

thought struck him. He remembered now that he had taken the precaution before he started to sew the money for his sister inside the lining of his black velvet cap. What should he do? His conscience was very tender, and he was always accustomed to tell the truth; but here he had told a lie, for he and said he had nothing on his person.

The thought troubled him. He began to reason with himself in his own simple fashion—"It is a sin to steal; true, but it is also a sin to lie. What should I say to God if He called me now to stand before Him. I had better lose my money than defile my conscience."

And so he determined to make a clean breast of it—go back to the robbers and explain to them that he had forgotten this money when he said he had none.

The moon had now risen, and he could see to retrace his steps. He quickly came upon the men, most of whom were sitting on the ground smoking their pipes, and laughing over the contents of his bag, which were scattered about. One of them had just then in his hand a prayer-book with a silver clasp, an old family relic.

At that moment the robbers looked up and saw the old man approaching. He came towards them and said, "I have come back to tell you that I am guilty of a lie. I said I had no other property on me, but I had these few coins which I have saved for my poor sister. In my fear I had forgotten them. Take them all; I could not face my God with a lie on my conscience." So saying he held out the coins to them.

As they looked at him in the moonlight he seemed to them almost like a being from another world, and not one of them dared to take the coins. Then the leader, in a moment or two, told him to keep them for himself.

Seeing the impression his action had made upon them, the old man in a solemn manner spoke to them of the evil of their ways, and begged them to turn a better life.

Not one of them answered him, but silently returned to him his bag, and every article they had taken. Then the old man lost his fear, and standing in the midst of them in the moonlight, he looked up towards heaven and prayed aloud, then gave them his blessing and left them.

His heart was filled with joy. The very forest seemed to be flooded with a light from heaven as he walked once more towards his sister's cottage.

That night, and every night to the day of his death, he prayed for that robber-band. Who shall say what might be the answer?

It will very likely seem to you that the old pastor in this story went beyond what was his duty in thus turning back; but he, at any rate, kept a clear conscience and did good to others.

There is one thing, however, which we should always try to do, and which this story may help to fix in our minds—that is, always speak the exact truth whatever it may cost. When anything is told respecting a person or an event which has happened, we have no right to add to it any discolouring of our own, nor take from it by any desire to lessen its importance. Facts are facts, and should be told just as they happened.

If we fail to do this, we injure first of all ourselves, and then we injure others. And oh! the misery there is in the world through this one cause—people putting their own feelings into things they tell of others. Remember always truth is truth, and all else is wrong.—Free Ch. Monthly.

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#### TWO FRIENDS.

"In a minute," is a bad friend: he makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets you into a great deal of trouble.

"Right Away" is a good friend: he helps you to do what you ought to do, pleasantly and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.