

ing a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had long desired to call his own he said, "Dennie, if you promise me that you will never drink any more rum, I will give you this gold watch. Will you do it?"

'Rising from his seat, he replied: "I will tell you, father, what I will do. If it is wrong for me to drink it is wrong for you, and if you stop drinking I will."

'Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them, his father would not have been more startled. "How could he preach or perform the laborious duties of a pastor without his daily glass of bitters? How could he get up in a cold winter's night and go to pray by the bed of some dying parishioner, without a glass of something to prevent him from taking cold? How could he attend the various ecclesiastical meetings of the church without something to help him bear the fatigue of the journey? The sacrifice in his idea was great, but the welfare of his child demanded it. And summoning all his resolution, with a faltering voice, he replied: "I will do it, my son." And thus they pledged themselves to total abstinence there, the lake, the trees and the pure blue sky being their only witnesses, save only the Holy Being who is everywhere. As they retraced their steps, his father, taking the little watch from his pocket, gave it to Dennie, and said: "My son, you have long wished that I would give you this watch. It's now yours as long as you keep your promise. Should that ever be broken, I shall expect you to return it to me; till then, let it be a token to you of this promise we have now made."

'Years have passed, and the same little Dennie is now a distinguished clergyman in one of the most populous Western cities. Four bright little boys called him father. The same little gold watch decorates his parlor wall, and often does he point to it and tell of his danger and his escape from the whirlpool of Intemperance.'—'Temperance Truths.'

Making Trouble For Others.

Little selfishnesses are the dead flies that Solomon says spoil the apothecary's ointment. They are like harsh notes which make discord in the sweet melody. Usually these little selfishnesses come from thoughtlessness.

When Frank comes in from school he flings his books on the sitting-room table, because he is in such a hurry to get his lunch before going out with the boys.

Mary plays tennis all afternoon, and stays on the grounds so late that she only reaches the porch when the tea-bell rings. She leaves her racket on the porch chair for someone else to put away, while she hurries in to the table.

Dick's muddy overshoes are left at the door, Florence's best gloves are tossed on the mantel and forgotten, and even grave and dignified father sometimes drops his paper on the floor when he leaves the breakfast table.

They all go their separate ways, forgetting meanwhile that someone else, some one whose back is just as easily tired as theirs,—and what a pity it's almost always the mother!—must trot around after them and put these things in place.

These careless folks do not realize how much trouble and work they give to other people. It would seem that their main maxim in life is to 'take care of number one'; certainly many of their actions could not be proved by the Golden Rule.—'Bright Jewels.'

Only a Pin.

'Only two or three days ago an overseer in an English mill found a pin which cost the company nearly a hundred pounds.'

'Was it stolen?' asked Susie. 'I suppose it must have been a very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?'

'Oh, no, my dear! not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress.'

'Such a pin as that cost nearly a hundred pounds!' exclaimed John. 'I don't believe it.'

'But mamma says it is a true story,' interposed Susie.

'Yes, I know it to be true. And this is the way the pin happened to cost so much. You know that calicoes, after they are printed and washed and dried are smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and indeed became wedged into it, the head standing out a little from the surface.

'Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still

another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound, and so on until a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside. When at length they came to be inspected it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web, and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now, in every piece there were from thirty-five to forty-five yards, and at ninepence a yard that would count up to about one hundred and eighty pounds.

'Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remnants, at about half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin.

'Now it seems to me that when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad who is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind and disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the evil influence clings to them, and leaves its mark upon everybody with whom they come in contact.

'That pin damaged irreparably 4,000 yards of new print, but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember, "one sinner destroyeth much good;" therefore, avoid evil companions.'—'Church Echo.'

Fight the Good Fight.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right:
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through
God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face:
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
His boundless mercy will provide:
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, his arms are near.
He changeth not, and thou art dear;

Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.
—'Waif.'