

CHILDHOOD.

The period of childhood is life's bright morning. Everything smiles. The hour for labor has not come. The feeling of fatigue is not yet known, or if so, a single night's repose causes it to be entirely forgotten.

Childhood has few cares, for it is passed under the watchful eye of others, and partakes from day to day of a provision made by others, often the result of much anxiety and painful labor.

Children are unwilling to be otherwise than happy. They have their disappointments, and their eyes may be red from weeping, but they will smile through their tears, and merry laughter follows quickly most pitiful crying. No wonder that we love to look back to this period of life. No wonder that the old man and old woman bowing under the infirmities of age, and weary from life's burdens and life's sorrows turn their thoughts sadly back to childhood's innocent sports, and happy visions. They forget much that transpired and gave character to experience in later life, but childhood and that which pertains to childhood they will not, they cannot forget.

This is well, for childhood in its true sense comes only once. Other periods follow, but each has its anxieties, its labors, and its sorrows, and through them all, as we have seen, old age looks back, to the bright cloudless morning of a day whose sun, after many a darkening cloud, is about to set.

Now, the lesson to be learned from all this is, do what you can to make the children under your authority or around you happy. Don't expect them to do as old persons do, or to feel as old persons feel. Let them feel and act and enjoy themselves as children.

I do not mean that they should be disobedient, or rude, or be lacking in good manners. Such neglect in their education, would not tend to increase their happiness, but would have directly the opposite effect. But I mean that they should not be required to sit erect and stiff and preserve the quiet decorum that may be natural enough to older persons.

Children love to play, and romp, and they should be allowed to do so. To do so, not only affords pleasure, but it is conducive to health.

I pity the child that has no open air playground, and is not even allowed to romp and make a noise in the house.

It is worse off than the caged bird, for the bird is allowed to fly about in its cage, and to sing, just as much, and just as loud as it pleases.

Then what a terrible affliction when the child is required to come under the severe regulations of fashionable life! In this regard the child of humble parentage has often the advantage.

How sad to see a child dressed after the strictest requirements of modern fashion, going through the prescribed forms, like a little old man or woman, or rather like an automaton. Soon the little heart adapts itself to rules which flatter pride and encourage a foolish personal display, and then farewell to all those enjoyments, simple and unaffected, which belong especially to childhood, and which if not secured then can never be realized at any subsequent period.

Give the children a chance. Allow them to be children. Don't rob them of the privileges and innocent sports of childhood. Don't deprive them of that which alone can make the memories of childhood pleasing in after years, even down to old age, and in the home which lies on the other side of the river of death.

DEATH.

We die daily. With each new section of our moral history we give up something that belonged to the section preceding. We are losing continually a portion of our being. We suffer ceaseless dissolutions. Let the mature man compare himself with the budding boy, and see how much of death he has already experienced. How much of what he was has perished in him and from him, never to be restored! Where now is the careless mirth that lit up the boyish eye? where the sunny peace or gushing joy of the boyish breast? Where the boundless expectation, the implicit faith, the indomitable hope, the buoyant nature, the unshadowed soul, the exuberant life? Is not the loss of these as truly death as the putting off of the fleshy tabernacle? Is it not as much dying to lose the splendor and joy of our young years, as it is to be divested of our morality? The veteran, however blest with "that which should accompany old age," looks back upon his youth as a paradise lost, never in this world to be regained.

O man! that from thy fair and shining youth Age might but take the things youth needed not!

This ceaseless death would make existence intolerable, were it not balanced and compensated by ceaseless new births. The true soul gains as fast, or faster than it loses. Life is constant acquisition as well as constant waste, a series of resurrections as well as deaths. If we die daily, we are also renewed day by day. If we lose in buoyancy, we gain in earnestness; if we lose in imagination, we gain in experience; if we lose in freshness, we gain in weight; if we lose in fervour, we gain in wisdom; if we lose in enjoyment, it is to be hoped we gain in patience. If we gradually die to the world, it is to be hoped that we more and more live unto God.

LIARS AND LYING—A WORD TO THE BOYS.

"No liar is to be trusted." So, we well remember, ran one of our copy headings in days of old. What was truth then is truth now; and as it was a fit and proper part of a boy's education then to put him on his guard against lying, so it is now, and as boys are taught to call a spade a spade, so they ought to be taught to call liars by their proper names, because they are very dangerous persons.

Every liar is a burglar, because every lie is an attempt to rob the stock exchange of public confidence. In that noble edifice every good citizen makes his deposits, and those constitute the wealth of a country; and the lie of every liar is a mean assault on that institution to destroy it. So that every liar, just in so far as he is true to his character, is doing what he can to plunder his country's wealth, and send it into universal bankruptcy. Every liar is a coward. He is a falsehood manufacturer. Truth is light, and the children of the light love the light. There is a frank, open, fearless manliness about them that cannot be feigned. Falsehoods do not at all become them. A lie not only pollutes the heart, but it pollutes also the eye. Liars feel this, and they never like you to look into their eyes. Character resembles an arch. Virtues are the bricks, and so long as every one is in its place, and all bound together by the key-stone of truth, compactness is the result, and pressure only strengthens the compact. But liars have no key-stone in their character. A good arch affords a safe thoroughfare over it and under it; but on the word of a liar it is at your peril to venture, because while other men utter words that may be relied on as the true symbols of their thoughts, the divinest fea-

ture in humanity, you must not presume this dignity of divinity belongs to a liar. He has sold his birthright, and now not only does all that is mean and cowardly, but all that is ignoble and degraded attach itself to the man who has allowed himself to become the slave and victim of this vice. Lying is one of the highest crimes. Murder, for instance, is a gross, vulgar immorality—an outburst of extreme brutal selfishness. The brute under passion kills its antagonist; so does the man; and in this view, murder is a brutal crime and ranks with lust and revenge. But lying is a spiritual operation and belongs to man's highest nature. It is the product of his intellect, his reason and his will, proving him to be possessed of a lying devil. Sometimes this is very apparent. The expert uses words with two meanings. He so guards himself as to mislead others by his reservations. He gives you what he calls the truth, but the statement is false from beginning to end, and he designed it. Here he changed the tone of voice; there he gave a peculiar expression to his facial muscles, and at another place he made a skilful variation of pause or change of emphasis, and the whole sense is altered. The whole is a lie, though perhaps hardly a word has been changed. The operation has been spiritual; and it is on this account that governments cannot punish by pain and penalty as other crimes are punished. But God is a spirit, and He will judge the spirit of the evil-doer in righteousness. His doom is a fearful one—see how it is written in characters of fire. Rev. xxi. 8.

JAPANESE MONEY.

We remember in our boyish days hearing a grumbling schoolfellow say, "He must have been a very small man who invented fractions." It strikes us, by similar reasoning, that things must be very cheap in a country that finds use for so small fractions as quarter-cent pieces.

One of the greatest curiosities in Japan to the stranger is the wonderful variety of coins that are used daily. In some instances it takes one thousand pieces to make one dollar. These are called "cash," and are seldom received by foreigners, who, as a general rule, refuse to take them in change. Imagine making a trade of five cents, and giving a man a fifty-cent piece, then receiving in change four hundred and fifty of these coppers!

This coin is peculiarly made, having a square hole in the centre. They are about the size of our dime pieces, and nearly two-thirds the thickness. Next to this comes the quarter of a cent, eight-tenths of a cent, and the one and two-cent pieces.

In silver coins they have the five, ten, twenty, fifty cent and one dollar pieces. In gold, the one, two, five, ten, and twenty dollars, which are very pretty coinages indeed. Next to this come the government stores of paper money, in various denominations, ranging from five cents to one hundred dollars. This money is made on quite inferior paper to ours, and, from general appearance, will not last like the American money.

It would almost seem as if these Orientals made their currency as they made their language—coined a new piece every time they were puzzled to "make change."—*Youth's Companion*.

"If we live a life of faith on the Son of God, then we shall assuredly live a life of holiness. I do not say we ought to do so, but we shall as a matter of necessary consequence. But in as far as we do not lead a life of faith, in so far we shall live a life of unholiness. It is through faith that God purifies the heart, and there is no other way."