

"Indeed I will, sir."

Again they pulled, and up, up he came, almost out, when off he slipped, and down he went. They felt that the third time must be the turning point. It was now life or death. Poor Tim looked as if he thought so too. For the third time the plank was pushed out, when the negro cried out,

"Oh, gentlemen, give me the wooden end of the plank!"

They saw instantly that they had been given him the end covered all over with ice, and no wonder he could not cling to it! They now gave him what he called the "wooden end," and drew him out in safety!

When we see parents who have nothing but a hard way towards their children, who are always finding fault, but never commending them even when they do well; who never seem to see when the child tries to do well, and when he longs for words of kindness, we have great pity for such children. We wish these parents would remember that children cannot have the judgement, the forethought, and the sobriety of many years. They are children. Don't give them the *icy end of the plank!* They love your approbation. They rejoice to have you give them deserved commendation. O, give them the *wooden end of the plank!*

There is little Ned Smith in the Sabbath-school. He is in Mr. Steadman's class. Now Mr. Steadman is so old that he must wear glasses. All his youthful feelings have long been gone. He has lived little Ned's life over at least six times. Now Ned is a short, tough little fellow, full of life and fun, don't love to study or to think much. He partly fears and partly dislikes Mr. Steadman. They have nothing in common. The one has no childhood about him, and the other has no manhood. The one is sober and staid, and the other has his skin full of fun. And Ned would try, and he would do better if he were treated gently, and winningly, and lovingly. He wants somebody to encourage him. O, Mr. Steadman, do give him the *wooden end of the plank.*

BILLY IN TERROR.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

If possible, about noon every day, I call on "Billy," my young horse, at his stable. He knows very well what it means. He knows when the saddle is on right, and the bridle in order, and when the girths are tight, and when every buckle is right. He knows, too, just how to side up to the block from which I mount, and when the feet and the stirrups are adjusted. And then how carefully he steps along among carriages and sleighs till he comes to the door and pops out and snorts as if he never saw the world before. He is a very young and beautiful creature, and seems to know it. He will arch his neck and toss his head, and lift his feet as if the very ground was not good enough for him to tread on. And when I get back he looks at me very sharp and knowing, as if to say, "Well, sir, don't that service deserve an extra nubbin of corn?" And he knows he will get it.

But a few days ago, after a terrible storm, during which the high winds blew the snow anywhere and everywhere, except in the path, we were making our accustomed round, and found it difficult to turn out of the path, as the snow was very deep each side. Now horses, as well as men have their trials. And "Billy" has his. He has great fears—or pretends to have. It sometimes seems to be on the peril of his life to get past a load of great bags of wool on their way to the factory, or a load of chairs. It so happened to-day that we ascended a hill, and on its top was a deep ditch by the side of the road, and an immense rock between the ditch and the fence. Well, just at that spot we met a load of hay on a high waggon. We had to get into the ditch to let it pass. Slowly it came, towering far above us, and shaking as if it would fall on him and crush him. He could not whirl round one side, for that would bring him nearer the awful thing; he could not whirl the other way, for the rock prevented. So he rolled his eyes and opened his mouth, and stood and trembled—sure that the next moment would be his last. It was the very agony of terror! Poor Billy! It soon went past, and he was alive. So we made our route, and when we got home we found that load of hay in the