

Superintendent, and was there informed that a position was his as a brakeman on a local passenger train.

The conductor of the freight had noted all the while the young man's application, and knew his ambitions, though he had said nothing. One morning he was in the office of the Superintendent, and spoke a good word for him. The situation was the result.

Still the young man was not satisfied. He hoped that some day there would be a place for him as conductor on a local, possibly an express. One of the brakemen advised him to be content with his present situation. He said that he had been on the road for a number of years, and was convinced that it was only those who had influential friends that were promoted.

One morning an old man from the rural districts thrust a paper into the complaining brakeman's hand, asking that he direct him to the address thereon. The brakeman snapped out something about its being none of his business, and went about his work.

Abashed, the old gentleman was about to leave the train, when the brakeman who aspired to a higher position, assisting him to alight, told him to wait a moment till he had finished his duties, when he would see him aboard the right street-car.

A moment later, taking the old gentleman's arm, he piloted him across the great station, hailed the proper car, and in less than five minutes was back again.

When his train rolled into the depot the following morning he was summoned to the office.

"Young man," said the superintendent, "you have been reported."

Astonished, and wondering what he had done that could have offended any one, the young man stood before his superior in confusion.

"W—what have I done?" he at last managed to stammer.

"You have been polite and painstaking to one of the patrons of our road."

"I—I don't understand!" gasped the young man in still more embarrassment.

"You are just the man we have been looking for," continued the superintendent. "There is a vacancy on the Portland express. Consider yourself assistant conductor and report for duty at once."

All this took place more than fifteen years ago. To-day our hero is one of the most popular conductors on the road.—Sel.

## THE BOY IN THE VINEYARD.—A FABLE

**A** BOY, one day, found himself in a vineyard. He looked around to see what there was for a boy to do. He saw strong men digging up the ground ready for planting and he said to himself, "I cannot do that." He saw others bearing heavy baskets of fruit on their shoulders, and he said, "I am not strong enough to do that."

But, presently, he saw a vine the leaves of which a worm was eating. "Hero," he said to himself, "is something that I can do," and he picked the worm off the vine.

By and by he came to a plant that looked withered and sickly. "It wants water," he said, "I know what I will do. I will carry water for it."

Next he overtook a man with a heavy basket on his shoulder, who was trying to open a gate. The boy hurried and opened the gate for him. He began to see that there were plenty of things a boy could do, even if he was small and weak.

When he came back again to the vine from which he had picked the worm, there stood a boy who said to him, "I want to thank you for helping me get rid of a bad habit."

"How did I help you?" asked the other boy in astonishment.

"Why, I am the vine from which you picked the worm. That worm was the habit of telling lies, but you helped me to break it by telling the truth even when it cost you punishment."

When he came to the vine he had watered, there stood an old woman, who began to thank him for cheering her up. "Don't you remember how you young people brought me flowers and kind messages when I was sick?"

A little farther on he met a man with a shining face, who said: "You helped me to find Jesus. I was a poor heathen burdened with ignorance and superstition, and you young people paid a Bible reader who opened the wonderful way of life to me."—Sel.

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Nothing is easier to form than a habit. The action breaks a path through an untrodden wilderness, the next widens it, the third makes a trodden highway. When a young man or girl drops into slang for fun, or, still worse, uses a word which borders on profanity, there is a feeling of recoil the first time. But habit removes restraint, and presently the unfortunate or improper mode of speech is used without conscious protest. To beware of an evil habit is as important as to form a good one.