

## THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO TO BED.

YOU may think him a dunce,  
But he begged that for once  
He might sit up all night, or as long as he  
pleased;  
The nurse was in tears,  
With her murmured "My dears!"  
But only the louder and faster he teased.

Overhearing the din,  
His father came in:  
"Wish to sit up all night, John?" he  
thought illy cried;  
"You shall have your request  
Till you've learned we know best.  
Nurse can go. I will stay at this naughty  
boy's side."

When two hours had passed,  
John grew sleepy at last  
And so tired that he feared he would fall  
from his chair;  
But, attempting to go,  
Heard his father's stern "No!"  
Keep your seat at the table. Your place,  
sir, is there."

Oh how slow ticks the clock,  
With its dickory dock  
(For his father insists he shall keep wide  
awake).  
Till quite humbly he said:  
"May I please go to bed?  
I've found you were right, and I made a  
mistake."

His father said yes:  
And now you can guess  
If ever that boy did the same thing again.  
No sermon could preach,  
No punishment teach,  
A lesson more clearly than he learned it  
then.

Now, boys, when you're told,  
That it's bed time, don't scold,  
And say that you feel just like keeping  
awake;  
Sitting up all the night  
Isn't such a delight.  
Just try it for once, and you'll own your  
mistake.

—Sophie E. Easman.

## THE BROKEN SAW.

A BOY went to live with a man who 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 round. 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 who 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. Brown will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him. "Why, of course I didn't mean to, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorry air on the broken saw. "Mr. Brown never makes allowances," said the other boy; "I never saw any thing like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped in a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it, but Mr. Brown kept suspecting, and suspecting,

and suspecting, and laid every thing out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or no, till Bill couldn't stand it and wouldn't." "Did he tell Mr. Brown about the eggs?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was 'fraid to, Mr. Brown's got such a temper." "I think he'd better own square up," said Sam. "I reckon you'll find it better to preach than to practise," 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 the broken saw.

It was after supper, and he was not likely to see Mr. Brown that night. The shop was shut, and his master had gone to some town meeting. The next morning he would get up early, go into the wood-house, and see what was done, for Sam would never hide the saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood house, walked out in the garden, and then went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Brown; but she wasn't sociable, and he had rather not. "O, Heavenly Father," said Sam, falling on his knees, "help me to do the thing that is right." Sam had always said his prayers, but he had not put his whole heart into his prayer as he did that night; that night he prayed.

I do not know what time it was, but when Mr. Brown came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Brown 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 to tell me for?" asked Mr. Brown; "I should think morning would be time enough to tell me 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. Brown 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's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Brown was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Brown. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board" 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. Brown a kind master and a faithful friend.—Selected.

## PUSH.

WE often see the little word "Push" on the swing-door of some establishment, and it suggests the thought that all through life we need to keep that stirring motion urging us on. Nothing is done without "push" now-a-days. No man in any capacity will do much if he has it not. We are not speaking of impertinence and ignorant ambition, but of an earnest sprightliness of character which makes every act an interest and the stepping-stone to something better. And not in commerce only, but in our Church-life we need the impulsive principle.

## PUFFING BILLY.

ONE bright day in June, 1781, a group of miners, who had just finished their work, were standing around Wylam Pit, near Newcastle, England.

Word has passed from one to another that a baby boy had been born in old Bob's cabin. Old Bob, the engine man at the pit, had a houseful of children already, but he and his wife had plenty of love for the newcomer, whom they called Geordie.

Wee Geordie Stephenson was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father's house was a rough hut, with unplastered walls and floor of clay.

Geordie began to work when he was less than seven years old, at twopence per day. A lady paid him this sum for looking after her cows. When a little older he was taken on at the colliery as a "pitcher," receiving sixpence a day, and at fourteen he became his father's assistant at a shilling a day. A year or two later he was given the charge of an engine of his own. It became his pet and never had better care.

At eighteen years of age George Stephenson could not read. He was wide awake and had a great longing for knowledge, but did not understand the alphabet. This could not be borne.

He went to a night school and paid threepence a week to be taught spelling, reading and writing, and soon a Scotch minister who knew him undertook to teach him figures. He worked very hard and made great progress.

In his leisure hours, when he was not busy with his engine or studying, he made and mended shoes. Bit by bit he saved a little money and by-and-bye was able to marry.

I suppose you are wondering what all this has to do with Puffing Billy. Have patience; I am coming to that part of my story.

Though James Watt had invented the working steam-engine it was George Stephenson who first laid rails, found out what the locomotive could do when attached to cars and sent the iron horse spinning along the line. His first locomotive was called Puffing Billy.

If you were to peep into some of the public journals of the England of 1825 you would laugh at the fright the people felt at this monster, which fed on coals and water and flew over the road at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. Some thought it was like witchcraft. Others gravely said that one might as well be shot off by a rocket at once as put themselves at the mercy of such a machine as this.

George Stephenson kept quietly on, plodding at everything he attempted, until he had found out his secrets. Whatever he did he did with all his might. When men opposed him he did not lose his temper but only said: "Wait awhile and you will see."

"Suppose, Mr. Stephenson," said a grumbling somebody, thinking he was advancing a terrible objection to the new iron horse—"suppose a cow should happen to be on your line?"

"Well," replied Stephenson, very coolly, "it would be a bad job for the cow."

So it is all through life, boys. When a brave, wise man has a new and brilliant thought it will never be put a stop to by any "cow."—Harper's Young People.

## A YOUNG MAN'S HISTORY IN BRIEF.

FIRST saw him in a social party; he took but one glass of wine, and that at the urgent solicitations of a young lady to whom he had been introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy a slight desire. He mocked at the thought of danger.

I next saw him, late in the evening in the street unable to walk home. I assisted him thither and we parted.

I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

I saw him once more; he was cold and motionless, and he was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave in sorrow, his mother wept that she had given birth to such a child.

I returned home musing on his future state. I opened the Bible and read, "Be not deceived, drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

This is a sad story. Alas! that it should be true. When a boy, our friend was as happy as any of us. More than once, when students together, did he sneer at my teetotalism; when I urged him to sign the pledge, he laughed at me, and scoffed at the bare suggestion of danger.

Poor Fred! his father had the glass on the table, and there the appetite was formed. Young men, beware of the first glass. Fathers, banish the glass from your tables, if you would not bury your sons drunkards.—Golden Censer.

## A BOY'S RELIGION.

IF a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

A church bell at Saratoga recently rang 104 times—one stroke for each year of its existence. This is the only instance on record where the age of a Saratoga bell has been tolled.