

ting over at the west window; and Flip could be seen outlined against the evening sky, standing obediently on his hind legs. "Is it you, Flip," said Brother Joe, "that uses my pen, and gets it inky half-way up the handle? Is it you that tears up the day's paper into kite tails; that turns down the corners of my books, and makes greasy finger marks on them? Do you leave my door open, and drop crumbs on the floor, and play in my fire, and eat the apples off my table? Somebody does these things, Flip; and if you can find out who it is, let me know; and when your master ties you up for a thrashing, I'll thrash the fellow that gives me so much trouble."

Flip, turned loose, flew over to Philip.

"Flip's found him for you, Brother Joe," said the little boy, laughing, but with red face, which the dusk hid. "If Flip needs one thrashing, it looks as though his master needed six."

"Maybe that will teach the little master to be easy on people's failings when he stops and counts up his own," said Brother Joe kindly.

Maybe it did.—*Sunday-School Evangelist.*

AN INCIDENT.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother and little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother. The friend was only going from one way-station to the next, while the others were on a long journey. There happened to be but one vacant double seat in the car; and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next to the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend: "No, I won't; because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already at the windows."

"But, darling, only ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the window *now.*"

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleasure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk with her friend, and you can sit by the window the whole day long?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis.

And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, and good-natured urging from the friend, the home-nurtured bit of selfishness kept his place, the mother never dreaming of insisting on the right and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so enjoy looking out of the window."

When seven-year-old Bobby becomes Robert, the husband, his sad little wife will wonder, "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives?"—*Century.*

"An old shoemaker struck the true spiritual keynote when he said, 'My chief work is to serve Christ, and I am in the shoemaking business to pay expenses.' That was the apostolic method of service, and St. Paul emphasized it when he declared, 'For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified.' This high-aimed singleness of purpose in one's life-work is the supreme religious need of the hour both in the pulpit and in the pew."

One bad boy will pervert a whole school if he is given free course. On the other hand, one manly, Christian boy will show a spirit and set an example that will give the tone to the whole society about him. Boys, be brave and strong in the Lord. The Duke of Wellington said that Waterloo was won on the Eton playground.

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