

She took both of his hands in hers, and looking at him, said cheerfully: 'Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt.' Then she added, the child repeating it after her slowly: 'God will not put Matt in prison now. Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt.' This good news gave him great satisfaction, and after hearing it over and over again he walked a little way off, and lifting his arms and face to heaven cried in a clear voice:

'Man that paid, man that paid, Matt says, thank you, thank you.'

A strange sight, and strange words to hear! 'The clouded intellect' had grasped the whole plan of salvation. We cannot follow out the whole of this little story, but there is one more incident that we must mention.

The old grandfather died, and Matt was told that God had sent to fetch him.' He at once wanted to go, too. The friend then assured him that God would send for him some day. But that some day did not pacify him, he must know what day. So, with much difficulty she made him understand that she could not say when, but it might be any day. This he understood, and at once got up and went towards the cottage. When the lady asked what he wanted, he looked at his hands, and said:

'Matt must have his hands washed; Matt must be ready.'

And after that he was always striving to be ready. — 'American Messenger.'

### The Old Clock.

One Sabbath day Arthur was left at home alone, while all the rest of the family attended church. Instead of regarding the day as he should, in the quiet perusal of the Bible and other good books, he made it a day of self-amusement. As soon as all were gone, Arthur began to search all the nooks and corners of the time-honored dwelling. The garret was explored, and many rare curiosities exhumed. Ancient desks and drawers were examined, revealing their curious contents to his impertinent and childish curiosity.

'An old clock stood in the corner, with a tall, gaunt, brown case. Within the dark, hollow closet. Arthur had often peered, but he had never been allowed to examine very closely the mysteries of the

clock case. Now was a fine opportunity. He opened the narrow door. The long pendulum was swinging back and forth at regular intervals with a loud tick, tick, tick, tick. Two long cylindrical tin weights, and two very little lead weights, were hanging by small cords.

Arthur had seen his father wind up the clock, and he knew it was done by pulling down the little weights. 'It must be rare sport,' he thought, 'to wind up the old clock.' He would make the attempt, at any rate. So, taking hold of the small weights, he tugged away right manfully. The wheels purred, and the great weight began to rise.

'Faster,' said Arthur, 'go up faster,' and giving a sudden pull, the cord broke, and down came the heavy weight with a loud noise! Then there was a terrible whirring among the clock wheels for a moment, and then it stopped. The ticking ceased, and the pendulum stood still.

'Oh, what have I done now?' cried Arthur in distress. 'Oh, what will father say to me when he sees what I have done?' Arthur closed the clock door, and for the remainder of the day, till his parents returned, was a very humble, quiet boy.

When his father returned, on looking at the old clock, he perceived that it had stopped. Opening the clock door, he saw that one of the weights had broken, and the weight had fallen to the bottom of the case.

'How is this, Arthur; did you know that the clock is stopped?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Arthur, 'I heard a great noise in the clock case, and when I went to look in, behold it was silent!'

Mr. Milton made no more inquiries, supposing that it was an accidental occurrence. Night came, and little Arthur went to bed as usual. His father had tied the cord, and the clock was now ticking as loudly as ever. To Arthur it ticked louder than ever. It seemed to say in the silence of the night,

'Boy! boy! boy!' 'A lie! a lie! a lie!' 'Own it! own it! own it!'

Arthur did not sleep much. Conscience whispered to him, and with the words of the old clock said, 'Arthur, you have told a lie.'

Early in the morning he arose and gazed up into the face of the old clock. It looked very sternly at him. 'Quick! quick! quick!' said the clock. So the poor boy went to his father and told all with a very sorrowful heart. His father freely forgave him. And he prayed that God would forgive him, and never suffer him to tell a lie again.'

Lying is a low, mean vice, and very wicked. — 'Presbyterian Messenger.'

### What Maidie Did.

The box was all packed and stood by the door;

'Twas going a journey the round world o'er;

There was nothing to do but to nail down the lid,

Save this one little thing that Maidie did.

Maidie stood on the door-step, Pegg on her arm,

Holding her tight and keeping her warm;

She was not very much of a doll, poor Peg,

With her head almost off, and only one leg.

Yet, of all Maidie had, she was dearest and best,

Next to papa and mamma and all of the rest,

And now her poor brain was all in a whirl

At the thought that many a poor little girl,

Where the big box was going, had naught so good

As queer little Pegg, and do what she would

The question kept coming, 'Ought Pegg to go

In the box o'er the sea, when she loved her so?'

She would roll up a rag doll, wouldn't that do?

Or she'd save all her pennies the whole year through,

For the nicest French dolly in all the big store,

But then that couldn't go in the box by the door.

'The sweetest — the bestest — the minister said —'

And softly she patted Peggy's little tow head,

Kissed her poor faded lips, with a sob raised the lid —

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Can you guess for me now what our Maidie did? — 'Dayspring.'