Elmwood on their wheels. It would be a pleasant ride for them.'

'Very pleasant. I think we would better allow Peyton to go. William Randall seems to me to be a very fine young man.'

So the matter was settled, and Saturday of the same week saw the young man and the boy setting forth on their trip.

It was a bright day in the early part of June. Fields and woods were in their most beautiful array, and everything was favorable for the ride. They had chosen the afternoon for their journey, and it was toward evening when they entered the village of Elmwood, where a cordial greeting and a good night's rest awaited them.

Felton, the younger son of the family, was near Peyton's age, and it had been arranged for the two boys to room together.

When they awoke on Sunday morning Peyton carefully dressed himself in his best clothes, which had been forwarded by express.

'You needn't be so careful, old fellow,' said Felton, observing the nicety of his companion's toilet. 'We're not very particular here in the matter of dress.'

'But aren't you going to church this morning ?'

'Oh, it is Sunday, isn't it ? I'd forgotten that altogether. Of course, I'll go if you want to, but I'm afraid that we'll be the only ones in our pew.'

Peyton was quite surprised at hearing this, for in his own home church-going was as regular as the coming of Sunday itself. Yet he wisely made no reply. He had awakened at his ordinary time, and he and Felton soon made their way to the front piazza, which was then a perfect bower of roses. There they waited a full hour for the ringing of the breakfast bell, which was followed about fifteen minutes later by the appearance of Mrs. Randall, clad in a morning gown of thin fabric.

'Good morning, Peyton. ,Good morning Felton. You are very active this morning. I think you ought to have a reward for promptness, so I shall give you the two prettiest roses I can find. You seem to be ready for church. I wish I were, but I hardly feel like making the exertion of dressing on such a warm morning as this. Come in to breakfast now. We'll not wait for the others.'

The three sat down to partake of a tempting breakfast, which was preceded by silent grace. Peyton missed the sound of his father's voice asking for a blessing upon the food, and this gave him a feeling of homesickness which he bravely strove to overcome.

When Mrs. Peyton and the boys were nearly through with their meal William entered the breakfast room in his bicycle suit. 'I see that you are planning another ride,' said his mother. 'Hardly ; I think I will rest today,' was the reply, 'but I awoke so late that I donned the nearest things I could find. They'll do as well as anything else to lounge in. We've been working so hard in the store lately that I am ready to begin my vacation by resting.'

Peyton was wondering when the head of the family might appear, but he was not destined to see him that morning. Mr. Randall was in the habit of spending the first half of the Lord's Day in bed, something altogether unheard-of by the young visitor.

So it came to pass that Felton's prophecy proved true. He and Felton were the only representatives of the family at church. The day was wonderfully fair, the walk most beautiful, the service helpful to all who attended it. How strange that some should choose to absent themselves from it!

When the boys returned from church they found Mrs. Randall reading a novel; her husband engrossed with a Sunday paper ; the elder son playing with a kitten.

It all seemed very queer to Peyton, the boy with a Christian training.

'I think you told me that you have Sunday-school in the afternoon,' he said to Felton, as they sat down on the shady side of the piazza.

'Well, yes, we do, but I don't always go. In fact, I don't go very often. Mother isn't particular about it.'

'Will you go with me to-day ?'

'Why, yes, of course, if that's the sort of thing you like. I suppose you'd like to look at a lesson paper. I'll try to hunt mine up, but I can't remember when I had it.'

A prolonged search resulted in the finding of Felton's bible under a sofa pillow, and in it the lesson paper.

The two boys studied faithfully together until they were summoned to dinner.

'Do you know you're a kind of a missionary ?' said Felton to his visitor as they laid aside the bible. 'I don't believe that I've studied my Sunday-school lesson before in six months.'

'I should think you would miss it,' was Peyton's quiet reply.

In the afternoon the two friends started off as they had agreed. Mr. and Mrs. Randall watched them until they turned the nearest corner. 'That little fellow makes me ashamed of myself,' confided Mrs. Randall to her husband. 'He seems to do his duty as a matter of course. I wish I were so conscientious.'

'Then suppose we go to church this evening. Probably the boy will think it right to go, and we mustn't act as if we were heathen.'

Mrs. Randall was surprised at this proposition. When had her husband ever suggested going to a church service before ? It had always been she who had made the proposition when it was made at all.

Mr. Randall replied to her questioning look. 'No wonder that you are surprised, Nellie, but the fact is that when I was a boy my mother taught me to go to church regularly. I'm ashamed when I think how I have given up the habit. You and I are not setting a good example to our sons in this matter, Nellie.'

No more was said on the subject at that time. After supper Mr. Randall asked of Felton, 'Are you going to take your company to church again ?'

'Yes, sir. He wants to go.'

'Your mother and I will accompany you. We're not going to let you little fellows outdo us altogether.'

William, who heard the conversation, now joined in, 'Then I must go to church, too. I can't be the only one of the family to stay at home.'

So Peyton had let his light shine all day, and his good example was already being followed.

Is it not an important thing for a boy to be true to his Christian principles.—Mary J. Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Right Bent.

(By L. Eugenie Eldridge.)

In my native town, years ago, a group of merry children were busy with play. Henry Worth, son of Judge Worth, the village magnate, halted a moment to ask of the others 'What they had decided to do for a living ?' This question, so unique, and at once so typical, arrested my attention. I was the school teacher at the time, and these boys my pupils, therefore I waited with some interest the answer.

'Say, boys,' again shouted Henry, 'what are you fellows going to do to earn money when you are men ? You know the teacher tells us almost every day we shall soon be men. For my part, I mean to get money. Tell you, boys, money's the thing I mean to have, "hook or crook !" '

'Hook or Crook !' That sounded the keynote. Henry was that in school ; what he could not readily obtain by fair means, he meant to win by foul.

'Yes, money,' answered Frank Harris, an open-faced, blue-eyed boy ; 'but my mother says you must have the right bent about everything you do.'

Frank's mother was a widow, poor in this world's goods, but possessing a goodly inheritage of truth and honesty.

'Well, money's my motto,' answered Henry; 'and money I mean to have. That talk about "bent" is all nothing. Money's the thing'!'

The years passed on, as years must, fairly ran away with each other, till a score had been numbered since the talk of the boys in the school yard. During this time I had always been living in a distant city, now I had returned for a long stay at home, as I still loved to call the old town.

Naturally my questions led to my old pupils. They were scattered far and near, but Judge Worth's son, Henry Worth, was in town, living in fine style, they told me, in a big house on the hill. His wife was the most fashionably arrayed woman the place afforded, his horses fleet, his children enjoying luxuries money brought ; but a sigh now and then escaped the speaker, and I noticed a certain want of respect in tone and manner.

'What is his business ?' I asked. 'How does he support this establishment ?'

'He sells rum !'

The words fell from the speaker's lips like coals of fire.

'Yes,' she repeated, 'sells liquors of all kinds and descriptions to everybody—little boys and old men. Many a young man has he ruined in this town, and many a mother's curse has fallen upon him. But he says it brings money, and money is his one object.'

I remembered the conversation long years before in the school yard ; Henry was indeed getting money, but the 'bent' was surely in the wrong direction.

'What of Frank Harris ?' I asked.

'Frank Harris—God bless him !' said the lady. 'He's been the salvation of this town as far as it's saved from that dreadful rum shop of Worth's. The temperance society was formed by him, and many has he induced to take the pledge and helped to keep it. But Frank's making money, too ; not by demoralizing those about him, though! You know he studied civil engineering, and now he has a government contract for a large piece of surveying in the West. He is leading the chain across the Rockies, and my Sam is with him. Sam's a good boy, if I do say it; but where he would have been if Henry Worth had had his way, I can't say. With Frank Harris I can trust him. Only yesterday he wrote Frank would one day be a rich man, and one we should all be proud of. A man of strict integrity and principle like Frank was the kind wanted to send on this business for the government—straightforward, upright, and not bought or sold.'

The mother's teaching, I caught myself thinking, has not been in vain. The good seed has taken root, and the fruitage is shown in Frank's life. The right 'bent' tells, money or no money.'—'Good Words.'