

WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

In childish glee you played with me,  
Not thinking I was once like thee,  
As free from care as the winter's snow,  
Drifting where the wind doth blow.

But when you played with me, I thought  
That time had wings and soon we part,  
Each one to bear the crosses of life,  
Forgetting the past midst care and strife.

Thy youthful thoughts are not tutored to  
know  
How to enter life and what seeds to sow;  
But as time rolls on it will be pleasant to  
learn  
That the loveliest flower must bud ere  
it blooms.

Look forward to life with an earnest  
resolve,  
To strive for the right even though it in-  
volves  
The displeasure of friends and the frowns  
of the world,  
For the small voice of conscience is more  
value than gold.

This will be found more tender in youth,  
Follow its dictates, acting with truth,  
And when the harvest is ripe, the reaper  
will come  
To gather the fruits of what you have  
sown.

Then that Book of accounts shall be bal-  
anced above  
And placed to your credit your measure  
of love;  
Though the debits be large, 'twill be plea-  
sant to learn  
That the balance was good in favor of you.

A Specimen Young Man.

"Hello! Mary Ann," says a young man  
of easy manner, on walking up King street  
the other evening. The young lady ad-  
dressed, of a delicate appearance, looking  
out of a pair of soft blue eyes, said with an  
air of resentment, "I think, sir, you are  
mistaken."

"Oh! no, I ain't! don't you remember  
of you and me bumbing around together  
the time, that fellow,—that fellow,—  
Oh! you know, that fellow—"

"Have you reference to Lord Dufferin's  
visit?"

"Awe! no, bother! the time that  
Cummins took the prize at the rink."

The last expression fell from his lips as  
they were coming near a street lamp.

"I think," said she, looking at him with  
doubting timidity, "I have seen you before.  
Did you accompany me home from the  
rink on the evening you speak of?"

"Of course I did. Don't you know?"

"Well really, I wish I did! I feel very  
much out of place at present."

"What! do you mean that I'm out of  
place? don't put—"

"Oh! how are you, Annie?" said a smil-  
ing, lovely girl, with such sweetness of

expression that really it would be a treat  
to have the pleasure of conversing with  
her for ten minutes.

"It is just a lovely evening," casting  
half a glance at the gentleman who stood  
close by with the tenacity characteristic  
of a Leech. Annie answered not without  
considerable embarrassment, as she felt  
more like a convicted felon than the inno-  
cent daughter of a fond parent.

"Why, Annie, I will come down to see  
you to-morrow evening and practice that  
duett."

"Do," she said, as the girl flitted by, "I  
shall have tea early."

"Whose 'mawl' is that, anybody runnin'  
her?"

As there was no response he continued  
by saying, "Don't you know what a 'mawl'  
is?"

"No! really I am somewhat puzzled,  
but not more so than my friend was in  
seeing you with me, not being able to per-  
form the common courtesy due by intro-  
ducing you."

"You don't know my name? that's  
played out, course you do."

"Well, whoever you may be, I care not,  
but you could confer no greater favor on  
me than by leaving me, as I can go home  
safely without your company."

Without any further effort to make him-  
self agreeable he turned and left her, but  
did not walk far before he met George, and  
Ross and Percy, when he exclaimed,  
"Hello! boys, you missed the fun. I could  
have got you a darned fine 'mawl' if you  
had of been along sooner, she's soft on me;  
darned fine 'mawl'! Hold on! boys, you'll  
see me and my 'mawl' to-morrow evening.

Alas. for the Rarity of Christian Charity!

In these days of depression, and, we might al-  
most add, starvation, it behooves us all as members  
of one grand brotherhood, to do what we can to  
assist our brother man when in distress. But it is  
not every one that is actuated by such generous  
impulses. A case, which came under our notice  
the other day, fully exemplifies this fact. A man,  
upon whom the hand of time and want had left its  
traces, called upon one of our prominent coal mer-  
chants, and a brother-in-law also, and begged that  
he would give him enough food to keep him from  
starving—that he and his family were absolutely  
dying of starvation. The hard-hearted relative,  
who was perfectly familiar with the circumstances  
of the case, instead of putting his hand in his  
pocket and lending his aid, gruffly ordered him to  
leave his presence, and not dare to show himself  
before him again. The poor man, whose only son  
lost his life in his brother-in-law's service, was  
obliged to seek for assistance from strangers, and  
we are happy to state, not in vain. It is but sel-  
dom that it falls to our lot to record such inhu-  
manity as this, and we hope that these few remarks  
may have the effect of opening the hearts of such  
sordid men as the one alluded to above, and that  
they will pay more attention hereafter to the wants  
of the distressed. Let them bear in mind the  
Scriptural declaration, "He that giveth to the poor  
lendeth to the Lord."

ENTERTAINMENTS to be held under the  
auspices of churches, societies, &c., would  
do well to advertize in our columns, as  
we will have a large circulation among the  
young people of this city.

H. S. Torrey & Co.,

COMMISSION

MERCHANTS

AND

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS.

DEALERS IN

ENVELOPES

AND

OFFICE

STATIONERY.

74 KING STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.