

THE BOYS' ROOM.

We wish especially to urge upon mothers the propriety of giving up to the boys, as soon as they reach the age of twelve or fourteen years, one room (not a bed-chamber,) for whose (reasonably) good order they shall be responsible, and which they shall consider wholly their own. The floor should be uncarpeted, of oiled wood; the furniture of the same material. Let it be papered, curtained, decorated according to the boys' own fancy; if the taste is bad, they will be interested after a while in correcting it. There should be plain book-cases, a big solid table in the centre, by all means an open fire, and room after that for Joe's printing press, or Charley's box of tools, or Sam's cabinet of minerals; for chess and checkerboards, or any other game which is deemed proper. To this room the boys should be allowed to invite their friends, and learn how to be hospitable hosts, even to the extent of an innocent little feast now and then. Father, mother, and sisters, should refrain from entering it except as guests; and our word for it, they will be doubly honoured and welcomed when they do come.—*Scribner.*

HONOUR THY FATHER AND
THY MOTHER.

An old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman who came to examine his school:

"I believe the children know their Catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it?—that is the question," said the clergyman.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment—"Honour thy father and mother,"—and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so,

the little boy, with his face covered with blushes said, almost in a whisper:

"Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet; and the gentlemen saw that they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

The clergyman then looked very much pleased, and the good old schoolmaster only said:

"God give us his grace and blessing."

WHY A CHILD WISHED TO
DIE.

Some years ago I was called upon at my house, and requested to see a little girl, seven years of age, who, I was told, was dying. She lived in a little back street. When I got there, a woman showed me to where this child was, and I sat down. "What do you want, darling?" I said. "Well, sir," said she, "I want to see you before I die." "Why," said I, "are you dying?" "Yes, sir." "Would you not like to get well again?" "I hope not, sir." "Why not?" "Why, sir," said she—and remember she was only seven years old—"ever since I became a Christian, I have been trying to bring father to the Tabernacle, and he won't come; and I think, if I die—you will bury me, won't you?" I said "Yes, darling." "Well; I've been thinking, if I die father must go to the funeral, then you will be able to preach the Gospel to him; and I would be willing to die six times over for him to hear the Gospel once." This was wondrous love that filled her little heart. She would die six times that her father might hear the Gospel once. Well, she went home, as she had anticipated, and just as she