

and out in quick and profitless succession—each, indeed, for the moment of its stay prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but, altogether, they leave the mistress of the house—the soul, I mean—flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests.—*Coleridge.*

WAS HE WRONG?

A PRESBYTERIAN clergyman was recently examining a number of children in the Assembly's Catechism, and explaining how man's chief end should be to glorify God and enjoy him for ever. To make the matter plain as to enjoyment, he said, "Suppose you were to go through the town, and, knocking at every door, were to ask each one, 'What would you most like to have?' what would people say?" A little fellow quickly lifted up his hand in token that he had the answer. "Well," said the clergyman, "what do you think?" "Beer!" was the lad's reply. Was the child far wrong? Had he not used his eyes and ears? Are there not men in our land whose chief good is in beer or something stronger?—*Selected.*

PLAYING TRUANT.

It was a bright pleasant morning in October that Henry Smith was on his way to school, with his green satchel swinging over his shoulders, and a long stick in one hand, with which as he went along he switched the leaves from the bushes on each side of the path. His face was bright with intelligence and pleasure, and any one who looked upon him on that morning might almost have envied him his careless happiness.

"Halloo! Henry," cried one of his companions, who had been for some time trying in vain to overtake him. "Halloo!

Henry; what makes you walk so fast? I am out of breath with trying to overtake you. I have something to say to you, if you will stop long enough to hear it."

Henry stopped until his companion joined him, and then the two boys went on together. Robert, the new-comer, was a wild fun-loving boy, who had some few good qualities and a great many bad ones. He was liked at school, because he was good-natured, and because he engaged in his sports with a spirit and energy which were sure to make them interesting. But, notwithstanding these pleasant qualities, he was an-unprincipled boy, and no one in school exerted a worse influence over his companions. His object now was to persuade Henry to accompany him on a nutting expedition instead of going to school; and as he knew that this would be rather a difficult task, he went to work with a cunning and ingenuity seldom found in one so young.

"Is not this a most glorious day?" he began.

"Is that what you were so anxious to say to me?" said Henry, laughing; "what an important piece of news!"

"I should not think you would want to walk so fast on such a pleasant day," continued Robert. "I am sure I am in no great hurry to be shut up in that old dark school-room. Don't you wish it was vacation, and then we could go off into the woods and enjoy ourselves instead of staying shut up there all day?"

"Why, yes," replied Henry, "I should like a vacation very well, but I suppose we shall not have another until Thanksgiving, when the weather will be cold, and we shall not want to go out. But then," continued he, "we have good times as it is; our teacher is interested in having us get along well in our studies, and he contrives every way he possibly can to make them pleasant to us."

"Well, I know all that," said Robert, interrupting his companion; "but Mr. Henderson has given his scholars a vaca-