

the dog, and betrayed his alarm. But he consoled his fears by saying to himself that he did not come out to kill dogs, but lions—there was no play in killing dogs.

(To be Continued.)

### The Unexpected Lesson.

We find in 'Kind Words,' this story of the boyhood of a distinguished London merchant, as told by himself.

I was, when quite small, an errand boy in the business firm of Leland & Co., and was one day instructed to deliver an important letter at a certain house. With difficulty I found the house in a rather obscure portion of the city. I had expected to see a bank or a store, through whose open door I might walk and deliver the letter to the proprietor inside. On the contrary, I found a residence with the door and every window closed; nor could I see any one to whom I might deliver the letter. I pushed at the door, but it did not open. I walked up and down the sidewalk gazing at each closed window-shutter, in hopes that I might see some one; but no one appeared. I once more pushed at the door with all my might, and was near bursting into tears, so little, in my youthful ignorance, did I know what to do. I did not dare to return, for I had been told to bring an answer.

At length I was startled by a voice, saying, abruptly: 'What do you want, my boy?'

I turned round, and there stood a sedate, stern gentleman, neatly dressed, but in garments rather different from the usual style. He held a walking cane in his hand, and I thought a severe expression rested upon his benevolent features. Though alarmed in my childishness, I still had penetration enough to discern from his countenance that benevolence was a ruling trait with him. So I replied: 'I was trying to get the door open, so as to deliver this letter, sir.'

'Do you not see the knocker there?' he asked. 'Why did you not knock?'

'I did not know,' was my confused reply.

'Then learn. Take hold of the knocker and strike it three or four times.'

I reached up my hand, lifted the knocker, and with it rapped on the door several times in succession.

The loud noise startled me again; but, to my surprise, almost immediately the door flew open and a servant stood politely bowing as he held it back. The gentleman then walked in and bade me enter. He took the letter from my hand, and then I became aware that he was the one for whom the letter was intended. He treated me with great kindness, and when I was dismissed with an answer to the letter, he said to me: 'My boy, do you ever read the bible?'

'Yes, sir,' I replied.

'Do you remember the passage, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."'

'I do remember it, sir.'

'I hope that you are better able to understand its meaning than you did before. If you remember, my door was not opened for you until you knocked. As soon as you knocked the door was opened. So, by our prayers, we must knock at the door of mercy. We must ask if we want God to give us anything. Now, knocking is asking—nay, it is asking with great earnestness. God does not save us until we ask him, and ask earnestly. If you want salvation, then, ask, and it shall be opened unto you.'

I never forgot that lesson.

### Little Sins.

Charlie was spending the winter with his married sister. Every one thought him a good boy; indeed, he himself was quite sure he could do nothing wrong. One day, as he was passing the pantry; he saw a box of raisins. They were the largest raisins he had ever seen. He stepped in slyly, and took a bunch, and then slipped away, feeling like a thief; and, yet, thinking, 'It is only a little thing.' This he did day after day, till there was quite a hole in the box of raisins. Still no one seemed to notice it.

One day, a visitor told the following story at the dinner-table:

Walking through a fine park, two years before, he had seen a large sycamore tree. A wood worm about three inches long was forcing its way under the bark of its trunk. 'Ah!' said the gentleman who was with him, 'in time that worm will kill the tree.'

'A hard thing to believe,' said his friend.

'By and by you will see,' replied the other.

Soon the worm was found to have gotten quite a distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves dropped off earlier than usual. Something serious seemed the matter. When the next summer came—just two years from the time the worm began its work—the tree was dead. The hole made by the worm could be seen in the very heart of the trunk.

'You were right,' said the gentleman; 'the tree was ruined by that worm only three inches long.'

If a worm could do such harm, what may not what persons call 'little sins,' do to a man or woman, a boy or girl?

Charlie felt the blood rush into his face. He was sure every one must know about the raisins, and that the story was told on purpose. He did not dare to look up from his plate. After dinner they all went into the parlor; but, as no one took special notice of him, Charlie concluded that he must be mistaken. Still, he began to feel now, as never before, that God knew all about it.

The next time he was tempted to take from a basket that was not his, he remembered what the worm did to the tree. "That is just what sin is doing to my soul," he thought. He drew back in fear, and ran away as fast as possible; nor could he rest until he had told his sister the whole story. Then he went, with a lowly, penitent heart to his heavenly father, asking that his sins might be forgiven, and that, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, a new spirit might be put within him. — English Paper.

### Two to See.

'Why did you not pocket some of those pears?' said one boy to another, 'nobody was there to see.' 'Yes, there was; I was there to see myself, and I don't mean ever to see myself do such things.' I looked at the boy who made this noble answer. He was poorly clad, but he had a noble face; and I thought how there were always two to see your sins, yourself and your God; one accuses and the other judges. How then, can we ever escape from the consequences of our sins? We have a friend in Jesus Christ, who says, 'Trust in me, and I will plead for you, and befriend you.' Will you not prize such a friend?—'Rays of Light.'