

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.	Institute.
Aug. 4th..Num. xiii. 17-20; 23-33.	Matt. vi. 5-11.
" 11th..Num. xxi. 4-9.	Gen. i. 1-9; 26-29.
" 18th..Deut. vi. 3-15.	Gen. iii. 1-20.
" 25th..Josh. iii. 5-17.	Gen. iv. 1-16.

BE IN TIME.

"Be in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all,
Be in time!
If your teachers do but find
You are never once behind,
But are, like the dial, true,
They will always trust in you.
Be in time.

"Never linger ere you start;
Ever go with willing heart,
Be in time!
In the morning up and on;
First to work and soonest done;
This is how the goal's attained;
This the way the prize is gained.
Be in time!

"Those who aim at something great,
Never yet were found too late,
Be in time!
Life to all is but a school;
We must work by plan and rule;
With some noble end in view,
Ever steady, earnest, true,
Be in time!

PROMISING.

"How obliging Ed. Dayton is," said Martin Wells to Will Buchanan one day when they left the schoolhouse together. "He says he will lend me any book he has, and he has so many nice ones."

"Oh, yes, he's very good about making promises!" said Will, dryly.

"And he said he'd get me a ticket to the Mercantile Library, or speak to his father—he's one of the managers. There's some arrangement by which they give tickets to a number of boys. Wasn't it kind in him?"

Martin was a stranger in a strange place, with little money to spend, and Ed. Dayton's pleasant words and obliging offers had made a strong impression upon a mind naturally sensitive and grateful.

"Oh, certainly, very kind of him," said Will, who knew pretty well the nature of Ed. Dayton's promises, but would not prejudice a stranger against a schoolmate.

"So different from John Fitz Adam," continued Martin; "I wanted to see 'Atkinson's Siberia,' and I knew he had it, and I did venture to ask him to let me take it this week, and all he said was 'couldn't promise.' It's the first time I ever asked a favor of any one in this school," said

Martin, proudly; "I guess it will be the last."

"It's not like John to be stingy," said Will—and then the boys parted.

The next morning Ed. Dayton had forgotten to bring the book, and then when Martin, two days after, ventured to remind him of his promise, he said that the book was his sister's, and that she didn't like to lend her books.

Seeing the state of the case, Martin said nothing about the library ticket, of which he heard no more, to his great disappointment, for he dearly loved books.

He was going home Friday night, feeling rather tired, homesick, and lonesome, when John Fitz Adam came running after him with a book in his hand. "Here's Atkinson," he said, out of breath, "I couldn't promise it the other day, because I didn't know whether father wanted to send it away to grandma or not, and it was lent to my cousins, but it came home last night, so it's at your service, and keep it as long as you like."

"Oh, thank you!" said Martin, brightening, and regretting his hasty judgment of John, "I am sure you are very good," and then the boys parted, and presently Martin was joined by Ed. Dayton.

"I think Fitz Adam is a regular mean fellow," said Ed. "I just asked him this morning to look out some references for me in some books I know he has at home, and he wouldn't promise to do it, because he said he thought his father wanted him this evening. I'd like to see the time when I couldn't promise to oblige a friend."

"And I'd like to see the time when you would keep your promise," thought Martin. "If people always keep their promises, they are generally rather careful how they make engagements. It don't cost any one much to promise who never performs."—*Clara F. Guernsey, in Child's World.*

OLD SAMBO.

"No, massa, not that; ask anything but that; old Sambo dare not tell a lie."

"You must, if I bid you," replied the master, angrily. He was a large slave-owner in the West Indies some seventy years ago, and had ordered an old negro to take a load of fish, which he knew were stale, and sell them in the town as fresh.

"Massa," replied the old man, gently, "the old times, when Sambo didn't mind a lie, are gone; now he's serving a new, good Massa, the Lord Jesus Christ, and can't tell lies any more."

"Stop that rubbish, and do as I bid you, or you shall feel the lash." Mr. Leary's temper had got the better of him, or he would not have spoken so to his favorite slave.

The old negro started; never since his boyish days had he felt the overseer's whip, and he shuddered at the thought. Looking appealingly at his master's face, he said:

"Massa Leary, I would work my fingers to the bone for you, you that I carried as a baby in my arms; but 'deed, massa, old Sambo cannot grieve his Lord."

Mr. Leary made no reply, but beckoned to one of his overseers, and, pointing to old Sambo, ordered him to be flogged.

Cruelly fell the sharp blows on the old slave's shoulders, but no cry escaped his lips except the words, "Lord, help me," "Lord, hold me fast." Mr. Leary was amazed at his endurance, knowing that naturally he was anything but brave. Suddenly he ordered the overseer to stop, and in a low voice told him to have Sambo well cared for. "His religion is worth something if it makes him stand this beating rather than tell a lie," muttered the master to himself, as he strode away.

In the evening the slave-owner went round to the negroes' quarters to inquire after old Sambo, for he was not naturally cruel, and now his anger had cooled down.

He found the old man ill and feverish, and his heart smote him as he heard the poor slave mutter to himself, "No; young massa not mean it, only angry. O my Lord, do bless our massa and teach him Thy love."

Again, as the old man turned on his mattress and gave an involuntary cry of pain, he prayed, "Lord Jesus, give old Sambo patience, let him not deny Thee. Oh! keep him from telling a lie."

Mr. Leary did not speak, but quietly left the hut and gave orders that he should be carried immediately to his own house to be properly nursed.

The next day he went to the comfortable room where Sambo was lying, and placed his hand gently on the big black arm. The old slave opened his eyes, and a bright smile lit up his face as he recognized his master, and saw that he was looking at him kindly.

"Massa!" he exclaimed.

"Aye, Sambo; I've come to ask you to forgive me. I never intended to have you badly hurt. I only wanted to scare you, and make you give up those silly new notions. If it were not for them you and