

MY PARLOUR CLOCK.

in a moment, 'Watty trusts me. Watty's own character is in danger if I do wrong, because of bringing me here. I can't ruin Watty, because he loves and trusts me.'"

"Walter," said the youth, rising up quietly, "did you ever see a hangel? 'cos I thinks I has!"

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Walter's employers acquiesced in his wishes and plans for his disreputable friend, whom he suffered no one to see until a thorough change had been wrought in his appearance by means of washing and clothing; and then David declared "he didn't know his-self at all," and wondered if any one else did, and mightily he'd like to take a turn in a certain thieves' quarter and try!

But Walter was not to be trifled with, and such was the reverence and affection with which the strange lad regarded him, that his will was law. David made himself useful in his queer fashion at every turn, became as imitative as a monkey, and as devoted as any slave that ever rejected emancipation in the year of jubilee.

Not that he gave his young protector no trouble or anxiety, for often he did both, but Walter had counted the cost, and looked to One who had not spared Himself when the lost were to be rescued and transformed.

L. E. G.

My Parlour Clock.



T was rather a favourite little timepiece that had stood on my parlour mantelshelf for many a day, and I felt a kind of affection for it. Besides being elegant in its appearance and having a silvery ring when it struck the hours, it possessed a quality not always to be found in clocks and watches—it was a good timekeeper; so good, indeed, that if I wanted to know the exact time, I trusted to it rather than to any other clock in the house; and when, one day, it suddenly stopped, I felt almost as if I had lost a friend. But stop it did, and no