

"Dear," said mother, taking the first block off, "it cannot hurt you if you carry in one block at a time."

I seized the block she held, and ran with it round the house.

"Only one block at a time!" I cried. "The pile will soon grow small, mother; you go in and rest. I never thought of it that way. I might have had it in by now"; and I ran back and forth with one block at a time, and was so intent on my work, so ashamed of the unworthy thoughts I had fostered all through Ted Hume's foolish speech, that I forgot to think, until I was carrying in the last block. I heard the chime for a quarter to three o'clock, and rushed into the house, crying out:

"Mother, mother, all the wood is in, and I want to know if I can do anything else? I feel as strong and as fresh as a lion." I coaxed my arms round her neck. "Mother, how patient you were, and I so naughty and rebellious!"

She drew me to her in an embrace I shall never forget.

"My dear son, my happy son!" she said, "you will enjoy your cricket after this; and remember, it is 'with such sacrifices that God is well pleased.'"

I do remember. Her words have been with me ever since that day, and often when work has looked difficult, and there have been obstacles in the way, I have jogged my memory with "One block at a time, remember; begin at once, and go on to the end."

My life has been one of successful effort, and I owe it to my mother that I am what I am to-day.

What became of Ted Hume? Ah, poor fellow, he made a bad job of his life; enlisted as a common soldier after several failures, and then deserted!

"One block at a time" and St. Paul's words, "This one thing I do," will help us to surmount the difficulties of life as they meet us, even on the threshold. There are many conflicting duties; calls from both sides; urgings on the right hand and the left; but we children of God have only to see the work He sets before us, and to carry it out patiently, perfectly, "one block at a time."—From "The Christian."

Burdette's advice to boys is, "Don't smoke, my boy. It makes you stupid, so it doesn't advance you in athletic sports. It makes you nervous, so it doesn't make you a better shot. It makes you smell like a taproom. so it doesn't make you pleasant company. It doesn't do you one particle of good; it makes you appear silly and ridiculous; it is as disagreeable and offensive to yourself as it is to anybody else; you don't get a bit of comfort out of it, and you know it, so don't smoke."

SOME THEATRE PERILS.

It endangers health. The change, when improperly clad, from the hot and fetid air of the playhouse to the wintry blasts outside; the little suppers which follow, too frequently accompanied by intoxicating drinks; the late hours and the attendant excitement, preventing sleep, sap the vitality of even the healthiest body, and sow the seed of an early death.

It encourages habits of extravagance and dishonesty. Not one out of a hundred can really afford the expense which its patronage demands. Those who live in rented houses, those who are ranked as "dead beats," make the larger portion of its audiences. It is a bed of quicksand for the hard-earned dollars of the young man who should sacredly save for the home in which he hopes to lead the woman he loves.

It is a constant menace to the sacredness of home. Not a week passes but the papers record the escapades of stage-struck girls, who flee from the sheltering purity of home to a fate worse than death.

It lowers the tone of public morals. Young men and women witness with a longing envy the career of actors, and long to live their lives; and when they know that these lives, with the rarest exceptions, are rotten to the core, the knowledge has a profound influence towards immorality.

In keeps in prominence a vicious class. The matrimonial ties among actors are as ropes of sand. There is scarcely one who has not been repeatedly married and repeatedly divorced. Many of its travelling troops make peripatetic bagnios, lowering the moral tone of every town they enter. Even Booth, according to his last eulogist and biographer, Mr. Winter, for many years was an abject slave to liquor.—*In Golden Rule.*

LOOKING UP.

A man who was in the habit of going to a neighbor's corn-field to steal the grain, one day took his son with him, a boy of about eight years of age. The father told him to hold the bag while he looked if any one were near to see him. After standing upon the fence, and peeping through all the corn-rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his sinful work. "Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." The man dropped the bag in a fright, and said, "Which way, child?" "You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God were noticing you." The father felt this reproof of the child so much, that he left the corn—returned home, and never again ventured to steal.—*Cheever.*