

SACREDNESS OF A PROMISE.

An eminent British statesman is said to have traced his own senses of the sacredness of a promise to a curious lesson he got from his father, when a boy. When home for the holidays, and walking with his father in the garden, his father pointed to a wall which he intended to have pulled down.

Oh, said the boy, I should so like to see a wall pulled down.

Well, my boy, you shall, said his father.

The thing, however, escaped his memory, and during the boy's absence a number of improvements were being made, among others the pulling down of this wall and the building of a new one in its place.

When the boy came home and saw it, he said:

On, father! you promised to let me see that wall pulled down.

Instantly the father remembered his promise, and was deeply pained to think that he had seemed careless of his plighted word.

My boy, he said, you are right. I did promise, and I ought not to have forgotten. It is too late now to do just what I said I would; but you wanted to see a wall pulled down, and so you shall.

And he actually ordered the masons up and made them pull down and rebuild the new wall, that as nearly as possible his promise might be made good.

It cost me twenty pounds, he said to a friend who was bantering him about it; but, he added solemnly, if it had cost me a hundred, I should have thought it a cheap way of impressing upon my boy's mind, as long as he lives, the importance of a man of honor should attach to his plighted word.

**A RARE INSTANCE OF SELF-DE-
NIAL.**

In the last German war, a captain of cavalry was commanded to go foraging. He set out at the head of his company, going to that section which was assigned him. It was a secluded valley, where nothing could be seen save woods. He perceived at the door of a humble cabin an old hermit, with white beard.

"My Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I can forage my horses."

"Directly," said the hermit.

The good old man, placing himself at their head, recrossed the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a beautiful field of barley.

"That is what I want," said the captain.

"Wait a moment, and you shall be satisfied," said the conductor.

They continued to march, and arrived about a quarter of a mile further, at another field of barley. The troops immediately dismounted and reaped the grain, placed it upon their croups and remounted. The cavalry officer then said to his guide:—

"My Father, you have made us go too far unnecessarily; the first field was better than this."

"That is true, sir," replied the old man, "but it was not mine."

HOWARD'S OPINION OF SWEARERS.

As he was one day standing near the door of a printing-office, he heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses from a public house opposite, and buttoning his pocket up before he went into the street, he said to the workman near him, "I always do this whenever I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain, can also steal, or do anything else that is bad."