

shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this ; and mind, God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since that advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and my whole life has been influenced by it.

Now, I want the dear little boys, when they read this, to keep it in mind ; and when they see pretty birds or harmless animals playing or hunting for food, not to hurt them. Your heavenly father made them, and he never intended them to be killed for fun. I don't think when the blessed Jesus was a little boy he would have killed such innocent creatures for fun, and every little boy should try to be as much like Jesus as he can. The bible says, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—*Child's Paper*.

OPENING THE GATE.

'I wish you would send a servant to open the gate for me,' said a well grown boy of ten to his mother as he paused with his satchel upon his back, before the gate, and surveyed its clasped fastenings.

'Why, John, can't you open the gate for yourself ?' said Mrs. Easy.—'A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that.'

'I could do it, I suppose,' said the child, 'but it's heavy, and I don't like the trouble. The servant can open it for me just as well. What is the use of having servants, if they are not to wait upon us ?'

The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out and went whistling on his way to school. When he reached his seat in the Academy, he drew from his satchel his arithmetic and began to inspect his sums.

'I cannot do these,' he whispered to his seat-mate ; they are too hard.'

'But you can try,' replied his companion. 'I know that I can,' said John, 'but it's too much trouble.—What are teachers for if not to help us out of difficulties ? I shall carry my slate to prof. Helpwell.'

Alas ! poor John. He had come to another closed gate—a gate leading into a beautiful and boundless science, 'the laws of which are the modes in which God acts, in sustaining all the works of his hands,'—the science of mathematics. He could have opened the gate and entered in alone and explored the riches of the realm, but his mother had injudiciously let him rest with the idea that it is as well to have gates opened for us as to exert our strength. The result was, that her son, like the young hopeful sent to Mr. Wiseman, soon concluded that he had no 'genious' for mathematics and threw up the study.

The same was true of Latin. He could have learned the declensions of the nouns and the conjugation of the verbs as well as other boys of his age ; but his seatmate very kindly volunteered to tell him in the class, and what was the use of opening the gate into the Latin language, when another would do it for him ? Oh, no ! John Easy had no idea of tasking mental or physical strength when he could avoid it, and the consequence was, that numerous gates remained closed to him all his life—gates to honor, gates to wealth, gates to happiness. Children ought to be early taught that it is always best to help themselves.