

he kept stopping and delaying. In fact his old companion, the thief, was by his side, ready to steal his precious moments; so the boy kept stopping and stopping, thinking about the minnows, and saying: "O, it is so dull to be cooped up in that old school-room," until, all at once, his mother's word, "Remember," rushed into his mind. It seemed as if she spoke it again in his ear. He started up from his lounging attitude, threw back his arms, as much as to say, "Hands off, Mr. Thief!" and took to his heels, in the direction of the school-room. Charlie ran with all his might. He arrived just the moment the master was about locking the door, and happily got in.

"Good!" said Charlie, looking as glad as could be. "Good! I made my escape that time—I did! Good-by, Mr. Thief; you and I have done having any more dealings together."

Charlie was as good as his word: and from this time, instead of being a

boy always delaying, always behind-hand, he became the very pattern of promptness. Hereafter, "procrastination," which the proverb calls the "thief of time," kept at a distance, and ceased to trouble him altogether.

Now, do the children think what a bad thing this procrastination is?—Procrastination, you know, is the spirit of delaying, of being behind-hand in all your undertakings, and engagements, and duties. It is aptly called a thief, for it robs us of one of our best treasures—time. Did you notice how it was trying to steal Charlie's time on the bridge? Avoid this thief. Say, "Hands off," whenever he tempts you to dally in your duties; and do resolutely and promptly whatever you have to do; or, as the Bible finely expresses it, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord." Such a course will certainly rid you of this troublesome and dangerous enemy forever. Will you try it?—*Child's Companion*.



BLIND ROBERT.

One day I met a little boy in the street, who was going along very slowly, feeling his way by the houses and fences; and I knew that he was blind. If he had had eyes to see with, he would have been running and jump-

ing about, or driving a hoop, or tossing a ball, like the other boys in the street. I pitied him. It seemed so hard for the little fellow to go about in the dark all the time, never to see the sun, or any of the pretty things in the world—