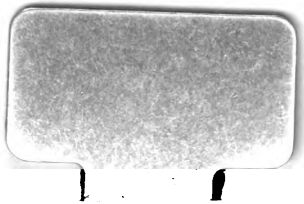
Strive and thrive; or, Stories for the example and encouragement of the young

Strive



STRIVE AND THRIVE.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT

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STRIVE AND THRIVE;

OR,

STORIES FOR THE EXAMPLE AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE YOUNG.

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Contents.

Courage and Presence of Mind.

GEORGE WILLIAMS and Edward Jones, two boys living near together, obtained their parents' consent one Saturday to go to the mill-pond and skate. There had been some pretty cold weather, and as the ice had formed rapidly, Mr. Jones and Mr. Williams supposed that the surface of the mill-pond was as hard as the floor, and that therefore their boys would be entirely free from danger.

Away ran the two boys, with their skates hung round their necks, and their thoughts intent upon the pleasure they were to have on the mill-pond. On reaching the top of a

hill which overlooked the pond, they saw Henry Lee, a school companion, gliding along over the smooth surface of the ice as swiftly as a bird on the wing. Eager to join him, they ran shouting down the hill, and were soon occupied in strapping on their skates. But ere this was completed, the two lads were alarmed by a cry of terror from Henry; and on looking up, they saw that he had broken through the ice, and was struggling in the water.

At this, Edward Jones became so frightened, that he threw off his skates and started back, screaming, toward home; but George Williams, with more presence of mind and courage, seized a long pole that lay upon the shore, and went as quickly as possible to the assistance of the drowning boy. Henry had broken into what is called an "air hole," where the ice is very thin; and as at every attempt he made to extricate himself the ice broke with the weight of his body, he was in great danger of losing his life unless

speedy assistance came. If he remained still and held on to the edges of the ice, he could keep himself up; but then the water was so cold, that in a little while he would get benumbed, and lose all power to sustain himself. Before, therefore, the frightened Edward Jones could alarm his friends and bring assistance, he would, in all probability, have been lost under the ice.

As we have said, George Williams, who was much more courageous than Edward, caught up a pole, and ran as speedily as possible to the place where Henry was struggling in the water.

"Do not be frightened, Henry," he called; "do not be frightened — I am coming, and will get you out."

At this Henry ceased his violent efforts to extricate himself, and remained quiet until George came up as near as it was prudent to come, and laid his pole across the broken place, so that each end of it rested upon solid ice.

"Now hold on to that," said he, coolly.

You may be certain the poor lad in the water did not wait to be asked twice to do as he was told. With both hands he grasped the stick. Then George lay down at full length, and keeping one hand for support on the pole, crept up so close to the broken place in the ice, that he could grasp one of Henry's hands.

"Easy—easy," said he, in a calm encouraging voice, as the boy in the water caught his arm eagerly, and was in danger of dragging him in also. This gave Henry more confidence, and restored, in some measure, his presence of mind. After this, it took but a moment for George Williams to pull Henry out, and get him beyond all danger.

The two boys were more than half-way home, when they met a number of men, whom Edward Jones had alarmed by his cries for help, running at full speed to rescue the drowning lad. The praise they bestowed

upon George for his courageous conduct was very pleasant to him, but not half so pleasant as the reflection that he had saved the life of his young playmate.

On the evening after this occurrence, Mr. Jones, the father of Edward, took his son into his room, and when they were alone, said to him,—

"How comes it, my boy, that you did not, like George Williams, go immediately to the aid of Henry Lee when you saw him break through the ice?"

"I was so frightened," replied the boy, "that I did not know what I was doing."

"And this fright would have cost Henry his life, if there had not been another boy near to save him."

Edward looked very serious, and his eyes were cast upon the floor.

"I am very sorry," he said; "but I could not help it."

"Do not say that, my son," replied Mr. Jones. "This timidity—or, I might say,

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cowardice—is a weakness that all may, in a great measure, overcome; and it is the duty of every one to overcome it, for all should

be brave, and ready to risk even life itself to save others. It is not often that persons who so risk their lives receive any injury, for God protects those who seek to protect others. Let me tell you something that happened when I was a boy. Two children were playing near a spring. One of them was only four years old, and the other was seven. The larger boy's name was Frank. While Frank was building a house with sticks that he had gathered under the trees, he heard a splash, and turning round, saw that his little brother had plunged head foremost into the spring, and was struggling in the water. The spring being deep and narrow—it was walled up at the sides—there was no chance for the child to extricate himself.

"When Frank saw this, he was terribly alarmed, and his heart beat so loud that it seemed to him that any one standing near might have heard it. What did he do? Run away for help? No; he was a very

little boy, but he was thoughtful and brave, little as he was. Instead of darting off for home as fast as his feet would carry him, to get some one to come and save his brother from drowning, he seized hold of him, and applying all his strength, succeeded in dragging the already half-drowned child from the spring. Thus, by his presence of mind and bravery, he saved the life of his brother.

"These two children lived near a mill, and were permitted by their parents to play in the mill or about the water, just as they pleased. They did not think any more of danger than we do when we send you to school over the long bridge that crosses the river. Well, one day they were playing by the side of the deep wooden trough or sluice that receives the water from the mill-race, before it is poured upon the great wheels. This is furnished with heavy gates at both ends, by which the water is let on and shut off at pleasure. In this trough the water glides along more rapidly than in the mill-

race, and it is drawn under the gate at the lower end with a very strong, whirling motion, and thence passes to the water-wheels.

"By the side of this deep trough, the two children of whom I spoke were playing, when the little one, who had before fallen into the spring, slipped off, and went plunging down into the water. Frank saw him fall. In an instant the child, who was buoyed up by his clothes, went sweeping down toward the open gate through which the water was rushing. The delay of half a minute would be fatal. Had Frank become so much frightened as to be unable to act promptly, had he hesitated a moment what to do, his brother would have been lost. But the brave boy sprang at once to his rescue, and leaning down, he caught the child by the clothes, and held on to him eagerly. The water was so far down, and Frank had to stoop so low, that he had not strength to pull his brother out; but he held on to him, and screamed

loudly for help. But the noise of the mill was so great, that the millers could not hear his voice. Still he held on, and cried out for aid. Nearly five minutes passed before any one came to his assistance; and then a man who was going by saw him, and ran down along the mill-race, and rescued the drowning child. Thus it was that the courage and presence of mind of Frank saved the life of his brother a second time. Now, suppose he had been too frightened to think or act in a proper manner, as you were to-day, his brother would, in all probability, have been drawn in under the gate, and been killed on the wheel."

Edward shuddered at the thought.

"That brave lad," continued Mr. Jones, "was your uncle Frank; and the brother whose life he saved is now your father."

"You, father! you!" exclaimed Edward in surprise.

"Yes, my son: I fell into the spring, and your uncle saved me from drowning by his

promptness to act; and I fell into the mill-race, and was rescued through his courage and presence of mind."

Edward's thoughts went back to the mill-pond, and he saw, in imagination, Henry Lee struggling in the hole in the ice, and saw how easy it would have been for him to have gone to his assistance, and rescued him from his perilous situation, instead of running away, frightened out of his wits, screaming for others afar off to do what was needed to be done at the moment. He felt, painfully too, that his playfellow would have been drowned, had not George Williams, with true bravery, gone instantly to his aid. It was a moment of self-reproach and mortification.

"Many years ago," continued Edward's father, "I remember reading a story of a boy's presence of mind and courage that I shall never forget. The lad of whom I speak was walking along the road with his mother and a little sister, when all at once

was heard the startling cry of 'Mad dog!' On looking in the direction from which this alarming cry came, a dog was seen running toward them, pursued by a crowd of men and boys. A high fence on each side of the road made escape impossible. So frightened did the mother become, that she was fixed to the spot; and her daughter clung to her, screaming in terror. But the boy stepped boldly before his mother and sister, and, as the dog approached, began hurriedly wrapping around his hand and arm a silk handkerchief which he had drawn from his pocket. In a shorter period of time than it has taken me to relate to you the fact, the dog was down upon them. The brave boy, however, did not shrink back an inch. As he stood in front of his mother and sister, the mad animal, on coming up, made a spring at him, when the boy, with wonderful coolness, thrust the hand around which he had wound his handkerchief boldly into his mouth, and grasped his tongue. While he

kept hold of the dog's tongue, the animal could not bite him; and the handkerchief had protected his hand from being scratched by his teeth, as he thrust it into his open mouth. Ere the dog could recover himself and struggle loose from the boy, the men in pursuit were upon him with clubs and stones, and in a few minutes he was lying dead almost at the feet of the heroic boy, who, while he had saved the lives, perhaps, of his mother and sister, remained himself unharmed.

"Few boys, not one perhaps in a hundred," continued Mr. Jones, "would have had his presence of mind and courage, under similar circumstances; and I doubt very much if one man in ten could be found to show so brave a spirit. Yet how much better and safer was it for the boy to act as he did—safer for himself, and safer for those he loved. The fact is, my son, but little of danger presents itself, as we pass through life, which may not be escaped if we look it boldly in

the face, and see what it is like. Unless we understand exactly what the danger is, and in what manner it is approaching, how shall we escape it?"

The stories of bravery and self-possession which Mr. Jones related, made a very marked impression upon the mind of Edward. He saw, by contrast, his own conduct in a most unfavourable light, and he shuddered when he thought of what the consequence to Henry Lee would have been, had not his companion possessed a cooler and more courageous spirit than himself.

It was not more than a week after the occurrence at the mill-pond, that Edward started out with a little brother, not above four years of age, whom he was drawing on a little sledge, for the purpose of riding down a hill on the smooth snow, a short distance from the house. On the way to this hill, Edward had to pass through a field belonging to a neighbour. When nearly across, he heard the noise of some animal,

and looking around, saw a mad bull approaching from the other side of the field. With the first impulse of fear, he dropped the rope with which he was pulling the sledge on which sat his little brother, and sprang away, in order to reach the fence before the infuriated animal came up. He had only gone a few steps, however, before he thought of the innocent child on the sledge, who would surely be gored to death by the bull if left where he was. This thought made him stop and turn round. The bull was now running toward them, muttering and bellowing dreadfully. If he went back for his brother, escape was almost impossible. But how could he leave the dear child to a terrible death without making an effort to save him? These were the hurried thoughts that rushed through his mind. Then he remembered the mill-pond, the boy and the mad dog, the child in the spring and his brave brother, and what his father had said about being courageous. It took scarcely an instant of

time for all this to be presented to the frightened boy. By a strong effort he composed himself, and then ran back to where his brother was still upon the sledge. The bull was now very near; but Edward, though he had taken the child in his arms, was able to run so fast as to reach the fence and climb over it before the mad creature could reach them. In less than a quarter of a minute after he was beyond the reach of danger, the bull came dashing up to the fence, foaming and bellowing with rage.

"Well and bravely done, my noble boy!" exclaimed Edward's father, who, seeing his children's danger, had been running toward them unperceived. Just as Edward landed, with his brother still clasped in his arms, safely on the right side of the fence, he came up.

Edward turned quickly toward his father, who saw that his face was very pale, and that his lips were quivering.

"It was a narrow escape, my son," said

Mr. Jones, "a very narrow escape. But Heaven is always on the side of those who seek to save others that are in danger. If you had hesitated a moment about acting courageously, our dear little Willie would now have been bleeding, it may be, upon the horns of that mad animal. How thankful I feel that you had the bravery to do as you have done."

"And I am thankful too, father," said the boy, in a trembling voice. "O! if in my cowardice I had permitted Willie to be killed, I should never have been happy again in all my life."

After such a trial and triumph, Edward was able in the future to act with becoming presence of mind in all cases of danger and peril that happened to occur.

The Boy who Told the Truth.

ONE cold, bleak day in winter, during study hours, the pupils of Mr. Wise's school heard the sound of a carriage coming toward the school-house. A moment after, and it was before the door; and the loud voice of a man called for Mr. Wise. He went to the door, heard what the man had to tell him, came back into the room with a much sadder face than he had left it, and said,—

"Boys, I have just now been told that a very dear friend of mine is very ill, and wishes to see me. Mr. Bird, the man who is at the door, has asked me to ride back

with him; and as my friend lives five miles from here, and I know of no other way of going there, I would like to accept his offer. I can dismiss you all in a short time; but I do not like to oblige Mr. Bird to wait for

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

me until I put away my books and papers, and lock up the school. Now, I wish to leave three boys here to do it in my place; and those who think they can do this in a

proper manner, and would like to do a favour for me, may hold up their hands."

Nearly every boy in the room, large and small, raised one hand. Mr. Wise smiled, and said,—

"I am glad to see so many of you ready to oblige me, but *three* will be quite enough for the work; and I shall select from among you those whom I regard as the most trusty."

He then named Thomas Jones, George Evans, and James Black.

"James Black is not so old as many others here," he said, "but I think I can rely upon him to do what is right; and if any harm should happen, I know he will tell me the exact truth about it."

Mr. Wise then sent all the boys home, but the three whom he had chosen to remain; and after having given these last a few orders as to where they should put the keys, &c., he left them, jumped into the carriage, and was soon riding along at a swift rate to visit his sick friend.

The boys had begun to put away the things in nice order, when they heard a loud halloo. They turned to find out from whom it came, and saw four of their school-mates at the door.

"Go away, Edward West, and the rest of you boys," said Thomas Jones.

"No, indeed!" said they; "we are not going quite yet."

"Now, I dare say you want to know how we came here, and what we want," said Edward West, who seemed to be the leader of the party; "and to save you the asking, I'll just tell you. We hid behind the school-house until the master was out of sight, and then we came out to pay you a visit; and you ought to be very glad to see us. Our reason for doing so was to have some fun, of course; and now you have the whole story."

"Well, we'll just tell Mr. Wise, and see what he will have to say about it," said George Evans.

"Oh, we don't mean to do any harm"

said Edward. "We only want to have a little play; and you would not tell unless we do wrong. Would you, George?"

"What shall we do about these boys?" asked George aside, speaking in an undertone to Thomas and James.

"I am sure I cannot tell," said James; "for I am afraid they will not go away for us."

"That is what I think," said Thomas; "and we may only get into a quarrel with them, and do no good by it. How would it do for us to tell them they may stay, if they will give us their word of honour not to behave badly?"

"Yes, that is all we can do," said George.

"Well, boys," said Thomas aloud, "I think it would be much better for you to go home; but if you promise to behave, we will not object to your staying here with us, though I am not quite sure that Mr. Wise will like it."

"Well, on the whole, I call that a polite

speech," said Edward, "and I give my hand to the bargain."

"Yes; we all agree to behave well," cried the others; and they began to mount the desks, and perform sundry little antics. At first the three boys who had stayed in to work went on doing their duty, as if their wild school-mates were not there at all, except now and then, when they would pause to smile at some of their odd tricks, or speak a few words to them. When they became too rude and noisy, George or Thomas called them to order, by giving them a hint of the bargain which had been made. Very soon they began to argue upon some point that seemed hard to settle, from the loud tones with which they spoke.

"What is the matter?" asked James Black, for he heard his own name used in the debate.

"Why, Hiram says you cannot jump over that stool, and I know you can," said Edward.

James looked at the stool. It was a high one, and stood on a clear space, not far from the desk of Mr. Wise.

"Yes, I can jump over it, and at the first trial too, as I will soon show you," he said; and as he spoke he joined them, with a view to proving the truth of his words.

The boys stood off to leave him room. He gave one high leap quite over the stool; but before his feet gained the floor on the other side, they struck an end of the master's desk, and upset an inkstand over some letters and papers which were highly valued by Mr. Wise. For a moment the boys all stood aghast and silent, gazing on the ruin before them. Edward West spoke first.

"Never mind, James," he said, with a look of pity at poor James, who stood near to him, quite pale with grief and dismay at what he had done. "Never mind; you did not mean to do any harm, and it cannot be helped now."

"No," said Thomas; "the master need

not know how it was done, for none of us will ever tell about it."

"No, indeed, we will never tell," cried all the boys.

James stood as before, and made no reply: from a deadly paleness his face had grown quite red while they spoke; but this was all the change which their words seemed to make in him.

"It will be quite easy to hide the truth from the master, James," said Hiram; "and I'll tell you how. Shut up the desk now and lock it, and then, when he asks about it, we will say that we saw you put all the books and papers and other things safely away in the desk, and lock it up. That is all true, you know. Then he will think that in some way the desk has got a jolt, which upset the inkstand after it was closed."

"Why, Hiram!" said James in an amazed tone, "do you think I would tell a lie?"

"That would not be telling a lie, I am sure," said Hiram; "for you *did* put all the

things safely by in the desk; and that was all I told you to say. You need not tell him *how* the ink was spilt. Let him guess that."

"Yes," said Edward; "for he will not be likely to say, 'James Black, was it *you* who upset my inkstand?' and if he does not, I do not see that there need be any lie told in the case."

"I do not see how I can help telling a lie, unless I tell the whole story in full, just as it came about," said James.

"Well, I do not see where you can find one false word in all *I* told you to say," said Hiram.

"It is certainly a lie to pretend to tell the whole story, and yet keep back the chief part of it, and that, too, which is most to the point," said James.

"Then, what do you mean to do?" asked Hiram.

"Tell the whole story in full, to be sure, and not keep back a single part of it which

the master ought to know; then say to him that I am very sorry that I did not go on doing my duty, as I should have done, and that I hope he will pardon me for it," said James in a firm, clear tone.

"What! Do you mean to tell that *we* came back to school after we had been sent home?" asked one of the boys, with an angry shake of the head.

"Not if I can help it, and yet tell the whole truth about what I did myself," said James.

"That is right," said Edward West. "James Black is not as old as we are, but he has more real honour about him, and is more of a man, than any of us; and I think we ought to copy him, and come out boldly too, and tell the truth of our part of the affair."

"I think so too," said one or two others; and those who did not speak, in their hearts agreed with what Edward said.

"I never heard James Black tell a lie since I have known him," said Thomas

Jones; "and I would sooner trust his plain YES or NO than all the oaths in the world from many other boys; for he always tells the truth."

"I never trust the word of a boy who swears," said George Evans; "for any one who swears will be quite ready to tell a lie when it suits him."

"Yes," said Edward West; "and I always doubt a boy who uses any words to make what he says seem more strong. We can't make 'YES' mean more than 'YES,' or 'NO' more than 'NO,' by adding other words to them; and they are quite enough for me, when they come from a boy whom I can trust."

"That is just what I think," said James. "I should be afraid that God would strike me dead, as he did the wicked man and his wife whom we read of in the Bible, who told a lie to Peter about the price he got for the land he had sold."

"I have often heard that story," said

Hiram; "but God does not strike people dead *now* when they tell lies."

"He has the power to do it," said James; "and he is just as angry at liars now as he was then. When I told a lie, my mother talked to me a great deal about the sin of lying. She said that Satan was called the father of lies; and that, though God does not punish them at the time they sin, he has said, 'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone;' and he will surely keep his word."

"Yes, that is an awful fate, which we all ought to try to avoid," said Thomas. "But see," he added, "I have wiped off all the ink I can with this piece of sponge; and as that is all we can do to repair the harm, I think we had better shut up the school-room and go home."

"I am sure you are very kind," said James, as he looked into the desk; "for you have done it much more nicely than I could."

Thomas locked the desk, and put away the key where Mr. Wise had told him. Then, when all was ready, the boys put on their caps and overcoats, and started for home.

James was very sorry indeed for having injured Mr. Wise's papers and letters, for he knew how much he valued some of them; and he felt real regret at having been so remiss in doing his duty. The words of Mr. Wise, "I think I can rely upon James to do what is right," were all the time in his mind; and his heart blamed him for not having proved worthy of the trust. "I ought not to have minded when they called me to try if I could jump over that stool. I have paid very dear for doing so, and much more than the game was worth, I am sure. It was not the proper way to behave in school, either: for I would not have done so if the master had been there; and when he is absent I should not act in a way that I know he would not like if he could see me."

Every kind word that the master had ever spoken to him seemed to rise up before him, to chide his breach of trust. He sighed deeply, as he said, "Mr. Wise has indeed been very kind to me; and all I can do now to repair the wrong I have done him, is fully and freely to tell him the whole story, and ask him to pardon me. But my Father in heaven has been more kind to me than any friend I have on earth could be; and, first of all, I will humbly ask his pardon of my sin."

Then he knelt down, and prayed that God would pardon the wrong he had done, and help him to be more on his guard in the future, and to tell the whole truth to Mr. Wise.

The next day James went to school with a heavy heart. Mr. Wise was at his desk when he went in, and was about calling the boys to order to begin the school duties. Then, as was his custom, he read some verses from the Bible, and offered a

short prayer. When this was done, James waited a while for him to ask about his desk; but he said nothing, though he looked grave and sad. Then James left his seat, and went up to the desk with a firm tread. The eyes of all the boys in the room were fixed upon him; but he did not seem to notice it, for his own were bent toward the ground. He hardly raised them, to look at Mr. Wise, as he said, in a low tone,—

"It was I, sir, who upset the inkstand over your papers; and I am very sorry for it."

"Well, never mind," said Mr. Wise, kindly, for he saw how sad James was; "I dare say you did it while putting away my things, and could not help it."

"No, sir," said James; "I did it in trying to jump over that high stool. I know it was wrong; and I hope you will pardon me."

Mr. Wise looked grave.

"It was a rude way to behave when I trusted you so far as to leave you here alone,"

he said. "But as your sorrow seems so real, I will pardon you. I know, too, that you do not ask this of me from a dread that I will punish you for what has been done, but from a sense of duty, and a feeling of regret at having done wrong."

"You are very kind," said James, "and I thank you for it; but oh, sir, will you ever *trust* me again as you once did? For, indeed, I will try hard to deserve it always."

Mr. Wise paused, and looked in his face for a moment, and then said,—

"Yes; I feel that I can trust you still; for I think that you will be more on your guard for the future. And, at any rate," he said, taking the hand of James in his own, "I can rely firmly upon your word; for you have always told me the truth—the whole truth; and when you do wrong, you never try to excuse it, or make it seem right.

James tried to thank Mr. Wise for the

kind words he had spoken, but he could not; his heart was too full for words, and he could only press the hand which held his own, in token of what he felt. As he did this, he turned away from the desk.

He had hardly taken his seat, when Edward West rose and went up to Mr. Wise, and after him, one by one, came each of the four boys who had gone back into the school-house on the day before without leave. Not one stayed behind—not even the one who had been so angry lest James Black should tell of them. As head of the party, Edward spoke for them, telling Mr. Wise that they were to blame for the ruin of his papers, as James would not have been likely to leave his work if they had not come back to school to tempt him. He said that they knew that they had done wrong in not going home as they were told, and that if the master chose to punish them, they felt that it was but right, but that they hoped to behave better in time to come.

Mr. Wise was pleased with the frank manner of the boys, in so freely telling him of their bad conduct; yet their doing so was a matter of some wonder to him. Perhaps Edward saw this, for he said,—

"At first we urged James to hide his fault from you, sir; but when he told us, in such a firm way, that he would not tell a lie, we were shamed out of our own desire to conceal the truth."

"You did right, in part," said Mr. Wise; "but I hope you will learn to tell the truth from a pure love of truth, and to shun a lie from a deep hatred of all that is false. Study your Bibles, and you will find how God hates lying; and you will also learn there the awful fate of liars."

Then, after a few words of reproof and caution, he sent them to their seats.

Mr. Wise felt very sorry at the loss of his letters and papers, for they were of great value to him; but he nearly forgot his sor row in the joy which it gave him to find his

pupils ready to confess their faults so freely to him.

How plain it is that the path of duty is the only path of peace and safety!

Try Again.

"HAVE you finished your lesson, George?" said Mr. Prentice to a lad in his fourteenth year, who had laid aside his book, and was busily engaged in making a large paper kite.

"No, father," replied George, hanging down his head.

"Why not, my son?"

"Because it is so difficult, father. I am sure that I shall never learn to read Latin."

"And what is the reason that you cannot learn Latin?"

"Because—because I can't."

"Can't learn, George!"

"Indeed, I have tried my best," replied the boy earnestly, the tears starting to his eyes; "but it is no use, father. Other boys can get their lessons without any trouble; but I try, and try, but still I cannot learn them."

"I 'cannot,' is a word no boy should ever utter in reference to learning. You *can* learn anything you please, George, if you only persevere."

"But not Latin, father."

"Yes, Latin."

"But have I not tried, and tried, father?"

"Yes; but you must try once more."

"And so I have, father."

"Well, try again, and again; never say you cannot learn a lesson."

"But then I cannot remember it after I have learned it, my memory is so bad," urged the lad.

"If I were to promise you a holiday on the thirtieth of the month after the next, do you think that you would forget it?"

"No, I am pretty sure that I should not."

"And why, George?"

"I can't exactly tell the reason; but I know I should remember it."

GEORGE AND HIS FATHER.

"Well, I can tell you. The pleasure you would take in the idea of having a holiday, would keep the date of it fresh in your memory. Now, if you were to take the same delight in learning that you do in

playing, you would find no difficulty. You play at marbles well, I believe?"

"Oh yes, father; I beat every boy at school!"

"And your brother tells me that your kite flies highest; and that you are first in skating?"

"Yes, my kite always flies the best; and I can cut every figure, from one to nine, and form every letter in the alphabet, on the ice."

"You are very fond of skating, and flying your kite, and playing at ball and marbles?"

"Yes, father; too fond, I believe, for a boy of my age."

"And yet you cannot learn your Latin lesson. My dear boy, you are deceiving yourself; you can learn as well as any one, if you will only try."

"But have I not tried, father?" again urged George.

"Well, try again. Come, lay aside that

kite you are making for this afternoon, and give another effort to get your lesson ready. Be in earnest, and you will soon learn it. To show you that it only requires perseverance, I will tell you a story. One of the dullest boys at a village school, more than thirty years ago, came up to repeat his lesson one morning, and, as usual, did not know it. 'Go to your seat, you blockhead!' said the teacher, pettishly. 'You will never be fit for anything but a scavenger. I wonder what they send such a stupid dunce here for!'

"The poor dispirited boy stole off to his seat, and bent his eyes again upon his lesson.

"'It is no use. I cannot learn,' he said in a whisper to a companion who sat near him.

"'You must try hard,' replied the sympathizing and kind-hearted boy.

"'I have tried, and it is no use. I may just as well give it up at once.'

"'Try again, Henry!' whispered his

companion in an earnest and encouraging tone.

"These two little words gave him a fresh impulse, and he bent his mind with renewed effort to his task It was only the simple

TRY AGAIN.

memorizing of a grammar lesson—not difficult by any means. The concentration of his mind upon the task was more earnest and fixed than usual; gradually he began to find the sentences lingering in his memory, and soon, to his surprise and plea-

sure, the whole lesson was mastered. With a livelier motion and a more confident manner than he had ever before exhibited in going up to say a lesson, he rose from his seat and proceeded to the teacher's desk.

"'What do you want now?' asked that person, harshly.

"'To say my lesson, sir.'

"'Go off to your seat!—Did you not try half-an-hour ago?'

"'Yes; but I *can* say it now, sir,' timidly urged the boy.

"'Go on, then; and if you miss a sentence, you shall have six bad marks.'

"Henry commenced, and said off the whole lesson rapidly, without missing a word. The master cast on him a look of pleasure, as he handed him back his book, but said nothing. As the boy returned to his seat, his step was lighter, for his heart beat with a new impulse.

"'Did you say it?' whispered his kind-hearted school-mate.

"'Every word,' replied the boy proudly.

"'Then you see you can learn.'

"'Yes; but it is hard work.'

"'But there is nothing like trying.'

"'No; and from this hour,' replied Henry firmly, 'I will never say I cannot.'

"From that day," continued Mr. Prentice, "there was no boy in the school who learned more rapidly than Henry. It required much thought and application; but these he gave cheerfully, and success crowned his efforts."

"And did he always continue thus to learn?" asked George, looking up into his father's face.

"From that day, to the present hour, he has been a student; and now urges his son George to 'try again,' as he tried."

"And was it indeed *you*, father?" asked his son, eagerly looking up into the face of his kind parent.

"Yes, my child; that dull boy was your own father in his early years."

"Then *I will* try again," said George, in a decided tone; and flinging aside his half-made kite, he turned and re-entered the house, and was soon bending in earnest attention over his Latin grammar.

"Well, what success, George?" asked Mr. Prentice, as the family gathered around the well-furnished tea-table.

"I 've got the lesson, father!" replied the boy. "I can say every word of it."

"You found it pretty hard work?"

"Not so very hard after I had once made up my mind that I *would* learn it. Indeed, I never stopped to think, as I usually do, about it being difficult or tiresome; but went right on until I had mastered every sentence."

"May you never forget this lesson, my son!" said Mr. Prentice feelingly. "You possess now the secret of success. It lies in your never stopping to think about a task being difficult or tiresome; but in going on

steadily in the performance of it, with a fixed determination to succeed. Within a short time you have mastered a task that you despaired of ever learning at all. And now, George, remember, never again utter the words, *I can't.*"

The success that had rewarded his own determined efforts, united with the impulse that the simple reference of his father to his own early difficulties gave to his mind, was sufficient to make George a rapid learner from that day. He became interested in his studies, and therefore he succeeded in them. When he left college, at the age of eighteen, he bore with him the highest honours of the institution, and the respect of his teachers. He now entered the house of a merchant, to prepare for a business life. At first, his new occupation was by no means pleasant. The change from books and studies to busy life, and the dull details of trade, as he called them, was for a time exceedingly irksome.

"I shall never make a merchant, I fear," he said to his father one evening, when he felt unusually wearied with his occupation.

"And why not, George?" asked Mr. Prentice kindly.

"I have no taste for it," replied the young man.

"That is a poor reason. Is it not an honest and honourable calling?"

"Yes."

"And are you not convinced that it is necessary for you to follow some occupation? I gave you a choice of professions; but you preferred, you said, a mercantile life."

"Yes. And still, when I reflect on the subject, my preference is for a mercantile life."

"Then, George, you must compel yourself to be interested in your new pursuit."

"I have tried, father."

"Then, *try again!*" replied Mr. Prentice, with peculiar emphasis, at the same time casting a significant glance at his son.

These simple words thrilled through the mind of George Prentice. The past rose up before him, with its doubts, its difficulties, and its triumphs. Springing suddenly to his feet, he said with emphasis,—

"I *will* try again."

"And you will succeed."

"Yes; I feel that I shall."

And he did succeed in obtaining a thorough practical knowledge of business; for he applied himself with patient and fixed determination, and soon became interested in his new pursuits.

At the age of twenty-five, he entered into business for himself, with a small capital furnished him by his father. The house in which he had been employed was engaged in the West India trade, and as his familiarity with this line of business was more intimate than with any other, he determined to turn his little capital in that direction. Accordingly, after renting a small warehouse on one of the principal wharves, he

proceeded to freight a vessel with all the prudence that an intimate knowledge of the West India markets afforded him. But, alas! misfortune sometimes comes to us when least expected and least deserved. Two days before his vessel arrived, the market had been overstocked by shipments from other countries, and a large loss, instead of the anticipated profits, was the result.

For some days after this disheartening news reached him, he gave way to desponding thoughts. But soon he bent his mind to a new adventure. In this he was more successful; but as the investment had been small, the profit was inconsiderable. His next shipment was large, involving at least two-thirds of his capital. The policy of insurance safe in his fire-closet, the young merchant deemed himself secure against total loss. For wise purposes, God often sees fit to frustrate our hopes, and make the best-laid schemes of success or security fail.

Two months from the day on which the vessel sailed, news arrived that she had been wrecked, and the whole cargo lost. Nor was this all. Some informality or neglect of the captain vitiated the insurance, and the underwriters refused to pay. A suit was commenced against them, which occupied from six to eight months before a decision could be obtained.

Nearly a twelvemonth from the day the unfortunate adventure was made, George Prentice sat musing in his counting-room, his mind busy with unpleasant and desponding thoughts. He had done little or no business since the news of his loss had reached him, for he had but a remnant of his capital to work upon, and no heart to risk that. He was "holding off," as they say, until some decision was made in the suit pending with the underwriters. While he thus sat in deep thought, a letter from his agent in London, where the insurance had been effected, was handed to him. He

THE LOST SHIP.

tore it open eagerly. The first brief sentence—"We have lost our suit"—almost unmanned him.

"Ruined!—ruined!" he mentally ejaculated, throwing the letter upon his desk as he finished reading it. "What shall I do?"

"*Try again!*" a voice seemed to whisper in his ear.

He started and looked around.

"*Try again,*" it repeated; and this time he perceived that the voice was within him. For a moment he paused, many thoughts passing rapidly through his mind.

"I *will* try again!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet.

And he did try. This time he examined the condition of the markets with the most careful scrutiny—ascertained the amount of shipments within the preceding four months from all the principal continental cities; and then, by the aid of his correspondents, learned the expeditions that were getting up, and the articles, and quantities of each, composing the cargoes. Knowing the monthly consumption of the various foreign products at the port to which he purposed

making a shipment, he was satisfied that a cargo of flour, if run in immediately, would pay a handsome profit. He at once hired a vessel, the captain of which he knew could be depended on for strict obedience to instructions, and freighted her with flour. The vessel sailed, and the young merchant awaited with almost trembling expectation the news of her arrival out. He had adventured his all; and the result must be success, or the utter prostration of his hopes.

In anxious expectation he waited week after week, until every day seemed to him prolonged to double its number of hours. At last a letter came from his consignee. He almost trembled as he broke the seal.

"Your flour has arrived at the very best time," it commenced. For a few moments he could read no further. He was compelled to pause, lest the emotion he felt should be betrayed to those around him. Then he read the whole letter calmly through. It stated that the supply of flour

was nearly exhausted when his cargo arrived, which had been promptly sold at fourteen shillings a barrel above the last quotations.

"I shall clear nearly five hundred pounds by my last shipment," he said to his father, who entered the counting-room at the moment.

"Indeed! well I am very glad to hear you say so, George. I hope, after this, you will be more successful."

"I hope that I shall: but I had nearly given up in despair," the son remarked.

"But you thought you would *try again!*" observed the old gentleman, smiling.

"Exactly so, father."

"That was right, George. Never despair. Let 'Try again' be your motto at all times, and success will in the end attend your efforts."

His father was right. George Prentice is now a wealthy merchant. He is somewhat advanced in years, and is accounted by

some a little eccentric. One evidence of this eccentricity is the fact, that over the range of desks in his counting-room is painted, in large letters, the words,—"TRY AGAIN."

PERSEVERE.

Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be down-cast;
Try, and try again, boys,—
You'll succeed at last.

Learn to Say "No."

"THERE is a word, my son, a very little word, in the English language, the right use of which it is all-important that you should learn," said Mr. Howland to his son Thomas, who was about leaving the paternal roof for a residence in a distant city; never again, perchance, to make one of the little circle that had so long gathered in the family homestead.

"What word is that, father?" asked Thomas.

"It is the little word *No*, my son."

"And why does so much importance attach to that word, father?"

"Perhaps I can make you understand the reason much better if I relate an incident that occurred when I was a boy. I remember it as distinctly as if it had taken place but yesterday, although thirty years have since passed. There was a neighbour of my father's, who was very fond of gunning and fishing. On several occasions I had accompanied him, and liked it very much. One day my father said,—

"'William, I do not wish you to go into the woods or on the water again with Mr. Jones.'

"'Why not, father?' I asked, for I had become so fond of going with him, that to be denied the pleasure was a real privation.

"'I have good reasons for not wishing you to go, William,' my father replied, 'but do not want to give them now. I hope it is all-sufficient for you that your father desires you not to accompany Mr. Jones again.'

"I could not understand why my father

laid upon me this prohibition; and, as I desired much to go, I did not feel satisfied in my obedience. On the next day, as I was walking in the fields, I met Mr. Jones with his fishing-rod on his shoulder and his basket in hand.

"'Ah, William! you are the very one that I wish to see,' said Mr. Jones, smiling. 'I am going out this morning, and want company. We shall have a beautiful day.'

"'But my father told me yesterday,' I replied, 'that he did not wish me to go out with you.'

"'And why not, pray?' asked Mr. Jones.

"'I am sure that I do not know,' I said; 'but, indeed, I should like to go very much.'

"'Oh, never mind; come along,' he said. 'Your father will never know it.'

"'Yes, but I am afraid that he will,' I replied, thinking more of my father's displeasure than of the evil of disobedience.

"'There is no danger at all of that. We will be home again long before dinner-time.'

"I hesitated, and he urged; and finally, I moved the way that he was going, and had proceeded a few hundred yards, when I stopped, and said,—

"'I don't like to go, Mr. Jones.'

"'Nonsense, William! There is no harm in fishing, I am sure. I have often been out with your father myself.'

Much as I felt inclined to go, still I hesitated; for I could not fully make up my mind to disobey my father. At length he said,—

"'I can't wait here for you, William. Come along, or go back. Say Yes, or No.'

"This was the decisive moment. I was to make up my mind, and fix my determination in one way or the other. I was to say *Yes* or No.

"'Come, I can't stay here all day,' Mr. Jones remarked rather harshly, seeing that I hesitated. At the same moment, the image of my father rose distinctly before my mind, and I saw his eye fixed steadily

and reprovingly upon me. With one desperate resolution, I uttered the word 'No!' and then turning, I ran away as fast as my feet would carry me. I cannot tell you how much relieved I felt when I was far beyond the reach of temptation.

"On the next morning, when I came down to breakfast, I was startled and surprised to learn that Mr. Jones had been drowned on the day before. Instead of returning in a few hours, as he had stated to me that he would, he remained out all the day. A sudden storm arose; his boat was capsized, and he drowned. I shuddered when I heard this sad and fatal accident related. That little word NO had, in all probability, saved my life.

"'I will now tell you, William,' my father said, turning to me, 'why I did not wish you to go with Mr. Jones. Of late, he had taken to drinking; and I had learned, within a few days, that whenever he went out on a fishing or gunning excursion, he

took his bottle of spirits with him, and usually returned a good deal intoxicated. I could not trust you with such a man. I did not think it necessary to state this to you, for I was sure that I had only to express my wish that you would not accompany him, to insure your implicit obedience.'

"I felt keenly rebuked at this; and resolved never again to permit even the thought of disobedience to find a place in my mind. From that time, I have felt the value of the word NO; and have generally, ever since, been able to use it on all right occasions. It has saved me from many troubles. Often and often in life have I been urged to do things that my judgment told me were wrong: on such occasions, I always remembered my first temptation, and resolutely said—'No!'

"And now, my son," continued Mr. Howland, "do you understand the importance of the word *No?*"

"I think I do, father," replied Thomas. "But is there not danger of my using it too often, and thus becoming selfish in all my feelings, and consequently unwilling to render benefits to others?"

"Certainly there is, Thomas. The legitimate use of this word is to resist evil. To refuse to do a good action is wrong."

"If any one asks me, then, to do him a favour or kindness, I should not, on any account, say no."

"That will depend, Thomas, in what manner you are to render him a kindness. If you can do so without really injuring yourself or others, then it is a duty which you owe to all men, to be kind, and render favours. You know, also, the precept, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so to them.'"

"But the difficulty, I feel, will be for me to discriminate. When I am urged to do something by one whom I esteem, my regard for him, or my desire to render him a

kindness, will be so strong as to obscure my judgment."

"A consciousness of this weakness in your character, Thomas, should put you upon your guard."

"That is very true, father. But I cannot help fearing for myself. Still, I shall never forget what you have said, and will try my best to act from a conviction of right."

"Do so, my son. And ever remember that a wrong action is *always* followed by pain of mind, and too frequently by evil consequences. If you would avoid these, ever act from a consciousness that you are doing right, without regard to others. If another asks you, from a selfish desire to benefit or gratify himself, to do that which your judgment tells you is wrong, surely you should have no hesitation in refusing."

The precept of his father, enforced when they were about parting, and at a time when his affections for that father were active and intense, lingered in the mind of Thomas

Howland. He saw and felt its force, and resolved to act in obedience to it, if ever tempted to do wrong.

On leaving the paternal roof, he went to a distant town, and entered the store of a merchant, where were several young men nearly of his own age—that is, between eighteen and twenty. With one of these, named Boyd, he soon formed an intimate acquaintance. But, unfortunately, the moral character of this young man was far from being pure, or his principles from resting upon the firm basis of truth and honour.

Associated with him at the same desk day after day, his growing influence over Thomas Howland soon became apparent in inducing him to stay away from church on the Sabbath-day, and pass the time that had heretofore been spent in a place of worship in roaming about the wharves of the city, or in excursions into the country. This influence was slightly resisted; but Thomas felt ashamed or reluctant to use the word "*No*,"

EVIL INFLUENCE.

on what seemed to all the young men around him a matter of so little importance. Still, his own heart condemned him, for he felt that it would pain his father and mother ex-

ceedingly if they knew that he neglected to attend church at least once on the Sabbath-day; and he was, besides, self-convicted of wrong in what seemed to him a violation of the command, "*Remember the Sabbath-day*," as he had been taught to regard that precept. But once having given way, he felt almost powerless to resist the influence that now bore upon him.

The next violation of what seemed to him a right course for a young man to pursue, was in suffering himself to be persuaded to visit frequently the theatre; although his father had expressly desired that he would avoid a place where lurked, for the young and inexperienced, so many dangers. He was next easily persuaded to visit a favourite eating-house, in which many hours were spent during the evenings of each week, with Boyd and others, in eating, drinking, and smoking. Sometimes dominoes and back-gammon were introduced, and at length were played for a slight stake. To participate in this, Thomas

refused, on the plea that he did not know enough of the games to risk anything. He had not the moral courage to declare that he considered it wrong to gamble.

All these departures from what he had been taught by his father to consider a right course, were attended by much uneasiness and pain of mind. But he had yielded to the tempter, and he could not now find the power within him to resist his influence successfully.

It happened, about six months after his introduction to such an entirely new course of life, that he was invited one evening by his companion Boyd to call on a friend with him. He had, on that day, received from his father five pounds, with which to buy himself a new suit of clothes, and a few other necessary articles. He went, of course, and was introduced to a very affable, gentlemanly young man, in his room, at one of the hotels. In a few minutes, wine and cigars were ordered, and the three spent an

hour or so in drinking, smoking, and chit-chat of no very elevating or refined character.

"Come, let us have a game of cards," at last remarked Boyd's friend, during a pause in the conversation; at the same time going to his trunk, and producing a pack of cards.

"No objection," responded Boyd.

"You will take a hand, of course?" said the new friend, looking at Thomas Howland.

But Thomas said that he knew nothing of cards.

"Oh, that's no matter! You can learn in two minutes," responded the friend of Boyd.

Young Howland felt reluctant; but he could not resist the influence that was around him, and so he consented to finger the cards with the rest. As they gathered around the table, a shilling was laid down by each of the young men, who looked towards Thomas as they did so.

"I cannot play for money," said Howland, colouring; for he felt really ashamed to acknowledge his scruples.

"And why not?" asked the friend of Boyd, looking him steadily in the face.

"Because I think it wrong," stammered out Howland, colouring still more deeply.

"Nonsense! Is not your money your own? What harm, then, is there in your doing with your own as you please?" urged the tempter.

"But I do not know enough of the game to risk my money."

"You don't think we would take advantage of your ignorance?" said Boyd. "The stake is only to give interest to the game. I would not give a copper for a game of cards without a stake. Come, put down your shilling; and we will promise to pay you back all you lose, if you wish it, until you acquire some skill."

But Thomas felt reluctant, and hesitated. Nevertheless, he was debating the matter

in his mind seriously, and every moment that reluctance was growing weaker.

"Will you play?" asked Boyd in a decided tone, breaking in upon his debate.

"I had rather not," replied Thomas, trying to smile, so as to conciliate his false friends.

"You are afraid of your money," said Boyd, in a half-sneering tone.

"It is not that, Boyd."

"Then what is it, pray?"

"I am afraid that it is not right."

This was answered by a loud laugh from his two companions, which touched Thomas a good deal, and made him feel more ashamed of the scruples that held him back from entering into the temptation.

"Come, down with your stake, Howland!" said Boyd, after he had finished his laugh.

The hand of Thomas was in his pocket, and his fingers had grasped the silver coin, yet still he hesitated.

"Will you play, or not?" asked Boyd's friend, with something of impatience in his tone. "Say yes, or no."

For a moment the mind of Thomas became confused; then the perception came upon him as clear as a sunbeam, that it was wrong to gamble. He remembered, too, vividly, his father's parting injunction.

"*No!*" he said, firmly and decidedly.

Both of his companions looked disappointed and angry.

"What did you bring him here for?" he heard Boyd's companion say to him in an undertone, while a frown darkened upon his brow.

The reply did not reach his ear; but he felt that his company was no longer pleasant, and rising, he bade them a formal good-evening, and hurriedly retired. That little word *no* had saved him. The scheme was, to win from him his five pounds, and then involve him in "debts of honour," as they are falsely called, which would compel him to

draw upon his father for more money, or abstract it from his employer, a system which had been pursued by Boyd, and which was discovered only a week subsequent, when the young man was discharged in disgrace. It then came out that he had been for months in secret association with a gambler, and that the two shared together their spoils and peculations.

This incident roused Thomas Howland to a distinct consciousness of the danger that lurked in his path, as a young man, in a large city. He felt, as he had not felt while simply listening to his father's precept, the value of the word *no;* and resolved that hereafter he would utter that little word—and that, too, decidedly—whenever urged to do what his judgment did not approve.

"I will be free!" he said, pacing his chamber backward and forward. "I will be free hereafter! No one shall persuade me or drive me to do what I feel to be wrong."

That resolution was his safeguard ever after. When tempted—and he was tempted frequently—his "*No*" decided the matter at once. There was a power in it that was all-sufficient in resisting evil.

Little Charlie's Will.

WALTER and Charlie Harrison were the sons of a sea-captain, and lived in one of the fine old seaport towns of M——.

These boys were as unlike as two brothers could well be. Walter was a rough, plain boy, large of his age, and rather clumsy, with a passionate, jealous temper, which gave his friends a great deal of trouble. But he had some noble qualities; he was as brave as a young lion, faithful, diligent, perfectly honest and truthful, and sometimes very tender in his feelings. Charlie, some two years younger than

Walter, was a delicate, beautiful, sweet-tempered boy, who loved everybody, and, in return, was greatly beloved. He was fair, pale, and slight, with blue eyes and golden curls. Walter said he looked like a girl, and sometimes laughed at his delicacy ; but, for all that, he was jealous of the poor child's beauty—even of his weakness.

Captain Harrison was most of the time at sea, and his gentle wife found it difficult to control the impatient spirit, or correct the even more unamiable moodiness, of her eldest son. If she reproved him sternly, he would often accuse her of being partial to her youngest and handsomest son, and say that she petted and indulged Charlie so much, that he could not be disobedient, or give her any trouble; he himself, he said, would be good, if he were so treated.

Walter really thought himself slighted and unloved, because he knew he was very plain, and he saw his sickly brother cared for constantly. He never seemed to think

how ridiculous it would look in his mother to be nursing and petting a stout, healthy boy, who was one of the strongest wrestlers, and the best hand with the ball, in all the town.

Walter, with all his fine health, was often silent and sullen, while his brother was seldom prevented by his illness from being cheerful and talkative. So it was very natural for visitors to notice Charlie the most, and, as they supposed he needed amusing, to send him books and make him presents. All this "partiality" was shown to his brother, Walter said, because he happened to have a fair face; while he did not know how to put himself forward. Charlie was grieved at this, and always wished to share his gifts with his brother; but Walter could never be persuaded to accept anything.

One time, when Charlie was about ten years old, his mother had a visit from a pious maiden aunt, who spent some weeks

in the family. During Miss Hannah Perkins' stay, she became much attached to quiet little Charlie; but as Walter gave way to his temper two or three times before her, and made sport of some of her queer ways, she did not like him overmuch, though she thought he might be made a good boy of, with proper management. She wondered how his mother could let such fits of passion and such naughty tricks pass without severe punishment. If he were her child, she said, she would soon whip that bad temper out of him. But Mrs. Harrison believed that one blow would put more evil passion into the heart of such a proud boy as Walter than she could ever get out.

She never failed seriously to reprove his faults and wrong actions; and she knew (what she told no one) that Walter would always come to her, after an outburst of impatience or bad feeling, and ask her forgiveness. She knew that he loved her, his father, brother, and little sister, intensely:

so she was patient, and prayed God to soften the heart and subdue the temper of her unhappy child.

A short time after Aunt Hannah returned home, she sent the boys each a book. Charlie's happened to be opened first. It was a handsome illustrated copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Walter then eagerly opened his own, which was rather gaily bound. It was "*The Memoirs of a Sunday-school Scholar.*" Walter flung it down, saying angrily, "What did the old maid send me this for, I wonder? I have had enough of such things out of the Sunday-school library. She did not send you such a humdrum sort of a book, Charlie. I suppose she thought you were pious enough without."

"O brother," said Charlie, "don't talk so hard. I am sure Aunt Hannah meant very kindly by us both."

Walter took up his book, and began looking through it; but he soon broke out again—"Pshaw! just as I thought; no-

thing but 'early piety,' 'early piety.' Why, couldn't she have sent me some story about wars, or pirates, or even Indians? I am tired to death of 'early piety!'"

"You will never trouble your friends with it, my son," said Mrs. Harrison, who had just entered the room. Walter started and blushed; he did not know that his mother was so near. But he replied, sullenly, "I wish I might not trouble them in any way any longer. It would be better for all if I were dead and buried; for I'm of no use in the world, and nobody loves me."

After having said these unkind words, Walter took his ball-club, and went out to the village green, where the boys were already at play. Charlie soon followed; not to mingle in the sport, for he was not strong enough for that, but he loved always to watch his brother, and felt proud of his skill and strength.

After about half an hour's play, many of

the boys set out for home, as a hard storm seemed coming on. The clouds were rolling up thick and black, the lightnings flashed, and the thunder broke overhead. Walter Harrison, who had appeared half angry in all his play, was now leaning against the side of the church, within a yard or two of the lightning-rod. The boys called to him to come away, as he was in a dangerous place; but Walter would not stir. Charlie ran up to him, and begged him to go home; but he only said, "I don't care if the lightning does strike me. I tell you again, I'm of no use in the world—nobody loves me. You may run home, if you are afraid."

"I am not afraid for myself, brother," said Charlie, his lip quivering; "but I will go home and beg mamma to come for you."

Charlie had not run half across the green, when there came a great blaze of lightning, and a heavy crash of thunder, which seemed

to shake the very ground. The boys who were looking toward the church said that they saw the lightning roll down the rod like a ball of fire, and disappear in the earth; and that, at the same instant, Walter fell to the ground. They ran to him at once, raised him up, and carried him home. The poor boy's eyes and mouth were open, but he seemed quite dead. The doctor was sent for—came immediately—took Walter from the bed, laid him on the floor, and began pouring cold water upon him by the bucketful. Mrs. Harrison had been strangely calm at first; but when Walter began to show some little signs of life, the joy was more than she could bear, and she fainted away. She went from one fainting fit into another; and when Walter was at last so much restored as to ask for her, she was lying quite insensible. Then first he knew how deeply and dearly his mother loved him. Little Charlie threw himself down by Walter, in the water, which was flooding the room,

and the brothers kissed one another, and cried for joy. It was many days before Walter was entirely well; but when he did get about, everybody noticed a great change in him. He was more kind and pleasant; far less jealous and passionate, he was happier, and made others happier, than ever before. He was so sure now that his mother truly loved him; and he knew, he said, that he could never again be jealous of his little brother. But, alas! Walter did not know himself. When he was fourteen, and his brother — still called "Little Charlie" — about twelve, a wealthy uncle came from Boston for a brief visit. As this gentleman had no family, it was thought that Walter, who had been named for him, would be the heir to his fortune. For this very reason, Walter was too proud to pay him any court; indeed, he hardly paid him proper respect and attention, and was generally silent and reserved in his presence. Mr. Rodgers did not understand this manner; he thought

Walter sullen and cold, and, though he could not but see that he was an honest, intelligent boy, he was not, on the whole, pleased with him. But, like all other visitors, he was quite charmed with little Charlie; and he had not been long gone from the village, before there arrived from Boston a beautiful white pony, handsomely saddled and bridled, "For Master Charles Harrison." In a letter to his sister, Mr. Rodgers said, "Thinking that a daily ride may benefit my little invalid nephew, I send a pony, which is both spirited and docile. I hope that Charlie will accept it, with the kind wishes of 'Uncle Walter.'"

Both Mrs. Harrison and Charlie were pained that no present came for Walter, and that he was scarcely mentioned in the letter; while, as for Walter, he felt the old jealous feeling boiling up from his heart, hotter than ever, and said some hard things, which he had better have left unsaid.

"Why, brother," said Charlie, "the pony

shall be as much yours as mine; you may ride it every day."

"No, I won't!" answered Walter, angrily; "I never will mount it, as long as I live. I wouldn't be so mean."

But Walter had little cause to be envious of his brother, who was quite too weak to ride his pretty pony. A few rods only gave him a severe pain in the side—so very delicate was poor Charlie.

This spring he seemed far worse than usual; he did not complain, but he daily grew weak and languid, till finally he could no longer be about the house.

One afternoon, when he came from school, Walter found Charlie sitting up in his bed, writing; but he hid his paper and pencil under the pillow when he saw his brother, and hastily wiped away some tears which were on his cheek. That very night he grew much worse; a fever came on, and he was quite delirious. All night long they watched over him, with great anxiety, and

during the next day, though he was more quiet, and slept most of the time. When awake, he did not speak much, or seem to recognize any one.

Just at sunset, Walter was sitting in his own chamber by the window, with his face hidden in the curtains—for he was grieving for his gentle brother, who was like to die —when his mother entered, holding a paper in her hand. Walter saw that she had been weeping, as she said, "I found this paper under little Charlie's pillow; you may read it, if you will."

Walter opened it, saw that it was in Charlie's handwriting, and read :—

MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

I leave to my dear mamma my gold-clasped Bible, my trunk, and all my clothes, except my new green cloth roundabout, which I leave to cousin John, because he likes it, and it just fits him. To my papa I leave my pictures of Jesus Christ stilling the Tempest, and the fight between the "Constitution" and "Guerriere," my seal of Hope and the Anchor, and the "Voyages of Captain Cook."

To my sister Clara I leave my canaries, my pet squirrel, my flowers, and all my fairy story-books. To my brother Walter I give the rest of my library, my chessboard and men, my battledores and shuttlecock, my rabbits, my dog, and my white pony; and when I am dead, I hope he will believe I have loved him dearly. CHARLES HARRISON.

Walter wept bitterly over this will; but when he had grown calm, he said, "May I go to him, mother?" "If you will promise not to disturb him," she answered. Walter promised, and stole softly into the chamber, where Charlie was now alone, sleeping quietly. He knelt down by the bed-side, hid his face in the counterpane, and silently prayed God to forgive all his sins, to give him a better heart, and to make his brother well again. Suddenly he felt a soft hand laid on his head. He looked up, and Charlie's mild blue eyes were smiling on him. "Come and sit near me," he said; and Walter then lifted a chair to the bed-side, and read to him out of the sacred Volume.

While they were thus engaged, they

heard some unusual noise below, and then their mother coming upstairs with some one

WALTER AT HIS BROTHER'S BED-SIDE.

who stepped a little heavier. It was their father, returned from his longest and last

sea voyage! Now he promised to stay at home with them always.

The return of Captain Harrison did more than medicine to cure his little son, who soon became stronger than he had ever been before.

One afternoon, when Charlie had been a fortnight about the house, it was arranged that he should take a short ride on his white pony, soon after breakfast the next day.

When Walter came down in the morning, his mother kissed him more tenderly than usual, and his father, shaking hands with him heartily, wished him many happy returns of the day. Walter looked as though he did not know what to make of this, and his mother said, "Why, my son, is it possible you have forgotten this is your birthday?"

"Ah, yes, mamma," he answered; "I only remembered that it was Charlie's first day out."

"And so," said his father, "you are to give him a ride; pray, what are *you* to do?"

"Oh, I'll trot along by his side, on foot. I believe I can outrun that pony now."

When breakfast was over, Walter helped his brother into the saddle, and was arranging the bridle, when Charlie called out, joyfully, "Look there, brother!" pointing with his riding-whip to another white pony, somewhat larger than his own, standing on the other side of the yard. Walter ran to it, took off a slip of paper which was pinned to the rein, and read: "Will Walter, our first-born and beloved son, accept this birthday gift from his parents?"

Walter laid his face against the slender, arching neck of his beautiful pony, and burst into tears. But he was too happy to weep long; he soon ran into the house, thanked and kissed his father and mother, ran out again, mounted, and rode off with his brother.

They had a fine ride. They had many fine rides together in the years that followed; for Charlie continued to improve, till he be-

came quite strong and vigorous. As for Walter, he always kept his robust health; he did not grow to be handsome, but he became what is far better, truly amiable and agreeable. Even Aunt Hannah Perkins grew to liking him at last; and Uncle Walter Rogers, who sent him to college, has been heard to declare that he shall leave him all his fortune—knowing that he will not hoard it like a miser, nor waste it like a spendthrift, but so use it as to do a great deal of good, and make a great many people happy. But I do not believe that the writing that gives to Walter Harrison a large sum of money, land, and houses, will ever be so dear to him as a little scrap of paper, which he keeps among his most valuable and sacred things in his private desk, and on which he has written, "LITTLE CHARLIE'S WILL."

The Student and Apprentice.

"HOW far is it from here to the sun, Jim?" asked Harman Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, in a tone of light raillery.

James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his intelligent eyes upon the son of his master, and after regarding him for a moment, replied,—

"I don't know, Harman. How far is it?"

There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that, much as Harman had felt at first disposed to sport with his ignorance, he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still his con-

tempt for the ignorant apprentice was not to be concealed, and he replied,—

"Ninety-five millions of miles, you ignoramus!"

James did not retort; but repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory.

On the same evening, after he had finished his day's work, he obtained a small text-book on astronomy, which belonged to Harman Lee, and went up into his garret; and there alone, seated by a fagot-fed fire, he attempted to dive into the mysteries of that sublime science. As he read, the earnestness of his attention fixed nearly every fact upon his mind. So intent was he, that he perceived not the passage of time, and was only called back to a consciousness of where he was by the sudden sinking of the wick of his candle into the melted mass of tallow that had filled the cup of his candlestick. In another moment he was in total darkness. The cry of the watchman told him that the

hours had flown until it was past eleven o'clock.

Slowly undressing himself in his dark

SEEKING KNOWLEDGE.

chamber, his mind recurring with a strong interest to what he had been reading, he laid himself down upon his hard bed, and gave

full play to his thoughts. Hour after hour passed away, but he could not sleep, so absorbed was he in reviewing the new and wonderful things he had read. At last wearied nature gave way, and he fell off in a slumber, filled with dreams of planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars. On the next morning the apprentice boy resumed his place at the work-bench with a new feeling; and with this feeling was mingled one of regret that he could not go to school as did his master's son.

"But I can study at night while he is asleep," he said to himself.

Just then Harman Lee came into the shop, and approaching James, said, for the purpose of teasing him,—

"How big round is the earth, Jim?"

"Twenty-five thousand miles," was the prompt answer.

Harman looked surprised for a moment, and then responded with a sneer—for he was not a kind-hearted boy, but, on the contrary,

very selfish, and disposed to injure rather than do good to others—"Oh dear, how wonderful wise you are! No doubt you can tell how many moons Jupiter has? Come, let us hear."

"Jupiter has four moons," answered James, with something of exultation in his tone.

"And no doubt you can tell how many rings it has?"

"Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts," replied James, in a decisive tone.

For a moment or two Harman was silent with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's apprentice, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of knowledge equal to his on the points in reference to which he had chosen to question him; and that he should be able to convict him of an error into which he had purposely fallen.

"I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderful wise," Harman at length said, with a sneer.

"Not very long," replied James, calmly. "I have been reading one of your books on astronomy."

"Well, you are not going to have my books, mister, I can tell you. Anyhow, I should like to know what business you had to touch one of them? Let me catch you at it again, and see if I don't cuff you soundly. You had better a great deal be minding your work."

"But I did not neglect my work, Harman. I read at night, after my work was done. And I did not hurt your book."

"I don't care, if you didn't hurt it. You are not going to have my books, I can tell you. So do you just let them alone."

Poor James's heart sunk in his bosom at this unexpected obstacle thrown in his way. He had no money of his own to buy one, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book that had all at once become necessary to his happiness.

"Do, Harman," he said, appealingly;

"lend me the book. Indeed I will take good care of it."

"No; I won't. And don't you dare to touch it!" was the angry reply.

James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of his master's son—older than he by two or three years—to be convinced that there was now but little hope of his having the use of his books, except by stealth; and from that his open and honest principle revolted. All day he thought earnestly over the means whereby he should be able to obtain a book on astronomy, to quench the ardent thirst that had been created in his mind; and night came without any clear answer being obtained to the earnest inquiries of his own thought.

He was learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having been already at the business for two years, and been industrious and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness with tools and much skill in some parts of his trade. While sitting alone, after he had

finished his work for the day, his mind searching about for some means whereby he could get books, it occurred to him that he might, by working in the evening, earn some money, and with it buy such as he wanted. But in what manner to turn his work into money, he knew not. It finally occurred to him that, in passing a house near the shop, he frequently observed a pair of window-blinds with faded colours.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "if I would do it cheap, they would let me paint and put new hangings to their blinds."

The thought was scarcely suggested, when he was on his feet, moving towards the street. In a few minutes he stood knocking at the door of the house, which was soon opened.

"Well, my little man, what do you want?" was the kind salutation of the individual who answered the knock.

James felt confused, and stammered out,—

"The hangings on your blinds are a good deal faded."

"That's a very true remark, my little man," was the reply, made in an encouraging tone.

"And they want painting badly."

"Also very true," said the man, with a good-humoured smile, for he felt amused with the boy's earnest manner and novelty of speech.

"Wouldn't you like to have them painted, and new hangings put to them?" pursued James.

"I don't know. It would certainly improve them very much."

"Oh yes, sir. They would look just like new. And if you let me do them, I will fix them all up nice for you, cheap."

"Will you, indeed? But what is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is James Wallace, and I live with Mr. Lee, the blind-maker."

"Do you, indeed! Well, how much will you charge for painting them, and putting on new hangings?"

"I will do it for ten shillings, sir. The hangings and tassels will cost me three shillings, and the paint and varnish nearly two; and it will take me two or three evenings, besides getting up very early in the morning to work for Mr. Lee, so that I can have time to paint and varnish them when the sun shines."

"But will Mr. Lee let you do this?"

"I don't know, sir; but I will ask him."

"Very well, my little man. If Mr. Lee does not object, I am willing."

James ran back to the house, and found Mr. Lee standing at the door. Much to his delight, his request was granted. Six days from that time he possessed a book of his own, and had a half-crown with which to buy some other volume, when he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of that. Every night found him poring over this book; and so soon as it was light enough to see, he was up and reading.

Of course there was much in it that he

could not make out, and many terms that defied all his best efforts and comparisons of the context to understand. To help him in this difficulty, he purchased with his remaining half-crown, at a second-hand book-stall, a dictionary. By the aid of this, he acquired the information he sought much more rapidly. But the more he read, the broader the unexplored expanse of knowledge appeared to open before him. He did not, however, give way to feelings of discouragement, but steadily devoted every evening, and an hour every morning, to study; while all through the day his mind was pondering over the things he had read, as his hands were diligently employed in the labour assigned him.

It occurred, just at this time, that a number of benevolent individuals established in the town where he lived one of those excellent institutions, a Mechanics' Institution. To this he at once applied, and obtained the books he needed; for, instead of resorting to

the library for mere books of amusement, he borrowed only those from which he could obtain the rudiments of learning—such as text-books of science, works on history, &c.

He felt the necessity, from having read a book on astronomy, with a strong desire to master its contents, of mathematical knowledge; and in the effort to acquire this, he commenced studying—for he had no tutor to guide him—a work on geometry. In working out problems, he used a pair of shop compasses, with a pointed quill upon one of the feet; and thus, all alone in his garret, frequently until midnight—none dreaming of his devotion to the acquirement of knowledge—did the poor apprentice boy lay the foundation of future eminence and usefulness. We cannot trace his course, step by step, through a long series of seven years, though it would afford many lessons of perseverance and triumph over almost insurmountable difficulties; but at twenty-one he was master of his trade, and, what was more,

had laid up a vast amount of general information. He was well read in history; had studied thoroughly the science of astronomy, for which he ever retained a lively affection; was familiar with mathematical principles, and could readily solve the most difficult geometrical and algebraic problems. His geographical knowledge was minute; and to this he added tolerably correct information in regard to the manners and customs of different nations. To natural history he had also given much attention. But, with all his varied acquirements, James Wallace felt, on attaining the age of manhood, that he knew comparatively little.

Let us turn now, for a few moments, to mark the progress which the young student, in one of the best seminaries in his native city, and afterwards at college, had made. Like too many tradesmen, whose honest industry and steady perseverance have gained them a competence, Mr. Lee felt indisposed to give his son a trade, or to subject him to

the same restraints and discipline in youth to which he had been subjected. He felt ambitious for him, and determined to educate him for one of the learned professions. To this end he sent him to school early, and provided for him the very best of instruction.

The idea that he was to be a lawyer, or a doctor, soon took possession of the mind of Harman, and this caused him to feel contempt for other boys, who were merely designed for trades, or store-keepers.

Like too many others, he had no love of learning, nor any right appreciation of its legitimate uses. To be a lawyer, he thought, would be much more honourable than to be a mere mechanic: for this reason alone, so far as he had any thoughts on the subject, did he desire to be a lawyer. As for James Wallace, he, as the poor illiterate apprentice of his father, was most heartily despised, and never treated by Harman with the smallest degree of kind consideration.

At the age of eighteen he was sent away to one of the eastern universities, and there remained, except during the semi-annual vacations, until he was twenty-one years of age, when he graduated, and came home with the honorary title of A.B. At this time James Wallace was between eighteen and nineteen years of age, somewhat rough in his appearance, but with a sound mind in a sound body. Although each day he regularly toiled at the work-bench, he as regularly turned to his books when evening released him from labour, and was up at the peep of dawn, to lay the first offerings of his mind upon the shrine of learning. But all this devotion to the acquirement of knowledge won for him no sympathy, no honourable estimation, from his master's son. He despised these patient, persevering efforts, as much as he despised his condition as an apprentice to a trade. But it was not many years before others began to perceive the contrast between them, although on the

very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harman was admitted to the bar.

The one completed his education, so far as general knowledge and a rigid discipline of mind was concerned, when he left college; the other became more really the student, when the broader and brighter light of rationality shone clearly on his pathway, as he passed the threshold of manhood. James still continued to work at his trade, but not for so many hours each day as while he was an apprentice. He was a good and fast workman, and could readily earn all that he required for his support in six or eight hours of every twenty-four. Eight hours were regularly devoted to study. From some cause, he determined that he would make law his profession. To the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, therefore, he bent all the energies of a well-disciplined and active, comprehensive mind. Two years passed in an untiring devotion to the studies

he had assigned himself, and then he made application for admission to the bar.

"Who were admitted yesterday?" asked Harman Lee, the day after Wallace had passed his examination, addressing a fellow-member of the bar.

"Some half-dozen, and among them a sturdy young fellow that nobody ever heard of before."

"Indeed! Well, what kind of an examination did he make?"

"An excellent one. The judges tried their best with him, but he seemed furnished at every point. He is said to be a young mechanic, who has thus qualified himself in the time that he could spare from the labours of his handicraft, by which he has supported himself."

"A mechanic! Poh! the whole court-room will smell of leather, or linseed oil, I suppose, after this. Did you learn his name?"

"James Wallace, I believe, he is called."

"James Wallace! Are you sure?"

"Yes; that was it. Do you know him? You look sufficiently surprised to know him twice over."

"My father had an apprentice of that name, who affected to be very fond of books; but surely it cannot be he."

"I am sure I don't know. But here comes a client for you, I suppose."

As the latter spoke, a man entered the office, and asked for Mr. Lee.

"That is my name, sir," said Lee, bowing. "Take a chair."

The stranger seated himself, and after a moment's pause, said,—

"I wish you to attend a case for me. I have been sued this morning as an executor of an estate, and the claim set up is a very important one."

The whole case was then stated, with an exhibition of various documents. After Lee had come to understand fully its merits, he asked who was the lawyer of the claimants.

"A young fellow, only admitted yester-

day, of the name of Wallace. I am told he has it in charge. He was, however, consulted some months ago, and his services retained, to become active at this time."

Lee turned to his friend, and remarked,—

"So it seems that I am doomed first to come in contact with this young mechanic. He is certainly quick on the trigger. Only admitted yesterday, and to-day pushing on a most important suit. But I will cool him off, I'm thinking."

"You must do your best, sir, for there is much at stake," said the client.

"Rely upon that. But don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness. A few years' experience at the bar is always enough to set aside your new beginners."

"I wonder if it can be my father's old apprentice?" the young lawyer remarked, after his client had gone.

"It's as likely as not," said his friend. "But would it not be a good joke if he gained the suit over you?"

"Never fear that."

"Well, we shall see!" laughingly exclaimed his friend.

On the next day James Wallace took his seat among the members of the bar, and marked with a keen interest and an air of intelligence all that passed. One or two of the lawyers noticed him kindly, but the majority—Lee among them, in particular—regarded him with coldness and distance. But nothing of this affected him, if indeed he noticed it at all.

The cause in which he had been retained, and which proved to be the first in which he took an active and prominent position in the court-room, came up within a week; for all parties interested in the result were anxious to come to trial, and therefore no legal obstacles were thrown in the way.

There was a profound silence, and a marked attention and interest, when the young stranger arose in the court-room to open the case. A smile of contempt, as he did

so, curled the lip of Harman Lee; but Wallace saw it not. The prominent points of the case were presented in plain but concise language; and a few remarks bearing upon the merits of the case being made, the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defendant's counsel to define his position.

Instantly Harman Lee was on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by his "very learned brother," in a flippant, contemptuous manner. There were those present who marked the light that kindled in the eye of Wallace, and the flash that passed over his countenance, at the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to attention, and an air of conscious power. Once on his feet, with so flimsy a position to tear into tatters as that which his "learned brother" had presented, Lee seemed never to grow tired of the tearing process. Nearly an hour had passed away when he resumed his seat, with a look

of exultation, which was followed by a pitying and contemptuous smile, as Wallace again slowly arose.

Ten minutes, however, had not passed, when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm, all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden-speech showed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought, well skilled in points of law, and in authorities; and, more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched required further elucidation.

Lee followed briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favour of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour James Wallace took his true place. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was also esteemed for real talent and moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor in his true position.

Ten years from thence Wallace was elevated to the Bench, while Lee remained a second-rate lawyer, and never rose above that grade.

In the histories of these two persons is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and self-education. The most eminent men are self-educated men. This fact every student and every humble apprentice with limited advantages should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of the one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The

education that a boy receives at colleges and seminaries does not make him a learned man. He has only acquired the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond these he must go—he must continue ever after a student—or others will leave him in the rear; others of humbler means and fewer opportunities,—the apprentice of the handicraftsman, for instance, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a genuine love of learning, have given him a taste and a habit that remain with him in all after-time.