

a discouraged heap in the middle of the wet board.

"I looked up in utter dismay, while the boys shouted with laughter.

"It is ruined!" he gasped.

"I should think it was!" laughed Wesley. "Isn't enough of it left to make a dishcloth. Awful expensive paper, too; you'll ruin the old chap, if you keep on long in this style. Try again!"

And Reuben tried again, and again, and again, his face red and pale by turns, his eyes now bright with hope, now heavy with despair. Once his instructor kindly offered to show him how, and turned the dripping mass with a fing that Reuben tried in vain to catch; then he tried his skill with the rubbing-down brush, remembering Wesley's repeated caution to bear on hard; the consequence was that the wet mass parted in the middle, half of it staying on the board, and half of it rolling itself in a sticky ball, and following the line of the brush. With the fifth trial, which was worse than the all others, Reuben quietly laid down both brushes and walked out of the room.

"Beaten, as sure as I'm alive!" shouted Wesley, doubling himself up with laughter, and rolling over and over on a pile of pasteboards that stood near. "I didn't think it would be so easy done; something in his face made me think he wasn't so chicken-hearted as you would suppose from his size."

"Too bad on the little fellow," said one boy who had laughed less than the others. "He's away from home, and homesick, maybe. What was the use?"

"Oh, now don't you go to getting spooney!" said Wesley. "Serves him just right; what business had he to come slipping in here among us; there's lots of fellows in town who want the place. Barrows needn't think we are going to have any little rag-bag from the city poked in among us."

While they talked it over, Reuben went straight to the room marked "Office," and knocked at the door. Mr. Barrows's voice told him to come in. That gentleman was seated at his desk, looking over a pile of letters; he seemed grave and busy. Reuben stood for fully five minutes before getting any attention. At last Mr. Barrows looked up and said "Well!" not in a very encouraging tone, but as though he did not care to be interrupted.

"I don't think I'll suit, sir," Reuben said. He tried to keep his voice from trembling, but it was hard work, and his face was very pale.

"Sick of it already, eh?"

In spite of his disappointment and bitter sense of failure, Reuben could not help a wan smile from creeping into his face as he answered:

"No, sir; but it is sick of me. They tear just awfully! I've torn up and spoiled five of those great big beautiful sheets of paper; and I did my best."

"You have!" said Mr. Barrows, and Reuben could not decide whether his voice had anger in it, or only surprise and dismay; but he stood his ground manfully.

"Yes, sir, I have; and I'm awfully sorry. I thought I could do, and I tried; but it got worse and worse; and now if there was something that you were sure I could do, to give me till I earned enough to pay for that paper, I'd work nights and all."

"Just so," said Mr. Barrows; "I'll think about it. You may sit down on that stool until I write a letter, then we'll attend to it."

So Reuben perched himself on a stool, with folded arms and sad heart, and was motionless until the rapid pen had dashed a dozen or more lines on the paper. At last the writer looked up again.

"Now, my boy, the paper tore, did it?"

"All to pieces," said Reuben, mournfully; "went all to squish! it isn't good for anything."

"And how did the other boys take it?"

"Well, sir, they laughed all the time."

"How did you like Wesley?"

Reuben looked down on the floor. What had that to do with the torn paper, and his failure in business.

But Mr. Barrows waited, and at last he stammered that he didn't think he liked him very well.

"Did the directions that he gave you about the work seem like common sense?"

"No, sir!" that answer was prompt enough.

"What was the matter with them?"

"Why, he said dip the brush way in, and

put on lots of paste; and I didn't see how the paper could help tearing."

Mr. Barrows turned over some papers on his desk, and seemed to be thinking about them for a few minutes, then he said:

"Suppose you had a present of fifty sheets of pasteboard, and fifty sheets of that best white paper, and nobody had any right to ask you what became of them, what would you do?"

"I'd earn some paste, somehow, and find a place to work in, and I'd learn how to put the papers on, if it took me all winter."

"Very well!" said Mr. Barrows; "I'll present you with fifty sheets of paper and pasteboard to spoil, if you have to, with the understanding that if they come out in good shape they are to be mine; and if they are spoiled, they are yours to make your fortune out of. I'll even lend you the paste (a curious smile lighting up his face as he said this), and a place to work in; you can pay me when you make your fortune; and now the sooner you get to work, the less time you will lose."

"Thank you," said Reuben, getting down from his perch, his eyes shining. "I'll go right at it."

Back he went with rapid feet on the workroom, and appeared before the boys whose shouts of laughter were still echoing through the house. They stopped in astonishment at sight of him.

"Dear me!" said Wesley. "You here! I thought you ran home to tell your mother. Poor little fellow! he looks pale, boys; I believe he fainted on the way; we shall have to put some paste in his face to revive him."

But the fun was cut short by the arrival of Mr. Barrows; in an instant every boy who had left his post to help in the joke at Reuben's expense, was back at work.

"These doors are very thin, boys," was the only hint that gentleman gave that he had heard every word. Then he called Wesley to him, and told him to stand by his side, and give the few general directions that were important in learning to spread the paper.

"Much paste or little, Wesley?"

"As little as possible, sir."

"You may tell Stone so, then."

And Wesley, with a very red face, repeated to Reuben, "About the brush, Wesley, should the touch with it be light or heavy?"

"Very light, sir."

This, too, he had to repeat to Reuben. Then he gave strict orders that no boy in the room should speak to, or in any way interfere with the new comer's ways of doing things.

"Whether he does a new way or an old one, right or wrong, I forbid any boy to interfere; he is going to experiment, and is to be let alone. Remember, boys!"—in a significant tone—"I forbid it."

Then he went away, and Reuben had peace. The boys giggled, to be sure, and made funny speeches at his expense, at some of which he won their hearts by laughing; for Reuben was such a good-natured fellow that he could not help laughing at a joke, even when he was the victim. But his work was not meddled with, and after one or two failures, he began to catch the secret. When, two hours afterwards, Mr. Barrows looked in to see how the experiment was working, Reuben told him proudly that only seven of the pasteboards were his; he didn't see but the others were as good as anybody's.

"All right!" the gentleman said with a satisfied smile. "Keep track of these seven boards, and make your fortune with them." Instantly there flashed over Reuben a new idea. What if he should begin to make his fortune out of those seven pasteboards! What if he should!

(To be Continued.)

At a RECENT meeting of the Reform Club, of Topeka, Kansas, a reformed man who had stood unshaken in his total abstinence principles for ten years, made this confession: "I was in Topeka last week in attendance upon the G. A. R. meeting, and in an evil hour I forgot God. My old appetite for drink came upon me with such force that had I been able to find a place where liquor could have been gotten, I should have fallen. I would have given my right arm almost for a drink." Praise God that the saloons in Topeka are closed, and that this tried and tempted man was thus saved to himself and his family.—*Union Signal*.

GEORGE STEPHENSON,  
THE INVENTOR.

We often wonder when we hear of some new invention—sewing machines, telegraphs, electric lights—and they are multiplying very fast these latter days. Did it ever occur to you that the temperance movement may have something to do with that? Certainly a man needs his wits about him; he needs the very best use of his brains, when he devises witty or wise inventions; and he cannot have the best use of his brains when they are steeped in alcohol. Until the temperance movement commenced almost everybody drank, and a great many, especially of the workmen, cared more about the drink than about their work. It takes a man who loves his work to make any improvements in it or in the manner of doing it.

George Stephenson was an engineer, and loved his work. He did not care for the drink, and he soon found that it did not help him about his work. He saw, too, that it led men into idleness. At an age when most boys go in for pure play and a holiday whenever they can get it, George, who was then fireman for an engine in the coal mines, found himself with fellow-workmen who took a holiday for drinking and dog-fighting once a fortnight. Their stopping work stopped his engine, so that he could earn no wages that day (so the idle often injure the industrious), but he took the spare time to take his engine to pieces and see how it was made, or try experiments with it. The result was that he learned all about engines as they were made at that time, over eighty years ago. Engines had not then been made to draw cars nor run steamboats, though experiments had been made in both directions. George Stephenson, a poor lad, a fireman to an engine in a coal-pit, on less than five dollars a week, had little idea of all this, nor of the wonderful inventions he should yet "find out"; but he loved his work and he kept himself pure from the drink, and so he did not blur his own path to success, as many another young lad had done.

One of the uses to which engines had been put was pumping water out of the coal mines, and at Killingworth, where George removed, he found an engine that had been at work for months trying in vain to pump out the water. George said he could improve the engine and make it draw out the water, so that the men could go to the bottom of the pit. He did it, and in less than five days the water was pumped out. This he could not have done but for the studies he had made while his companions were drinking and dog-fighting, nor if he had muddled his brains with alcohol. He got \$50 for the job, and won the esteem of his employers so much that they made him engine-wright at \$500 a year.

But do not imagine for a minute that people praised him for his temperance, for that reform had not then commenced. Probably he got many a slight and sneer from his companions who preferred drinking and dog-fighting, and even his employers might have thought him "queer," if not pretentious. Mr. Dodd, the superintendent of this very colliery at Killingworth, invited him into a public house one day to take a drink. This was intended as a compliment to the young workman, and George might easily have reasoned that it would be good policy for him not to refuse. But, instead, he modestly replied: "No, sir, you must excuse me. I have made a resolution to drink no more at this time of day." We know how to do still better than that now, but at that date people had not even heard of a total abstinence pledge. Perhaps it was religious principle that kept him; or one Sunday, when Mr. Dodd went to see him on some business, he found him dressed in his best, and on his way to the Methodist chapel.

About this time there were many experiments in the way of engines to draw carriages, but the inventors met with great difficulties. George Stephenson set himself to make an engine for this purpose, and on the 14th of July, 1814, it was completed and placed on the Killingworth Railway. It succeeded in drawing eight carriages of thirty tons weight at four miles an hour. This was a great triumph for Stephenson, and he determined to make railways popular and common, though he was yet only an engine-wright in a colliery. But he succeeded grandly, working with and for others but carrying out his own ideas mostly. His first great undertaking was a railway be-

tween London and Manchester. When a bill for it was first proposed in Parliament, with the proposition to have an engine to go twelve miles an hour, it was contemptuously thrown out with exclamation, "As well trust yourself on the back of a Congreve rocket." But the road was completed at last (in 1825), and the first train ran thirty-five miles an hour, drawn by Stephenson's locomotive, which he wittily named the "Rocket." After this Stephenson had all he could do in the line of building railways, both at home and abroad, and even kings sent for him to consult with him. He died in 1848.

His eldest son, Robert, to whom he gave a fine education, honored his father greatly and worked with him in many of his enterprises, and at last became a member of Parliament. When the latter died he was buried in Westminster Abbey.—*Julia Colman in Leaflets for Young People.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CUR-  
RENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubot's Select Notes.)

Sept. 21.—Ps. 103: 1-22.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Praise. Infidelity has no songs, for it has nothing to sing about. No hymns of joy rise from the hearts of those who walk in the murky shadows of sin and unbelief. One day, after having alluded to this fact in a public assembly, a septic came and promised to produce "an infidel hymn-book" in the afternoon. He brought it, a book compiled by an apostate minister, having nothing infidel in its title and very little in its composition. It was made up of such infidel hymns as "Hail Columbia," "The Old Oaken Bucket," and various other secular songs, with now and then a parody upon some well known hymn, a word left out here and another a line there, giving the compiler about as much right to claim the authorship of the hymns as borrowing a pair of boots and cutting the straps off would give him to be considered a shoemaker. And this was the boasted "infidel hymn-book" which was to confute the assertions we had made. We exhibited the book and reiterated our statements. Infidelity is songless because it is joyless, lifeless, hopeless. What theme is there for song in a life full of trouble and a death which is an eternal sleep!—*Hastings.*

II. God's forgiving love. There is a legend that God commanded an angel to destroy an iceberg. The angel summoned an army with pickaxes and shovels, called for tempests and rain and snow, but in vain, the iceberg was as great as ever. At last God bade the sun to shine and the south wind to breathe upon it, and soon it was melted. Such is the power of love.—*Hurbutt.*

III. His kingdom ruleth over all. When Melancthon was extremely solicitous about the affairs of the church in his days, Luther would have him admonished in these terms, Let not Philip make himself any longer governor of the world.—*David Clarkson.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

This Psalm naturally leads to dwell upon God's mercies, and the duty of praising Him for them. Dwell upon the beauty, the usefulness, the happiness of a praising spirit. Show what it is, and what it is not. Especially distinguish between joy in God's gifts and gratitude to the Giver. Show the various ways of praising God, and give hints as to joining in the praise portion of the services of church and Sabbath-school. In applying to ourselves the reasons for gratitude and praise we can follow the natural divisions of the Psalm as given in the notes above.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—For every egg allow two tablespoonfuls of milk. Warm milk in skillet, add a little butter, salt and pepper; when nearly to a boiling point, drop in the eggs; with a spoon or knife gently cut the eggs, and scrape the mixture up from the bottom of the dish as it cooks. If it begins to cook dry and fat at the bottom, move the dish back, for success depends on cooking gently and evenly. Take from stove before it has quite all thickened, and continue turning it up from bottom of dish a moment longer. Have the dish in which you serve it already heated. If properly cooked, it should be in large flakes of mingled white and yellow, making a very delicate as well as palatable dish.