

But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral to it. You are more frequently observed, and heard and overheard, than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes, and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people's making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes, and parental respect, would speak in your behalf.—*Golden Days.*

THE TRAIN BOY.

He had done several little errands for the gentleman in the Pullman car, and as the man got off he slipped a dollar into his hand.

"I like your looks, Jimmy," he said kindly. "Now, remember that you can make yourself whatever you wish. I don't mean by that that you may become a Vanderbilt if you desire, or the President of the United States, but I do mean that you can be something better yet—a Christian man. Don't forget that."

It was ten years later before the two met again. Then Jimmy had just been made conductor on an important road, and in one of the passengers he recognized his old-time friend. The gentleman had changed but little in the ten years just passed, but it was hard to persuade him that the fine-looking young conductor was the ragged train boy of whom he still retained a faint remembrance.

"But I certainly am he," Jimmy asserted, energetically, "and I've always wanted to tell you how much your words and your kindness did for me. I'd been getting into low company, and growing sort of wild and reckless, but your words just haunted me, and I got to wondering if that kind of thing paid. I concluded that I'd rather grow up a Christian man, as you said, than a drunken loafer, so I just stopped short and commenced over in dead earnest."

"And that was all the result of a few sentences, forgotten as soon as uttered," said the gentleman, thoughtfully. "It just shows what a mighty power for weal or woe our chance words may be, and how we ought to guard them."—*Classmate.*

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We must be purposely kind and generous, or we miss the best part of existence. The heart that goeth out of itself, gets large and full of joy. That is the great secret of the inner life. We do ourselves the most good in doing something for others.

BEGIN RIGHT.

"Boys," said papa, coming in through the yard as the rain began to fall, "put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of dirt you threw up yesterday around the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes, for the water to run off below."

Hal and Horace thought this great fun, and were soon at work. But presently papa called from a window.

"You are not doing that right, boys. You've turned the water all toward the house. It will be running into the cellar window next thing you know. Turn your channel away from the house at once."

"But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa," called Hal. "Before it does any harm we'll turn it off!"

"Do it right in the beginning," said papa, in a voice that settled things. "Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble. Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward."

The boys did as they were told, and were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this, papa found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys.

"That is not the kind of reading that I allow," he said. "Give it back at once."

"Please let me finish the book," pleaded Horace. "Then I can stop reading this kind, before it does me any harm."

"No," said papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day, "begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. Take the right direction first, and then you'll be sure of it."—*Ex.*

ONLY AN APPLE.

A desperate character they say he was—hard and callous. Perhaps it was true; but, at least, he was civil under the influence of kindness. "Good-bye, sir," he said, in a voice that would hardly have been recognized, so different was it from its usual rough and gruff tones.

He was just starting to work out a long sentence of transportation for burglary when we spoke to him of his first theft. He held up a crooked finger. "That was done, sir, when I was a boy; I fell from a tree into which I had climbed to steal an apple. That was my first theft." What hidden perils lie in the first step in an evil course!—*Chil. Rec.*

A high and noble purpose lends beauty, strength and dignity to character and life. The enthusiasm to make the most of one's powers and situation for God and man not only develops the purest and grandest energies of his nature, but casts a lovely glow over look, speech and action.