

ing up till they are twenty-two and twenty-five, and they pleaded so piteously that we made it twenty-five this year—can't tell the difference, any way, between twenty-five and twenty-one—(laughter)—there isn't any difference. And the whole object of that Society of Christian Ethics is to exalt the practical side. For example, we have a little talk for thirty minutes on duties of boys to mother. Why, there are boys who go to communion, or sing in Sunday School, or go to church, who come tramping in on a muddy day, forgetting to clean their shoes at the front door, or the back door, march over the carpets; make a big noise, confuse things, wake mother, who is just getting a bit of a nap that her terrible nervous headache needed; make a general row, wake the baby, and are mad because something is not ready for them, that they expected. Such a boy is a little tyrant, he doesn't see why folks can't do things on time; and as for bringing in those ten armfuls of wood that his mother wants, he is not going to do it, he has got to play a game down town, and he is going right away, and he has not got time, and so he starts off. Now that young fellow never thinks that he is violating every Christian principle, and that all his communion and his praying and his singing amount to nothing in the presence of such violence of first principles in Christian character; and mother—poor woman, I pity her as I think how her head aches with redoubled energy as she lies there, and wishes her boy were more thoughtful. Well, I spent forty minutes that day talking to these young fellows about mother's nerves, about mother's anxiety, about mother's love, about mother's watchings through the years; about the duty as a man and as a Christian to be considerate and helpful; and I received an anonymous letter the next week, saying, "Dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for the words you spoke last Sunday. I have but one child, a boy about fourteen. He has given me great anxiety. Last Sunday he came home from your meeting of the Society of Christian Ethics, and came directly to me, tears on his cheeks—the first tears I have seen there for years—and he put his arms around my neck, and said, 'Mother, I am not going to treat you the way I have; I have not been doing right; I am going to do better.'"

Treatment of little children by girls and boys; the treatment of very old people—disagreeable old aunt there, that lingers a little too long, and is nervous—(laughter)—who is abused by thoughtless girls and boys, deserves better at their hands. She is not an ideal woman, but she would like to be, and many an hour she weeps and prays over her defects; she wishes she could be more amiable, and she tries. And I believe in a Christianity that will help young people to be more considerate of old aunty, and help her along, and be more gentle with her and praise her a little once in a while, and pat her on the cheek once in a while, and give her a kiss once in a while, and do little services for her, and melt her heart. And I believe in a society of Christian Ethics by which our young people shall be taught to

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