

a man, "I'll never sell him to end his days in misery; no, if we must part, I'll have him shot at once, so he'll have a happy home to the last."

So master and horse went together to the manager of the Zoological Gardens, as perhaps you know it is necessary to buy horse-flesh for the animals' food, and two pounds are generally paid for every horse brought for that purpose. "This horse is much too good," said Mr. Bartlett; "there is work in him still; I will give you a higher price for him alive than dead."

But the cabman steadily refused, saying that he would not have him ill-treated for any money; and, as he could no longer work for him, he would rather he ended his days altogether. At last, after much persuasion, he yielded the point, and this was the bargain: the horse was to be employed in some very easy labour about the gardens, was never to be parted with, and the old master was to be allowed to come and see him and judge of his condition as often as he liked.

So, for six years from this time, the cabman and his wife came once a week, without ever failing, to pay a visit to their favourite, bringing him apples and sugar in their pockets, and being always received with the greatest marks of pleasure and recognition which a horse could show.

I should like to have known this cabman, should not you? for he was a "merciful man." When our Saviour says, "Blessed are the merciful," perhaps He did not *only* mean being merciful to each other. The Bible words always take in *all*, as it were, and I think He must have intended to include that lower world of living creatures, which must be dear to Him, because His hand has created them and fashioned them so wondrously. "Be ye therefore merciful (to them), as your Father also is merciful."

M. K. M.

ALL AT FULL LENGTH.



Looks and newspapers, when we come to a stroke like this —, or perhaps to one letter with such a stroke after it, it generally means an *oath*, or some other bad word, which the author would not put down full because it was so bad.

But there is a book in which there are no strokes, but all the bad words which people say are put down at full length. It is a book which no man has ever read. But everything that is in it will come out one day.

It is the book of God's remembrance; the book, or books, of which it is said, "And the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books."

Everything in those books is set down at full

length: all the sins, all the oaths, all the bad words, all the wicked thoughts.

Are there any bad words written there against *your* name? Any *oaths*, such as would be put down in a common book, or a newspaper, with a —? Ask God to forgive you for them. Pray that the blood of Jesus may blot them out. They *must* be blotted out before the books be opened, or you are lost! And nothing can do it but that precious blood. Oh, seek it, and then go and sin no more.

WHO HAS SEEN CHRIST IN YOU, TO-DAY?



His parson asked a strange question this evening," said John Sewell to his wife Ann, on his return from church on Sunday.

"What was it, John?"

"Who has seen Christ in you, to-day?" I wish you had been there to hear him, Ann; he made it pretty plain that all who love Christ ought to show by their conduct that they are in earnest."

"That's true, John. I know I often fall short of what a Christian should be."

"The boot pinched me, I can tell you, for I'm sure you and the children haven't seen Christ in me to-day. If I'd remembered to be like my Master, I should not have been so cross with you, because you wanted to take your turn out this morning."

"And I shouldn't have snapped you up and been vexed," interrupted Ann.

"Then I used Tom roughly because he worried me, and when he cried I boxed his ears, when a kind word would have made all right. There's lots of things I shouldn't have done, even to-day, if I'd acted up to the parson's question."

"We'll try and begin fresh, John. You're quick, and I get vexed. We've both a deal to learn. We must just pray that the children and our friends may see Christ in us."

Monday morning came. John was up early, and before he went off to work he asked that Christ might be seen in him that day. Ann did not forget that she too wished that Christ might be seen in her; and at breakfast time the children were told how Christ might be seen in them, and they were cautioned to be kind and loving towards one another, and towards their companions.

Thus through the family, tempers were quelled for Christ's sake, and pleasant acts were performed for Christ's sake; and John was able, in that same strength, to ask a fellow-workman to forgive the sharp words he had spoken to him on the previous Saturday.

"I've had the happiest day I ever spent," John remarked to his wife that evening. "I know I've long been a professor, but I have not shown by my