

YOUTH'S CORNER.

NO PAY—NO WORK.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, D. D.

"Little boy, will you help a poor old man up the hill with his load?"

"These words were spoken by an old, gray-headed man, who was drawing a handcart which contained a bag of corn for the mill."

"I can't, I'm in a hurry," said Hanson, the boy addressed.

He was in a hurry to get to the school-house, that he might enjoy a few minutes' play with the boys before school began.

The old man sat down on a stone at the foot of the hill to rest himself, and gather strength for the ascent. He gazed after Hanson as he passed rapidly on, and sighed as he thought of the days of his youth, now so far off in the distance, and of the friends of his youth now in the grave.

A tear was beginning to gather in his eye, when John Wilson came along and said, "Shall I help you up the hill with your load, sir?"

The old man brushed his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and replied, "I shall be glad to have you; I have the rheumatism in my right arm so badly that it is of no use to me, and my left arm was never very strong."

He arose, and taking the tongue of his cart, while John pushed behind, they ascended as rapidly as his faltering steps would permit. When they reached the top of the hill, they discovered a rent in the bag on the underside, from which the corn was escaping. With great effort, and at considerable expense of time, he bag was turned, so that there was no further loss of corn.

"I'm much obliged to you," said the old man, as John set out upon a run for the school-house, "and may the Lord reward you." This expression was not heard by John.

When John reached the school-house, he was about ten minutes too late, and in consequence received a mark for want of punctuality. This was a very unusual thing for him, as he was remarkable for punctuality and promptness. If he had told the teacher the cause of his detention, he would have been excused; but he thought it would look a little like ostentation to do so.

At recess, Hanson said to John, "What did you get a mark for?"

"Because I wasn't here when school began," said John.

"I know that; but why wasn't you here in time? You were only a little ways behind me the foot of the hill?"

"I know it."

"I suppose you stopped to help old Stevenson up the hill with his grist. He tried to stop you, but I don't work for nothing."

"Nor I neither."

"I know you don't; you got a mark for your job this morning, that's all that you got."

"You don't know that?"

"Did you get anything else?"

"I didn't do it expecting to get anything out of it."

"What did you do it for, then?"

"Because I thought I ought to help the poor man."

"It is the business of his relations to help him."

"It is every body's business to help every body who needs help."

"If you are a mind to be such a fool as to work for nothing, you may. No pay—no work, is my motto."

To be kind and tender hearted, is my motto, in might have said with truth, but he did not so. John did not think he worked for him when he performed acts of kindness, the first place, he had the approbation of his science, and he regarded that as worth anything. In the second place, he had the assurance of doing good, and regarded that as worth something. And in the third place, he had the gratitude and love of many, and he regarded that as worth something. And finally, he had the divine promise for a reward for every small act of benevolence as giving a glass of cold water to a disciple, and that he regarded as worth a great deal.

Did he work for nothing? Does anybody work for nothing when he does good!—*Episcopal Recorder.*

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, and after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, great changes had come over me. My childish years had passed, and with them had passed my youthful actor. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy youth, whose cheek she had so often kissed in excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her yesterday; as if the blessed sound of her voice was even then in my ear. The dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it been for one bitter recollection, the tears I would have been gentle and refreshing. A circumstance may seem a trifling one; but I thought of it even now agonizes my heart; I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought. My mother had been ill a long time, and I had me so much accustomed to her pale face and voice, that I was not frightened at them as I usually am. At first, it is true, I had died violently, for they told me she would die; then, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me.

One day when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it.

She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call the maid to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "and will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quick, and left the room.

After playing a short time, I went to bed, without bidding my mother "Good night." But when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled, when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I could not sleep; and I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber; and they told me I must not awaken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room.

She was dead! She never spoke to me more; never smiled upon me again. And when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold it made me start. I bowed down at her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I could die, and be buried with her; and as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude.

But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."—*Children's Friend.*

INDISCRIMINATE READING.

Ministers are often asked what they think of novels. I shall not enter into that question—but I will give you a maxim of Legh Richmond, about the choice of books, which applies to all kinds of literature. He used to say that "Books are good or bad in their effects as they make us relish the word of God the more or the less, after we have read them." Now, my friends, the word of God teaches us to govern our passions, to control our desires, to mortify our corrupt propensities, and to seek after holiness of heart and life. Do you think there are no books calculated to make such advice unpalatable? Why, many books appear to be written on purpose to inflame the passions. Their very object appears to be to pollute the morals of an inexperienced youth, and to reduce him to the degradation of a brute. The knowledge they give of the world is better calculated to make men shrewd than virtuous. They invest their characters with as much which excites our admiration as our abhorrence. They draw men splendidly wicked, surrounding them with endowments which seem to diminish their crimes or, at any rate, prevent our looking upon them with detestation. Have you not heard instances of men reading such books, and trying to imitate the infamous conduct of their leading character? And have you not met with many books, which draw glowing pictures of the world—which excite sanguine anticipations of its happiness, and urge you to pursue with all your might its delusive pleasures? Oh! take heed what you read. What is the paltry amusement to be derived from such publications, compared with the lasting injury they do your soul? You read the adventures of a vicious man with delight—you feel interested in his favour—you judge leniently of his faults—and then you wish to be as gay, as witty, as, and as profligate as himself. You read the life of a worldly woman with pleasure—you identify yourself with her vanity, with her frivolities—you are dazzled by the picture of her accomplishments, and you desire to be equally dissipated and equally admired. Oh! tell me, young man, young woman, if to some such feelings, as I have described, you are utter strangers—say, if these books do not give you a contempt of the retiring and sober recreations of considerate men—if they do not make you averse to every solemn duty and serious occupation? Beware, then, of indiscriminate reading. Of those persons who were converted by the instrumentality of the Apostle's preaching at Ephesus, it is recorded that "Many of them brought their books together and burned them before all men." They did so because they were mischievous books. How many in our day ought to share their fate for the same reason!—*Episcopal Recorder.*

TOBACCO AND ITS EVILS.

Smoking to excess is another source of immense evil in the backwoods. A man accustomed to a cigar, gets at last accustomed to the lowest and vilest of tobacco. I used to laugh at some of my friends in Seymour, when I saw them with a broken tobacco pipe stuck in the ribbon of their straw hats. These were men who had paraded in their day the shady side of Pall Mall. They found a pipe a solace, and cigars were not to be had for love or money. "Why do you not put your pipe at least out of sight?" said I. "It is the Seymour Arms' crest," responded my good natured gentlemen farmers, "and we wear it accordingly." Smoking all day, from the hour of rising, is, I actually believe, more injurious to the nerves than hard drinking. It paralyzes exertion. I never saw an Irish labourer, with his hod and his pipe, mounding a ladder, but I was sure to discover that he was an idler. I never had a groom that smoked much who took proper care of my horses; and I never knew a gentleman seriously addicted to smoking, who cared much for anything beyond self.—*Bonnycastle's Canada.*

case being at last ascertained, as stated above, science may now be enabled to suggest some measures to palliate, if not counteract its influence, and that it may, at worst, prove only of temporary duration,—like the dread ravages of the cholera; or that if destined to become an uncertain periodical curse, its visitations may be either few and far between, like the more limited devastations of the Locust and "army worm,"—or that, as is the case with those more permanent minor agricultural pests, peculiar to certain plants, such as the wheat (or hessian) fly, the turnip fly, and the pea bug, or even that destructive fungus the rust, some means may yet be discovered for either arresting or preventing its future ravages.

The undersigned would invite attention to the following English and American publications: The entire and beautifully illustrated Works of George Virtue, Ivy Lane, London, for which the subscriber is agent, together with a variety of Standard Religions, Literary and Scientific works from the house of Messrs. Harper and other publishers of New York, viz.: Virtue's Illustrated Bible, each part embellished with a superb steel engraving, 1s. 6d. Christian in Palestine, or Scenes of Sacred History, with four engravings in each part, 3s. Gems of European Art, or the Best of the Best Masters, in parts, at 7s. The People's Gallery of Engravings, in parts with four engravings each, at 2s. 3d. The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. In parts, at 3s. Finden's Ports, Harbors, and Watting Places of Great Britain. In 3 parts, at 3s. each. Illustrated Shakespeare, in parts, 1s. 6d. The complete Works of Robert Burns, Illustrated, 2s. 3d. per part. Domestic Architecture, containing a History of the science and principles of designing Public Buildings, Private Dwellings, Country Mansions, and Suburban Villas, 3s. per part. France, Illustrated Drawings by Thomas Allan, Esq., and descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M. A. To be had either in French or English, 3s. per part. Pictorial History of England, Ireland & Scotland, prepared by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, reprinted by Harper & Brothers at 1s. 6d. per part. Penny Magazine, 170 pages in each part, at 1s. 6d. per part.

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—The late Mr. Tegg, the well-known publisher, on being asked to what he chiefly owed his success in life, replied, "To three things: punctuality as to time, self reliance, and integrity in word and deed. In addition, however," said he, to these points, "I have derived much advantage and comfort in life from being deaf, as well as blind, to all calumnies and attacks. I have never cared for what any one malignantly or perhaps foolishly said of me; neither have I been ready to resent real imaginary affronts."

THE FIRST VISIT TO A MARRIED CHILD.—Generally speaking, if there is a moment of unmingled happiness, it is that in which parents pay their first visit to a married child, and in which children receive their first visit from their parents. The pretty, half childlike, half matronly pride with which the young wife does the honours of domestic arrangements; the tearful joy of the mother as she inspects and admires; the honest happiness of the father; and the modest exultation of the bride-groom who has installed the creature he loves in all the comforts by which she is surrounded, render the moment one of pleasing interest to the most careless bystander.

THE GOSPEL, AND THE CAUSE OF ITS REJECTION.—The Gospel of God is his embassy of peace to men, the riches of his mercy, and free love opened and set forth; not simply to be looked upon but laid hold of.—And yet the Gospel is not obeyed! Surely, the conditions of it must be very hard, and the commands intolerably grievous, that they are not hearkened to. Why, judge you if they be. The great command is to receive that salvation; and the other is this, to love that Saviour; and there is no more. Perfect obedience is not now the thing; and the obedience which is required, love makes sweet and easy to us, and acceptable to him. This is proclaimed to all who hear the Gospel, but the greatest part refuse it. They love themselves, and their lusts, and this present world; and will not change; and so they perish!—They perish? what is that? what is their end? I will answer that, but as the Apostle doth; and that is, even by asking the question again, 'what shall their end be?'—*Leighton.*

THE POTATO DISEASE.—A long article, signed R. L. in the last number of the Montreal "Br. Am. Journal of Medical and Physical Science" winds up the result of past investigations in the following terms: After this unreasonably lengthened intrusion upon your valuable columns, it would be unparadonable to add more, prolific though the theme may be. I beg therefore to bring my desultory observations at once to a close, with one more simple observation—namely, that it would appear as if the learned investigators of this dreadful pestilence had "some how," been strangely mixing up cause and effect; and that, therefore, from such "confusion worse confounded," little satisfaction was to have been expected. At least such may very reasonably be inferred to have been the case, when we learn, by the last accounts from England, that at the last meeting of the British Scientific Association in September last, the Potato disease engaged the attention of the Botanical section for one day, when Dr. Buchland, after a long discussion, summed up with declaring, "that he could not tell what the disease was, or how it could be cured; but that he thought it arose from the 'debility' of the root; but the fact was, they were possessed of less information (!) now than before the Government Commission commenced its inquiry!" In spite of all this, however, let us indulge a fervent hope that the origin of the Potato dis-

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