

Youth' Department.

BE NEAT.—In a recent conversation with a wealthy merchant, he remarked that whatever he had acquired was owing in a great measure to the fact that his mother had brought him up to be neat when a boy.

His story, as nearly as I can recollect it, was as follows:

'When I was six years old, my father died, leaving nothing to my mother but the charge of myself and two young sisters. After selling the greater portion of the household furniture she had owned, she took two small upper rooms in W——street, and there by her needle, contrived, in some way—how I cannot conceive when I recollect the bare pittance for which she worked—to support us in comfort. Frequently, however, I remember that our supper consisted simply of a slice of bread, seasoned by hunger and rendered inviting by the neat manner in which our repast was served, our table being always spread with a cloth, which, like my good mother's heart, seemed ever to preserve a snow-white purity.'

Wiping his eyes, the merchant continued.

'Speaking of those days reminds me of the time when we sat down to the table one evening, and my mother had asked the blessing of our heavenly Father on her little defenceless ones, in tones of tender pathos, that I remember yet, and which if possible, I think must have made angels weep, she divided the little remnant of her only loaf into three pieces, placing one on each of our plates but preserving none for herself. I stole around to her side and placed my portion before her, and was about to tell her that I was not hungry, when a flood of tears burst from her eyes, and she clasped me to her bosom. Our meal was left untouched, we sat up late that night but what we said I cannot tell. I know that my mother talked to me more as a companion than a child, and that when we knelt down to pray, I consecrated myself to be the Lord's and to serve my mother.'

'But,' said he, 'this is not telling you how neatness made my fortune. It was some time after this that my mother found an advertisement in the newspaper for an errand boy in a commission store in B——street. Without being necessitated to wait to have my clothes mended, for my mother always kept them in perfect order, and although on minute inspection they bore traces of more than one patch, yet, on the whole, they had a very respectable air; without being obliged to wait even to polish my shoes, for my mother always kept a box of blacking with which my cowbills must be set off before I took my breakfast; without waiting to array my hair, for I was obliged to observe from my earliest youth the most perfect neatness in every respect, my mother sent me to see if I could obtain the situation. With a light step, I started, as I had a long time wished my mother to allow me to do something to assist her.'

'My heart beat fast, I assure you, as I turned out of W——into B——street, and made my way along to the number my mother had given me. I summoned all the courage I could muster, and stepped briskly into the store, found my way to the counting-room, and made known the reason of my calling. The merchant smiled, and told me that there was another boy who had come in a little before me he thought he should hire. However, he asked me some questions, and then went and conversed with the other boy, who stood in the back part of the office. The result was, that the lad who had first applied was dismissed, and I entered the merchant's employment, first as an errand-boy, then as a clerk, afterwards as his partner until his decease, when he left to me the whole business, stock, &c. After I had been in his service some years, he told me the reason he chose me in preference to the other boy was because of the general neatness of my person, while in reference to the other lad, he noticed that he had neglected properly to turn down his vest. To this simple circumstance has probably been owing the greater part of my success in business.'

Will not all of my young friends who read this narrative of the successful merchant, like him, form in their youth habits of neatness? Remember that no one will love a slovenly boy or girl, and that if you would secure the respect of your acquaintances, you must be very careful in respect to your personal appearance. Purity and cleanliness of person are indispensable to the highest purity of character.—*The Schoolmate.*

BLIND BOY AND HIS BIBLE.—A little blind boy, about twelve years of age, wished to learn to read the Bible with raised letters, prepared for the use of the blind. In a very short space of time he learned to run

his fingers along the page, and to read with ease. The highest object of his wishes was now to possess a complete copy of the Bible for the blind, which consists of several large volumes. His parents were unable to buy one, but his minister obtained one from a benevolent society. It was in several volumes.

Not long after the little boy received the books, his pious mother saw him retire to the room where they were kept, and she stepped softly to the door to see what he would do. And why do you think the dear little boy went alone to this room? His mother saw him kneeling by the side of these precious volumes, and lifting up his hands in prayer to return thanks to God for this blessed gift of his holy Word. He then rose from his knees, and taking up one of the volumes in his arms, hugged and kissed it, and then laid it on one side and proceeded to the next, and so on, till he had in this simple but pleasing manner, signified his love for each of those blessed volumes, which through the medium of touch, had spread before his mind the wonders and glories of God's love to man.

"Why did you not pocket some of those pearls?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see."—"Yes there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't ever mean to see myself do such a thing." I looked at the boy who made this noble answer; he was poorly clad, but he had a noble face, and I thought how there were always two to see your sins, *yourself* and *your* God.

Selections.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.—The following graphic sketch of GEORGE BRUMMEL, by the Rev. E. Neale, is a striking lesson to profit by, for the frivolous, the selfish, the improvident, and the unjust.

George Brummell—better known by his *soubriquet* of Beau Brummell—was the son of a government official who enjoyed the good opinion of Lord Liverpool, through whose patronage he held a lucrative appointment. Upon his (the Beau's) education, no expense seems to have been spared. He was brought up at Eton and Oriel; and was launched upon the world with means which, if not ample, were by no means inconsiderable.

His calm, self-possessed manner, the quaint and dexterous style in which he would relate a droll story, or repeat little biting quips and scandals—his acknowledged taste in dress, his power of conversational caricature—the aptitude with which he would seize the weak points of another party, and the dry irresistible humor with which he would expose them,—brought him under the observant eye of him who then led the revels at Carlton House.

The Prince's notice gave to Brummell's pretensions a prestige they would never otherwise have obtained; and the Beau instantly became a recognized leader in the fashionable world. His opinions on dress, equipage, articles of virtue, and cuisine, were deemed oracular and final. They were to be obeyed, not questioned. Backed by his entree at Carlton House, and the intimate footing on which he seemed to live with the Heir Apparent, he wielded in the highest circles a despotic influence scarcely to be understood in our day. He was courted, caressed, feared, imitated, and flattered by the most influential, the opulent, and the noble. Eagerly coveted was his approval: bitterly dreaded was his satire. And this perilous position he made good for a certain period against all pretenders. His success may be referred to a combination of somewhat unenviable qualities:—a matchless want of feeling; imperturbable impertinence; considerable smartness and talent; and the most matured and cherished selfishness.

But at length he proved false to himself.—His vaunted tactics failed him. He quarrelled with the Prince; lampooned a lady whom His Royal Highness could hardly permit to be insulted with impunity; exceeded his means by a career of folly and extravagance; became inextricably involved, and fled the country.

His first resting-place was Calais; thence he migrated to Caen, where he was appointed British Consul. Here by dint of begging and borrowing, and the most suppliant appeals addressed to former intimates, this selfish being contrived to indulge in some of his accustomed luxuries and elegancies for yet a few years. At length the sinecure consulate at Caen being abolished, and his Calais debts being still unpaid, his principal creditor threw him into prison, where he remained three months. Thence he was liberated by subscription, and partially resumed his old habits. He had no self-respect. No reverses taught him prudence and self-denial. Nothing could induce him to forego his *Eau de Cologne*, for his toilet, his *maraschino* and *Bis-*

cuits de Rheims for his luncheon; and as he could not obtain credit for these coveted articles, he used occasionally to beg them at the shops where he had formerly dealt!

But 'The Closing Scene' drew on. The spirits sank. Health and intellect began to decay; and he was at last carried forcibly to the excellent receptacle *BON SAUVEUR*, whence his spirit passed to the dread *Eternal*.

Of his last hours this authentic record exists, drawn up by an English clergyman who visited him:

'Mr. Brummel was in an imbecile state when I arrived at Caen, and remained so until his death, incapable of remembering any occurrence five minutes together, but occasionally recalling some anecdote of days long since passed. He appeared quite incapable of conversing on religious subjects. I failed in every attempt to lead his mind (if he can be said to have retained any power of mind) to their consideration. I never in the course of my attendance upon the sick, aged and dying, came in contact with so painful an exhibition of human vanity and apparent ignorance and thoughtlessness of and respecting a future state; for I have before visited persons whose mental powers were equally shattered, but still it was possible to touch some chord connected with religion to which they responded, though perhaps weakly and imperfectly: with him there was some response when scolded on worldly subjects; none on religious, until a few hours before he died, when, in reply to my repeated entreaties that he would try and pray, he said, 'I do try;' but he added something which made me doubt whether he understood me.

About a week before Mr.—(the clergyman) paid him this his last visit. His debility had continually increased, his hour was evidently approaching fast; nature was completely worn out, and her lamp, which had burned too fiercely before the altars of folly and pleasure, was now on the eve of expiring.

The letter of the Rev. gentleman is but a sad and painful prelude to the description of his last moments, the particulars of which are given by the nun who had attended him from the time he entered the *Bon Sauveur*.

'On the evening of his death,' her statement ran, 'about an hour before he expired, the debility having become extreme, I observed him assume an appearance of intense anxiety and fear, and fix his eyes upon me with an expression of entreaty, raising his hands towards me, as he lay in the bed, and as though asking for assistance (*ayant l'air d'implorer que je vienne à son secours*), but saying nothing.—Upon this I requested him to repeat after me the *acte de contrition* of the Roman ritual, as in our Prayer Books. He immediately consented, and repeated after me in an earnest manner (*un air pénétré*) that form of prayer. He then became more composed and laid his head down on one side; but this tranquillity was interrupted about an hour after by his turning himself over and uttering a cry, at the same time appearing to be in pain; he soon however, turned himself back, with his face laid on the pillow towards the wall, so as to be hidden from us who were on the other side.—After this he never moved, dying imperceptibly. It was a quarter of nine in the evening of the 30th of March, 1840, when we perceived the breathing to have wholly ceased.' He who had basked in the sunshine of court favor—who had so often reproved, satirized, and silenced others—who had been the idol of a worshipping multitude—who had been the intimate associate of a prince; he had to 'try' to learn on a dying bed life's main lesson—preparation for eternity. Amid all his varied acquisitions there was one frightful exception—he did not know how to pray. He was a practical atheist. His life had been one continuous period of slavery to the god of this world. And his death? What do we find in its gloomy details one trace or vestige of joy, or peace, or hope?

From it, as well as from Scripture, we glean the weighty truth—the righteous hath hope in his death.

PRAYER AMONG SUDDEN DEATH.—LORD, be pleased to shake my clay cottage before Thou throwest it down. say it totter a while before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised.—Deliver me from sudden death. Not from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short my passage be if it be safe. Never any weary traveller complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in respect of me. Make me always ready to receive Death. Thus, no guest comes unawares to him who keeps a constant table.—*Fuller.*

LOVE OF READING.—If the riches of both the Indies, if the crowns all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would part with them all.—*Fennel.*