

nically than any other part of the day. The Mohammedans begin their day at twilight.

A MISERABLE DAY.

"What is the matter with my little Edith?" said Mrs. Lindsay to her daughter, who was standing disconsolately at the window one fine summer's evening: "come here, and tell me what makes you look so unhappy my love."

"O mamma, I have been so miserable all day," replied the little girl; "every thing has gone wrong with me,"

"There must be some reason for that, I think," said Mrs. Lindsay: "our troubles are very often of our own making; but let me hear what your's have been."

Edith came to her side, and, seating herself on her low chair, began as follows:—"It has been a regular day of misfortunes, mamma, like Rosamon's in the story book. First of all, I happened to sleep too long this morning, and I had not time to learn my lessons perfectly; that made Miss Merton angry, and although papa said I might go for a drive with him at twelve o'clock, she kept me in to learn them: so he went without me. When I did get out at last, Harry was rough and disagreeable, and teased me until we had quite a quarrel. Miss Merton heard us and gave me a bad mark for getting out of temper. Of course that vexed me still more: and then she said I was impertinent, and set me an imposition, which, you know, prevented me going for a walk with you this afternoon. Indeed, I had only just finished my lessons by tea-time. So now, mamma, have I not had cause to be miserable?"

"I think you have, my dear; but I fear you will consider me very unkind when I say all has been your own fault," replied Mrs. Lindsay.

"Oh mamma, I thought you would pity me," said Edith, reproachfully.

"So I do, my child, for being cross; but now tell me truthfully, did you try hard to learn your imperfect lessons as soon as you could?" Edith was silent, and her mother continued, "Did you feel in good humour when you were playing with Harry, or were you cross, and determined to think him rough and disagreeable?"

"I am afraid I was rather, mamma," said Edith, sorrowfully.

"And if you had said nothing when Miss Merton gave you the bad mark, could we not have taken our walk together?"

"Yes, mamma, because I should not have had the imposition."

"Then, my dear, have you not confessed that all your misfortunes were caused by yourself? But I will go back a little further. After sleeping so late, had you time to ask God's blessing this morning, without whose assistance you could not hope to do right during the day?"

"No, mamma," replied Edith; "I was very naughty, and forgot my prayers altogether."

"Then can you wonder, my child, that a day, without God's blessing attending it, has been badly spent? I see you are very sorry, and need no further reproof. It is your bedtime now: do not forget to ask your heavenly Father's forgiveness before you sleep, and be sure, my dear Edith,

'That day alone can profitably end,
Which God with His great blessing doth attend.'

NO MOTHER.

She has no mother. What a volume of sorrowful utterance—no mother! We must go down the rough path of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, ere we can take home to our own experience the dread reality—no mother—without a struggle and a tear. But when it is said of a frail girl, just passing from childhood towards the life of a woman, how sad is the story summed up in this one short sentence! Who now shall administer the needed counsel?—who shall check the wayward fancies?—who now shall bear with the errors and failings of the motherless daughter? Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of sorrow be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless of her doings? is she forgetful of her duty? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, oh, remember, she has no mother!

OLD JACK.

There is a very curious account of a horse, whose name was Jack, given in "Smiles' Lives of Engineers." This horse worked hard. Almost the whole of

the stone required for Waterloo Bridge, London, was drawn by him. He was a most sensible animal, and a great favourite with all the workmen employed in building the bridge. His driver was, generally speaking, a steady and trustworthy man, though rather too fond of a glass of ale. As the railway along which the stone was drawn passed in front of the public-house door, the horse and truck were usually pulled up while Tom entered for his glass. On one occasion he stayed so long that "Old Jack," becoming impatient, poked his head into the open door, and, taking his master's coat collar between his teeth, though in a gentle sort of manner, pulled him out from the midst of his companions, and thus forced him to resume his day's work. Did he not teach his master a good lesson?

SECRETS.

We must regard every matter as an entrusted secret, which we believe the person concerned would wish to be considered as such. Nay, further still, we must consider all circumstances as secrets entrusted, which would bring scandal upon another if told, which it is not our certain duty to discuss, and that in our own person and to his face. The divine rule of doing as we would be done by, is never better put to the test than in matters of good and evil speaking. We may sophisticate with ourselves upon the manner in which we would wish to be treated, under many circumstances: but everybody recoils instinctively from the thought of being spoken of in his absence.

'TIS HABIT THAT MAKES OR MAKES US.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed: no flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the evidence of truth and virtue.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.