

The lady friend who was with us required she 'ter, and we betook ourselves to the tower.

A PENCILLER.

A Scene.

We saw yesterday, at the Depot, a poor, pale little girl peddling peaches among the passengers who were constantly coming and going through the place. Her sorrowful looks, her timid way, her pale thin face, with the traces of tears visible upon it, and her meek blue eye, "all and singular," had their effect upon the strangers around, and many there were that bought her fruit to cheer her heart, and with their bits of silver dropped a word of kindness and encouragement in her ear, more precious than coin to her, after the pressing necessity that drove her among that crowd, should be satisfied. But one there was who excited our indignation. With a costly overcoat upon one arm, a well-stuffed carpet-bag in the other hand, in elegant apparel, and with a massive gold watch-chain dangling a foot in length from his fob and ending in a costly seal, he passed through on his way to the western cars. "Please buy some peaches, sir?" said the little girl, with an arch twist of the head and a pleasant smile playing about her lips, brought there by the cheerful words that had fallen so like a gentle blessing on her heart. "Some peaches? Only a penny a piece," and she held out her basket. "Get away with your trash!" was the surly response of this human mastiff, accompanied by a kick, which knocked the basket from the poor creature's hand, and scattered its contents among a crowd of greedy boys, who commenced picking up the fruit and devouring it. The clouds of sorrow all came back again in a moment, and, at this new trouble, her tears gushed from her eyes afresh. A citizen who stood by quietly stepped up and paid for the peaches, and bade her never mind. The man (?) who did it went on with a look of conscious mightiness and seated himself in the car. We saw that his baggage was labelled "Cleveland—home," where he doubtless secures the fawning always attendant upon wealth, and is considered a "respectable" member of community.—*Buffalo Rough Notes.*

Who kicked that peach-basket out of that poor girl's hand? We know full well the annoyance and vexation of a

Railroad Station, and the strong disposition to "kick somebody," which these troubles beget; but kicking a poor, pale girl, or her basket, is too brutal to be excusable. Who kicked that peach-basket? Don't answer aloud, but go into your closet and shut the door, and ask Heaven to pardon the offence; and then go and sin in that wise no more.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Sayings from Francis Forrester's Portfolio.

My precious old Portfolio still contains a variety of sayings that teach as much wisdom as ever grew in the brains of many ancient sages. Here is one, which the girls should work on their brothers' book-marks, and the boys write in their sisters' copy-books. It reads thus:

"EVERY BOY SHOULD LEARN TO PADDLE HIS OWN CANOE."

"Tush, Mr. Forrester!" I fancy I hear my reader say; "that may be a very good saying for Indian boys, but not for us Anglo-American lads, who go down the rivers in steam-boats, and not in flimsy canoes."

Don't be too fast, my young friend. This saying has a meaning for you, as well as for Indians. For you will find it hard work to get along in this driving world, if you don't learn "to paddle your own canoe."

But what does this saying mean? Mean! why it teaches that a boy must learn to depend upon himself, and not live leaning always on his father's arm. He must make up his mind to rely for success, in every thing, upon his own endeavours and the blessing of God. At school, he must not seek to have every difficulty explained by the teacher; or get his brighter school-mates to work out his hard sums for him. No, no! He must look upon a difficult task as a soldier does on a powerful enemy—as something to be conquered. At home, he must not leave mother, or Betty the servant girl, to take care of him, and keep him neat. He must never ask mother to do for him what he is able and what is proper for him to do for himself. By thus relying upon himself, he will be learning to paddle his own canoe.

Our great Franklin paddled his own canoe, too, when he pulled off his jacket and set types by day, and when he sat up nearly all night to study. By doing this,