

the other day he was there, when I wanted to get along to pull some nice flowers and to gather some dandelion leaves for my rabbit. And there he is again. I am afraid he may set on me. He has chased others and tossed some. I have run from him myself; but then, perhaps, there was no danger. He mightn't have minded a little fellow like me.

"But what if he had done to me as to others? Let me think. Yes; I remember a little lad, smaller than I am, that he hurt. Well, the lad had no business there; it wasn't his field or his father's, and he shouldn't have gone into it. I have a right to go in the field, for it belongs to my father. And so does the bull; and I think he knows me, and that I am not a stranger. But will the bull think about his being my father's bull, and so that he shouldn't hurt me? I have heard of another bull which ran at a little girl, the daughter of its owner, and did so, though he knew her by having often seen her. She had something red about her that day, and bulls get angry and furious at red.

"Have I anything red about me? No, nothing but my handkerchief, and then it is in my pocket, and he couldn't see it there. I would be very careful to keep it there; but what if I happened to forget, or to draw it out when I didn't mean to do so? Bulls have set upon boys, I believe, even when they have not had anything red about them. And he might not know me. Even although he did know me, I am not sure but he might set on me. Well, the meadow is by far the most pleasant way, but I think, after all, it will be better to take the road. That is safe from the bull. He can't get at me there. Safety is better than pleasure. So here goes for the road and not the field."

Right, my little lad, right. Just what you should have done; and let me say to all my young friends, that safety is always better than pleasure, and that no pleasure should be taken at the risk of safety. Better be Band of Hope boys and girls, going by the

road of abstinence, which after all is not a hard stony road; but although it were, better go by it, than by the field of the drinking customs. The drink is there, and you may be in danger. It has gored many a one to death. It may be your father's drink, and in your father's house, but that does not make it the less dangerous. Many have fallen victims to it by thinking there was no danger because it was at their father's table. But that did not change its character. It will have the same effect at home as elsewhere.

Do as this lad did. Decide for the safe way. Keep at a distance from the bull, although it should hinder you from going through the meadow of pleasant society where the danger is. You will find that to act thus is best in the end.

WHAT A HERD BOY BECAME.

IN one of the northern counties of Scotland this boy was born. His parents were poor, and he had to be sent from home at a very early age, to gain a livelihood for himself. He went to herd cows and sheep on a farm, about the "braes" of which I have run when a boy. And then, and often since, I have thought of him, and of what he did, and how he got on. He had a mechanical turn, and whenever he saw any piece of machinery he would try to make something like it. He had often little models of mills going, driven by the little streams on the farm. One time he got a sight of the inside of a clock when it was being cleaned, and he managed to make one that kept time. There is a tradition in the district that he fixed the works in the dried skull of a horse. On examining a watch he thought he could make one, and he succeeded so far at least. It was a very clumsy affair, and a farmer, when looking at it, let it fall, and put his foot on it, and so finished it.

As the boy grew to be a lad he got to