

any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—*Selected.*

"NEVER AN ACCIDENT."

Some weeks ago it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State Express. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of near fifty. I showed my permit, and without a word he motioned me to the fireman's seat in the cab. He ran around his engine with oil in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back in the crowd I saw a hand swung aloft; at this instant the engineer turned, seized the lever, and we were off.

For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past, and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities, over switches, crossings, bridges, culverts, and through tunnels and viaducts, at the terrific rate of a mile a minute. The little man at the throttle looked straight out ahead at the two lines of glistening steel; one hand on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the air brake. I was not afraid, for I saw he was not. He spoke not a word, nor looked at me, nor at the fireman, who worked like a Titan. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he forced the flying monster forward.

At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were unstrung. I had had enough for a lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab, and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman:

"Bill, why does he keep moving his lips here at the lever?"

"Who—th' old man? Why, don't you know? He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident. The pluckiest man that ever kicked a gauge cock, he is."—*The Arena.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	International.	Institute.
March 7...	Acts viii. 26-40.	Eph. vi. 10-20.
" 14...	Acts ix. 1-12.	Matt. iv. 1-11.
" 21...	I. Cor. ix. 19-27.	Mark x. 17-31.
" 28...	Acts xi. 19-26.	Rom. vii. 12-23.

THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
 "To make the dark world bright;
 My silvery beams cannot struggle far
 Through the folding gloom of night.
 But I am only a part of God's great plan,
 And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can."

"What's the use," said a fleecy cloud,
 "Of those few drops that I hold?
 They will hardly bend the lily proud,
 Though caught in her cup of gold.
 Yet I'm a part of God's great plan,
 So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
 But a thought like a silvery thread
 Kept winding in and out all day
 Through the happy golden head.
 Mother said: "Darling, do all you can,
 For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,
 Nor the cloud with its chalice full,
 How, why, and for what all things were,
 She was only a child at school;
 But thought: "It's a part of God's great plan
 That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped a younger child along
 When the road was rough to her feet,
 And she sang from her heart a little song,
 That we all thought passing sweet;
 And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
 Said: "I, too, will do the best that I can."

—*Examiner.*

MY CONSCIENCE.

A long, long time ago, when I was a child, I went with my sister to a school about one mile from home.

My mother was very strict with us, and we were never allowed to loiter on the way. But one day, after school hours, I was persuaded by some of the girls to go behind the schoolhouse to a little creek, and play.

It was in the fall of the year, and we gathered beautiful red and yellow maple leaves to take home and varnish for winter flower-pots; and we made doll furniture out of strong twigs—little beds, tables, chairs, and picture frames.

I suppose we must have stayed

at least two hours playing by the creek, for it was very late, almost dark, when I reached home. My mother was standing by the gate, and quietly opened it for me as I approached.

I felt guilty, and wondered what would happen, as I had never been so late from school. Mother knew our teacher never kept us in after school hours, as most of the children lived a great distance from school, and all of the scholars were young.

Mother walked by my side up the long, winding path to the house, and asked me in gentle tones what made me so late. She said my sister could not find me after school was dismissed, so had come home without me.

I shall never forget my mother's sweet face when she spoke to me. I was afraid of punishment, and told a lie.

"I could not come home any sooner, mother, because the teacher sent me on an errand," I said.

"Where did she send you, Nelly?" my mother asked.

"To the minister's house," I answered promptly.

The minister lived about half a mile beyond the schoolhouse, and I thought I could deceive mother; for it would have taken about as much time to go on the errand as we took to play by the creek.

Mother believed me, and I was happy—no, not really happy. I was glad I had not been punished, but my conscience made me miserable, and as soon as I had told the lie I was sorry.

However, I was ashamed to let her know I had told a lie, so I tried to forget my sin, and when the supper-bell rang I ran in the dining-room laughing and talking to my sister, and trying to appear natural.

I remember we had hot rolls and chocolate for supper, besides one or two tempting dishes mother had herself prepared. My mind was not on my supper. The rolls choked me, the chocolate burnt my tongue, and when mother asked me if I would have some apple custard I said, "If you please," and handed her my tumbler.

At this everyone smiled, and my father said, "What are you dreaming about, my little girl?"