

with her dolls he tells her to keep the best doll for herself and give her playmate the homely rag-baby; when the little boy begins to build his first block house he tells him to use the best blocks and give his companions the poorest. Before the baby has discarded her pinafores this evil spirit is always whispering to her to look out for number *one*; to take the biggest lump of sugar and nicest piece of cake and the handsomest plaything and every time she does this she is allowing her great enemy to dig the trench under the citadel of her life, called character, a little longer and deeper.

Perhaps some little boys and girls may read this chapter. In order to make this matter very plain even to them, let me change the figure. Sometimes, when I am calling on your fathers and mothers, I see a harmless-looking little insect, with white wings, flying about the room. Nothing could look more innocent and unoffending than that little white-winged miller. But I notice that all the family are very anxious to kill it. Your mother tries to capture it, and if she fails then your father claps his hands at it, and then uncle John takes his turn, and then you try for it your-