing the beauties of the river Esk. A grunt and stiff bow were the only marks of