

## FAMILY CIRCLE.

When a child makes a misstep let him be frank with his parents. Parents have been children and know the temptations of youth.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another one enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.

Sir Isaac Newton, in the true spirit of humility, spoke of himself, at the close of his life, as a "child who had spent time in gathering pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean lay untraversed."

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

It is temper which creates the bliss of home or disturbs its comforts. It is not in the collision of intellect that domestic peace loves to nestle; her home is in the forbearing nature—in the yielding spirit—in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition anxious to give and receive happiness.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head; not decked with diamonds and Indian stones, nor to be seen; my crown is called content; a crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

THERE was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to three plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself well into the earth; the third and last was a full sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion: "Pull up the first." The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers. "Now pull up the second." But the boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it. "And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the third." But lo! the trunk of the tall tree scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

He that lives in perpetual suspicion, lives the life of a sentinel never relieved, whose business it is to look out for and expect an enemy, which is an evil not very far short of perishing by him.

The approaches of sin are like the conduct of Jael; it brings butter in a lordly dish; it bids high for the soul. But when it has fascinated and lulled the victim, the nail and the hammer are behind.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the three trials. "This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them, the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out.

A little boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey, "Good-bye, papa: I love you thirty miles long!" A little sister quickly added "Good-bye, dear papa: you will never ride to the end of my love!"

The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward. God is his father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends. Devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter to let in or out, as most fit."