



THE KING AND THE CHILDREN.

DON'T! DON'T!

"Don't! don't!" a little voice seemed to say clear and strong in Harry's ear.

The two cents lay on the window-seat; some one had forgotten them. Two cents' worth of candy came right up before Harry's eyes, and in a moment he had put out his hand to take the cents.

But that "Don't! don't!" Who spoke?

He turned and looked. No one was in the room. The door was open, but no one was in the entry.

"Nobody can see," he said to himself.

"Thou, God, seest me," said the voice.

"Nobody'll know where they've gone," said Harry.

"Thou shalt not steal," the voice said again.

Harry was frightened at himself, and ran away as fast as he could. He was saved from a great sin and trouble. If he had taken those two cents, he would most likely have taken more another time, and not been so scared about it, either.

I knew a boy who stole a ten-cent piece once. He felt very badly about it. He was so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Not long after he had a chance to steal again. He did, and that time it wasn't half so hard. So he went on and on, and at sixteen years of age he was in prison.

What voice was that which said, "Don't! don't?" That was conscience—God's voice in the soul. Always listen to the voice that bids you to keep God's commandments.

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