

stockings too, and showed them his feet with five toes on each, that they would listen to him at all, or believe that he was anything else than a spirit."

TRUTHFULNESS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and, arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in the money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said:

"What a fine large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"That melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, naming it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it." But," he added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "Is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow: always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and with man also. I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday! Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed; the gentleman, finding that he could always get a good article of Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through the various posts of service, he became at length the honored partner in the firm.

CULTIVATE A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet voice, to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, and at work while at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. Use your best voice at your home.

A missionary in Java, walking through a village, entered several houses, and in every one was an idol. In one he saw an engraving of the French Emperor Napoleon, before which incense was burning, and an old man was bowing and paying it honor and praying for a blessing. When asked why he worshiped a European engraving he replied, "O, we are not particular, we worship anything."