

But Frank's trials were not over. A similar claim for labour on the Lord's day was made upon him in his new situation. An engine for a railroad or steamboat was broken, and must be repaired. "You will keep your men employed through to-morrow, Mr. Edwards, so that the engine may be finished on Monday morning," said the chief overseer.

"I cannot do it, sir; I cannot break the Lord's day. I will work until midnight on Saturday, and begin directly after midnight on Monday morning. God's holy time I will not touch."

"That won't do, Mr. Edwards. You must work your men through the Sabbath, or the owners will dismiss you."

"Be it so, sir," replied Frank. "I crossed the Atlantic because I would not work on Sunday. I will not do it here."

Monday came, and the work was unfinished. Frank expected his discharge. While at work, a gentleman inquired for him. "I wish you to take charge of my establishment. Will you?"

"I don't know," replied Frank. "If, as I expect, my present employers dismiss me, I will. If they do not, I have no wish to leave them."

"That is settled. They intend to dismiss you, and I know the reason. I honour you for it, and wish you to enter my establishment."

Here again our mechanic saw the hand of God. His decision had again brought him into trial, and God had come to his aid. The new situation for which he had just engaged was worth much more than the place he was to leave. God had kept His promise.

### GOD KNOWS.

"Thou art acquainted with all my ways." God knows all about our past ways, and He will either pardon or punish our sins, whilst He will also richly reward His loving and faithful servants. He sees what evils we are exposed to, and He can effectually interpose for our deliverance.

In the days of persecution in this country, whilst a good minister was visiting from home, his wife was strangely impressed that he was in danger; so she sent him a hasty message, "If you want to see me alive, come home at once."

Thinking she must be very ill or dying, he started immediately on his return journey; but when he had got a little distance from the house he had left, on looking back, he saw it surrounded by his enemies, who had gone to take him.

Did not God, who knew the danger, influence his wife to send the message which was the means of his deliverance? And when God sees danger or evil in our way, He can and will interpose for our safety, in one way or another, if we trust in, love, and serve Him. Then God sees which is the best way of life for us to pursue, and He will guide us continually and infallibly, if in all our ways we acknowledge Him.

When a missionary told some heathen people about God's omniscience, they said, "We do not want a God so sharp-sighted." But the fact that God knows all things is an inexpressible comfort to the good.

### GOD'S WAYS NOT OUR WAYS.

COLONEL THORNTON was a venerable Indian officer. He was more than threescore and ten; he had seen much active service, and many a time had his "head been covered in the day of battle." Grey-haired, and with a slight limp in his walk, in consequence of a gun-shot wound, from which he had never thoroughly recovered, his mild gentle eye told more of nursery prattlings than of scenes of conflict.

Every one knew him, and I do not think there was one who did not like him. When he walked out at noon, the children rushing from school would make a noisy group around him, catch hold of his hands, his thick walking-stick, or his faded military cloak. A "big" boy would now and then curiously examine his stick, and try to draw a sword out of it; while a "small" boy, with a more peaceful and innocent instinct, would say, "He never killed anybody, I am sure."

It was a sight to see the old colonel amongst his tumultuous gathering of little inquisitors. He would allow them to do what they liked; he would answer all their questions; tell them a story, looking down upon them meanwhile with a loving smile, as if they revived a beautiful and long-forgotten dream.

Few knew, however, the many bitternesses through which he had passed in his journey towards threescore years and ten. More than an ordinary amount of sorrow had been his portion; but, instead of souring, it had mellowed and sanctified his spirit. His history, which came out in many Monday morning conversations, was as follows.

He never knew his mother. To the day of his death he wore a small locket, in which there was a miniature of her and a piece of her glossy black hair; and sometimes, in a meditative mood, he would take it out of his breast, and say quietly, "I shall know her hereafter, sir; I shall know her hereafter."

His father was a gentleman of great wealth, and of greater goodness, and if he had one aim dearer to him than another, it was to see his only child growing up in the fear of God. While he procured the best masters for him, he made his religious training his own special work. His son Alfred's mind, however, was insensible to the kindest parental influences; and it was with the deepest grief that his father saw that while he was distinguished at school and college by gifts of no common order, his heart showed no signs of yielding to the power of Divine truth.

The first great trial was the loss of his good father. The young officer had received his commission, and was about to join his regiment, when he was summoned to attend his father's death-bed.