

## MAURICE AS A BOY.

The life of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice illustrated Milton's familiar lines:

The childhood shows the man,  
As morning shows the day.

In his boyhood he was honest and truth-telling, gentle and affectionate.

He was never known to utter an unkind word to his companions, or to do them an ungenerous action. On the contrary, he never seemed so delighted as when he had opportunity to do them a favor, even when it required him to deny himself. Generosity seemed as natural to him as selfishness was to other children.

When he was five years old, he came, one day, into the familiar room, with a biscuit in one hand and a flower in the other. A gentleman happening to be present, whispered to Frederick's mother:

"Children always give up what they least care for. Now we will see which he likes best."

Then turning to the child, he said: "Frederick, which will you give me, the flower or the biscuit?"

"Choose which you like," answered the boy, holding out both hands.

One summer evening, while he and two other boys were rambling in the country, an angry bull forced them to take refuge upon an embankment in a large field. They were safe there, but the bull by pacing round, kept them prisoners, until the approach of night warned them that their parents would grow uneasy at their long absence.

The boys decided that one of them should make the attempt to procure assistance, and drawing lots was spoken of.

"No," said Frederick, "I am the oldest; it is my duty to go."

Quietly he descended the embankment whilst the two boys tried to divert the bull's attention. But the bull followed Frederick, who retired facing the animal, slowly bowing to it with his hat at intervals—according to a theory which he had heard of on managing angry beasts.

When he had approached so near the gate that he could reach it before the bull, by a smart run he made the final rush and got through, thereby increasing the animal's rage. In a few minutes he returned with a man, who drove away the bull and released the two boys.

A man who would risk his life to save a friend from danger might refuse to accept mortification for himself to save his friend's feelings. But young Maurice was quite equal even to the self denial.

He and a friend while students at the university, were walking over the Isle of Wight. At the end of a long day's walk, they met a party of fashionable friends, who insisted that the students should call upon them at their house and pass the evening.

The two friends retired to the inn to furbish up their travel-stained garments. Upon looking for clean stockings—in those days short breeches and long stockings were worn—they found only one pair remaining in the joint wardrobe.

These were silk ones, and belonged to Maurice. With his characteristic generosity, he urged his friend to wear them, who could not allow the self-denial.

This dispute ended in a compromise. Each put one stocking upon his right

leg. With one clean stocking on, both shuffled into their friend's parlor, trying to conceal the disreputable leg and to put the best foot foremost. In after years the two had many a hearty laugh over the shifts they resorted to to keep the unclean stocking out of sight.

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## A CHILD'S REASON.

'Twas Christmas week, the wintry light  
Faded to darkness, dull and drear  
"These are," I said, half to myself,  
"The shortest days in all the year."

Across our darling's childish face  
Passed the quick shadow of a thought  
Then suddenly she brightly smiled,  
As though she found the things she sought:

And said, "I know the reason why;  
It's 'cause the little girls like me  
Wish it was Christmas, so the Lord  
Makes the days shorter purposely!"

## THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

A few more days and the year which to some has brought happiness and to others misfortune will be added to those which have passed before it. Many will during the present month sit in retrospective thoughts over the events which have marked the year in their lives. To the young the years speed not fast enough; to the old they are all too short. The young man employs the closing of one year in preparing for the next, the aged man muses over the events of past years, and contemplates the mysteries of the future. In the lives of many the year has proved a memorable one, while in these of others it has been marked no special events. The hopes of one have reached fruition, the aspirations of another have fallen short of success. And thus the last day of December will bring alike pleasant and sad memories. There is a lesson to be drawn from the close of every year that may well teach us of the opening of the new one. It is by deriving profit from the past that we can improve the future. If we have undertaken enterprises during the present year that have proved unsuccessful, we can now, on looking back over the back ground, see more clearly what our mistake was or wherein we failed, and by having undergone such experiences we are by far the better off. We have been taught lessons which we might otherwise never have learned, and in our future undertakings the great value of them will be apparent to us, if now they yet seem unnecessary and unproductive of good. There is a lesson in all our failures, if we will but regard them in the proper light. So long as we profit by what has occurred during the year now rapidly drawing to a close, it will not have been wasted. The experience of the old year will make our success during the new more assured, for we will have learned what shoals to avoid in the sea of life. If our bark has just ground over the

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rocky reefs with but slight injury, let us feel thankful that we were not entirely wrecked. The closing of an other year will also remind many of the necessity of acting in the present rather than postponing to the future. It will teach us, perhaps, what may have escaped us before, that the sun as swiftly descends to its setting as it rises to its noon. These and scores of other lessons will be suggested to many with the close of 1886.—*Christmas B ooklyn Magazine.*

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IT SELDOM FAILS.—J. D. Cameron, of Westlake, Ainslie, Cape Breton, had inflammatory rheumatism which Haggard's Yellow Oil cured after all other treatment had failed.

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