

ONE OF THE "FIZZLE"
FAMILY.

There was once a very smart boy, whom, to begin with, we will call Little Fizzle. He went to school very young, and his mother wanted him to learn to read and write well before he did anything else; but he preferred to study "geog'ry," grammar and 'rithmetic besides. As he was so very bright, he soon learned to write very badly, spelled words, and could tell you in quite incorrect language what a verb or an adverb was. If he was likely to say Michigan was "bounded" by Connecticut, why other boys of his age, it may be, never heard of either place. For young as he was, you see little Fizzle had come to a point where he must choose between two ways. He could half learn a little about a great many things, or he could well learn all about a few things. He made up his mind that he would do the first; and that's the way he went on, and grew into a big fizzle.

When he wanted to read he never took one nice story and read it every word, but he skimmed over the easy parts of a dozen and jumbled them altogether in his mind. As soon as he owned a tool-box he almost made a cart and finished a rocking chair which tipped over instead of rocking. But then it was "so stupid" to spend time and trouble in making only one thing and making it perfect.

As he grew older people liked him, because he could talk about everything under the sun, and was really very entertaining if they did not want to get any genuine information. He was not worth a last year's almanac to anybody who was after facts.

He thought when he grew up he would be a lawyer, but he began by studying medicine. By and by he knew more about physic than a lawyer needed to know, and not half enough about medicine for a doctor; then he had a smattering of other things. He painted big animals whose skins were colored very handsomely, but whose legs were not shaped like any living beasts legs. After a while he began to wonder what ailed him that he failed in everything he tried. He grew poorer and poorer, while men who had been boys with him, boys who had worked like drudges over a few things, these grown up, became great men, famous doctors, lawyers and ministers, while he was a little Fizzle grown up into a big Fizzle. Then folks began to sneer and to snub him. Each year he grew poorer and more discouraged. At twenty he thought himself a great genius; at forty he used to hang around a blacksmith's shop and wish he had learned to shoe horses. At sixty he had given up all hope of being a lawyer, a doctor, an artist or a blacksmith, and he kept his soul and body together by cleaning old feather beds.

Now, if anybody wants to know how to become such another big Fizzle

let him begin at once to be a little one, to half learn everything he begins, to begin something new as soon as it gets hard to understand the last thing he undertook. Follow up such a course faithfully and he will not fail of neglect, self-distrust, and a poverty wherein he may not even be able to find old feathers to clean.

GOD'S ALL ROUND.

Through the busy thoroughfares of a large city, a gentleman, threaded his homeward way. It was quite dusk, and he, buried in thought, never noticed that a little figure hurried after and caught him up, until he felt a soft hand steal into his, and looking down, saw the bright face of a child he knew.

"Good evening, sir," said a sweet little voice, belonging to five-year-old Jeanie.

"Why, child!" he exclaimed, surprised to see her in the streets so late in the evening and alone, "how came you here by yourself?"

"No," she answered.

"But are you not afraid, my dear?"

"Afraid! No. Do you know that God's all round?" was her quick reply.

And the gentleman was silent, but a great hungry envy of the childish faith crept into his heart that day.

Oh! how often we forget in the darkness of temptation, or sorrow, that "God's all round." The tempest roars, the storm shadows, and we fail to hear the Saviour's voice, "It is I; be not afraid."

Yes: and we forget it again when the sunshine comes. While we bask in the golden light, and gaze over the bewildering beauty of hill and forest, leaf and flower, we often forget that "God's all round" that in tiny flowers and pale green blade the secret of a Father's love and care is pencilled for us.

Dear young Christians, do you feel sometimes lonely, in discouraging darkness, and with no sign that your work is being blessed, or that your soul is growing in grace? Slip your hand into that of the Lord Jesus, and say with confident though simple faith: "I will not fear—I will not trouble—God's all round."

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River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

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(Signed) A. MANSELL, Editor, Trade Journal, Dubuque, Ia.

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