

"No, I didn't," said Nettie, sadly.

"Oh, Nettie did you think the Lord wanted you to get money that way for Him?"

Nettie gave a little gasp. She had not looked at it that way before. Sure enough, it was the Lord's money, and she had been getting it—she used the ugly word right out plainly—dishonestly.

"My child," grandma went on, "if you wanted me to give you five cents, you should come and ask me; but if you wanted to do merchant work for the Lord, you should have your goods better, not poorer, than usual. You know the Lord gives good measure, and I think He wants His little merchants to do likewise in all dealings."

Nettie was crying by this time. She felt that she had disgraced her name of Junior.

Grandma took her upon her lap and they talked together quietly for a while.

A half-hour later she ran up to where Clara was seated on the steps.

"Come right into the house," she said; "we're going to pop some more corn and fix it just lovely."

"Did you sell all yours?"

"No, and I'm not going to. We'll give it to the chickens, if they want it; and we're going to fix the nicest corn and fill bags and take it to all the people we sold some to this morning; and I'm going to take two bags to Jamie Riley. We'll make it honest enough to sell for the Lord's work this time."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Clara; and with great satisfaction the two little girls went to pour out the corn for the chickens. They didn't mind its being burned at all. Then the girls went to work, and that evening a new bag of fresh, delicious popcorn was delivered to every customer.

"Now we've earned the money honestly," said Nettie, with a sigh.

#### NO PLACE AT HOME.

I met him on a street corner—a bright, black-eyed lad of perhaps fourteen summers. I had seen him there evening after evening, and wondered if there was no one who knew the temptations he encountered. I made friends with him, and won his confidence. Then I questioned him kindly in regard to his spending so much time in the street.

"I know," he said, looking up at me in such a frank, winning way that I could not help thinking what a noble man he might make. "The street is not the best place for a boy, but you see there is no place for me at home."

I was surprised and pained at the answer. "How is that?" I asked.

"Well, I have two grown-up sisters, and they entertain company in the parlour every evening. They give me to understand that I am a third party, and not wanted. Then papa is always tired, and he dozes

in the sitting room, and does not like to be disturbed. It's pretty lonesome, you see; so I come down here. It was not always so," he went on. "Before grandma died I always went up to her room, and had a jolly time. Grandma liked boys."

There was a quaver in the voice now that told of a sorrow time had not yet healed.

"But your mother?" I suggested. "Oh, mamma! she is a reformer, and has no time to spend with me. She is always visiting the prisons and workhouses, trying to reform the men, or writing articles on how to save the boys."

"And her own boy is in danger."

"Yes, I am not half as good as I was before grandma died. I am getting rough, I am afraid. There does not seem to be anyone to take an interest in me; so it does not much matter."

It was hard, bitter truth; and yet I knew that this is not the only boy who needed a wise, gentle hand to guide him through the dangerous period. Oh, mothers! are you blind, that you cannot see the danger of your own, but look for that of others? Make home the brightest spot on earth for your children. Take an interest in their sports, make yourselves young for their sakes and then you can feel that you have done your whole duty.

I think the saddest, most hopeless thing I ever heard from a boy's lips was that sentence: "There is no place for me at home." God forgive that mother, and open her eyes before it is too late, and help other mothers to heed the warning!

How is it, mothers? Are your boys in danger? Think of this, ponder over it, pray over it.

#### HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

Two dogs are still held in pleasant recollection in Melrose, Mass. One was a shaggy, lumbering elephantine Newfoundland, named Major; the other a sleek, wiry, little black-and-tan, called Kikie. Both Major and Kikie have long since passed to their reward, but the story of their friendship is still told by those who knew them.

A few hundred yards from the home of the woman who owned the dogs, was a railroad crossing. Kikie had the bad habit of rushing down the street to this crossing whenever he heard the whistle of an approaching train. He would then dash along beside the cars and bark furiously. Many a time he had been punished for it but the roar of a train was always too much for his good resolutions.

One day—the pitcher that goes too often to the well, you know—some portion of the flying train struck him. He fell into the ditch beside the track, and there he lay till old Major's barking attracted the attention of a passing friend.

The little dog was taken home, his wounds dressed, and his battered frame nursed back to health. During his convalescence, Major

was always with him, and doubtless often said: "I told you so," and "I hope this will teach you a lesson."

But, alas, for Major's hopes. Kikie was no sooner out of doors again than he resumed his dangerous habit. Major, however, had apparently made up his mind that moral suasion was useless, and physical force must be employed.

The next time Kikie started for the crossing, Major followed. The little dog was light and quick motioned, and "got into his stride," as the horsemen say, in the first few yards. Major on the other hand, was heavy and slow at the start, and before he was under full headway, Kikie was fifty yards ahead.

But there was a conscious rectitude and stern resolve, and the force of a moral principle in Major's gait. He doubled himself up and let himself out in a way that was good to see, and he overtook Kikie within ten yards of the crossing.

With one blow of his paw, he batted his small friend over, placed his great foot on the little dog's chest, and held him down while the train rushed by.

Kikie lay perfectly still. When the last car had passed, old Major removed his paw with a bark and

a growl, which said as plainly as speech: "There, you little fool! Can't you learn anything? Do you want to get hit by the cars again?" and Kikie got up and followed Major home, with his tail between his legs.

Many a time all this was repeated, to the delight of those who saw it. Kikie never failed to get the best start, but Major always



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