

wrong? And yet it was from his letter that she read: "*Tell the Squire that I very often think of his kindness to me, and that I have lived to see how foolish and unjust my words were, and that I ask his forgiveness.*"

The old shoemaker was right. They *did* see. Before the week was over another group clustered about the great tree in front of the *Blue Boar*. They were eager to see the placard that was being fastened there. The shoemaker pushed amongst them just as the bill showed all its length.

"Read it out," cried one of the crowd.

Then the old shoemaker looked over his spectacles and read it aloud.

PROCLAMATION.

BY ORDER OF THE KING.

WHEREAS for many years past much harm hath been wrought amongst the subjects of His Majesty, the King of these Realms, by the Terrible Red Dwarf: And whereas many and grievous complaints have reached His Majesty of the cruelty, robbery, misery, and destruction wrought by the Dwarf aforesaid, His Majesty the King hath been pleased of his clemency to issue a decree that his subjects be hurt and annoyed no more after this manner.

His Majesty the King hath duly notified the Dwarf, his servants and retainers, of this the King's will and commandment, AND His Majesty will take all steps necessary to enforce and carry out this decree.

Given under our Royal Hand.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

"There," cried the old shoemaker, triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you so." And he tightened his lips and nodded his head.

"Well, if the King *can* only do it, 'twill be the best thing that ever happened in these parts," said one.

"Pooh, *can*!—why, of course he can," replied the shoemaker. "You'll see—and very soon too; he'll have a regiment of soldiers at the cave if need be." And the old man hurried back to his work.

Whilst this group were reading the proclamation a messenger had arrived at the cave of the Dwarf himself, bearing a dispatch from the King. It was sealed with the great seal; and was solemnly delivered to him as urgent and immediate.

(To be Cont'nued.)

PLEASE THE LORD AT ANY COST.

NEVER mind—the world will hate you,

Never mind its frowns or smiles;

Never mind what frowns await you,

Please the Lord at any cost!

See He reigns supreme above us;

See! His favour's light itself;

'Tis our all that He approves us,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Listen to His still small voice,

Act upon it while He speaks;

Give thyself no time for choice,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Perfect love will dictate to you,

Though severe the mandate be,

Only good His will can do you,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Please the Lord in lonely hours,

With your friends or with the world;

Spend for Him your gifts and powers,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Think His eye is on you ever,

Think—He heareth *all* you say,

Marks each *motive* and endeavour,

Please Him, then, at any cost!

Where's the friend would die to save you?

Who would bear with you all day?

Who but He would care to have you?

Please Him, then, at any cost!

Have no object but t' obey Him,

Single-eyed to do His will,

Your whole life could ne'er repay Him,

Please Him, then, at any cost!

Work in faith of future glory,

Nothing's lost you do for Him;

All recorded, your life's story,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Living always in His presence,

You will realize His "peace;"

Aye! this forms its very essence,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Then there follows sweet communion,

Such as worldlings never know;

One with Christ,—a growing union,

Please Him, then, at any cost!

O! His love is never dying,

Still preparing bliss for you;

It is worth *all self-denying*;

Please the Lord at any cost!