

# HOME



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## The Nail Marks.

There was once a little boy, who, like all other children, had some bad habits. His good father was trying to help him correct them, and at length thought of a plan.

"Johnnie," said he, "supposing every time you are disobedient, or get angry, or say any naughty word, we should drive a nail into the door of the woodshed?"

"Well," said Johnnie; "that will make me think, won't it?"

The door began to fill up pretty fast, and Johnnie felt very badly about it.

"Now," said his father, "let us try another plan. Every day that you are obedient and truthful and kind, we will draw a nail out."

This plan worked charmingly, for it is a great deal better to try to be good, than to be merely watching and marking ourselves for being naughty. By-and-by every nail was out, but Johnnie stood looking at the door with a very sad face.

"Why do you look so unhappy?" said his father; "are you not glad the nails are out?"

"Oh yes, sir," answered Johnnie, "but the marks are there."

I heard a gentleman speak in a waying a little while ago. He had been a wretched drunkard for thirty years, but now is saved through Christ, and for the last three years has been going about to warn people against strong drink, and to tell them how they too can be saved. "Little boys," he said, "don't do as I have done. God has forgiven, I hope, all the sins of these dreadful years, and has blotted them out of the book of His remembrance. But I can't forget them; the scars are still there."

Let us ask the dear Saviour to keep us from sin, that there may be no scars in memory and conscience, to make us sorry all our lives.

## For the Boys.

Dr. Ludlow, in the *Sunday-School Times*, says: A portrait painter once told me that the picture of a child younger than twelve would not be apt to look like him as he became a man; but that one taken after that age, would show the settled outline of features which even the wrinkles of old age would not crowd out. Your physician will tell you that about that same time the body too gets into shape.

If you are to be spindleshanked or dumpy, the stretch or the squat will have begun to grow on you. A great writer, who has had much to do in educating boys, says: "The latter life of a man is much more like what he was at school than what he was [at college]."

And so he did; for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off a dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of a crowd of men dared jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger hands got hold of

nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. This was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself making drawings on his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy, who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read heavy books like Locke "On the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and the flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. He was Jonathan Edwards.



THE NAIL MARKS

A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell out of the window, and was severely hurt; but with clenched lips he held back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency.

her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. That boy was Garibaldi; and if you will read his life, you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that

zens are murdered every year.—*National Prohibition Committee.*

"DEATH and drink-draining are near neighbours," says an old Scotch proverb.