

has often been, and seen her who had been highly bred, in her red waistcoat and milking the cows, and was now become the great comforter of her husband, and exceedingly cheerful. God, says she, hath had mercy on me, and any pains-taking is pleasant to me. There they lived some years with much comfort, and had the blessing of marriage, divers children. After some three years he was met in Kent, on the road, by one of the tenants of the estate, and saluted by the name of landlord. Alas, said he, I am none of your landlord. Yes you are, said he, I know more than you do of the settlement. Your father, though a cunning lawyer, with all his wit, could not alienate the estate from you, whom he had made joint purchaser. Myself and some other tenants know it, and have refused to pay any money to Dr Reeves. I have sixteen pounds ready for you in my hands, which I will pay to your acquittance, and that will serve you to wage law with them. He was amazed at this wonderful providence, received the money, sued for his estate, and in a term or two, recovered it. "Ho that loseth his life for my sake and the gospel's shall find it,"

TOUCHING THE BALANCE-WHEEL.

A gentleman sat in his library, and as he was weary with reading, he laid down his book, and took up a penknife that lay before him. Without much thought, he opened a little drawer and took out a small black stone and rubbed his knife on it for some minutes. It was a load stone, and the knife was now magnetized. He laid some needles down on the table, and the blade would lift them. After amusing himself a few minutes, the knife was laid aside, and no more was thought about it. It seemed of no consequence, and was forgotten.

But the gentleman had a very valuable watch. It not only cost a great deal, but it was a remarkably good time-keeper. Moreover, it had belonged to his father, and he valued it the more highly on that account. But in dropping the watch it received a jar, and then the movements were a little too rapid. So the owner thought he would just touch the regulator, and thus make it go a little slower. He took up his penknife, and with the point moved the regulator; and in doing so, the blade of the knife touched the little steel balance-wheel. He did not notice it at the time, laid down the knife, shut up his watch, and went about his business. But from that hour his watch would not keep time. It went too slow or too fast, and very irregularly. In vain he set the hands and moved the regulator. It would not obey the regulator. It would go wrong. He carried it to the watchmaker's. It was taken to pieces and cleaned; but it made no difference. Again and again he had it examined and re-examined. It did no good. The balance-wheel was wrong. At last a very shrewd workman tried a magnet to the wheel, and lo! it was magnetized. But this was not discovered till he had been tormented with it for months and even years. And there was no cure but to throw away the beautiful wheel, and have a new one put in its place. This was done, and then the watch was all right. The balance-wheel had been touched by the knife.

I sometimes see a young man who feels that he is wiser than his father and mother, and wiser than all the strongest and brightest minds on earth—for, they believe the Bible. But he don't! Not he! He has never read it, or examined it, or honestly inquired whether it be God's word, but, when he was a little boy, he was left in a tavern while his father went to do some business. He heard voices, and so went into the bar-room, where men were talking, smoking, drinking and swearing. They were discussing the Bible, telling of its inconsistencies, and the sins of the best men named in it, and then told stories about Parson Sober, and Deacon Dull, and good old Mrs. Devotion, and the conclusion they came to was, that the Bible was a cheat, and that all religious people were very weak-minded, or were hypocrites. The boy listened and wondered. He did not consider that if the Bible were the word of God, these poor creatures were lost eternally, living and dying as they were, and so, to keep up their spirits, they must talk thus. He did not consider how much the poor creatures had at stake. But the balance-wheel was spoiled! He drank in poison that finally made him