

### How to be a Gentleman.

"You see I am a gentleman!" said Will Thompson. "I will not take an insult." And the little fellow strutted up and down with rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter Jones, and thought that his anger proved him to be a gentleman.

"If you want to be a gentleman I should think you would be a gentle-boy first," said his teacher. "Gentlemen do not throw stones at their neighbors. Peter Jones did not throw stones at you, and I think he is much more likely to prove a gentleman."

"But he has got patches on his knees," said Will.

"Bad pantaloons do not keep a boy from being a gentleman, but a bad temper does. Now, William, if you want to be a gentleman, you must first be a gentle boy."

A little further on the teacher met Peter Jones. Some stones had hit him, and he was hurt by them.

"Well, Peter, what is the matter between you and Will this morning?" he asked.

"I was throwing a ball at one of the boys in play, sir, and I missed him, and hit Will Thompson's dog."

"Then, when he threw stones at you, why did you not throw back?"

"Because, sir, mother says to be a gentleman I must be a gentle boy; and thought it best to keep out of his way until he cooled off a little."

The teacher walked on, but kept the boys in mind. He lived to see Will Thompson a rowdy, and Peter Jones a gentleman, loved and respected by all—*Children's Friend*.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### Nightfall.

Lie still, O heart!

Crush out thy vainness and unrequited desires.

Mark how the sunset-fires,

Which kindled all the west with red and gold,

Are slumbering 'neath the amethystine glow

Of the receding day whose tale is told.

Stay, stay thy questionings; what would'st thou know,  
O anxious heart?

Soft is the air;

And not a leaflet rustles to the ground

To break the calm around.

Creep, little wakeful heart, into thy nest;

The world is full of flowers even yet;

Close fast thy dewy eyes, and be at rest.

Pour out thy plaints at day, if thou must fret;  
Day is for care.

Now, turn to God.

Night is too beautiful for us to cling

To selfish sorrowing.

O memory! the grass is ever green

Above thy grave; but we have brighter things

Than thou hast ever claimed or known, I ween.

Day is for tears. At night, the soul hath wings  
To leave the sod.

The thought of night,

That comes to us like breath of primrose-time,

That comes like the sweet rhyme

Of a pure thought expressed, lulls all our fears,

And stirs the angel that is in us—night,

Which is a sermon to the soul that hears.

Hush! for the heavens with starlets are alight.

Thank God for night!

—*Harriet Kendall*.

### The Telegraph Alphabet.

A— A dot and dash is A,

B— A dash and three dots B,

C— Two dots, a space, and one dot, C,

D— A dash and two dots, D.

E— One single dot is E,  
F— For F, a dot, dash, dot,  
G— Two dashes and a dot for G,  
H— H, four dots you allot.

I— Two dots will stand for I,  
J— A dash, dot, dash, dot, J,  
K— For K, a dash, dot, dash you try,  
L— A long dash L always.

M— Two dashes M demands,  
N— A dash and dot for N;  
O— A dot, and space, and dot, O stands,  
P— Five dots for P, act ten.

Q— Two dots, dash, dot, are Q,  
R— A dot, space, two dots, R;  
S— For S three dots will always do,  
T— One dash is T thus far.

U— Two dots, a dash for U,  
V— Three dots, a dash, make V;  
W— A dot, two dashes, W,  
X— Dot, dash, two dots, X see.

Y— Two dots, space, two dots, Y,  
Z— Three dots, space, dot, are Ze;  
&— A dot, space, three dots, & imply,  
Period— A period is U D.

### Threatening Children.

Being once in company with a mother and her three children, we observed one of them, a boy about six years old, who was particularly unruly and mischievous. At one act of his rudeness his mother, being somewhat excited, turned to him and threatened to punish him severely if he should repeat it. In a few minutes the little fellow did precisely the same thing, and as the mother did not notice it, we ventured to say to him: "Did you not hear your mother say she would punish you, if you did that again?" The urchin, with the expression of a bravo on his countenance, quickly replied: "I'm not afraid; mother often says she'll whip me, but she don't do it." The mother smiled, as if her little boy had really said a smart thing; but, alas! she was teaching him a lesson of insubordination which would probably make her heartache. Mother, never unnecessarily threaten; but when you do threaten, be careful not to falsify your word.

### The Problem of Unbelief.

The problem of Christianity may seem great and deep; but the problems of unbelief are greater and deeper still. And not the least problem is the impossibility of answering the question: "Shall I find elsewhere any real peace or rest of soul, if I leave Christ? To whom shall I go? Where in all the world shall I find a more excellent way than that of faith in Jesus? Where is the personal friend who will supply this place?" Give me a thousand thousand times the old Evangelical Christianity with all its difficult facts and doctrines—the incarnation, the atonement, the resurrection, the ascension—than the cold barren creed of the Socinian or the deist, or the cheerless negations of modern unbelief. Give me the religion of texts and hymns and simple faith, which satisfies thousands, rather than the dreary void of speculative philosophy, which thoroughly satisfies none.

### Take Care of the Pennies.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a large barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop in a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth;