

on and persevere in this altogether new life; and who most welcome, and with perfect good-will, invites us to the commencement of this new era in our moral and spiritual history. What can be more encouraging or attractive? God Himself holding out to us the right hand of reconciliation—blotting out our trespasses—beseeching us to make it up with Him—sending ambassadors, and written as well as oral messages into the world, full of entreaty, nay of prayer, that we should come into agreement and friendship with God. Verily, what more could He have done for His vineyard that He hath not done for it? And to make it a sure way of access, a way to sustain us in our approaches to the great Law-giver on high, hath He instituted this double exchange between the sinner and the Saviour—our sins laid to His account, and He bearing the whole burden of them; His righteousness laid to our account, and we admitted to the full reward of it. O let me flee to this place of safety and take my abode under the ample canopy of His mediatorship—for how shall I escape if I neglect so great a salvation!

Around the Table.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD SAID.

Once upon a time I listened,
Listened while the quick tears glistened
'Neath the drooping lids that hid them, as a little prattler
said,

While a father's arms caressing,
Round the precious form were pressing,
And against his pillowing bosom lay a dainty, curl-ringed
head:

"Papa," spoke the little trembler,
"Papa, dear, do you remember
When that gentleman was here to tea, his sober, solemn air?
How he bent his head down lowly,
And his words came soft and slowly,
As he prayed to God in heaven such a pretty, thank-you
prayer.

"And I wondered all about it,
For, of course, I couldn't doubt it
Was a funny way tho' made us be so kind to one another,
To say 'thank you' for each present,
In a way so very pleasant,
And forget that God might like it, so I asked my darling
mother.

"But she looked at me so queerly,
And her eyes were very nearly
Full of crying, and I left her. But I want to know real bad—"
Here the shy eyes lifted brightly—
"Is it treating God politely,
When he gives us things, to never mind, nor tell him we are
glad?"

"And since then I've been a thinking—
Papa, dear, why are you winking?"
For a low sob shook the strong man as each keen, uncon-
scious word
Pierced him, all the past unveiling,
All the cold neglect and failing,
All the thoughtless, dumb receipt—how the heedless heart
was stirred!

"God is good, and Jesus blessed them,
And His sacred arms caressed them,"
Murmuring thus he touched the child-brow with a passionate,
swift kiss,
Of the little one beside him,
Of the angel sent to chide him,
And a "thank-you prayer," ah, nevermore his living lips
shall miss.

THE KING AND HIS JUDGMENTS.

THERE was a certain king who was reputed to be very wise. There came a judge from a far country to see him, and to prove his wisdom. As the judge rode towards the city of the great king, he passed a poor man upon the road, who was sick and very weak; and he made the poor man ride behind him upon his horse, as he found they were going to the same place.

But when they reached the city, the poor man claimed the judge's horse, maintaining that it belonged to him. The judge was much displeased with this; but he was also very glad, because he thought he should now be able to test the wisdom of the king, and to know whether what he had heard of it was true.

The two went to the king with their case.

The king said:—"Leave the horse here, and return, both of you, to-morrow at noon."

While they yet stood before the king, there came into his presence also a butcher and an oil-dealer, disputing about a purse of money, which the butcher said was his, and which the oil-dealer said was his. The king said, "Leave the purse here, and return, both of you, to-morrow at noon."

No sooner was this said, than there came a scribe and a muleteer, with a woman whom each of the two men claimed as his wife. The king said to the men, "Leave the woman here, and return, both of you, to-morrow at noon."

Noon of next day came, and all the men stood a second time before the king. First addressing the poor man, he said, "Go and point out which of all those horses belongs to you." The man obeyed. Then the king addressed the like command to the judge; and he obeyed. Thereupon the king said, "Give the horse to the judge, and give the beggar forty stripes." He said also, "Give the purse to the butcher, and give the oil-dealer forty stripes." He said finally, "Give the woman to the scribe, for she is his wife; and give the muleteer forty stripes."

After this the judge, being permitted to speak privately with the great king, asked him how he had been able to judge as he had done; for in each case it appeared that the judgment was just. The king said, "When the poor man went up to the horse, the animal did not recognize him—he knew the horse, but the horse did not know him; but when you went he recognized you, and from the tips of his ears downwards he was all over smiles. Then as to the purse; I ordered it to be boiled for a time; and bye-and-bye there were clear signs of fat, but no signs of oil. And in regard to the woman, she was ordered by me to provide barley for a lot of mules, and she could not do it; but she succeeded beautifully in arranging the papers and other writing materials of a scribe."

The judge was greatly pleased with the wisdom and justice of the king; the king, too, was greatly taken with this judge who appreciated him, and made him stay with him ever after, to help him in his judgments.

BRAVE BEN.

"A BOY WANTED," said Ben, reading the notice in a bar-room window, as he passed a comfortable-looking country hotel. "I wonder if I would do for the place? I must do something to earn some money, or how will poor mother be able to live? I believe I'll step in and ask about it."

So Ben went in. It was the first time he had ever stepped over the threshold of a bar-room door, and although the place looked neat and clean, and there were no loafers around, yet the odour was sickening, and Ben's taste revolted from such a place. The proprietor was a German, a good-natured look-

ing man, who offered Ben in payment for his services his meals, and the various sums he could make by holding horses, and making himself generally useful to travellers. For these privileges he was to turn his hand to almost anything connected with the hotel business, and in the absence of the proprietor he was to pour out drinks from the glittering bottles, and hand them to any poor wretches who came in and could pay for them.

"Well, now," said the proprietor, after giving Ben this account of what would be expected of him, "you have heard what I want you to do, are you ready to begin work?"

"Give me a few minutes to think it over," said Ben, "and I will make up my mind one way or the other."

"Well, you may think about it, but I get plenty more boys if you not like it," said the man, a little angry, and speaking somewhat brokenly, as he always did at such times.

Ben said nothing, but went out to the pump to get a drink, and then threw himself down to think over the offer he had received. "What would his mother think of her son in a bar-room? He would probably make money enough to support her, but with her strong prejudice against selling liquor, would she enjoy using the money made from it? Then," continued Ben, "what would God think of it? Is there not somewhere in the Bible a curse pronounced on him who putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips? and if I accustomed myself to sell liquor, would not I soon learn to drink it? No, I cannot think of taking such a place as that," and when his noble decision was made, Ben returned to the tavern.

The proprietor stood on the porch. "Well, boy, what you think of my offer?" he enquired.

"I think I cannot take the place," replied Ben boldly. "I want work very much, but there are three reasons why I cannot work for you. One is that God would not like it, another is that my mother would disapprove of it, and a third that I should be afraid of becoming a drunkard myself. Good morning, sir."

Ben walked away, leaving the German trying to get through his head what he meant. But there was another person present who understood him perfectly. A gentleman had driven up in a buggy to enquire the way to a neighbouring town, and was so much pleased with Ben's fearless answer, that he overtook him and invited him to ride, saying that he wished to have a little talk with him.

"Young man," he began, "I honour you for refusing to serve where liquor is sold, and on that account you will be just the one for me. I want a clerk that I can trust, and a boy who obeys God and his mother, I know will prove honest and faithful." Then he named a very generous sum he was willing to give, and Ben went home to his mother that day as happy a boy as could well be found.—*Child's World.*