

The Sabbath-school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cool. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent entered.

"Who is that pale-faced boy in your class?" asked the superintendent of Johnny's teacher.

"His name is Jones; he lives in Stone Street, and I must visit him this very week. He is a well behaved boy."

"I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school."

The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and took him by the hand kindly.

"You have been here to school several Sabbaths, have you not, my boy?"

"Yes sir, I came just a month ago, to-day."

"Had you ever been to school before that time?"

"Yes, sir, before mother was taken sick, I used to go to — street school; but that was a great way off; and when mother got better and you opened this new school, she advised me to come here, as it is so much nearer."

"Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water street?"

"I was down there, sir, looking for a place."

"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large grocery store?"

Do you mean the store where the great copper worm stood on the sidewalk?"

"Yes."

"Oh, sir, I didn't know they sold

rum there when I first went in, and when I saw what kind of store it was, I was afraid."

"Have you a father?"

"No sir; father is dead," said the little boy, hanging down his head.

"What did your father do, my son—what was his business?"

"Sir, he once kept a large store like that;" and the child shuddered when he answered.

"Why did you not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you was coming into the store?"

"Because it was not mine, and I thought that the gentleman would find the owner sooner than I should."

"He did, my boy; it was my money. Did you not get a place yesterday?"

"No, sir, all the places were full, and nobody knew me."

"Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning: your teacher will tell you where I live."

Johnny went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street or anything else as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did. His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.

Surely this story carries its own moral.

#### COMMENCEMENT OF CRIME.

No disobedient child is virtuous, or happy. Every body foresees the ruin of such a child. Most of the cases of crime that lead to the penitentiary, or the gallows, commence by disobedience to parents.