

"No, sir."

"Were you not sent by the manager of your office to the coal ship on that day?"

"I was not, sir."

"Nor next day?"

"No."

"Nor any other day?"

"No."

The gentleman who put the question was a barrister. He had been engaged by the manager to win the case for the office. But when he heard the little lad's replies he saw that the manager was in the wrong, and he turned to the judge and said, "My Lord, I give up this case. My instructions were that this witness would prove that a message to discharge had been sent to Captain Smith, and it is plain no such proof is to be got from him."

So the case ended in the captain's favor, and again the office in which the little lad found so excellent a place.

He went to his lodgings with a sorrowful heart, and wrote to his father and mother that he was sure to be dismissed. Then he packed his trunk to be ready to go home next day, and in the morning expecting nothing but his dismissal, he went early to the office. The first to come in after him was the master. He stopped for a moment at the little lad's desk, and said, "We lost our case yesterday."

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, "and I am very sorry I had to say what I did."

By and by the manager came in, and after a little time he was sent for to the master's room. It was a long while before he came out; then the little lad was sent for. "I am going to be dismissed," he thought to himself. But he was not dismissed. The master said to him, "I was sorry yesterday, but not with you. You did right to speak the truth, and, to mark my approval of what you did, I am going to put you in charge of all the workings of our Glenfardle mine." Then he sent for the manager, and told him what he had said, and added, "and the young man will make his reports direct to me."

Six months after, the manager left the

office, and young though he was, the little lad was appointed to his place, and before as many years had passed he was admitted as junior partner in the firm, and he is now at the head of the entire business—the managing partner.

In his case truth was the best. But I want to say that if things had turned other than they did, and he had been dismissed, it still would have been best for him to speak the truth.

A lie is a hateful thing to God, but truth in the lips and a love of truth in the heart—that is like a bit of the jasper wall, great and high, that is founded on precious stones, through whose gates of pearl we enter into the city of God.—*Alec McLeod, M. D.*

"IN THE WICKED ONE."

A single example will illustrate the cruelty of some of the usages which widely prevail in Siam and Laos.

"Any disease which leads to delirium or mental aberration is supposed to be the work of malignant spirits who have entered into the patient at the instigation of some enemy living in the neighborhood. A "devil priest" is therefore summoned, who, with some blunt instrument, like the point of an elephant's tusk, prods the unconscious sufferer in different parts of the body until a cry of pain reveals the location of the evil spirit.

The next question is, what relative or neighbor has caused the mischief? This is arbitrarily decided by the priest, who pronounces sentence on whom he will. From that moment human hope departs from the poor victim of his accusation. He is driven from his home and possessions, to be thenceforth an outcast. No man is allowed to give him food or shelter, or show him any kindness; he is driven to the jungle, to subsist as best he may, or fall a prey to disease, or to wild beasts. His family share his fate."—*Rev Dr. Ellenwood.*