

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

No boy need ever be ashamed of running away from a temptation. It is often the bravest thing to do.

The boy who exercises his body so that it grows and strengthens ought to be exercising his soul every day, too, lest the body should get ahead.

A task never grows smaller or lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done. There is an old maxim which says that a thing "once begun is half done."

The little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found where they made horses. She had seen a man finishing one. He was nailing on his last foot.

"My dear brudders an' sisters," remarked the venerable colored pastor, "dere is some of do folks in dis ch'urch gives accawdin' to deir means, an' some accawdin' to deir meanness. Le's not have any of do secon class heah dis mawnin'!"

It is an awful thought that a boy may do a wrong in an hour that will cause him sorrow all through life; that the character of a man is in the hands of a heedless youth. Actions that cannot be taken back or repaired are very easy to do.

The missionaries tell some very pretty stories of the use of words by some of the tribes of Africa. One tribe calls thunder "the sky's gun"; morning is called "the day's child," and when ice was shown to them, they said, "It is water asleep."

"How do you spend your Sundays?" is the first of a list of questions presented for answer to every young man who applies for a situation in the Bank of England. If the answer is not satisfactory, no further questions are asked and he is dismissed.

One evening a young lady abruptly turned a street corner and ran against a boy, who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said: "I beg your pardon. Indeed, I am very sorry."

The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant. Then taking

off three fourths of a cap, all he had, bowed very low, smiled till his face became lost in a smile, and answered: "You can hev my parding and welcome, miss, and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down, and I won't say a word." It pays to be courteous.

An educated Buddhist was swinging his prayer wheel and repeating meaningless words, when Dr. G. F. Pentecost asked him: "What are you praying for?" "Oh, nothing," was the reply. "Whom are you praying to?" "Oh, nobody." What a dreary prayer!

The great Abraham Lincoln often preached what he called a sermon to his boys. It was short, direct, forcible, and made up of a series of "don'ts," as follows: "Boys, don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew, don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat, don't disobey your parents."

It is the little words you speak, the little thought you think, the little thing you do or leave undone, the little moments you waste or use wisely, the little temptations which you yield to or overcome—the little things of every day that are making or marring your future life.—Light on the Hidden Way.

There is an old story of a vessel sailing from Joppa, which carried a passenger who cut a hole in the side of the ship beneath his berth. When the men of the ship expostulated with him: "What doest thou, O miserable man?" the offender calmly replied, "What matters it to you? The hole I have made lies under my own berth!" Yet that hole sank the ship.

Our race is so interwoven that no one can do evil and not make others suffer. No person's actions stop with himself.

Boys should keep their youth free from stain. No boy has a right to mortgage his manhood, yet that is what he does every time he sins. The life that we make for ourselves in our early days we must carry all through the years. There is no escape from the serious misdeeds of youth; their blight is ever upon us. When we come to man's estate and wish to live clean, royal lives, the stains left from days of thoughtlessness are there to mar the beauty and innocence of our lives. We must carry our youth with us forever; and sometimes it seems like a clanking chain.