

there, sparkling with gold and jewels. It was the first time this innocent girl had seen such a sight, and the Queen felt curious to know what effect it would have upon her.

Gretchen looked quietly upon the costly dresses of the company, and at the beautiful dishes of china and gold that covered the table, and was silent for awhile. Then, while all the persons at the table were looking at her, she closed her eyes and repeated in a simple, touching way, this verse of a hymn her father had taught her :

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are—my glorious dress,
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

The company was greatly surprised and deeply moved. One of the ladies said to the Queen with tears in her eyes: "Happy child! We thought she would envy us, but we have much more reason to envy her."

Parental Honour.

THE words, "Honour thy father and thy mother," mean four things—always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick or grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents who turned out well. God never blesses a wilfully disobedient son.

When Washington was sixteen years old, he determined to leave home and be a midshipman in a colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, he went to bid his mother good-bye. She wept so bitterly because he was going away, that he said to his negro servant: "Bring back my trunk, I am not going to make my mother suffer so by my leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led to his becoming a surveyor, and afterwards a soldier. His glorious career in life turned on this one simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy, too, is the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any one act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said: "Honour thy father and thy mother."

DECEIVE not with thy lips.

Only a Touch.

A woman through the crowd
Pressed tremblingly, and touched the robe of Christ,
With "It will heal me," murmured half aloud;
While He some virtue missed.

As might an instrument
When touched by fingers swift and delicate,
Miss its own music, yet without lament,
For in its-elf doth wait

Exhaustless harmonies,
Which any moment may find glad escape
Into a world of pain, and of its tears and cries
Mould some fair angel shape.

Is there some virtue missed,
When o'er the eastern hills the morning light
Floods the still earth, till it no more resist
Awakings exquisite?

O! wondrous touch of light!
The world gives back her beauty and her song,
And healing springeth; what was dark grows bright,
And what was weak is strong.

His Spot of Sunshine.

THEY tell in Europe the story of a poor man who was confined for many years in a cold, dark dungeon. There was but one aperture in the wall, and through that the sunbeams came but for a few minutes daily, making a bright spot on the opposite side of the cell. Often and often the lonely man looked upon that little patch of sunshine, and at length a purpose to improve it grew within his soul. Groping on the floor of his cell, he found a nail and a stone, and with these rude implements he set to work on the white portion of the wall for a few minutes of every day during which it was illuminated, until at length he succeeded in bringing out upon it a rude sculpture of Christ upon the cross. Let me imitate the prisoner. Circumscribed may be our lot, yet if we love the Lord and pray to Him, and look for His direction, we shall soon discover some tiny chink through which the sunshine of His guiding providence shall come. On the spot where its directing light shall fail, let us, with such means as we can command, hew out, not in cold stone, but in living love, the likeness of the sacrifice of Christ. So shall we find our special sphere, and fill it to the commendation of the Master.