

## What a Boy can do.

In passing along one of our streets the other day, a little fellow fell in with an old salt, who was shivering with three sheets in the wind.

"Ship ahoy!" hailed the tar; and the little chap hauled up alongside. "Where may be the Seaman's Mansion?"

The lad proffered to show him; and they held along together; the sailor steering very widely; sometimes hard up as though he had struck a heavy sea, and then yawing off to the right or left, as the case might be.

"I am not exactly water-logged," said he, "but have took too much of a deck load on, and my top-hammer is rather heavy for my ballast, eh! A little too much of the critter aboard—hic! you understand. Shun the rum, the blue ruin, my little man, as you'd avoid Timbertoes. Shiver my topsail! but it has been the ruin of me. Here I have got a wife and two little ones—one a youngster about the same age as yourself—in Boston, and some property beside; but the Devil has placed a barrier between us, in the shape of a can of grog. Shun the critter, my lad, as you'd shun a pestilence."

The lad promised to bear in mind his advice; and then asked why he did not sign the Temperance pledge.

"And where may that Temperance pledge be found?" inquired he.

His young comrade informed him that there was to be a Temperance meeting at the Exchange that evening, and offered to go with him if he would sign the pledge.

"I'll go; come in here my little one (by this time they have arrived opposite the Seaman's Mansion), and take supper with me. As soon as we

have got ballast in, we'll haul up for this said Temperance meeting. Stave in my bulwarks if we won't."

The little fellow stuck to him, and as soon as supper was over, went to the Temperance meeting, where the old salt signed the pledge. As he did so, he remarked, that whenever he was tempted to drink, he would think of that little boy's care for his welfare. We doubt not that the warm-hearted old tar will keep the pledge so long as his "timbers hold together." The next day he went away to sea; not forgetting to call upon his juvenile friend before his departure. And he assured him that he would seek his wife and family on his return. So much for the influence of a child.—*Portland Bulletin.*

## A Preacher Surprised.

Last Sabbath there occurred rather a curious scene in the parish church of Campsie. A reverend gentleman proceeded to the pulpit to officiate for the Rev. Thomas Monro, the minister of the parish. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ had gone through the usual routine of singing, praying, &c., and had given out the text, and was commencing his discourse, when a woman got up, and at the top of her voice exclaimed, "Gae hame wi' you sir, an' learn your lesson (a slight pause); gae hame, I say, an' learn your sermon afore you come here. We're nae accustomed wi' a mon readin' a sermon to us—we can read ane at hame oursel. Gae hame (louder than before, accompanied with a stamp of her foot)—gae hame an' learn your lesson like a skuleboy—gae hame sir." She went on in this strain for some time, and it is said Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ looked unutterable things.—*Dumbar-tors Herald.*