

plain, that there was something very prepossessing in her first appearance. Now, I spent some time under the same roof with the pretty little creature, and very soon I saw the fresh fair face red and swollen with crying, the smooth forehead wrinkled, the lips pursed up, and indeed the whole face so changed you would scarcely have known it. What was the cause of all this? You perhaps think that some one was unkind to her. No, that was not the cause. She had very kind friends indeed, who did all they could to make her happy. "Perhaps she was sick," some kind little one may say. No, she was blessed with good health. Well, what do you think it was? Why it was just this—she had a *naughty temper*.

One day, a kind aunt of this little girl told her to do something she did not choose to do, so her evil spirit burst out in a way really dreadful to witness. The lady put the child outside of her room-door, saying she must stay there till she was a better child. So the little girl (I shall not tell you her name, because I do hope she will yet be a better girl, and I do not wish to expose her,) began to scream and shout and rage so frightfully, that I was astonished. The whole house rang with her voice. She kicked the door of the room till she was quite tired, and then mounted the ballustrade of the staircase. Just after she did this, the servant-maid saw her, and very mildly said, "You'll fall, Miss." "You lie," she screamed, "I will not." "Oh dear," thought I, "the old proverb is true"—"*Pretty is that pretty does.*" H. S.

A Hint to the Young.

A really Christian young man must always exercise a considerable influence in the home where he dwells. Man-kind, judging from experience, seldom look for religion in the young; so that when it is found there, it, has all the effect of a surprise.

Some travellers in a coach were disputing on the claims of the Bible to belief. One of them embraced the side of infidelity, while another stoutly maintained the truth. Most of his fellow-passengers sided with the infidel, and he was about to enjoy a triumph, when a young man, who had previously sat silent, took up the argument, and opposed his views with as much modesty as earnestness and zeal. The infidel was evidently more abashed by the opposition of the young Christian than encouraged by the approbation of the rest; and afterward he said to him, "I did not expect so much religion in you who are so young; I fear there must be more in it than I thought."—*Hughes's Portraiture of a Christain Young Man.*

The Two Wesleys;* or The Two Wellingtons.

BY ISAAC H. JULIAN.

(From *National Era*.)

One, of the iron frame, and heart of steel—
The Destroying Angel's peerless Minister—
Bruited o'er earth by Fame's loud trumpet-peal
Strode proudly to the gory heights of War;
The other, with a will as firm, as bold,
A spirit, and a heart of living flame,
To gather Christ's last sheep into his fold,
To save and bless his erring species, came
The one prevailed o'er Europe's Conqueror—
The other triumphed over Sin and Death.
Which was the hero? Who's the nobler man?
Which did the richer legacy bequeath?
Eternity alone can fully tell.
When the dread Judge shall part the heirs of
Heaven and Hell?

* It is something peculiar in the hand of Providence, that the John and Charles Wesley family had the offer of a large estate, but, fearing the temptation of riches, declined accepting it. The offer was then made to another Wesley, or Wellesley family of which Arthur was the youngest son, and was accepted. It was this property and title, inherited by an older brother which brought Arthur into public employment so very young. I have never doubted that the talents of John Wesley were equal to those of Arthur Wellesley, though exercised in a different occupation. But what a change, and what a misfortune in the world, if John Wesley had lived the rich Duke, in a formal, political religion, without a sermon, or a book or any religious act of his, in the world!—*Advocate of Peace.*