

self, until, perhaps, every one in the room has taken his turn. If that little, fluttering moth was a mad dog you couldn't seem much more anxious to put it out of the way, for you know that, though it looks so harmless, yet, if it gets into the carpets and woolen clothes, it will riddle them all through with tiny holes, and spoil them for next winter's use. Now this sin of selfishness of which I am warning you is very much like those moth millers. It is flying around in all our homes. It lights here and there and everywhere, sometimes upon the father and mother, sometimes upon the older brother and sister, sometimes even upon the baby's cradle. It makes no noise. It flits about as silently as the moth-miller and often looks just as innocent, but it does a thousand times more harm. It would be better for you to find all your winter clothes in the fall full of moth-holes than to find your characters when you grow up, full of the holes of selfishness.

Whenever you see one of these sins fluttering about your hearts kill it, kill it, give it no quarter. After all though there are so many selfish people in the world and the air is so thick with these