

up a little party to go by boat down to the city and see the show to-night.'

'But we can't be back in time for to-morrow's lessons.'

'Of course not, but who cares.'

'I care, but it won't make much difference in the end, I suppose.'

'Certainly not. It will cost us only about five dollars apiece, and we will have a good time.'

Five dollars meant a good deal to the father and mother out on the hills, and Ralph knew it. It was, though, a good opportunity to show the boys that he did not care for the rules of the school, and was a 'good fellow.' So he did not say anything more, but went toward the depot to arrange for the trip. As they went along, the little party of boys now gathered came down the quiet street. It was so cool in there, and the water running on the lawns was so inviting.

'There's a stylish place,' remarked Jim as they came to the residence of the judge.

'But there's one that I like better,' said Ralph, as he pointed to the cottage where a fair-faced girl was sitting in the shade of the porch. Then as he looked, somehow there came over him a queer feeling. What was it? He knew—it came from the big bed of four o'clocks that was so prominent a feature of the yard. He remembered that his mother up among the hills always had a bed of four o'clocks in the front of the house. He could see her now, sitting on the porch and knitting or sewing for him. Some of the articles came to him at the school, and others were kept for his return in the summer. He smelled the sweet odors that came from the flowers, and the impression was stronger than ever. He could almost see the old home, and the city with its busy ways was forgotten. He felt, too, that he was in his present actions proving a traitor to that home and to the mother. The flowers were shaming him into remembering it all.

'Come on, Ralph, come on,' called the others, who were far in the lead, having left him standing before the bed of four o'clocks.

He was startled himself to see what he had done, and hurried towards his companions. They laughed as they saw the expression on his face.

'Seen a ghost?' asked Jim.

'No, boys, but I'm not going with you.'

'What's the matter? Are you sick?'

'Not at all, but I am going to write a letter home. I have neglected it for weeks. Those flowers in that yard are the kind my mother plants, and I'm a little homesick about it I guess.'

'Well,' put in Jim, after a while, 'I don't know but you are right, Ralph. We all ought to stay at home and work—but then we will miss a good time.'

'I guess I'll stay,' announced one of the others, a country boy. He, too, had recognized something familiar in the old-fashioned flowers.

'And I, and I, and I,' came the agreements of the others, and soon the party was given up, and the boys were at their rooms the next day as usual.

'I hope you won't plant any of those old country flowers next year,' remarked Kate's aunt one day. 'They have done nobody any good, have they?'

'No, not that I know of, except that I liked them.'

But they did not know all the good the bed of four o'clocks had done. — Charles Moreau Harger.

'O God, I Belong to Thee.'

Wendell Phillips was recognized as perhaps in his day, the foremost of American orators. There was especially noticeable about him a marked ethical momentum.

No other word so well expresses it. Momentum is the product of the mass of matter by the velocity of movement. When he spoke on great moral questions, he carried his auditor with him by oratorical force, into which entered two grand elements: first, there was a noble, strong, weighty manhood back of the speech; and, second, there was a rapid onward movement in forcible argument and intense earnestness of emotion and lofty purpose, all facilitated by simplicity of diction and aptness of illustration.

This American Demosthenes had gone through the temptations which a rich young man confronts, to early dissipation, and developed a great moral character, which must cause him ever to remain one of the noblest figures in the history of New England.

An interesting fact is related of his early boyhood: One day, after hearing Lyman Beecher preach, he repaired to his room, threw himself on the floor, and cried: 'O God, I belong to thee! Take what is thine own! I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me, and whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it.'

'And,' observed Mr. Phillips, in later years, 'I have never found anything that impressed me as being wrong, exerting any temptation over me, nor has it required any courage on my part to do whatever I believed to be right.'

What a key to a human life! In that supreme hour his higher moral nature, with God's help, subjugated his lower self; and for him henceforth, there was no compromise with animal passion, carnal ambition, selfishness, cupidity, or any other debasing inclination; they were 'suppliants at the feet of his soul.'—Dr. A. T. Pierson.

A Silver Quarter.

The 'Texas Baptist' once published a story by Julia McNair Wright, which contains a good lesson.

'Ben Hono will soon be a very bad boy.' So the neighbors all said. Ben was absenting himself from church and from Sabbath-school. He was going with bad boys, and instead of doing any useful work, he was into every kind of mischief. One day Ben and his group of evil companions were sitting upon some boxes on a street corner.

'How hot it is,' cried one of the boys. 'Let's go and get some beer.'

'We haven't any money, am' they won't trust us,' said another.

'Ben, you get it from your dad; he's rich.'

'He won't give me any,' said Ben, gloomily. Just then the boys saw Dr. Kane coming down the street; he came slowly, leaning on his gold-headed staff; his white hair fell about his shoulders, and his long white beard lay on his breast; he was a picture of noble and venerable old age.

'Makes one think always of Abraham,' said one of the boys, who had been to Sunday-school.

'Always 'minds one of the verse about "a hoary head being a crown of glory if found in the way of righteousness," and that's where he is,' said another.

'He's the kindest hearted man in town. See here, boys! Watch me get a quarter out of him,' exclaimed Ben.

He bent down and slipped a pebble into each shoe, and put one into his cheek; then rubbing his eyes hard, until they were red, he nearly closed them, as if almost blind, and so limped up to Dr. Kane. The good old man saw but poorly without his glasses, which he did not wear in the street.

Ben going near to him, said, in a lamentable whine:

'Please mister, give me a quarter to buy my dinner.'

The old man looked at him and said, gently, 'Poor boy! lame and nearly blind—and so young!' Then taking the quarter from his pocket, he put it into Ben's outstretched hand, and kindly patted him on the shoulder, said: 'God bless you, my son,' and passed on.

Ben returned to the boys the quarter shut up in his hand. He took the pebbles from his mouth and shoes, and looked fixedly at the sidewalk.

'Haven't you got the gall!' said one boy.

'That was sharp of you, Ben!'

'Come along and get us the beer.'

'Beer!' cried Ben, fiercely; 'I wouldn't spend that quarter on beer; or any other kind of badness, for any price! Did you hear what he said to me—so as if he meant it—"God bless you, my son." Oh, I wish I hadn't asked him for the money!'

'Well, if you won't spend it, what will you do with it?' demanded the boys.

'I don't know,' said Ben, miserably.

That quarter, fresh from the good man's touch, given with a benediction, seemed clean and sacred to Ben. His own soiled hands and pocket with playing cards in it, did not seem clean enough for that money.

'I'm going home,' he said crossly.

He had thought of the top drawer in his bureau, a drawer kept so neatly by his good mother, everything in it nice and fresh and orderly, and smelling of lavender! He would put the money there.

When he reached his room it was clean, cool and shady, after the hot, dusty street. He dropped the quarter into the top drawer, and feeling himself weighed down by that 'God bless you, my son,' he threw himself on the foot of the bed to try and sleep it off. Still he thought of the money, suppose someone should find it in his drawer and take it. Perhaps he had better hide it under the winter flannels in the bottom drawer.

Well, if he touched it again he must wash his hands first. The cool water felt good to his hands, and the washed hands showed how dirty the wrists were, so he went to the bath-room and took a bath. A bath made clean clothes necessary, so he dressed himself clean from top to toe. Then he hid the quarter under a pile of clean flannels. He was now too neat for his usual companions and haunts, and besides it was dinner time. After dinner he lay down under a tree and fell asleep. He dreamed that all the birds sang gently—'God bless you, my son'—and that all the leaves were silver quarters, and rained down upon him and buried him.

Finally he awoke feeling as if that quarter weighed five hundred pounds, and was on his back fast as Pilgrim's burden. Perhaps if he did some good work he might forget that quarter. His mother wished to have the garden raked—he would do that. How pleased his mother was, and how his father's face brightened at seeing him at two meals in succession on time, looking clean and quiet! After tea he could not go loafing about with those boys, they would surely speak about that quarter. He went early to bed. When the light was out, the quarter seemed to rise out of the drawer and cover the ceiling; he heard Dr. Kane's voice, saw his venerable face. He slept and now the quarter was in his shoes; it was in his pocket weighing like lead.

At breakfast his father asked him to help him with some work in the garden, and at dinner his mother said that she must go out into the country for three days, to see Cousin Mary, and she wanted Ben to harness the horse and take her in the buggy; he would have a good time at Cousin Mary's, she said; Josephine was there.

Now Ben regarded Josephine with awe and