

which you have overlooked, and which you may find more surprising still?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Henry, looking a little uncomfortable; "I hope not. But even though there should, I don't think we should be quite bankrupt. I feel pretty sure we could make all square."

"And yet, will you excuse me if I say, Mr. Henry," asked Mr. Johnson, "that there is *one* creditor whom you have forgotten, and His bill is the largest of all the year?"

Mr. Henry did not at first see Mr. Johnson's meaning, or who it was he had in view. "Indeed!" he said; "no; I think not. There may be a few small accounts to come in, but nothing so large as you speak of. I could not possibly have forgotten anything of that kind. Oh!" he said, as the light suddenly dawned upon him, "I see what you mean. How dull I was not to see it at once! You mean God?"

Mr. Henry was a kind, upright man, a good servant, and greatly respected by his employers. He attended the house of God, too, with tolerable regularity. Still, Mr. Johnson was afraid—and Mr. Henry's subsequent confession confirmed his fear—that he yet lacked the "one thing needful."

"Yes," replied Mr. Johnson, "I do. Now, will you allow me to ask you if you have ever seriously thought how much you owe to Him?"

"I hope," said Mr. Henry, "I have not been altogether forgetful of that; and nobody could attend your ministry without being often reminded of it. Still, perhaps I have hardly thought about it as I should have done."

"Well now, Mr. Henry," said Mr. Johnson, "let us have a little quiet talk together about this. It is a matter of which we all need to be reminded, and of which we are all apt to be sadly forgetful. You told me, I remember, some time since, that it had not been without many a hard struggle that you raised yourself to your present position."

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Henry; "I don't care who knows it. I began life—my working life, I mean—as errand-boy in the service of our company, when I was only twelve years old. My father was in poor health, and unable to work, and all of us who could earn anything were obliged to do so. I determined to make my way if I could; but I had only a poor education. One of the clerks, however, was kind enough to help me in the evenings, and he spoke a good word for me to the manager; and when I was fourteen I was taken on as junior clerk. I well recollect how proud I was when I took my seat at my desk. Some of the other clerks looked rather scornfully on me; but I made my way, step by step, till now; and I hope I have prospects of something better still."