

his way or suffer for want of food and shelter. But John's conscience was a tender one, and he stopped to listen to its voice. It seemed to cry to him in earnest tones, "Tell not a lie! Tell not a lie!" These words would not let him rest.

Some men would say that such a promise, made to thieves, need not be kept, and few men would have been troubled after such an escape. But John did not stop to reason. He went back to the place where the robbers stood, and walking up to them, said meekly: "I have told you what is not true; I did not mean to do so but fear confused me; so pardon me."

With these words he held forth the pieces of gold; but to his surprise not one of the robbers would take them. A strange feeling was at work in their hearts. These men, bad as they were, could not laugh at the pious old man. "Thou shalt not steal," said a voice within them. All were deeply moved. Then, as if touched by a common feeling, one of the robbers brought and gave back the old man's purse, another his gold chain, another his ring, another his book of prayer, and still another led up his horse and helped the old man to remount.

Then all the robbers, as if quite ashamed of having thought of harming so good a man, went up and asked his blessing. John Kane gave it with devout feeling, and then rode on his way, thanking God for so strange an escape, and wondering at the mixture of good and evil in the human heart.—*Good Words.*

The Best Recipe for Rest.

There is nothing which will give a chance for rest to overtired nerves so surely as a simple faith in the overruling, wise and tender providence which has us in its keeping. It is in chafing against the conditions of our lives that we tire ourselves immeasurably. It is in being anxious about things we cannot help that we often do the most of our spending.

A simple faith in God which practically and every moment, and not only theoretically and on Sundays, rests on the knowledge that He cares for us at least as much as we care for those who are the dearest to us, will do much to give the tired nerves the feeling of the bird in its nest. Do not spend what strength you have, like the clematis, in climbing on yourself, but lay hold on things that are eternal, and the peace of them will pass into your soul like a healing balm. Put yourself in the greatest everlasting currents, and then you can rest on your oars, and let those currents bear you on their strength.

All Depends Upon the First Step.

We are in our own power at the very moment of temptation, in a way in which we are not afterwards. Our mind is free, unclouded; our will, firm. We can then, by God's help, gather ourselves up, and cast the evil one from us like a serpent. It has become a proverb from sad, miserable experience, "Who hesitates is lost."