

Incidents of an Hour.

A little boy five or six years old perhaps, and with a face flushed with anger, caught hold of a little girl three or four years old, and treated her very rudely, pulling her hair and almost choking her. Upon being reproved for such cruelty, he said, "She scratched me right on my cheek first!"

Two little girls, five or six years old, were running along, and one said to the other, "If she strikes me again, I'll strike her in the mouth. I will."

Two lads twelve or fourteen years old were going from work, and as they past us, one replied to something the other said, "Go to h—," using the word which the Bible applies to the place of everlasting punishment, and which we do not choose to repeat.

A poor old horse, with a useless leg had been turned out on the commons, and a boy of ten years old, perhaps, was throwing chips and stones at him, for the pleasure (!) of seeing him attempt to run.

The above incidents met our eye in an hour's walk in the heart of the city. Probably a hundred just like them occur every hour of daylight the year round. We see half a dozen of them, and others see the rest. They betoken the various stages in the rank growth of the seed which the enemy has planted. Sunday, infant and daily schools, well organized and faithfully conducted, are exerting an influence which gently removes these noxious weeds, and opens the soil to the sun and shower.

Why is it that such multitudes are suffered to have their own way? Why are not these corrective agencies multiplied and improved, and brought to bear on every child in the land while yet there is hope? Must the little street-brawler, be left till he grow into an armed robber, or the malignant passions of infancy be indulged till their strength is exhibited in some street-fight or a cold-blooded murder!—*Youth's Penny Gazette*.

"I Will go to My Father."

"I will go to my father," said little Amy, who was in a difficulty and knew not how to proceed. The case was this—When her sister's birthday was at hand, Amy, (who was much younger than Alice,) wished to do her a kindness. She wished to send a few birthday verses, but then she could not write them herself. What was to be done? After a little consideration she resolved to go to her father.

Hardly can a child in a difficulty take a wiser course than that of asking a parent's advice. Who can love a child with a parent's love? Who is more capable of giving good counsel to a child than a parent.

If it be a good thing to go to an earthly parent in difficulty or trouble, it is still better in such a case to go to our Heavenly Father, who is ever "more ready to hear than we are to pray," and "willing to give more than we either desire or deserve." How encouraging are the words of our Lord, "Come unto me; hearken and your soul shall live," Isa. lv. 3. How sweet is the invitation of the Redeemer, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi. 28.—*Youth's Penny Gazette*.

Anecdote of Isaac Milner.

Isaac Milner, (afterwards dean of Queen's College, Cambridge,) was a poor boy and whilst toiling on to eminence by painful self denial, he had to perform the lowly office of a waiter in one of the College dining halls. It is recorded of him, that in waiting at dinner upon the heads of the College, the young student let fall a tureen full of soup, to the no small disappointment, doubtless, of the hungry guests. A smart rebuke was administered to him for his carelessness.

"When I am in power, I will abolish this nuisance, gentlemen," was his reply.

A hearty laugh was the result,—so unlikely did it seem that the raw, uncouth, blundering lad should ever rise to be Vice-Chancellor of his university. Yet in a few years he did attain that eminence, and had the satisfaction of fulfilling his boyish declaration, and relieved the poor students from the disagreeable burden which he, in his own youth, had borne.