

mon specially to the boys, yet they had been quite as sure it was meant for them as the older folks had been on their part. He read in Romans, 8th chapter and 28th verse: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

Things had been going very crookedly at the Thornes' house lately. Even Charlie could see that. His father looked worried and troubled, and was often very cross indeed, "almost ready to bite your head off if you speak to him," as the boy complained to his sister Sara. Mother, too, looked sad, and cried a good deal. Elsie and Fanny had stopped taking music-lessons, and Sara

was trying to teach them instead of the Professor, while the last and most annoying thing of all had occurred on Saturday. The horses and carriage had been sent away to be sold, including the pony, which belonged to the boys; and as though this had not been enough, Mr. Thorne had said to Charlie and Ned:

"You boys must make the most of this term at the academy. You'll have to attend the public school after Christmas."

"Father has had heavy losses," Sara explained. "He may have to give up his business, and be a clerk himself, and mother thinks that we'll be obliged to move out of this house into a smaller one on some quiet little street."

Charlie thought of it in church. "All things work together for good," he said to himself. "They are working together for bad, in our family, I think; there never was a fellow so unfortunate as I; and my pony is gone, and I'll have to go to school with all the North Side boys, and life is dreadful, dreadful!"

The good German preacher kept on talking.

"To them that love God—" "I wonder," thought Charlie, "if we belong to them."

If you had asked him whether or not he loved God, he would have answered, "Why, certainly," and he had supposed that his mother and father, and the whole family, were of those who loved God. Yet now that he began to consider it, he remembered that they never prayed together in his home, as they did at Grandpa Carter's; that they never asked a blessing



ORNAMENTAL FISH PLATE.

on their food; and that they never said their prayers in the morning, though he and Ned generally knelt down, and rattled off "Our Father" and "Now I lay me" before they went to sleep at night. His own good sense showed him very plainly that this was not the way to treat a dear Father and Friend whom they loved.

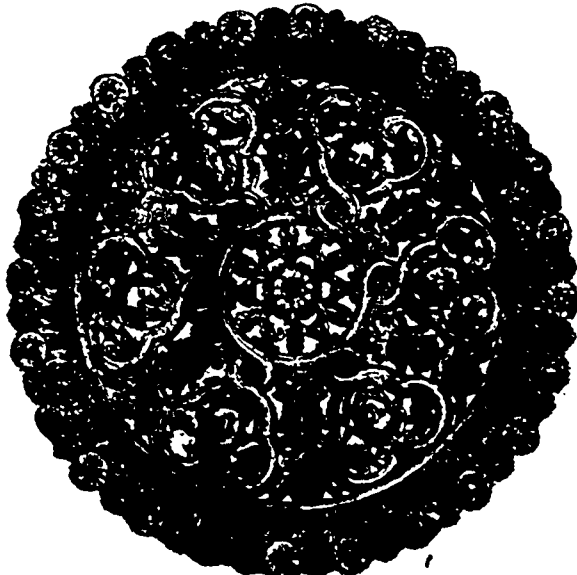
"All things do not work together for good for us," went on the whisper in the busy little brain, "because we do not love God."

Charlie Thorne, as if he had never heard it before, read and listened to this sweet and true and grand text Romans 8: 32: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us, all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

The few sentences in which the sermon was summed up

spoke of the great love of God the Father, who was willing, for enemies like us, to spare the very dearest thing he had, his only Son.

While Charlie listened, he became very glad and very sorry. Very glad because he saw, all at once, that he was a child of God, a brother to the dear Saviour who died on the cross; and very sorry because, in all his life, he had never loved him, nor praised him, nor done anything but forget all about him. You may think it strange that so much could happen to him in so short a time, but it is perfectly true. Charlie Thorne walked out of church a Christian boy. He had gone there thoughtless. He left and went home, believing with his whole heart on the Lord Jesus Christ. Such a change may take place with you, if you choose, in a moment.



BREAD PLATE.

When he reached the house, dinner was ready, and everybody had taken her or his usual seat. They were waiting for Charlie. He came in, hesitated a moment, and then said, and it was a brave thing to say:

"Father. I've heard something this morning which makes me feel that we all ought to be different here. Won't you please ask a blessing before we begin?"

His father for a moment looked vexed. Ned pursed up his mouth and gave a sort of silent whistle. Sara seemed gently surprised. The others stared. Tears gathered in the mother's eyes. She feared lest a harsh reproof should fall on her boy. But the father only said:

"Ask one yourself, Charlie, if you want to."

The little fellow did not stop or stammer. He said quite simply, but reverently,

"Dear Lord Jesus, please let all things work together for good to us, and make us all to love thee. Amen."

From that a great change came over the Thornes. Father and mother had been wandering from the fold of God. The one had been full of business and the other full of care, and they had lost the habit of going to the Throne of divine grace. But Charlie's words brought them to a better mind. The business had to be given up, and Mr. Thorne became a poor clerk. They moved out of the big, beautiful house, into a little narrow one, in an obscure street. The girls could not have new dresses, and the boys had to leave the academy. But somehow, they did not mind it. God took away these outside things, but he gave them something very much better that they were happy and peaceful once more. The father came home at night with a smile. The mother was gay and merry. The sister was sweeter than ever. The love of the Lord was in the house, and it made ever meal a feast. Charlie's puzzle was made clear as daylight, for he saw that when things were seeming most wrong, they were really all right and working together for good, since they had learned the dear lesson of love and trust.—S. S. Times.