PETER PENGELLY; OR, "TRUE AS THE CLOCK", PP. 6-130

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BY

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(Frontispiece). "BOAT AHOY!"

clock's as cloudy as a November afternoon. There was a dead silence in the school, and every boy could hear the Yellow Dwarf ticking away, "*Tick*, tick, *good* boys *are* quick, *being* late's a *sad* trick."

"Go to your desk, sir," interposed the master, and remain behind when the others leave. You are always behind time!"

"He that's late, will have to wait,
And still must stay, while others play."

Mr. Wallace was very particular about his scholars being in time, and never lost an opportunity of impressing on them the importance of punctuality. In fact, they used to call him "Old Punctuality." He had an odd way of making quaint couplets, like the one I have just mentioned, and repeating them in his scholars' ears, because he thought the simple rhyme might linger in their memories

and help them to retain the wise, good counsels he was always seeking to instil.

Peter Pengelly and Roger Moore sat side by side at the same desk. The two incidents, however, which I have just narrated, will show that there was one radical point of difference between them,—for while Peter was always "up to time," Roger was always in the rear, and was always a few minutes late.

There are two little mountain rivulets in America which have their sources so near each other that for some distance they run side by side, and the removal of a very small obstacle would have made them run together right away to the sea. Instead of this, however, one runs southward, and becomes the mighty Mississippi, which flows into the Gulf of Mexico; the other winds its way to the westward, and pours its waters, as the Columbia river, into the Pacific Ocean. At the beginning they are close companions, at the end they are many thousand miles apart, and you have to cross high mountains, spacious valleys, broad rivers and wide-stretching plains in order to get from the one to the other.

I am going to sketch the history of these

two boys, and I want my readers to note that these youthful companions were only separated by "a point of time," and that as Punctual Peter went off to the right, Roger the Unready curved more and more to the left; and although, unlike the two rivers, they did meet again at last, they were still at as wide a distance as is the case with the Mississippi and the Columbia where each falls into the mighty sea.

Peter Pengelly's copy that morning was this: "To a wise man, minutes are diamonds." Having begun in time, with no need to hurry, and conscious of the master's approval, he was able to go about his work quite coolly and calmly, and when he took it up for the master's inspection, that good man said with a smile,—

"True, Peter. Use them well, and you'll be a diamond too."

Roger was hot and flurried, out of temper, out of spirits, and in disgrace; and so, as might be expected, his "copy" was copied very badly. It ran thus: "He who loses time finds trouble."

"Yes," said the master, as he looked at the

"TIME ENOUGH YET IS THE FOOL'S MOTTO" (p. 11).