THE BOY'S "ADVENTURE."

"OTHER," cried Harvey, excitedly, rushing into the house, "you should have seen the adventure the fellows had on the way from school. It would just make your hair stand on end. They got on the track where the switches are, and they stood talking—three of them there were—and the engine was coming along at full speed, just terribly fast, and us fellows up on the bank we ran toward them and yelled like fury, and they got off just in time. The engine was almost on them. In another minute they'd have been killed.

"Old Granny Mitchell, that lives up by the track, was so scared she could hardly walk, but she called us fellows to the gate and gave us all the cookies we could eat and—"

"Wait a minute, Harvey," said his mother. A troubled look had been growing in her face during the whole speech. Harvey knew what it meant, and paused suddenly with a shamed look on his face. "Are you quite sure that everything was just as you have told me?" said his mother, very gravely.

If Harvey hadn't been eleven years old, you might have thought he was going to cry. He kept silent for a moment and then faltered out:

"I am sorry, mother, but I guess I didn't tell it quite right."

"You may tell it to me again, Harvey, very slowly and just right," said Mrs. Pierson.

He did so, and it developed that the engine was not so very close ; that the boys on the bank only called once, and the boys on the track got off in plenty of time ; that Granny Mitchell only said it was careless to walk on the track, and they shouldn't do it again, and that she gave them just one cookie apiece.

"It's quite a different story, isn't it, dear?" said his mother gently when he had finished. She knew how hard this all was for the little boy.

"Yes, mamma," said Harvey, still looking ashamed.

"This habit is growing on you, my boy," his mother went on. "You wouldn't like to be a person whose word is worth nothing, I know, and yet this habit of exaggerating in little things will lead you to telling falsehoods about great things,

and some day no one will trust you. We must begin to try harder than ever to break this off at once."

"I will, mother," said Harvey, and he meant it, for he knew how an untruthful person is despised. He had fallen into that very bad habit that so many children have, of giving fancy touches of his own to things that he told. He did not mean to be untruthful ; he never invented malicious stories about any one ; he never told a lie to shield himself ; but he did love to improve on the little details of the story he had to tell.

His mother noticed this habit with great sorrow. She knew it would undermine his ideas of truth, and in time make him deceitful. She explained the danger to Harvey, and he promised to do better. He really did try, but of late several careless stories had been told again, and he was forgetting to weigh his words. He left his mother, resolving in his heart that he never would tell a careless story again.—Christian Standard.

FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

In the twilight of a Sunday evening, as the family was gathered, waiting for the evening service, it was proposed to mention names and places in the Bible as an exercise.

The plan was for the first person to mention a name or place, and the next to take the last letter of that given and mention one commencing with that letter.

For instance, if Adam was mentioned, it ends with M, so the next person mentioned some place or person commencing with M, and so on, as : Adam, Marah, Hannah, Hosea, Absalom, etc., etc. It was found to be exceedingly interesting and instructive. Suppose you try it.—Ex.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY.

For living a pure life.
For doing your level best.
For being kind to the poor.
For looking before leaping.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For harboring clean thoughts.
For standing by your principles.
For asking pardon when in error.
For being generous to an enemy.
For being square in business dealings.
For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
For doing what you can to make others happy.