

HONEY AND SCHOOLS

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A Brave Boy.

Not many years ago, a little boy was discovered among the cargo of an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector among the passengers. Who was he?—where did he come from?—whither was he going. Only nine years old! The poor little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face full of innocence and truth. Of course he was carried before the first mate of the ship.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate, sharply.

"My step-father put me in," answered the boy. He said he couldn't afford to keep me, or pay my way to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe his story. He had often enough been deceived by persons thus stowed away. On almost every vessel, when one or two days out at sea, are found men or boys concealed among the cargo, trying to get a passage across the ocean without paying for it. The officer suspected that some of the sailors had had a hand in the little fellow's escape, and he treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his presence, and it was always the same answer—nothing less, nothing more. At last the mate got out of patience, and, seizing him by the collar, told him that unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes he would hang him to one of the spars of the vessel. A frightful threat!

Poor child! with not a friend to stand by him! Around him were passengers and sailors of the vessel, and before him stood the stern officer, with his watch in his hand, counting the tick—tick—tick of the minutes, as they swiftly sped. There the little fellow stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, tears in his eyes; but—afraid? No, not a bit! Eight minutes were already gone. "Only two minutes more!" cried the mate; "speak the truth, and save your life, my boy!" "May I pray?" asked the child, looking into the hard man's face. The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The

brave boy knelt down, and, clasping his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, repeated the "Our Father," and then asked our dear Lord to take him home to heaven. He could die, but it never occurred to him to tell a lie.

All eyes were turned on him, and sobs broke from stern hearts. The mate could stand it no longer. He sprang to the boy, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him he now believed his story—every word of it; and during the rest of the voyage he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; now everyone was ready to do him a



INDIAN WIDOWS RESCUED FROM SUTTEEISM BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

kind act. How many of us would have prayed as that little boy prayed? Would we not have been thinking how we could have gotten out of the trouble by telling some story?

The Wooden Hat.

It was smooth and hard and heavy. No doubt it made the Scotch laddie's head ache; but a hat he must have. It would not do to wear his old cloth "bonnet," when he went to apply for a situation in the Old Soho Foundry in Birmingham, England. There was no money to buy a hat with, and nothing to make a hat of but wood. So wood it must be, and wood it was!

You may guess that the Scotch laddie was very, very poor. And there were loved ones in the humble home that he longed to help. Then you can fancy how he felt when the great foundryman, the "iron king," as Boswell named him, said, almost without looking up, in answer to his application for work, "No vacancy, young man."

The disappointed applicant stood quite still, smoothing his hat! It was so hard to give up this hope.

Suddenly the "iron king" turned his head, and his eyes fell upon the hat! "What is it?" he demanded. "Give it to me." And taking it in his hands, he looked it over, and then asked the history of the new style head-gear.

The bashful lad told the story. The hat was his own work. He had turned it in a lathe, and, moreover, was obliged to make his own lathe!

It was a story of difficulties overcome by an honest determination to succeed. The wise manufacturer engaged the patient and ingenious youth on the spot, and the day came when the master could say, "We want more Murdochs."

The Scotch lad, whose wooden hat opened the door for him to a place of honour and usefulness, was William Murdoch, the first, it is said, to think of using the gas of coal for lighting purposes.

Look at the bright side. Keep the sunshine of a living faith in the heart.