

through, that his father was right. The lesson had been shaken out of place somewhat. He had forgotten the particular text the teacher had given him to learn in addition to the Golden Text. The extra nail fastened it securely. If he had not reviewed the lesson that last time, he would not have met his teacher well prepared.

Here is a little lesson for all Sunday-school scholars. It will not cost them even the price of a nail; they may have it freely. It is this: Don't put off Bible lessons with just so much study as might make them hold; fasten them so that they cannot slip.—'Happy Hours.'

My Master and My Friend.

(J. E. Bode.)

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend.
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side;
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

O, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
O, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

'He That is Least.'

(Tan Maclaren, author of 'The Bonnie Brier Bush,' and specially contributed to the 'Times'.)

Being a household of moderate attainments, and not being at all superior people, we were gravely concerned on learning that it was our duty to entertain the distinguished scholar, for our pride was chastened by anxiety. His name was carried far and wide on the wings of fame, and even learned people referred to him with a reverence in their tone, because it was supposed there was almost nothing within the range of languages and philosophy and theology which he did not know, and that if there happened to be any obscure department he had not yet overtaken, he would likely be on the way to its conquest. We speculated on what he would be like—having only heard rumors—and whether he would be strangely clothed; we discussed what kind of company we could gather to meet such a man, and whether we ought not, that is, the two trembling heads of the household, to read up some subject beforehand that we might be able at least to know where he was if we could not follow him. And we were haunted with the remembrance of a literary woman who once condescended to live with us for two days, and whose conversation was so exhausting that we took it in turns, like the watch on board ship, one standing on the bridge with the spin drift of quotations flying over his head, and the other snatching a few minutes sleep to strengthen her for the storm. That overwhelming lady was only the oracle of a circle after all, but our coming visitor was known to the ends of the earth.

It was my place to receive him at the sta-

tion, and pacing up and down the platform, I turned over in my mind appropriate subjects for conversation in the cab, and determined to lure the great man into a discussion of the work of an eminent Oxford philosopher which had just been published, and which I knew something about. I had just arranged a question which I intended to submit for his consideration when the express came in, and I hastened down the first-class carriages to identify the great man. High and mighty people, clothed in purple and fine linen, or what corresponds to such garments in our country, were descending in troops with servants and porters waiting upon them, but there was no person that suggested a scholar. Had he, in the multitude of his thoughts, forgotten his engagement altogether, or had he left the train at some stopping place, and allowed it to go without him? Anything is possible with such a learned man.

Then I saw a tall and venerable figure descend from a third-class compartment, and a whole company of genuine 'third-classers' handing out his luggage, while he took the most affectionate farewell of them. A workman got out to deposit the scholar's Gladstone bag upon the platform while his wife passed out his umbrella, and another workman handled delicately a parcel of books. The scholar shook hands with every one of his fellow-passengers, including children, and then I presented myself, and looked him in the face. He was rather over six feet in height, and erect as a sapling, dressed in old-fashioned and well-brushed black clothes, and his face placed me immediately at ease, for though it was massive and grave, with deep lines and crowned with thick white hair, his eyes were so friendly and sincere; had such an expression of modesty and affection, that even then, and on the first experience, I forgot the gulf between us. Next instant, and almost before I had mentioned my name, he seized me by the hand, and thanked me for my coming.

'This, my good sir,' he said, with his old-fashioned courtesy, 'is a kindness which I never for an instant anticipated, and when I remember your many important engagements (important!) and the sacrifice which this gracious act (gracious!) must have entailed upon you, I feel this to be an honor, an honor, sir, for which you will accept this expression of gratitude.'

It seemed as if there must have been something wrong in our imagination of a great man's manner, and when he insisted, beyond my preventing, in carrying his bag himself, and would only allow me with many remonstrances to relieve him of his books; when I had difficulty in persuading him to enter a cab, because he was anxious to walk to our house, our fancy portrait had almost disappeared. Before leaving the platform he had interviewed the guard and thanked him by both words and deed for certain 'gracious and mindful attentions in the course of the journey.'

My wife acknowledged that she had been waiting to give the great man afternoon tea, in fear and trembling, but there was something about him so winsome that she did not need even to study my face, but felt at once that however trying writing women and dilettante critics might be, one could be at home with a chief scholar. When I described the guests who were coming to meet him at dinner—such eminent persons as I could gather—he was overcome by the trouble we had taken but also alarmed lest he should be hardly fit for their company, being, as he explained himself, a man much restricted in knowledge through the just burden of professional stu-

dies. And before he went to his room to dress, he had struck up an acquaintance with the youngest member of the family, who seemed to have forgotten that our guest was a very great man, and had visited a family of Japanese mice with evident satisfaction. During dinner he was so conscious of his poverty of attainment in the presence of so many distinguished people that he would say very little, but listened greedily to everything that fell from the lips of a young Oxford man, who had taken a fair degree, and knew everything. After dinner we wiled him into a field where very few men have gone, and where he was supposed to know everything that could be known, and then, being once started, he spoke for forty minutes to our huge delight, with such a fullness and accuracy of knowledge, with such a lucidity and purity of speech—allowing for the old-fashioned style—that even the Oxford man was silent and admired. Once and again he stopped to qualify his statement of some other scholar's position lest he should have done him injustice, and in the end he became suddenly conscious of the time he had spoken and implored every one's pardon, seeing, as he explained, 'that the gentlemen present will likely have far more intimate knowledge of this subject than I can ever hope to attain.' He then asked whether any person present had ever seen a family of Japanese mice, and especially whether they had ever seen them waltzing, or, as he described it, 'performing circular motions of the most graceful and intricate nature, with almost incredible continuance.' And when no one had, he insisted on the company going to visit the menagerie, which was conducted not unbecomingly a gentleman, but very unbecomingly a scholar.

Next morning, as he was a clergyman, I asked him to take family worship, and in the course of the prayer he made most tender supplication for the sick relative of 'one who serves in this household,' and we learned that he had been conversing with the housemaid who attended to his room, having traced some expression of sorrow on her face, and found out that her mother was ill; while we, the heads of the household, had known nothing whatever about the matter, and while we imagined that a scholar would be only distinctly aware that a housemaid had a mother. It was plainer than ever that we knew nothing whatever about great scholars. The public function for which he came was an overwhelming success, and after the lapse of now many years people still remember that man of amazing erudition and grandeur of speech. But we, being simple people, and especially a certain lad, who is rapidly coming now to manhood, remember with keen delight how this absurd scholar had hardly finished afternoon tea before he demanded to see the mice, who were good enough to turn out from their nest, a mother and four children, and having rotated, the mother by herself, and the children by themselves, and each one having rotated by itself, all whirled round together in one delirium of delight, partly the delight of the mice and partly of the scholar.

Having moved us all to the tears of the heart by his prayer next morning, for it was as the supplication of a little child, so simple, so confiding, so reverent and affectionate, he bade the whole household farewell, from the oldest to the youngest, with a suitable word for each, and he shook hands with the servants, making special inquiry for the housemaid's mother, and—there is no use concealing a scholar's disgrace any more than another man's—he made his last call upon the Japanese mice, and departed bowing at the door,