

ized that justice must be forced. "It is a very long time since you forbade him to touch the machine—perhaps he forgot," suggested his aunt.

"And if he forgot that would make a difference, would it not?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly," answered his mother, "Did you forget, Frankie? I know my boy will speak the truth."

There was a pause, and in that pause there was a struggle between right and wrong; then came the answer with a passionate cry, as though the struggle were almost beyond his puny strength: "O mamma, mamma, I did remember. I shan't make believe to myself!"

Brave boy! How often we children of a larger growth lack the courage of being honest with ourselves.

#### Enjoy as You Go.

Some people mean to have a good time when their hard work is done,—say, at fifty. Others plan to enjoy themselves when their children are grown up. Others mean to take their pleasure when they get to be rich, or when their business is built up on a sure foundation, or the farm is paid for, or the grind of some particular sorrow is overpast.

These individuals might as well give up ever having a good time. The season of delight, which is so long waited and hoped for, too rarely comes. Disease, poverty, death, claim each his victims. The lives of those whom we love, or our own, go out, and what is left?

Then take your pleasure to-day, while there is yet time. Things may not be in the best shape for that visit you have been so long planning to your only sister. It might be better if you could wait till you had a more stylish suit of clothes, or till the boy was at home from college to look after the place; but she is ready now. You are both growing old,—you had better go.

John drives round with the horse. "Jump in, mother," he says. "It is a lovely day. You need the fresh air." Don't say, "I can't go,—I was intending to make doughnuts," or "My crimping-pins are not out," or "My dress isn't changed." Put on your warm coat, tie a veil around your hat, take your ride. If you don't take such things when you can get them, they are apt to be shy when you want them again.

Don't say, "I shall be glad when that child is grown up! What quantities of trouble he makes!" No,—enjoy his cunning ways,—revel in his affectionate hugs and kisses,—they will not be so plenty by-and-bye. Enjoy his childhood. It will look sweet to you when it is gone forever.

Enjoy the littles of every day. The great favours of fortune come to but few, and those who have them tell us that the quiet, homely joys that are within the reach of us all, are infinitely the best. Then let us not cast them away, but treasure every sunbeam, and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.

#### Peacocks in Their Hearts.

A Washington lady recently tried to impress upon her little girl the evil of personal vanity, by drawing a picture of the human heart with a peacock in it. "Mamma, what does that mean?" queried the little one.

"My child, it means when you have your new hat and dress on, and go to

church thinking how fine and pretty you look, there is something ugly in your heart that is like the gorgeous bird, which is all fine feathers—nothing else. Its voice is a dreadful screech; it can't sing or say anything nice to anybody, only admire itself and strut about."

The little girl's face grew very thoughtful. She was evidently taking in the lesson for future reference, as the result proved. On Sunday morning papa appeared in a new suit of clothes, and he bitched about here and there before the dressing table, carefully noting how it fitted at every point. Meanwhile mamma had on her spring suit, with a nice new bonnet, and spent much time before the glass putting the finishing touches to her elegant toilet.

The little girl, equally fresh and presentable, paid no attention to her new finery, but watched her parents from the vantage ground of her little rocking chair.

Finally, just as they were ready to start for church, the little one looked up innocently, and said: "Mamma, haven't you and papa got a peacock in your hearts this morning? I felt mine coming, and I just said: 'Go away, bad bird, you can't come in here to-day, I'm going to church.'"

#### The Lesson of the Leaves.

BY M. E. PAULL.

We are all apt to think rather scornfully of leaves as accomplishing little or no good in the world, and when they have passed through all their various stages, from the tiny bud of early spring, through the luxuriance of June, the verdant beauty of August, and the crimson and amber radiance of the fall, and drop at last sere and brown beneath the tree whose bare branches now stand naked and forlorn in the chill winds, we think that their lives have accomplished nothing, and that apart from its beauty a leaf has no value.

But this a great mistake. Did you ever think what mission a leaf fulfils in its short life? How do you suppose the trunk of a tree is made, that grand column which stands stately and tall through all the storms of winter and heat of summer? It is a wonderful story. Each little leaf sends down a tiny fibre, which slowly stretches its line from the expanding leaf all the way down to the root, and thus, little by little, with these infinitesimally small fibres the mighty trunk is built. Is it not a marvellous and beautiful thing that such greatness is composed of such little things?

Our words and deeds may seem as worthless as the leaves upon a tree have appeared—small, fleeting things, which soon pass away and are forgotten, never to be gathered up in this world, and to which no especial value can be attached. But they are forming that enduring thing called character, just as the line descending from the stem of the leaf is making the tree trunk. Whether our character is moulded for good or evil depends upon the influence of our actions and words. Our character does not form us. We form our character. The growth of the tree trunk is a beautiful type of character building. Little by little it is formed, and if we take care that each word that we utter, each act that we do, shall be pure and true, then we may be sure that day by day our character is growing in the likeness of our great Example. The words and deeds may drop out of memory,

but their influence remains, and shall have a part forever in the character which we have made by the little things of life.

#### The Pouting Habit

Pouting is a very bad and disagreeable habit. It brings a good deal of trouble into the family, and a good deal of shame on the one that pouts. We feel very guilty and don't want to own to it. When a boy pouts he looks very solemn and sour, and won't speak at all. When a girl pouts she hides her face in her apron and snuffs a good deal. When a boy is pouting he never whistles very loud, and when a girl is pouting she never sings very sweetly. When children are pouting real hard they generally run away to some place to hide, so that no one can see the shame on their faces. Sometimes they will not speak to father and mother for a long time, and will not come to dinner when they are called.

Sometimes older persons pout. Large brothers and sisters pout and do not speak to each other for two or three days, and sometimes they go away from home in a pout and stay a long time.

Sometimes husbands and wives pout, and although they sit together at the same table, will not speak for a day or two. All this pouting makes a good deal of trouble and sadness in the family. It drives away all cheerfulness and smiles and song.

It is very sad, too, to see children pouting in school; pouting at their schoolmates and refusing to play; pouting at their teacher and refusing to recite; holding their faces down on the desk and refusing to look up. It takes a very bad sullen child to pout before its schoolmates and teacher. Children who pout at home and at school, generally grow up to be sour men and women, whom nobody likes.

#### The Three Troubles.

A clever and charming old lady, at a fashionable resort, said to her group of girl admirers gathered for a talk:—

"My dears, you wonder that nothing ever seems to annoy me. Some people, you know, have their trouble three times (I used to have)—first in anticipation, next in experiencing the reality, and lastly, in living it all over again. But I have made up my mind that to have troubles once is enough. I prefer variety, you see. So now I wait till the disaster befalls; and then I want to think about it as little as possible, unless I can see some way to remedy it, and I forget it as soon as I can.

"I have found out that it isn't really worth while to be disturbed, especially by an occurrence that cannot be helped. Thus I escape two-thirds the worry that I would otherwise have."

—We are generally too low in our aims, more anxious for safety than sanctity, for place than purity.

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