

HE DARED TO TELL THE TRUTH.

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 nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man that 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.

"Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him.

"Why, of course, I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, "he was afraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," 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 his broken saw.

The boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the workhouse, walked out in the garden, and went to his little chamber under the eaves. He

wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down-stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, he said heartily:

"Sam, 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. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above board," he would have been a good man to deal 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. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.—*Selected.*

MANNERS.

THERE is nothing which adds to a boy's success in life, next to honesty of purpose, like the practice of good breeding wherever he goes—on the sidewalks, in the buggy, as well as in the parlour. If you meet a boy who refuses to give you half the road, or turn out on the sidewalk, you may class him as a boy with no sense of justice in his soul. When we speak of a polite boy, we do not wish to be understood as referring to one who bows low, and takes off his hat simply, but we mean the honest face—the one who always carries a smile on his countenance—we mean the one who has a kind salutation when he meets you in the morning, and a pleasant "good-night" in the evening—a boy whose face is always void of offence.—*The Parish Visitor.*

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