

A NEW PLAY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

I PRESENT every one of my young readers has heard or read the fable so often referred to of the boy who cried "Wolf!"

I have a short story to tell you, which is not a fable, but truth. The incident happened in Middletown, Conn., between thirty and forty years ago. A party of boys had found a nice place to play, down by the river side. Tired of their old plays, they invented a new one, which they found extremely amusing.

A number of men were at work near by. One of the boys threw his hat into the water, and they screamed at the top of their voices, "Boy drowning! boy drowning!"

The men threw down their tools and rushed pell-mell to the water side. They found the boys all safe, and greatly amused at the result of their experiment.

Again and again they played the same game, either finding some new victims, or rousing the fears of the kind labourers by some new representation. At last the men had all been informed of the plot, and they were not to be cajoled or frightened into leaving their work again, to make themselves the laughing-stock of mischievous boys.

One day the boys screamed louder than ever, if possible, "Boy drowning! boy drowning! Do come."

The men kept steadily at their work, scarcely even looking up.

Some hours after this a very anxious-looking woman was seen coming down the street.

Meeting a gentleman, she said: "Have you seen my little Bennie? He hasn't been home since dinner, and I am dreadfully worried about him."

Mr. Bently had seen him going towards the river, he knew the game the boys had played, and a great dread came over him.

"I will go with you," he said.

They neared the river. The boys had disappeared. The men had either gone home, or were working quietly.

On the water floated poor little Bennie's hat—and there, too—O poor heart-stricken mother! there lay little Bennie—dead! I had this story from the gentleman who helped the mother to find her child.

Ah, boys, it is never safe to do wrong. These boys did not want poor little Bennie to drown, and they cried loudly for help. The men were near by, and undoubtedly

could have saved the child, but the boys had deceived them so often that they did not believe them when they spoke the truth.

It is an old saying, "You cannot expect men's heads on boys' shoulders."

I hope not. I should pity the man who had known no boyhood. Play and frolic, boys, while you have the heart for it, but with all your fun strive always to keep an honest and a kindly heart, and a tongue that scorns a lie, and you may hope to grow up honourable and reliable men.—*Christian Secretary.*

A YOUNG HERO.

NEARLY thirty years ago a boy who had given his heart to Christ joined the Church and partook of the Lord's Supper with the older people.

The next day he went to school and in the play hour some of those boys who carry the blood of old Cain in them formed a ring around him and cried out, "Oh! here is a boy Christian!"

What did this boy do? Get mad, kick, strike and say angry words? Not at all. He quietly looked at the boys and said,—

"Yes, boys; I am trying to be a Christian boy. Isn't that right?"

His tempters knew he was right and felt ashamed. They broke up the persecuting ring and went to play with the brave young Christian. I call him brave because there are many men who could easier storm a battery than stand to be mocked by the enemies of Jesus as meekly as that little boy did.

Where is that young hero of thirty years ago to-day? He is president of a college and preacher of the gospel.

THE SEVEN-DOLLAR THIEF.

A TRAVELLER on his journey meets a robber in the woods. "Give me your money," cries the highwayman, "or I'll shoot you."

"It may be," thinks the traveller, "the man is in want;" and he generously gives him six dollars. "Take this. God bless you! Farewell."

"Stop! stop!" cried the robber. "I see another dollar, and I must have that."

"Oh, sir," cries the traveller, "be content. Of my all—seven dollars—you have six, and I only one to help me on my journey."

"Give me that seventh dollar," cries the robber, drawing his pistol.

What do you think of the robber? "The meanest thief I ever could conceive of. What is his name?" Sabbath-breaker,



PLAYING MAMMA.

THIS little girl gets her mother's shawl and bonnet on and takes her doll in her arms and pretends that she is mamma making calls.

GOD SEES ALWAYS.

'Twas evening-time and the shadows
Were growing darker and long,
The flowers had closed their petals,
And the birds had ceased their song,
When the mother tenderly laid
Her tired boy down to sleep,
And she told him that God would send
His angels, a watch to keep.

And if he should die they would take
His spirit to God above,
To be a bright shining angel
In that beautiful home of love.
"But, mother," the little one said,
In a voice of thoughtful tone,
"I should not like God to see me
With my little night-gown on."

Sweet child; in thy innocent love,
Would we were all like thee;
Only remembering ever
That God can always see.
And we would be always watchful
That he may see naught but is right
In our thoughts and words and actions,
Whether morning, noon, or night.

LITTLE Mary was reproving her younger brother for fibbing. "Now, Russell," she said, drawing her face, and frowning threateningly on the tiny culprit, "Dust you remember, never, never, to tell another of your wrong-side-out stories to me."