

"BULL," STANLEY'S CAMP DOG.

## The Growing Boy.

BY ELIZABETH GIBSON.

When I shall be a man I shall be strong  
To fight whenever weakness craves my aid;  
No fear of scorn shall make my soul afraid,  
Or turn aside my sword from smiting wrong

And I shall love my brothers of the field  
And street and air—the horse, the dog, the bird,  
No whine of pain, no death-cry shall be heard,  
But precious lives from cruel hands I'll shield.

I shall be clean and fresh to look upon,  
And be as open air from country ways  
In any city where I live my days;  
My eyes the sky shall show, my hair the sun.

The little children seeing me shall sing;  
The aged woman at her cottage door  
Shall say, "There goes a man;" the frown he wore  
The faded rose, while new desires shall spring.

I shall make music when my soul is sad;  
And when my heart is gay, my song shall rise,  
A fount of human feeling, to the skies,

And others shall be comforted and glad.

I am too small. Alas! I cannot hold  
The whole world in my arms, soothe every care;  
But I can lift my hands to God in prayer,  
To help me all the time I'm growing old.

## THE "GRIT, BARE-LEGGED LADDIE."

Nearly a hundred years ago, a stout, bearded, awkward boy of eighteen years, dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of a humble cottage in northern England, and asked to see the village schoolmaster. When that person appeared, the boy said, very modestly.

"I would like to attend your evening school, sir."

"And what do you wish to study?" asked the teacher, roughly.

"I want to learn to read and write, sir," answered the lad.

The schoolmaster glanced over the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully, and said, "Ver, well, you can attend, but a grit, bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing some thing else than learning his letters." Then he closed the door in the lad's face.

If that "grit, bare-legged laddie" had said to the schoolmaster, "I mean to become a great inventor, to be the friend

of rich and powerful men, to hold conversation with kings, and to write my name among the great ones of the earth," it is likely he would have called the boy a fool to cherish such wild dreams. Yet this poor, ignorant lad, who did not know the alphabet at eighteen, accomplished all these things before he died.

He did it by hard work and because he made up his mind to do the best he could. He kept pegging away. His ignorance was a misfortune, and not a fault. His parents were too poor to send him to school. He was the son of the fireman of a pumping engine in a Northumberland colliery.

His birthplace was a hovel with a clay floor, mud walls and bare rafters. When he was five years old, he began to work for his living by herding cows in the daytime and barring up the gates at night. As he grew older, he was set to picking stones from the coal, and after that to driving a horse which drew coal from the pit. He went half-fed and half-clothed; but for "a" that" he

was called upon to build long and difficult lines of railway.

But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Everybody laughed at him. Some thought that he was going crazy. One gentleman, who considered himself very wise, said to him:

"Suppose you invent an engine capable of running nine or ten miles an hour, and suppose while it was running a cow should stray upon the track, would not that be a very awkward circumstance?"

"I should think it might be very awkward indeed—for the cow," he answered.

Well, he succeeded in making his locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool, it attained to the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour. By making certain improvements, this same engine, the Rocket, was made to attain the speed of thirty miles an hour. People laughed no longer, but admired.

He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and wealth flowed upon him. Philosophers sought his friendship. His king offered him knighthood, but he refused a title, preferring to remain plain George Stephenson.

## A GRAIN OF SAND.

"Mother! mother! there's something in my eye; please take it out quick!" Flossy came hurrying to her mother's

Dr. Wright and see what he can do," said her mother, after trying everything that she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face in the light as he kept her eyelid open.

"Ah!" said the doctor, and in an instant he held his instrument toward her, "here it is!"

"Where?" asked the mother, "I don't see anything."

"I don't either," said Flossy, "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It's just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor, "too small to see, unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after this Flossy was fidgeting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors, and Flossy was in a bad humour—nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," said her mother, over and over again. "You make me very uncomfortable. If you do not stop worrying you must go away by yourself."

Flossy sat down by the window pouting. In a little while her face brightened, and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek.

"I'm like that little grain of sand, mother; don't you think so?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my bad temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother; I love you truly, and I wouldn't hurt you as that sand did me for anything. The sand couldn't help itself, but I can and I will right away."—Our Boys and Girls.



CUTTING OUT THE NEW "LIVINGSTONE CANOE."

had a man's brave soul in his sturdy little body.

For several years he was assistant fireman to his father, then he was made fireman himself. Subsequently, at the age of seventeen, he was plugman of a pumping engine, a post superior to his father's.

But all this time, though ignorant of books, he had been studying his engine. Gradually he acquired so complete a knowledge of his machine that he was able to take it apart and make any ordinary repairs. The "grit, bare-legged laddie" was smarter than he seemed, and this fact his teacher was not long in finding out after he began to teach him.

At the end of two years, by attending evening school, he had learned all that the village schoolmaster could teach him. This brought his school life to an end, but he still kept on studying. He bought books on engineering and mechanics, and spent his leisure in learning what they taught and in experimenting. At last he began to think about making better engines than those around him.

Meanwhile he had secured the appointment of engineer at one of the great collieries of northern England, and he gradually applied his plans for an improved locomotive. He was not entirely successful at first, but he was not discouraged. He saw his mistakes and corrected them. Before he was thirty-five years old he had constructed several locomotive steam-engines, and five years afterwards he had become known as a successful and energetic engineer, and

room. Her blue eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and tears were running down her cheeks.

"Why, what is it?" asked her mother, as she put her arm around the child.

"I don't know, it's an awful big thing; the wind blew it in my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but could find nothing except tears.

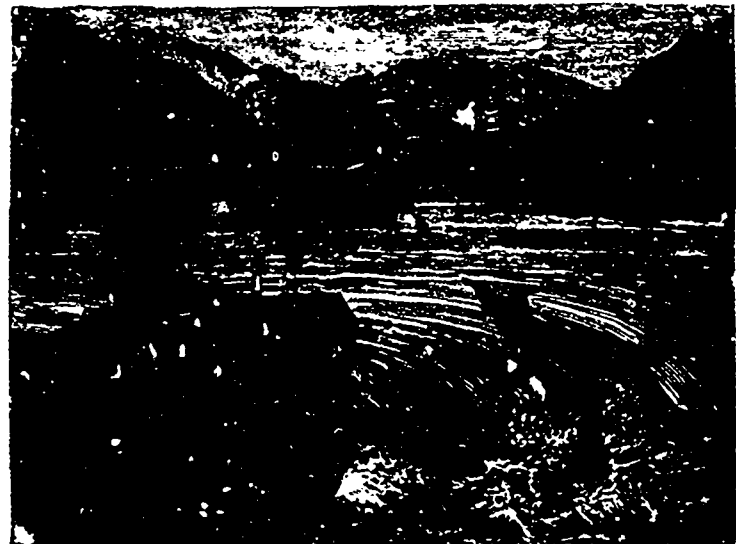
"I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it is there, mother; please do get it out. It makes me so uncomfortable."

The mother looked again, then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water, and told Flossy to keep it closed for a time, but the poor eye did not get any better. Something was in it; something as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to

To act without stopping to think is poor economy. Nobody wastes time so hopelessly as the person who decides without deliberation, who, because of his wrong beginning, follows the wrong path, and finally is forced to retrace his steps and start again. A little hard thinking before we begin to act would save us not only much precious time but many a headache as well.—Christian Commonwealth.



THE CHIEF CARPENTER CARRIED OVER ZINGA FALLS.