

tone, Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbor.

The men who had been left waiting with the patient and suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill-nature when Simeon come back to them, and said they hoped Reuben would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, "If he should, we will do our duty and help him out." "There is such a thing as being too good-natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

"O, wait a while," replied Green smiling; "I will cure him before long. Wait and see if I do not cure him."

It chanced soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon noticed it from a neighbouring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and talked about the old hornet. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as the employer requested. "You are in a bad situation, neighbour!" said Simeon, as he came along-side the foundered team; but my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben, quickly; "I want none of your help." In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that; for evening is coming on, and you have a very little time to lose. It is a bad job at any time, but it will be still worse in the dark." "Light or dark I do not ask your help," replied Reuben emphatically. "I would not help you out of the bog the other day

when you asked me." "The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to feel for others in the same situation. Do not let us waste words about it, neighbour. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on."

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night he was unusually thoughtful. After smoking a while in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green has cured me!" "What do you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting with a look of surprise. "You know when he first came into this neighborhood, he said he would cure me," replied Reuben, "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the very same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt ashamed to have him lend me a hand, so I told him I wanted none of his help; but he answered just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave men in the mud." "He is a pleasant-spoken man," said Mrs. Black, "and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighbourly body, too." Reuben made no answer; but after meditating a while, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? You may as well carry it over there in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.