

Why, what is he carrying, and where are they all going?" For he suddenly saw a long procession of his playmates, each bearing some sort of a banner. As they drew nearer, Fred began to read these strange inscriptions. Jake Duncan's was, "For your class standing." "For your manhood," read one carried by a boy Fred always had admired and tried to win the admiration of, until he gradually, though unconsciously, became like him. "For your truth," said one, whose bearer Fred had always felt safe in trusting and whose trust he had tried in turn to earn.

It was some time before Fred could understand the strange procession before him; could see that the motto on each banner told something for which he was in some degree under obligations to the bearer. Some of these mottoes were simple; some seemed ludicrous, others sad. Little Johnnie Randolph was in the line, patiently wheeling himself along under the inscription, "Cheery thoughts." Ralph, the old carpenter's boy, was also there bearing the legend, "An old man's dinner." This seemed to Fred amusing till he caught sight of a sad faced old workman plodding slowly and wearily along on the errand the young feet had been so willing to perform; then his eyes filled with tears that shut out the strange parade. Brushing them aside he next saw—his own room, with the half finished list upon the table before him.

At the supper table that night Fred surprised his father somewhat, by exclaiming:

"I have sent invitations to all of the boys to that picnic as you suggested."

"Indeed!" said Mr. White. "I am glad to hear that. But what has changed your plans?"

"They have not been changed," replied Fred, "but I have found so many obligations standing against me of which I never dreamed until to-day, that I begin to think it more than likely I am indebted to them all for something, and, therefore, invite all, to be on the safe side." And then Fred told his father the strange dream.

"You are right, Fred," said Mr. White, gently, when the boy had finished. "There

are none so lowly or obscure, that they have not some influence upon the world and everything therein. All were created after God's own image, and as such, form a part of the great plan of life from which they would be missed, even as you missed Johnnie's pleasant face in your dream. The greater part of this world's work is made up of silent service that we neither appreciate nor recognize, but that, nevertheless, would by its absence disarrange the divine plan and render the whole world less complete and pleasant to us all. We ought to always think of this and of the great responsibility that it puts upon us. Then we would not so far forget our duty as to serve only as an animate warning to others, as you think Burt Wheeler and young Connors have to you. Not a person is born into the world without some special task being created to their hands that no one else can do as well and that will be a service to us all. So, my boy, you see how futile must prove any attempt to separate those who have done us some service from those who have not. For the latter class does not exist, and we, in singling out the former, only succeed in dwarfing the statue of our gratitude within the narrow limits of our poor, erring judgment."—*Pres. Messenger.*

### WORTH KEEPING.

These "keep texts" are all in the Bible. Find and learn them, and so make them yours.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile."

"Keep thee far from a false matter."

"He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life."

"Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently."

"Little children, keep yourself from idols."

"My son, keep thy father's commandments."

"My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion."—*Ec*