

ings, I am sure, were spent at home. I always found him studying his lessons.

That was twenty years ago. Both boys had begun to show which way they were leaning, and how their tastes inclined them. Twenty years will show it plainer.

The other day, I heard of Willie. Somebody met him in Chicago.

'What is he?' I asked.

'A good-for-nothing, certainly, if not worse,' was the answer; 'a shabby, idle, drinking fellow, whom nobody wants to employ.'

'Oh, I am sorry to hear it—sorry, but not surprised. I wonder where Arthur is?'

'Arthur! Why, didn't you know? He has just been taken into partnership with that old firm he served his time with. They could not spare him, so they had to take him in.'

'Good!' I said. 'It is just what I should have expected. He learned right.'—Home Herald.

## The Transforming Touch of Faith.

Simple faith in Christ as the Son of God seems to me to have been the father of action, and that in the right direction always. Its results have been obscured by the dilution of the simplicity of it. But the experience of the passing years clinches in my mind ever more firmly the conviction that nothing succeeds in transforming the individual like it. Nothing is so practical and potent a power as this faith for making bad men into good ones, and good men into more useful ones. 'The life which I live,' Paul said, 'I live by faith in the Son of God,' and I consider Paul lived a more useful life than any man of his time in inducing righteousness, joy and peace into a moribund world, a triumphant life, a life I would consider a success, a life I should be only too glad to look back on or to take a record of with me wherever I go.

I do not forget, however, that not all men gauge success in the same way. Though if they stopped and thought more I believe they would be much more unanimous on that point, and that their dollars would not loom quite so large. Therefore, I consider my faith a practical thing, not a foolish one.

Nay, more, I own to considering it a desirable thing, and I presume I must thereby be content to write myself down a prejudiced witness henceforth. Yet I do not consider this a stultifying statement. I want to believe in Jesus Christ because I want to attain the ends I know such a faith insures. I consider faith, as Peter did, 'A precious thing.' I believe it can make me master of myself and of the world as John did. I do not expect it to be based on the wisdom of to-day altogether. I believe with Paul that it is well based, 'not on the wisdom of men, but on the power of God,' which I see it exemplify. Where would it have been if based on the wisdom of Paul's day? As he most wisely said, 'Our knowledge is incomplete, it will be cast aside.'

## How Johnny Was Cured.

Johnny was a great brag. A brag is a boaster. If he heard a playmate tell of something he had done, no matter what it was, Johnny would give a snort, and exclaim:

'Pooh! That's nothing! Who couldn't do that?'

One evening the family sat around the fire in the sitting room. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing. Alice and Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny came straggling in. He took a chair by the table and began reading 'Robinson Crusoe.'

Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, went up to his brother, saying: 'Look at my drawing. I did it to-day in school. Isn't it good?'

'Pooh! Call that good! You ought to see the one I drew! It beats yours all hollow!'

Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice, who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her brother, and, going to Joe, asked him to let her see his drawing.

'I wish I could do as well as you do, Joe,' she said, hoping to revive her brother's drooping spirits.

'Pooh!' sneered John, 'you needn't try to



—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

draw; for girls can't make even a straight line.

It was not long before Mr. Boaster left the room for a few moments. When he came back, everything seemed to be going on as when he left. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, and Joe and Alice were busy with their lessons.

'At last I have finished my hem,' remarked grandma, folding the napkin she had been hemming so industriously.

'Pooh!' said mamma, contemptuously, 'that is nothing. I have done two while you are doing one!'

The children looked up quickly; for who would have believed that she would have spoken so? It was not like her to do so.

Grandma picked up another napkin and began hemming it, but said nothing.

'Papa, look at my examples, please. I have done every one of them, and haven't made a single mistake,' said Alice, crossing the room to where her father was sitting before the open grate fire.

'Pooh! That's nothing,' replied her father, not even taking her paper to look at it. 'You ought to see the way I used to do examples when I was your age!'

Poor little Alice was greatly astonished to hear such a discouraging and boastful remark from her generally kind father, and she was about to turn away when he drew her near to him and whispered something in her ear which brought the smiles to her face.

For a few minutes no one said anything and work went on as before. John was deeply engrossed in the history of Crusoe's adventures, and the other children continued their studies.

'My flowers look so well! I believe the

geraniums are going to bloom again,' remarked mamma.

'Pooh! They are not half so thrifty as those I used to raise. Why, I had flowers all winter long, and you have only had a few blossoms in the whole winter,' said grandma, contemptuously.

'What was the matter with everybody?' thought Johnny. He had never known them to be in such a humor as they were that evening.

When papa remarked presently that he had stepped into the grocer's and been weighed that afternoon, and that he 'tipped the beam' at 168 pounds, and that was doing 'pretty well' for him, mamma said, crossly:

'Pooh! You call that doing pretty well! Old Mr. Benson weighs 225 pounds, and no one ever heard him bragging of it.'

Everybody laughed. Papa shouted. It was such a surprise, and grandma got up and left the room to keep from choking with laughter.

John saw them all look at him, and after a minute or two began to 'smell a mouse,' as the saying goes.

'Papa,' said he, 'what are you all laughing about? Is it at me?'

'Well, we are not exactly laughing at you. We thought we would try your way of boasting of our accomplishments, and see how you thought it sounded; but mamma spoiled our game before we had finished it.'

John looked rather sheepish the rest of the evening. He wondered if he was as disagreeable as the older folk that evening when he boasted of what he could do or had done. He was forced to admit that boasting sounded very unpleasant, and he resolved to break himself of the habit.—'Our Morning Globe.'