

Youth's Corner.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE MONKEY.

A FABLE.

A squirrel sat in the warm sunshine, one autumnal day, with a fresh nut which he had gathered. He began to strip off the bark, but the taste was very bitter.

"What wry faces you make," said a monkey whose attention he had caught.

The squirrel disliked the bitterness, and he paused; but as he looked at his nut, and thought of the treasure within, he began barking with all his might. "Ha! ha! more wry faces," said the monkey, and he fell to mimicking the squirrel.

The squirrel wisely kept on; he found that he had tasted just as much bitterness while he stopped, dreading his task, as he did when he was stripping the peel. "Beside," said he, "the faster I work the sooner I shall be done."

The monkey chattered, and grinned, and mimicked, and ridiculed, and the squirrel paid no attention. He soon threw away the last bit of the bitter peel, and freed his mouth from the bad taste.

He commenced boring the shell. "What a fool you are," said the monkey, "to waste so much labour upon nothing."

"I shall come at the kernel by and by," said the squirrel.

The monkey looked on and derided; the squirrel minded it not. It was hard for his teeth, but it was not so disagreeable as peeling the rind. By and by he reached the kernel. How great was his reward in its delicious sweetness.

The monkey envied him his pleasure.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

When a scholar keeps steadily at the dry work of learning Tables, turning to the rules in Grammar, looking out words in the Vocabulary and places on the Map, and allows himself no rest until he has made sure of his lesson—he is the Squirrel; and the boy who throws his book aside, thinking it is dry stuff, and he will pick up his lesson while the questions are put and he hears his class-mates give the answers—he is the Monkey. As kernels are not to be got at without barking, boring, and cracking, so wisdom and knowledge are not acquired without application and self-denial.

A MOTHER'S CLAIMS.

I called a few days since to see a lady that had been a long time sick, and was wasting away with consumption. She had a little girl about ten years of age, a sprightly child but a great talker. She was very glad to see me, and having a great many inquiries to make, she talked much faster and harder than she ought, in a room where any person was sick.

Her mother was obliged to say, my child, do not talk so fast and loud, for every little noise worries me. The little girl appeared quite sorry, and I thought she would be careful in future. But she was so extremely volatile, that in a few moments she happened to think of a doll, that had been given her as a Christmas present.

She jumped from her chair and ran out of the chamber, and in closing the door, she did not stop to shut it softly, but drew it after her as hard as she could. She soon returned and holding up the doll, Oh, said she, is it not an elegant thing? see what a beautiful dress she has on; and her hair, how handsome it curls, and her hat, why, she looks almost like a bride,—all these exclamations were made without once stopping.

Her mother called her to her bedside and said, my dear, when I am gone where you cannot see me any more, I fear you will feel very unhappy in thinking how you have disturbed me. The little girl blushed to think that her mother was obliged to reprove her again before me; and asked her mother to forgive her and kissed her, saying she would try to do better—I could not but think if the child outlived her mother, how many hours the recollection of that time would embitter.

Years have passed since my mother died, but I remember it as though it was but yesterday. Her disease was also a lingering consumption. I felt resolved to do any thing for her that was in my power while she was sick, and I really thought that I did, while she was living.

But when I came to see her in her coffin, looking so pale and pleasant and knowing that I could never do any thing more for her, I thought of a great many times when I might have rendered her some little attention, which might have been a great comfort to her, but which she did not like to ask me to do, for fear her beloved child was tired, for she was sick a great while and very much afraid of making trouble. I thought how I might have sat by her more hours than I did, and kept the flies from her, for she was sick in warm weather when they were exceedingly troublesome. I thought too of times, when I had not been perfectly willing to gratify her wishes, when I had felt, as if my lessons were too hard or my task at sewing was not as easy as it might have been. And then, how much would I have given could I have recalled those times. I thought if my mother could only have been spared, I would never again have tired or been weary at any thing she might have required. But I was called to feel the loneliness of a motherless child. Although I had kind friends, yet when I was sick, there were none to smooth my pillow with a mother's tenderness, there were none to watch by my bedside by day and by night, with a

mother's anxiety; there were none to anticipate and meet my wants, as my mother had been wont to do; and when I realized that she could never do it again, my tears would flow afresh. But I always loved to go and look at her grave, and think if I loved the Saviour as she loved him, I should again see her in heaven. I have been so situated for several years, that I have not been to her grave, but if ever I go to the village where she is buried, I shall consider it a mournful pleasure, to go and look upon that hallowed spot; for a mother's grave is a sacred place.—*Connecticut Observer.*

INFLUENCE OF CONSISTENCY.

Having tarried a few days in a beautiful village in the West, I embarked in a vessel that was crossing one of the great lakes. Three other individuals had taken passage, and the night coming on, found us waiting for a breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbour, he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone; for we had all retired to our berths. The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it afforded sufficient light for me to discover that he was young. Seating himself beside it, he drew forth a book from his pocket and read a few minutes.

Suddenly from on deck was heard the voice of the captain uttering oaths, terrific beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book on the chair, and kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and thought his soul seemed to burn within him. I could gather only an occasional word, or part of a sentence, such as "mercy," "dying heathen," "sinners," &c. Presently he seemed in an agony of spirit for these swearers, and could scarcely suppress his voice while pleading with God to have mercy on them. My soul was stirred within me. There was a sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I had also professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with my fellow passengers to rest, not having spoken to God or committed myself to his care.

Early in the morning I was waked by a loud voice at the door of the companion-way: "Here! whose tracts are these?" followed by other voices in threats and imprecations against tract distributors, Bethels, Temperance Societies, &c.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute their threats upon him; but he calmly said, "Those tracts are mine. I have but a few, as you see, but they are very good, and you may take one if you wish. I brought them on board to distribute, but you were all too busy last night." The sailor smiled, and walked away, making no reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. When we were seated at the table, "Captain," said our young companion, "as the Lord supplies all our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I would like to ask his blessing on our repast."

"If you please" replied the captain, with apparent good will. In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an uproar, and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apologize for the profanity of his men, saying "it was perfectly common among sailors, and they meant no harm by it."

"With your leave, captain," said the young stranger, "I think we can put an end to it."

Himself a swearer, and having just apologized for his men, the captain was puzzled for an answer, but after a little hesitation, he replied, "I might as well sail against a head wind as to think of such a thing."

"But I meant all I said," added the young man.

"Well, if you think it possible, you may try it," said the captain.

As soon as breakfast was over, the oldest and most profane of the sailors seated himself on the quarter deck to smoke his pipe. The young man entered into conversation with him, and soon drew from him a history of the adventures of his life.—From his boyhood he had followed the ocean.—He had been tossed on the billows in many a tempest, had visited several missionary stations in different parts of the world, and gave his testimony to the good effects of missionary efforts among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he at length boasted that he could do any thing that could be done by a sailor.

"I doubt it," said the young man.

"I can," answered the hardy tar, "and will not be outdone, my word for it."

"Well, when a sailor passes his word, he ought to be believed. I know a sailor who resolved that he would stop swearing; and did so."

"Ah," said the sailor, "you've anchored me; I'm fast—but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man, "and I hope you will anchor all your ship-mates' oaths with yours."

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board the vessel. During the day, as opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly on the subject of his soul's salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

By this time I was much interested in the young stranger, and determined to know more of him.—There was nothing pre-

possessing in his appearance; his dress was plain, his manners unassuming; but his influence had by the blessing of God in a few short hours, totally changed the aspect of our crew. The tiger seemed softened to a lamb, and peace and quiet had succeeded confusion and blasphemy.

After supper he requested of the captain the privilege of attending worship in the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon all on board, except the man at the helm, were assembled. The captain brought out a Bible, which he said was given him in early life by his father, with a request that he would never part with it. We listened as our friend read Matthew's account of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection; and then looking round upon us, he said "He is risen—yes, Jesus lives, let us worship him."

It was a melting scene. Knees that seldom bowed before, now knelt at the altar of prayer, while the solemnities of eternity seemed hanging over us. After prayer we went on deck and sang a hymn. It was a happy place, a floating Bethel. Instead of confusion and wrath, there was sweet peace and solemnity. We ceased just as the setting sun was flinging upon us his last cheering rays.

"Look yonder," he exclaimed. "You who have been nursed in the storm and cradled in the tempest, look at the setting sun, and learn a lesson that will make you happy when it shall set to rise no more. As rose that sun this morning to afford us light and comfort, so has the Son of God arisen to secure salvation to all who accept and love him; and as that sun withdraws its beams, and we are veiled in darkness for a season, so will the Sun of Righteousness withdraw his offers of mercy from all who continue to neglect them. But remember, that season is one that never ends,—one dark, perpetual night."

The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin, lit his lamp, took his Bible, and engaged in reading till we had retired to rest.

In the morning, as soon as we were seated at the breakfast table, the captain invited our friend to ask a blessing. "There, gentlemen," said he, "this is the first time that ever I made such a request, and never, till this young man came on board, have I been asked for the privilege of holding prayers, though I have a thousand times expected it, both on the ocean and the lake; and have often cursed religion in my heart, and believed that it was all a delusion. Now I see the influence of the Bible. And though I make no claims to religion myself, I respect it for my parents were Christians, and though I have never followed their counsels, I cannot forget them."

And thus, for three days, we regularly attended family worship, and had much interesting conversation on various subjects; for there was nothing in the religion of the young man to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse. From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths and presenting its motives, and from his fearless, but judicious and persevering steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the gospel. From all he saw, he gathered laurels to throw at his master's feet, and in all his movements aimed to show that eternity was not to be trifled with. A few hours before we arrived in port, we ascertained that he was a MECHANIC.

Before we reached the wharf, the captain came forward, and with much feeling, bade him farewell; declared that he was resolved to live as he had done no longer;—his wife, he said, was a Christian, and he meant to go and live with her; and added, "I have had ministers, as passengers, on board of my vessel Sabbath days and week days, but never before have I been reminded of the family altar where my departed parents knelt." As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided, yet mild and Christian faithfulness, won the gratitude of many and the esteem of all.—*Ep. Recorder.*

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE PALE BOY.

"You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale, blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the Man of Leisure at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin, "I shall be going that way in a day or two."

"Did you ask for the place for me yesterday?" said the pale boy on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer. "I was busy, but I will to-day."

"Heaven help my poor mother," murmured the boy, and gazed listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the hotel. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile-fluttered across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother, three meals! and it won't take me three minutes to run home and share them with you."

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had applied for the place.

"Not yet," said the Man of Leisure, "but there is time enough."

The cent that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived.

"It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late," said Mr. Inklin. "Not a soul here to brush my coat!"

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of Leisure, "but the place in Mr. C——'s store was taken up yesterday."

The boy stooped brushing and burst afresh into tears. "I don't care now," said he, sobbing, "we may as well starve. Mother is dead."

The man of Leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar.

THE MAN OF LEISURE ON A DEATH BED.

Mr. Inklin was taken ill. He said often that he thought religion might be a good thing, and he meant to look into it. An anxious friend brought a clergyman to him. He spoke tenderly, but seriously to the sufferer, of eternal truths.

"Call to-morrow," said the man of Leisure, "and we will talk about these matters."

That night the Man of Leisure died.—*Amer. Paper.*

THE BEST LIQUOR.

"Give us a glass of your best liquor," said a toper the other day, as he entered a shop.

The keeper gave him a glass of pure water. The toper, without weakening it, dashed it down his throat at a swallow. He soon began to taste, and taste, seemingly not exactly satisfied.

"What's the matter," said the keeper, "wasn't it good?"

"Why, yes, it was good enough—but seems to me it wasn't very strong. What kind of liquor was it?"

"Cold water," was the reply; "that's the best liquor we have in the shop, and I believe it's the best in town. As for any other kind, we have not got any, for I left off selling some time ago. So you've saved your three cents, and you'll feel better for it afterwards."

"Well, I declare," said the toper, "this is a regular suck-in; but I believe you're half right for all that. And as you don't charge anything for your liquor, I am a good mind to be your customer, and see if I can't get rid of my head-ache and sore eyes."

The shop-keeper encouraged him never to drink anything but the best liquor, and he departed.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

PARAGRAPH "FOR HEADS OF HOUSES."

—Mothers! if you would train up your children to be useful members of society, keep them from running about the streets. The great school of vice is the street. There the urchin learns the vulgar oath or the putrid obscenity. For one lesson at the fire-side he has a dozen in the kennel. Thus are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gambling, theft, and violence. Mothers! as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children cling to the hearth-stone. Love home yourself; sink the roots deep among your domestic treasures; set an example in this, as in all things, which your offspring may follow. It is a great error that children may be left to run wild in every sort of street temptation for several years, and that it will then be time enough to break them in. This horrid mistake makes half our spend-thrifts, gamblers, thieves, and drunkards. No man would raise a colt or an ox on such a principle; no man would suffer the weeds to grow in his garden for any length of time, saying he could eradicate them at any time. Look to this matter, parents! See more especially, that your children are not out at night, loitering around some coffee house or theatre. Mothers! make your children love home, and by all means encourage them to love you better than all other human beings.—*Church Chronicle.*

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Quebec, 12th June, 1845.

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