

harmful to others, but would surely bring trouble to himself over and over again.

**Bertie's Escape.**

A TRUE STORY.

"Bertie, boy, want to ride down to the cars with papa?"

It was a beautiful summer morning. Bertie's eyes sparkled, and his tongue ran merrily as a little brook all the while his mamma was dressing him. She put on his pretty blue plaid dress and white coat, and the little straw hat trimmed with blue ribbon, with the drooping feather just shading his white forehead. How pretty he looked, with his rosy cheeks, and shining eyes, blue as the summer sky!

Papa took him in his arms, and lifted him into the carryall. Joe, the hired man, went too, to drive home; for Bertie's father was going to Boston for the day.

Little thought mamma, as she kissed her darling good-bye, and stood in the porch, in the sweet summer air and sunshine, watching them down the road,—little thought she what peril the next hour would bring.

How Bertie enjoyed that ride! He chattered like a monkey, and was as full of glee as the singing birds.

Bay Charlie pricked up his ears and trotted faster as they approached the station; but they were in good season, and the train was not as yet in sight.

"Good-bye! Be a good boy, and mind mamma," said papa, with a kiss, and sprang out, never thinking but that Joe would, as usual, turn directly around and drive home.

But Joe wanted to do an errand or speak to some one he knew, and, intending to be away only a moment, threw the reins over the dasher, and left little Bertie sitting in the carriage. The horse was gentle, and used to standing without tying.

But the train came in sight, with a sharp whistle. The horse was frightened, and feeling no hand on the rein, started into a run, bearing down directly toward the track.

Poor little Bertie! The engine was close at hand, sweeping on in its terrible power; and in another instant where would the frail little life be? Who could save him?

But help was near. The angel of deliverance came swiftly, not on silver wings or clad in white, cloud-like garments, but booted and coated, with quick foot and strong arm and heroic heart.

A young man, hastening to catch the train, saw the child's danger, and, giving not an instant's thought to his own imperilled life, redoubled his speed, sprang into the carriage on his knees, and, grasping the reins with a vigorous hand, succeeded, on the very verge of the track, in turning the horse one side.

Then quietly, as if the deed of generous purpose and high courage were an everyday affair, he went on his way to his daily business; and the little child was given back to his mother's arms, not a hair of his golden head harmed.

**The Golden Arrow.**

One cold day recently a lady looked from a window down to the sidewalk, and she saw a little girl and a little boy. The girl had a broken sled, and on the sled a board that fell off unless it was held.

Well, the little girl held the board

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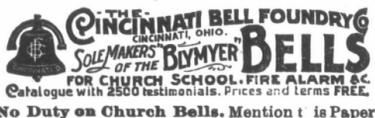
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just right, and made a quick jump and got on it, so that the board stayed in its place; then she got off, and told the little boy to jump on.

He jumped; the board tipped, and he fell on the sidewalk. The little girl picked him up and brushed off the snow. Then the lady at the window heard the girl say, "Try again, Joe! That was too bad. Sister is sorry. She will hold the board this time."

So the board was again put on the broken sled, and held until Joe was safely on it.

"Now sit still, Joe, and I'll give you a nice sleigh-ride," said the little girl. And then she picked up the rope and pulled. Up flew Joe's feet and he fell backward; but he was not hurt much, and, after another brushing, the girl said, "Now sit with your feet to the back; you can't tumble off that way."

But he did. Only that time he fell on his face. Next he sat sideways, with his feet hanging over part of the runner. In this way he went safely a little way and then board and boy again upset.

The good sister tried a dozen times to give Joe a ride, but every time the broken sled threw him off. Still the little girl was patient and kind, and spoke gently, and took good care of her little brother. When they went away, the lady opened the window and sent a big boy to follow them, and told him to come back and tell her where they lived. That same day she went out and bought a strong and pretty sled. Its name was "Golden Arrow." Then she went to the house where the little girl lived, and asked for the little girl who had been trying to give her little brother a ride that morning.

"Julia! Julia!" called her mother, "here's a lady asking for you. Julia ran to the gate.

"You were trying to draw a little boy on the sidewalk in front of my house this morning," said the lady. "I watched you, and you were so sweet and patient that I wanted to make you a present. And I have at my house a new sled for you, if you will come and get it."

Julia was soon at the lady's house with Joe and three other little brothers, and the "Golden Arrow" made five children happy many days.

**A Sermon on Push.**

When Cousin Will was at home for vacation the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged looking man and a discouraged looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up the hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill. "Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute;" and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish, we all could take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' it is just the word for a grand, clear morning.

"If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push.

"Whenever there is a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; push."

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

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