

A NOBLE BOY.

SOME boys have a mean streak, and never lose an opportunity to do a mean thing. If they have to do a good thing it is done in the least pleasant, least manly way. There are not many such, but every school of thirty or forty scholars has two or three. Most boys, when they are not out of temper, are kindly disposed, ready to help those in trouble, and anxious to please their parents; and some of them have fine qualities that they never have any special opportunity to show. Some are so noble that they make opportunities, and that when it would be easy to be neither noble nor mean by just doing what most persons would do.

A few years ago there was a boy whose father and mother were sick, the father being scarcely able to leave home for business purposes, but the mother confined generally to her room, having to bear the burden of anxiety about the children, and in constant fear of what was all too soon fulfilled, and she would be left a widow and her children fatherless. This boy, when not more than twelve years old, was out playing with some of his friends when a frightful accident happened to him, by which his face was terribly lacerated, his cheek being cut from just below the eye almost to the chin. The pain was so great, and the flow of blood so profuse, that he grew rapidly weak. Some men rushed up to the spot and proposed to take him home at once. "Oh, no!" said he, "do not take me home; it might kill mother. Take me to the doctor's," giving the name of their family physician. He was taken there as soon as possible, and manfully submitted to everything which the surgeon did, including the slow, tedious sewing up of the gaping wound, which required twelve or fifteen stitches.

The operation being through with he was taken home in a sleigh, word having been sent to his mother that he had met with an accident. Arrived at the house, he gathered up what strength he had, and refusing help walked up the steps, and said, "Mother, I have been hurt, but I am all right now, and will soon be well."

This was an exhibition of nobility worthy of any hero of whom historians write, poets sing, orators declaim. When his father came home and heard the story his eyes were dim with tears, not all of pity or sympathy, but some of joy and pride.—*ScL*

A HANDSOME SOUL.

ONE day a boy who was taking his first lesson in the art of sliding down hill, found his feet in too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an apology.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am: I am very sorry."

"Never mind that," exclaimed the lady, "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined. I thought you would be angry with me for being so careless."

"Oh, no," she replied, "better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

"Who, that lady?" returned his comrade. "If you call her a beauty, you sha'n't choose for me. Why, she is old and her face is wrinkled!"

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the other, "her soul is handsome, anyhow."

A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he said: "Oh, mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to get mad, I will think of what she said, 'Better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.'"

Angry words oh let them never

From thy tongue unbridled slip,

May the heart's best impulse ever

Check them e're they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,

Friendship is too sacred far,

For a moments reckless folly

Thus to desolate and mar.