

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her hand kindly, softly on his head—to tell him to look up, and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words of counsel and tenderness.

"Oh, how sweet was her sleep that night! how soft was her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken and strongest bands of love. She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal.

Did the boy leave her?

Never—he is with her still, a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead, his good foster-mother, aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.—The Christian Life.

THE BROKEN SAW.

A boy went to live with a man that was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys; they ran away, or gave notice they meant to quit, so he was half his time without, or in search of a boy. The work was not very hard — opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands and helping around. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy now-a-days that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man that has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try, the wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days, before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"And Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him. "Why, of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the

best of folks," said Sam, looking with a sorrowful air on the broken saw. "Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy; "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was 'fraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper." "I think he'd better own up just at once," said Sam. "I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him;" and he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood-house, walked out in the garden, and went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones; but she wasn't sociable, and he had rather not.

When Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you fore you saw it in the morning." "What did you get up and tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones; "I should think that morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness." "Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then, stretching out his hand. "There Sam," he said heartily, "give me your hand; shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right; that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "aboveboard," he would have been a good man to live with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and faithful friend.—Scotch Tract.

