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“Bah! That is all nonsense too! The idea of a boy of your age having to go to bed at nine o'clock at night! Poooh! I am generally just beginning the evening at that hour. You'll be a reg'lar milksop if you don't look out.”

My own mental comment was: “I wonder what you will be, my boy, if you do not look out? Something worse than even a milksop, I venture to say.”

Any boy who thinks it is “all nonsense” to pay heed to the wishes of his parents, and who scoffs at things that are wise and right, is likely to degenerate into something far worse than a mere milksop. It is not “all nonsense” for a boy fifteen years of age to put himself under the guidance of his elders, and it is not “all nonsense” for him to be in bed early. But it is worse than mere nonsense for a boy to speak patronizingly of his parents as the “old folks,” and to set at naught their wishes and their advice. It is far worse than mere nonsense for him to talk about “just beginning the evening” at nine at night, and to be making that beginning on the street. It is “all nonsense” for a boy to assume that he knows more than those who are twice and three times his age. It is “all nonsense” for him to cast off all wholesome restraint and go his own way unhindered. The boy who is eager to break away from his mother's apron-strings is apt to trample on his mother's heart-strings at some time in his career.

I shall never forget something I once heard when I was teaching in a Western town. School had closed for the day, and I was sitting at my desk looking over some examination papers. Two boys about sixteen years of age had lingered after school to finish up some work, and as they passed out into the hall one of them said to the other:

“Say, Harold, come and go down to the river with me and see what havoc the rise after the big rain last night made.”

“Oh, I cannot,” said Harold. “I made a promise that I would be at home by five o'clock, and it is almost that hour now.”

“To whom did you make such a promise?”

“To my mother.”

“Oh, fiddle-faddle! Who cares for a promise made to one's mother!”

Clear and ringing was Harold's reply:

“I care for a promise made to my mother, Bert Martin, and if you do not care for a promise made to your mother you are not the boy I took you for!”

Bert laughed rather uneasily and made no reply to the rebuke he had received. A moment later I looked out of a window and saw Harold running up the street so that he would be sure to be at home in time to keep the promise he had made to his mother. Do you think that it was “all nonsense” for him to keep such a promise? Come, now, hands up, all you that think so! I cannot see all of my readers, but I do not believe that a single hand has gone up.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

A great many centuries ago, it is said, that a certain king adopted a curious method of setting things right when they had gone wrong.

The plan he hit upon was this: He had a great bell hung in the market-place of the town in which he lived. This town was Atri, in Abruzzo, the houses of which straggled up the hillside, until they could go no farther, and then they stopped. Now, the bell which the king caused to be hung was sheltered by a roof to keep it from being injured by wind and rain, and there he meant it to hang for generations. When it was ready for use, the king, with a great train of nobles, rode through the streets, while trumpeters blew long loud blasts with their trumpets. And then, standing beneath the great bell the king made a proclamation of its purpose. “This,” he said, “was to be done, when any wrong had been committed against another; the man who had been wronged was to ring the bell, and then he, the king, would cause the chief magistrate to try the case, and give judgment thereon.” And the people were glad that their king had hit upon a plan which would cause their wrongs to be speedily righted.

And many times the bell was brought into use, and justice was done to the men of Atri. Years passed, and like all things else of human make, the bell suffered through the ravages of time. The hempen rope so decayed that it scarce could bear the strain of the ringer's hand, and one day it broke in two. The man who mended it, for the sake of saving time, mended it with trailing tendrils of bryony, whose leaves were still

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caught sight of the still green leaves of the bryony with which the bell-rope had been mended and at once began tugging at the rope, and thus tugging, he rang the bell and alarmed the town.

The chief magistrate, seeing the pitiful condition of the steed, caused the knight to be summoned, and when he came he questioned him severely as to the wrong he had done the creature. To which the knight answered angrily: “I will do what I please with my own!”

But the magistrate said “not so,” and decreed that as the steed had served him well when he was young, his duty now was to see the animal was well cared for in his old age—provided with shelter in a stable, and proper food, and field.

The knight withdrew abashed, and the people led home the steed in triumph. The king heard the story, and laughed aloud, saying the decision of the magistrate pleased him well, for favours done to one ought never to be forgotten, whether this were done by man or beast. So the story runs.

And with this, children, I am sure, you will agree. Kindness shown to you ought never to be forgotten. Then if so, what gratitude must rise up in your hearts to father and mother (and to many besides), and what desire you will show that in their old age all comfort should be given them.

The story of the great bell of Atri is worth remembering.—Uncle Harry in Church Family Newspaper.

fresh and green, and so it hung.

Now, for a long time there had lived in Atri a knight, once fond of all manner of chase, and fast, free living, but now, when he had grown old, he had only one great passion, and that was love of gold. He had sold his hawks and hounds, and all his horses, save one favourite steed. And as the lust of gold grew stronger within him, his heart grew harder, and he wondered how he could reduce the cost of keeping even this, his favourite horse, and then it struck him, “Why not turn it out to feed upon the grass which grows on the sides of the public ways?” And this he did.

And so the once noble steed, now grown old like its master, wondered up and down the lanes eating the rough grass which grew there. It was teased by children, barked at by dogs, and often was torn by briars and thorns. It was a pitiful sight to look upon.

Now, it was the custom of the people of Atri, during the hours of mid-day in summer time, to close the shutters of their houses and doze, so hot was the climate. A strange quietude fell upon the town; no noise of people, or of traffic, was heard in the streets, for no one ventured out. Such was the condition of Atri one hot, sultry afternoon, when suddenly, the clang of the great bell was heard throughout the town, and the sleepers started up from their couches, and cried: “Some one hath done a great wrong.”

The chief magistrate heard it and hurried to the market-place, having hastily put on his robes; then soon from far and wide there came a noisy crowd eagerly asking what was the wrong which had been done.

But no human form had rung the bell. Beneath it there stood all dejected and forlorn, the wretched steed of the knight of Atri. Wandering on its lonely way past the market-place, its eye