

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said. "But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I should be disobeying her wishes," said Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make enquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Frenton" was the reply. John Brent remembered the name of the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleasing smile crossing his face.

"You may stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred in surprise. Why were enquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said with a significant smile.

"But I offered no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I heard you recommend yourself."

But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now boys, this is a true story and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed, and heard and overheard, than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes and parental respect would speak in your behalf.—*Golden Days*.

JUST AS IT HAPPENED.

A TRUE STORY.

When little Clinton was five years old, his mamma showed him a pledge roll, to which she had persuaded several boys and girls to sign their names. He seemed very anxious to see his own name written there, and after impressing upon him the solemnity of the act as well as the great benefit it would be to him, mamma put his chubby little fingers around the pen handle and guided it for him until his name appeared in full.

About a year afterward Clinton sat down to a dinner where, among other desserts, mince pie was served, and as he heard those about the table tease mamma and sisters about refusing it, he wanted to know what was the matter with the pie. When told it had liquor in it, he looked very sorry, for he was fond of pie. One and another urged him to take it, arguing that that little bit of liquor would never hurt him, and that if he never did worse than that he would do well. Dear little Clinton! He looked at mamma, but she dropped her eyes, realizing that the moment was one in which he must decide for himself; she did not forget, however, to offer up a silent prayer that