

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied. "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying! I have been a wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done," and she groaned bitterly as she thought of a lifetime's iniquity. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in—I don't know what for, I was soon out again, but one word I heard I could never forget. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. O, if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book!"

The visitor answered by reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused she exclaimed, "Read more, read more."

He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look around; the savage man had followed him into his mother's room and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth and fifth chapters, before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day.

He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterward; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened with silent interest; and blessing came not alone to the mother, for the remarkable change wrought in the son also testified to the saving power of God's grace.—*Sel.*

"NOBBY."

She made her first appearance in society last summer in the most exclusive of American watering-places. It was rumored that her wealth was reckoned by millions. She occupied with her mother a palace which had been built for a Russian prince. She herself was in the first bloom of youth

and possessed of a beautiful face and figure.

She appeared, richly dressed, at a ball, and was soon surrounded by a well-bred but curious crowd. For an hour she replied to all remarks only by a smile and monosyllables. But at last she spoke.

"That's the *nobbiest* fellow I've seen here!"

She is known now as the "nobby heir-ess." She never has been able to understand why her social career came to so sudden a close.

The *Companion* does not indulge in social gossip. But this true incident will serve to point a lesson to the tens of thousands of girls who are just entering the world hoping to find friends, approval and love as women.

No beauty, no wealth, no influence will atone for vulgarity and ignorance in language and manners. The beauty will disappear as the years go by; the wealth often follows it; but the charm of high-breeding, of a fine manner remains with a woman as long as does her breath.

Nor is this rare gift so difficult to acquire. Begin now, while you are at school. Cleanse your mind of vulgar ideas and your language of slang. Then—forget yourself. Pleasant words will come uncalled if the feeling of your heart are gentle, simple and sincere. "He gentil is," say Chaucer, "who doeth gentil dedis."—*Youth's Companion.*

KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLEAN.

Children, do you know that there is something more than soap and water needed to keep your mouth clean? Can soap and water cleanse the naughty words that fly out of your mouth so often? No. Try to keep your mouth pure, so when your lips touch your dear mother's in a loving good-night kiss, she can feel that they are clean. If you will remember to say a little prayer every morning, you will learn how to keep your mouth free from naughty, impatient words; it is this: "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."