

"Why, Fred!" and his mother looked at him with a troubled face.

"Well, mother, it will serve him right; he had no business doing it."

"My boy, you did not like it at all, so you know he will not."

"I know he won't, I don't mean him to."

"What does the Golden Rule say, Fred?"

Fred's face flushed, and he said slowly, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

"Would not you rather Willie would not have touched your book and let you have said a perfect lesson?"

"Why, of course, mother."

"Well, then, my boy, suppose you treat him as you would have him treat you. If you tore the leaves out of his book and got the prize, you would not enjoy it; your conscience would not let you, and he might have gotten the prize but for you."

"But, mother, his conscience won't be clear."

"I have nothing to do with his conscience, but I expect he will feel it before to-night is over, but I wish your conscience to be clear."

Fred sat silent; his mother watched him anxiously! presently he said: "It is true I didn't like what he did to me, and I know he wouldn't like me to do so to him, so I won't do it."

The next day when he got to school, George came toward him, "Now is the time, Fred," said he.

"I am not going to do it, George."

"Why?" said George.

"Because he won't like it."

"I wouldn't want him to like it," said George.

"The Golden Rule says, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,'" said Fred quietly.

"Well, I declare," said George, and with that George moved away.

When the time came for the lesson to be recited Fred knew his perfectly, and Willie missed his, and so it happened for nearly every day until the end of the term, and, when the teacher awarded the prize, it was to Fred Lewis.

After school, Willie Graham came up to Fred: "I am real glad you got the prize," and by the way he spoke Fred knew he was telling the truth; presently he said: "Fred, I tore the leaves out of your book the other day to make you miss."

"I know it," said Fred.

"You do, well, why didn't you revenge yourself?"

"Because," said Fred, quietly, "I tried to follow the Golden Rule."

"I'm sorry I did it; I have not had a moment's peace since," said Willie.

After talking awhile, they clasped hands and were as good friends as ever, and as Willie walked home he resolved to try and follow the Golden Rule also.—*Christian Observer*.

WHICH WAS THE BRUTE?

Several years ago there was a sad sight in Central Park, New York, spoiling its summer beauty. On the ground lay a helpless, intoxicated man. A large crowd gathered round. Over the degraded man, guarding him, there stood a fine Newfoundland dog. Policemen came up to remove the drunkard to the lock-up, but the dog told them, with his teeth, that it would not be safe to come nearer to himself and his unworthy master than about fifteen feet. They threw buckets of water on the faithful dog, but he only stood the nobler to his duty.

"We cannot take the man," said a policeman, "unless we shoot the brute."

A gentleman, looking on, asked the question, "Which is the brute?"

The eyes of all looked down with disgust on the man, but with admiration on the fidelity of the dog, and then policeman and crowd went on their way, leaving the drunkard in charge of his dumb friend.—*Nel*.

HE CAN BE TRUSTED.

"How people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of sight. We never say, 'I wonder where he is; I wonder why he doesn't come home.' Nothing of the sort.

"We know that he is all right, and that when he comes home we shall know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house.

"We don't have to call him back and make him 'solemnly promise' the same over and over two or three times. When he says, 'Yes, I will,' or 'No, I won't,' just once, that settles it."—*Robert Burdette*.