

"You are so good," was all that was said in reply, but the matter did not drop there. There were many disappointments, yet in the end the plan succeeded. Now the widow lives in a comfortable home of her own and she is able to help others. This she tries to do for this reason: She has known the bitterness of want and the blessedness of a friend in need.

When the story was ended Grace and Frank exchanged glances and Frank asked:

"Mother, were you that poor woman?"

Mrs. Alcott bowed her head in reply and slipped out of the room.—Sel.

COULD NOT STAND THE TEST.

"Would you talk like that if Go were here and you could see him as plainly as you can see me?" said a minister to a young man whom he had surprised in a paroxysm of profanity.

"Well sir," retorted the swearer, defiantly, "if you mean to imply that I am a coward"—"No," said the minister, "I mean nothing of the sort and it is because you undoubtedly possess courage that I am going to make to you an unusual proposition. If you will stand alone in the churchyard to-night at twelve o'clock and repeat aloud the oaths you have just uttered, I will pay you a sum equal to your week's wages."

The young man demurred at "stooping," as he said, "to such a silly whim," but finally confessed that he was very much in need of money and was therefore willing to "earn it easy."

"But how will you know I have kept my promise?" he asked.

"I shall trust to your honor sir," replied the minister.

The young man went to the cemetery at midnight. His thoughts during his walk there and in the silence among the "pillared marbles," can only be guessed. His mother's grave was there and he had not visited it for years. A natural feeling led him to the spot. He heard the steeple clock strike twelve, but he did not open his lips. It struck one, it struck two, it struck three before he went away. He could not utter profane words beside his mother's grave. Dared he utter them to his living Maker?

The next day when the minister offered him the promised money, he said: "No. I have not earned it. The job was too much for me." But the effect of the night's experience was such that swearing became obnoxious to him.

There was no "superstition" in this. The incident shows merely that the rebuking effect of a solemn circumstance will sometimes expose one's wickedness to one's self when nothing else can. More than this, human experience has often declared that in a sacred association something divine seems to speak, something that is above conscience itself.—The Youth's Companion.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

SUPPOSE A BOY

Has a lot of cigarettes and smokes a few of them every day. Is there any injury in this? I can tell you for I have had such boys for patients. Such smoking even in so-called moderation (as if there were any such thing as moderation in stimulants for the young!) will do three things for him:

1. It will run his pulse up to one hundred or more per minute.

2. It will reduce his weight below the healthy standard.

3. It will reduce his strength and general vitality as will appear in his pale complexion and diminished appetite. . . . Cigarette smoking is one of the worst habits physically that a boy can form. It injures the heart and digestion and it tends to check the growth. It gives a lad false and silly notions and it does not bring him into good company.—Harper's Young People.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to keep clean and healthy as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird and tree and human voice but not to give heed to what the serpent says or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's finger-urint in flower and field and snowflake.

HOW HE SAID HIS PRAYERS.

A little boy being put to bed one night asked to be carried about a little first that he "might think a bit before saying his prayer." How many forget to *think a bit*, but just fall down on their knees say their thread-bare sentences and rise again to resume the talk that was for a little interrupted!

Few boys would go to seek a situation from a gentleman without a deal of preparation so as to look clean and smart and a great deal of thought about what words they should use, and yet many approach the greatest Master and seek for the best place without really thinking what they are about. The gentleman needing a boy would not be likely to engage that one who came looking as if he did not mind whether he got the situation or not and certainly God will not be less wise.

It is said of an old schoolmaster, John Trebonius, that he never entered his school and met his boys without taking off his hat by way of respect as he said he knew not what great men some of them might yet be. How much more should we reverence God when we worship him!