

much easier to correct a child of two years than one that has seen already some four or five summers. Listen to what a courageous and virtuous mother related some time ago in a family circle. "There was my Frankie playing with a doll. Our door was standing wide open for a while, and wishing to have it shut, I told Frankie to go and close the door. Frankie, however, was very busy with that doll, and did not mind my words. So I repeated once more: 'Frankie, go and shut the door!' But Frankie did not like to interrupt his play, and said: 'Mamma, I'm busy with the doll, I can't go.' 'Frankie,' I said again, 'leave that doll alone and go and shut the door.' This was too much for the little chap; he grew angry and cried out: 'No, I will not.' Thereupon, I had recourse to the rod; I gave Frankie a whipping and ordered him to shut the door. He cried, but continued in his

stubbornness. I gave him a second and better whipping. The little boy cried, of course, and even cried for mercy. I stopped and waited anxiously for the effect. 'Mamma,' said Frankie after a while, 'the doll will shut the door.' But, knowing it to be my duty to break my child's own will, I could not consent to what he said, and a third time I had recourse to the rod. I whipped the boy almost without mercy, and ordered him to shut the door. And this, my last effort, thanks to God, brought about the desired effect. For, after a moment, little Frankie jumped up and shut the door. And not only that; no, he did more. He came up to me, threw himself on my lap and said: 'Mamma, can Frankie do anything else for mamma?' "You all," concluded the mother, "will easily believe that tears of joy streamed down my face."

S. T.

God and Mammon.

When visiting a factory in an eastern state recently I happened to meet a young man whom I had known several years previously as one of the much admired writers of a scribbler's club. The young man was engaged in sweeping the floor and I soon ascertained that he was holding a subordinate position. He turned quietly towards me and appeared to hesitate as to whether he would greet me or not. I spoke kindly and heartily to him, and he blushed slightly, bade me "Good morning, Mr. ———," and resumed his sweeping.

That evening while at home beside a comfortable fire, and with almost all the luxuries of life about me, I thought of the changed position of my quondam friend. I remembered him as he appeared many years before, filling a lucrative position even before he became a full-fledged citizen of the United States, for he was an immigrant from a European country. For a few years he was very diligent and attentive to his duties, and consequently gained the confidence and respect of his employers, and those hold-

ing superior offices over him. He became a member of various organizations which brought him prominently before the local public, giving him an opportunity of displaying his many talents, for he was certainly a gifted youth and had the advantage of a first class European education and was well fitted to fill almost any position requiring a person of education. He received invitations to the homes of the "best people" in the locality. Sometimes he would attend, but oftener he would disappoint his friends by remissness. Eventually it was learned he had cultivated a desire for strong liquors and his spare time was spent in debauchery with undesirable acquaintances, who were intellectually his inferiors. He became so reckless in his behavior that he lost his position and none of his influential friends would do anything for him as he could not be relied upon. At last he went abroad into an enforced exile and returned a wiser if sadder man. He was compelled to accept a subordinate position, with a promise of being reinstated if he conducted

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