

TEACH YOUR BOYS.

To run, to swim, to carve.
 To be neat, to be honest.
 To make a fire, to be punctual.
 To keep their finger-nails clean.
 To sew on buttons; to do an errand.
 To cut kindlings; to sing if they can.
 To speak pleasantly to an old woman.
 To hang up their hats; to hold their heads erect.
 To respect their teacher; to button their mother's boots.
 To help their mother and sister; to wipe their boots on the mat.
 To read aloud when requested; to cultivate a cheerful temper.
 To take pride in having their mother and sisters for their best friends.
 To be as kind and helpful to their own sisters as to other boys' sisters.
 To close the door quietly, especially when there is a sick person in the house.
 To help the boy smaller than themselves; to put every garment in its proper place.
 To remove their hats upon entering the house; not to tease smaller boys than themselves.
 To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.
 If they do anything, to take their mother into their confidence, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.
 When their play is over for the day, to wash their faces and hands, brush their hair, and spend their evening in the house.
 Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and to forget to offer it to their mother when she comes in to sit down.
 To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering these things are not easily unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men.
 Not to grumble or refuse when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which would otherwise take the time of some one who has more to do than themselves.

To trust Christ and follow Him.—*Exchange.*

LITTLE BOB STOOD THE TEST.

THE "blue line" street car stopped at the corner, and an anxious looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Bob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you. Don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, bub?" asked a mischievous looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor: but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I can't, said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses, and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, bub, I'll give you this peach if you pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you'll just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter.

The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more; but the young man opened the bag, and held it just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face, I believe Bob was afraid to trust himself; and, when a man left his seat on the other side to get off the car, the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap; and then everybody clapped and applauded, until it might have alarmed Bob if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said, with a sweet glow on her face:

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Bob's mother, but no matter; the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.—*Foul's Companion.*