

of the fables I used to read at school in Noah Webster's spelling-book, about "an old man who found a rude boy upon one of his apple-trees, stealing apples." I said that the old gentleman's course always seemed to me to be philosophical, and that, at any rate, it was eminently successful.

After a few moments' reflection, the father seized his hat, and went out in pursuit of the young gentleman, who exhibited a very respectable acquaintance with some of the principles of trigonometry, by describing rapidly sundry arcs, triangles and rhomboids, though it cannot be denied that the prosecution of this useful science, just at that period, somewhat retarded the operation, for the time being, of my friend's system of government. But the father soon showed that he understood Euclid too—he was a surveyor, by the way—and overtook the young master. Then he took him affectionately by the hand, and brought him screaming and struggling, to the house. The triumph, however, was not regarded as quite complete. He seated the promising youth in the piazza, after having given his hoop to another child to put away, and addressed the sufferer in a strain consisting of about equal parts of reproof and consolation:

"Charley, my dear, don't you know it is very naughty not to mind father? You will never do so again, will you? There, don't cry any more; will Charley be a good boy now? Kiss me, my child, and always do as father tells you. Will Charley be good?"

Charley of course had not the least objection in the world to being good, if he could have his own way about it; and after the kissing (which, I could not help noticing, was a sort of vicarious kissing, all on the side of

the father) *master* Charles was allowed to go about his business, while the father took occasion, for my special benefit, and in view of the interesting scene which had just passed under my notice, to deliver a homily on the omnipotence of moral suasion, and the evils of corporal punishment in parental discipline!—*Mother's Magazine.*

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"I Want to be an Angel."

A child sat in the door of a cottage at the close of a summer Sabbath. The twilight was fading, and as the shades of evening darkened, one after another of the stars stood in the sky and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He was looking up at the stars and counting them as they came, till they were too many to be counted, and his eyes wandered all over the heavens, watching the bright worlds above. They looked just like "holes in the floor of heaven to let the glory through," but he knew better. Yet he loved to look up there, and was so absorbed, that his mother called to him and said:

"My son, what are you thinking of?"

He started, as if suddenly roused from sleep, and answered:

"I was thinking ——"

"Yes," said his mother, "I know you were thinking, but what were you thinking about?"

"Oh," said he, and his little eyes sparkled with the thought, "*I want to be an angel.*"

"And why, my son, would you be an angel?"

"Heaven is up there, is it not, mother? and there the angels live and love God, and are happy: I do wish I was good, and God would take me there, and let me wait on him for ever."