

not look like good innocent children at all.—They know themselves that they are liars, and do not look their Parents, or good Boys and Girls, in the face. When Boys and Girls are found to be liars, nobody believes another word they say, and they are despised by all good people, and no one will be seen in their company; not one of us can stand being called a liar. I might say a great deal more, but this letter is already, perhaps, too long. I shall, however, add a little tale, which has often been told, but which may be new to you. You know that a wolf is a wild beast, which lives in some countries, and devours poultry, sheep and lambs, and even horses and cows, if they are not well protected. They even attack men, and if Boys or Girls come in their way, they would soon eat them up.—I, in a country where there were plenty of such savage beasts in the woods, there lived a young Boy, who herded a flock of sheep. This boy had got into the habit of telling lies, perhaps without intending or supposing he did so. Perhaps he might have been a good boy, if he had been told, as you now are, that it is bad to lie.—His parents and friends at first did not know that he was a liar, but after he had two or three times called out "wolf, wolf," to make them suppose there was a wolf near, and that he or the sheep were in danger, and saw, on running to his help, there was no wolf there, they found out that he was telling a falsehood—that he was a liar.—What happened next? They did not believe him even when he told the truth. So, one day, when a wolf really came, and the boy cried out, but his friends thought he was deceiving them again, and did not go to his assistance; and then, alas! The wolf destroyed all his sheep, and ate him up. Dear young friends, "Always tell the truth."

I am, your sincere wellwisher,  
1847.

VERUS.

*Young Lads—Diligence.*—There are many young lads about our streets who have given up their schools, but who are in no particular business. Some of them, to be sure, are sons of wealthy parents, who can afford to keep them in idleness, but it may prove the ruin of the boys. There are others, however, (whose parents find it difficult to make both ends meet,) who seem to be doing nothing from Monday morning till Saturday night. Why is it? They are too proud to enter a trade, or go into a shop and work; so

they are waiting for opportunities to present themselves, where they can get a good salary, and do nothing but a little writing. Such opportunities are rare, and these boys may wait till they are one and twenty, and yet do nothing. Idleness is the ruin of boys from the ages of fourteen to twenty-one. While unemployed, you find them at the corners of our streets, in low grog-shops, or where soda, cakes and pies are sold, living on the generosity of their more wealthy companions. We know several such. We see them daily getting what they can from others, while their poor fathers, or widowed mothers are obliged to support them.

Our advice to such young lads, is, go to work at something. Do not be afraid of a trade. Some of our best and most talented men once sat on a shoemaker's bench, worked at something. You can all find employment, if you will work. You had better dig, than thus waste your precious time, contracting habits that will be a source of trouble to you as long as you live.

By D. C. COLESWORTHY.

—*Far. & Mech.*

#### The Importance of Resolution.

"Resolution," says a writer is "omnipotent" And if we will solemnly determine to make the most and the best of all our powers and capacities; and if to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but "seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort," we shall find that there is no limit to our advancement. Without this resolute and earnest purpose, the best aids and means are of little worth; but with it even the weakest are mighty. Without it we shall accomplish nothing—with it, every thing. A man who is deeply in earnest acts upon the motto of the pickaxe on the old seal: 'Either I will find a way, or I will make one.' He has somewhat the spirit of Bonaparte, who when told on the eve of the battle, circumstances were against him, replied, 'Circumstances! I either make or control circumstances, and don't bow to them.' In self-cultivation, as in every thing else, to think we are able, is almost to be so; to resolve to attain, is often attainment. Every where are the means of progress, if we have but the spirit, the fixed purpose to use them. And if like the old philosopher, we will but take as our motto: 'Higher—for higher!' we may rise by them all. He that resolves upon any great end, by that very resolution has scaled the chief barrier to it; and he who seized