

ing, depended on his pleasing the great king. The coming interview might possibly result in his liberation from captivity and elevation to honour, or—in his head being cut off! How did he behave?

The king's first words gave him a splendid opportunity of claiming supernatural powers—the easiest way to the favor of such a monarch. "I have heard say . . . that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it."

His answer is worth studying; so modest, so pious, so brave! Disclaiming the possession of power which would have caused him almost to be worshipped as a deity by the superstitious Egyptians, and boldly ascribing all the honour and knowledge to the God of his fathers, whom they knew not, he said, "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace."

Leaving all in the hands of Him whom through all those months of suspense and weariness he had never ceased to acknowledge and trust, he risked everything, and nobly spoke the truth, although the interpretation which was given him of the dreams could scarcely have been agreeable to the king.

And God rewarded him. Riches, honour, a gold chain, a beautiful dress, and a splendid carriage—the time had come for him to receive them all; but better and sweeter than everything else must have been the proof of God's continuing loving-kindness, and the assurance that, severe as had been his trials, he had not trusted Him in vain. Perhaps he could look back to seasons of deep depression, of almost hopelessness, and think, "Ah, if I had only known of the good time coming; how differently I should have felt!"

But he had not known. God could have shown it all to him in a dream, but we have no reason to suppose that He did. Joseph was led along a dark and dreary way that he might learn to trust. And for the same reason do strange and sore troubles sometimes come upon us, while the joys we long for seem denied. But if we are God's own children, loving Him and bravely trying to do His will, we may be sure that gladness—more glorious, perhaps, than anything we could imagine—is being prepared for us against the time when we shall be fit to receive it, even though, like Joseph, we are kept waiting for "two full years."

Read the Bible.

"While you are still young make the Word of God your friend and companion, and it will grow dearer and more necessary to you every year you live."

I have somewhere read these words quoted as spoken by some aged saint to his grandson. I cannot now recall the place or time when I read them, but they are very beautiful and true, and I should like to commend them to all young readers of *The Parish Visitor*.

The Bible is like no other book. There are the treasures of the wisdom of God and there the wells of living water. The more you draw from that treasure the richer it becomes. The more you drink from those wells the fuller and fresher run their streams.

If you make it your regular rule to read some portion of the Word of God every day of your life, even if it be only a verse or two, you will every day insensibly be growing wiser unto salvation, provided that you read with any degree of attention or care. Never mind its not being "interesting," as perhaps it may not be at first. Make

For Scrofula

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacia Lopez, 327 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

Catarrh

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Rielle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

Rheumatism

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Va.

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a regular duty of it and you will soon find it growing into a habit and a labor of love and a joy.

If you ask Him, your Heavenly Father will enlighten your mind with His Holy Spirit, so that what perhaps before seemed a mere dead letter shall shine forth the Living Word. Your childish days, your first years of youth, will soon be passed, and you will have before you the long years of middle life and of old age if you continue on this earth.

And whether you remain to extreme old age, or whether your life is carried at an earlier time to the world beyond, you will find that with the Book of God as your "friend and companion," you have an unfailing source of help and comfort.

The earlier you begin to love this guide, the dearer, the more helpful will it be; and blessed is the boy or girl who in their first years can enter into the meaning of the old hymn,

"Holy Bible, Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine."

Sold for Nothing.

Chand Nawar had two sons; but he cared for neither, for he said it was such an expense to him to bring them up.

One day a trader came to his village, and seeing the two strong boys, offered to buy them for some pieces of gold. "You say the lads are no good to you; let me have them, for they are big enough to be of service to me, and I will give you this bag of golden pieces for them."

Chand Nawar looked at his sons, then at the gold, and his eyes gleamed with satisfaction. The money would buy him an Arab horse which he had long coveted in his neighbor's compound.

"I will gladly close with your generous offer," he said, eagerly taking the coins, regardless of the tears and entreaties of his children.

And soon the trader was far on his way with the two little lads.

Meanwhile, Chand Nawar hurried off to the owner of the Arab horse. "Sell your steed to me, and I will give you a handsome price for it," he cried, holding out the money.

The neighbor wondered that so poor a man as Chand Nawar should possess such riches, so he looked at the coins with a suspicious eye—"Let me feel the weight of your gold before I exchange my good horse for it," he said.

Chand Nawar willingly let him do so. No doubt of the goodness of the coins had ever entered his head.

"Why they are only lead, washed over with gilt!" cried the owner of the horse, holding up one of them between finger and thumb.

"Alas!" cried the wretched Chand Nawar, "I have just parted with both of my sons to a passing trader for them; the rascal has deceived me."

"Let us catch him," said the merchant; and off they ran in the direction the trader had taken. But they never overtook him, and the boys were lost for ever.

Children, Time is a possession of priceless worth, like Chand Nawar's sons were to him. Yet many people part with it as lightly as if it were of no value, never knowing its worth till they find themselves robbed of it, and only bitter memories, like ugly lead coins, left them instead. Be wise in time, and do not part with golden moments and days for that which does not profit.

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