

"You are certainly right, my son, in always trying to get at the spirit of the Saviour's words. But if you and your brother can spare a few minutes from your lesson, I will tell you an incident that happened in our school when I was a boy, which may help us on this subject.

One day we were practising for a match game. I was in the left field; game had been called for some reason, and I was talking to the centre fielder, when we heard Joe Harding's angry voice:

"You did."

"No, I did not," quietly replied Frank Talbott.

"I say you did, and if you say you didn't, that's the same as calling me a liar."

"Joe was a splendid looking fellow, the envy of all the boys; for he was the best baseball player in school. But he had a quick temper, and it was very easy for him to get into a fight when he was angry.

Some of the boys hinted that he did not try to control his temper, because he knew that he was the best fighter in school.

"He always manages to keep cool when Frank is around," said Big Tom. "Frank is his match; so we'll never see that fight, he added sneeringly.

"But it looked as if we should see it now. Frank stood in the catcher's position, his black, curly hair thrown back from his forehead, his fair face looking almost white as he tried to control himself. Joe, slinging his bat away, came toward him, walking on tiptoe and slightly sideways, with his fists doubled up. We knew what was coming next. Everybody had run in as soon as we saw there was going to be a fight. But what! Frank a coward! Not going to fight! There he stood with his hands by his side, saying as Joe rushed at him, I never called a boy a liar." But Joe had struck him a blow in the face that sent him reeling past some of the little boys that had gotten there. Frank recovered himself in time to take another blow, then another, and another,

saying merely, 'I did not call you a liar.'

"Shame to hit a fellow that won't hit back," cried some of the big boys, and held him struggling.

"And there stood Frank, his face all bruised and bleeding, a sight I shall never forget.

"Why on earth didn't you fight him? You are his match any day."

"No. I am trying to be a Christian," replied Frank; "and I don't think it's right to fight."

"You are a fool, that's what you are!" said Big Tom. "Are you going to let your face be battered up in that way by every bully that comes along?"

"I can't help that, but I have made up my mind never to strike back so long as I live."

"That evening, in Frank's room, you might have seen a sight that none of us would have thought possible. Joe kneeling to Frank, begging pardon for what he had done.

"Why Joe! Get up this instant! Of course it's all right between us."

"And Frank lifted Joe up. As they shook hands Joe said:

"But can I ever forgive myself for striking you as I did?"

"Joe is conquered for once," said one of the boys at supper.

"I always said Frank was his match," replied Big Tom; "but I didn't think he was going to take that way to conquer him."

"Boys, do you think Frank was a coward and a milksop? Why we thought him the bravest fellow in school!

"Joe never struck a boy after that. And, what's more, it came to be considered a disgrace to get into a fight. And all because Frank believed in taking the words of the Saviour literally: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."—*Christian Observer*.