

be exercised lest any be led into sin by such company. In some places the assemblage of people of bad character is so great that the only true safety is to keep away from them altogether.

(3) We would earnestly advise our soldiers and sailors to abstain altogether from betting on the results of sports. This is the safest course to take. We know quite well that a great many people laugh at the statement that there is anything wrong in betting. We have very practical notions about things, and would like to put one question to any one who defends betting. "Did you ever know any good come of betting? In place of good coming of it we know that all kinds of evil come of it. Those who habitually indulge in it as a rule sink in society, and come at last to poverty. The betting man is always in danger. Chance is a slippery customer to deal with, and generally ruins those who trust in her favors. We know that there are hundreds of instances in which young men who have taken to betting have lost their situations on account of dishonest practices to which they have been tempted to make up the amounts of bets which they have lost, or to defray the expense of extravagance into which they have been led by the reckless betting fraternity they have joined. Betting is, as a rule, a dangerous business, and sensible young men had better have nothing to do with it.

There are plenty of manly sports in which we may indulge and find true recreation, without allowing them to become our life business, and without betting in connection with them.—*Life and Work.*

### THE POWER OF HABIT.

There was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a smart shrub; while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are very young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movements of your soul, and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions in check."—*Selected.*

### FROM MY WINDOW.

The day was disappointing and rainy. I roamed from room to room, cross and fretful because a severe cold prevented my keeping a very pleasant engagement. Still brooding over misfortunes which seemed very great to me, I wandered toward the back of the house, and presently found myself looking at a tall tenement house. I was about to turn away, when something at one of the windows attracted my attention, and I looked to see what it might be. It was the pale, thin face of a child—a girl. Her eyes were dark and shining—very eager, but gentle and patient. A chair on wheels, with a pair of crutches beside it, showed her to be a cripple. She was a pretty child, but her face was pinched with cold and hunger, and there were lines of great suffering about her mouth. She was watering a few scraggy geraniums that stood on the sill and plucking

off their dead leaves carefully, as if they were very precious to her. Presently she looked up, and, catching my eye, smiled and pointed with a look of pride to her poor plants. I nodded and smiled back, and then began a conversation between us, carried on by looks and signs.

She held up a bit of knitting for me to admire, and then a shabby rag doll appeared, that its make-believe mamma handled far more tenderly than do many children their expensive creations of wax and dainty silk costumes.

Presently I caught sight of the interior of the room, and saw that it was very bare and cheerless. I began to wonder at the happy cheerfulness of this little cripple, and then came over me, with a rush, the sense of my own ingratitude.

If I were poor, and hungry, and cold; if I had to spend all my days in a small room, and see nothing of the outside world except a plot of grass, a mere patch of sky, and the dusky rear of a block of houses—if it were my lot to pass my life thus, would I be uncomplaining and cheerful?

My pride had a fall, for I felt that if such a task were laid before me I would have to say, "I am too weak to fulfil it."

A feeling of such bitter shame came to me with these reflections that for a moment I hid my face in my hands.

I said to myself: "You are healthy and well taken care of; you can go into the country and watch the trees and plants from the time they first show their sweet green buds until they blossom forth in full-blown beauty. You can see and smell the lovely flowers, listen to the birds' merry songs and the stream's soft murmuring; and yet, when the least of your pleasure plans is disturbed, you grow impatient and unkind to those about you. You reproach the rain for falling, or the sun for shining too hotly. But this little girl, who never sees the green fields or picks the pretty yellow buttercups, who has barely enough to eat or enough clothes to protect her frail body—she is cheerful and patient and always ready with a smile to tell her gratitude for a few wretched gera-