

HOW TO BE A MAN.

Not long since a boy of some seventeen years called on a merchant doing a large business in New York. He was poorly clad, and showed evidence of pretty hard work, but his face indicated honesty and common sense, with a firm and energetic manliness under the somewhat rude exterior. When at liberty, the merchant said, "Well, my young friend, what can I do for you?"

"I called, sir," he replied, "to ask you for a situation as an engineer. I was told you were having a new engine built, and I want you to give me the place. I'd like to run it for you."

"Are you an engineer?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sir; but I can be," he answered, setting his lips firmly together, standing up squarely before the gentleman, and looking him fully in the face. "I don't understand the business well; I know something of it, though. But I can be an engineer—and will be; and I wish you would give me a chance."

His modest but determined, yet quiet demeanor pleased the merchant. He was having a new engine built for a certain department of his business, and could of course have as many experienced operators as he desired. It was no object to him to take an inexperienced boy and attempt to train him—no object except to help the boy. Such deeds he was noted for, a fact which had no doubt encouraged the boy to make this application.

"What are you doing now?" he asked.

"Working in a machine shop in Brooklyn. I have been fireman, and have often worked the engine. I think I could get along pretty well with one now, if anybody would have a little patience with me."

"What wages do you get?"

"Four dollars a week, sir."

"What do you do with your money?"

"Give it to my mother, sir."

"Give it to your mother? Humph! What does your mother do with it?"

"Well, you see, there is mother and sister

and me, and mother takes in sewing; but it goes pretty hard, you know. They don't give much for sewing, and it's pretty hard work, too. And then, with all the other work she has to do, you know, she can't get along very fast at that rate, so I help all I can. If I could get an engineer's place, I could get more wages, and it would make it easier for her."

"How do you spend your evenings?" asked the gentleman.

"I attend the free school at Cooper Institute and study mechanics," he replied.

the dust of the floor with his foot, and then replied, "No, sir."

"Why not?" asked the gentleman a little sharply.

"I haven't any clothes fit to wear," he replied. "It takes all the money I can get for us to live, and I can't have any clothes." He looked down at his coarse and well-worn suit; "It didn't use to be so when father was living. I was brought up to go to church and Sunday school. If I can get to be an engineer, we shall go again. I know that I can run an engine."

Telling him to call at a certain time, when he expected his engine would be ready for use and he would talk further with him, he dismissed him.

"But he must have the engine," said the merchant to a friend to whom he related the circumstance. "He will make a man, that boy will. A boy who is determined to do something, who gives his mother all his money and spends his evenings in study, is bound to succeed."

And, dear reader, he *did* succeed, and the good man put him in charge of his new engine.

A FATHER and his little son were once riding along a familiar road with a gentle horse. To gratify his child, his father placed the reins in his hands, but at the same time, unseen, retained his own hold on them. As they rode on they saw approaching them, at a terrific speed, a runaway team. The danger was great and imminent. But the father guided his horse so that a collision was avoided and the danger escaped. When all was over, the little son looked up to his father,

and with choked utterance said. "I thought I was driving, but I wasn't, was I, papa?" So often does the child of God, when some peril has been escaped, or some deliverance has been vouchsafed in ways unforeseen and unthought of, have occasion to say, "Father, I thought I was driving, but I wasn't." It is blessed to feel that the reins are in the hands of One mightier and wiser than we are.

"My defence is of God, which saveth the upright in heart."—Ps. vi. 10.



"Do you ever drink liquor?"

He looked up with an air of astonishment on his countenance that such a question should be asked, but answered firmly, "No, sir."

"Do you chew or smoke or go to the theatre?"

"Never; can't afford it. Mother needs the money, sir; and if she didn't, I could make better use of it. I would like to have some books, if I could spare the money to get them."

"Do you go to church or Sunday school?"

He held down his head, pretending to brush