

the brother. He 'lowed he didn't believe it was my brother, but he said I ought to be satisfied about it, and my lot was hard to bear. So he spoke to the rest of them, and they agreed, and they set the coffin down on the door-step—and a nice coffin it was, too—and they unscrewed the lid. But it was not my Robin; a little lad with straight black hair, not so pretty as Robin, but very peaceful he looked, lying in the box with a rose in his hand. So I thanked 'em for their trouble, and I walked behind the fun'ral to the buryin'-ground for Robin's sake. The hired man of the farm walked with me, and he 'lowed they'd been very good to the little boy; he said the missis took him 'cause he wouldn't be likely to do for hisself, and most folks would choose strong children, not weakly ones. It went to my heart dreadful when I caught up to that fun'ral, making sure I was on Robin's track at last; and when I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry it wasn't him—glad he'd been left alive for me to hunt for, or sorry as it wasn't him that had been well took care of, and got safe out of this world. I tell you, pardners all, it's a very hard thing to be satisfied, or know what you do want in this world.'

They entered a charming piece of woodland, and sat down for their noon meal and rest. Rasmus had brought a bottle from the farm, and went to a brook for water. He came back with his hands filled with cress and wild onions and leeks to add to their repast.

'I must not reject garlic,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'as it is the badge of Wales, the country of my ancestors.'

'Why didn't you get a nicer plant for a badge?' asked Rodney.

'I do not know, nor do I know why the garlic or onion was chosen. There are many tales imagined to account for it, and probably none of them are correct.'

(To be continued.)

### The Human Clock.

(Chas. Frederick Goss, D.D., in 'Congregationalist and Christian World'.)

One day an old Kentucky clock tinker leaned his head back against a shelf to take a minute's rest and fell asleep. His tools lay idly on his table. A fly lit now and then on his nose and made it twitch. He breathed as steadily though not so rapidly, as the clocks on his shelves ticked and ticked and ticked.

Now and then one of them struck—as much as to say: 'Wake up, old man; or you will never earn bread for your children sleeping like that.' But nothing disturbed the old clock mender.

A tall mountaineer entered the store. His step was heavy, but he did not waken the sleeper.

'Bud,' he said in a slow, sleepy voice.

The clock tinker woke, but not with a start. No village merchant in Kentucky ever woke with a start!

'Eh,' he murmured.

'This yere clock is broke. Kin you mend it?' asked the countryman.

He laid two hands down on the counter.

'Them's the hands. Where's the clock?'

'There's ain't nothin' the matter with the clock! The hands go wrong. The trouble is with them. I left the clock to home.'

'Go back and get it,' said the clock tinker.

Now, this foolish idea of that mountain man was exactly like a notion of little Bill's! Coming out of the pantry one day, with his hands all covered with jelly he said to his mother, 'I didn't do it! My tongue felt all kind of hungry-like; my legs sort of climbed onto a chair, and my hands just opened that jelly jar and took some out, all of their own selves!'

Listen, little Bill, and you great big, long-legged, stoop-shouldered, old mountaineer who ought to know better—the trouble isn't with the hands; it's with the works; mainspring in your case, old man and with the 'hidden man in your heart,' little Bill?

Man is a human clock and is made to keep God's time. You see what I mean. We are not made to think our own thoughts and to work our own will, but the will of God who made us. In that way we are like all other clocks. You have often been in stores where half a hundred clocks are ticking and striking,

each on its own hook. It is one o'clock by these, two by those and four by others. Some say it is six o'clock, and some eight and some ten.

Now, were these clocks made to give time to the sun or to take it?

These clocks, no matter whether made of wood or brass or gold, are made to tick and strike with the sun. All their hurrying and skurrying and ticking and tocking and striking and sounding alarms, if they were not keeping step with the sun, just show that they are no good in the world, and the louder they tick and tock and strike the more harm they do.

It is just the same with the flowers in the field, the birds in the air, the fish in the sea. They are to come and go, to live and die, to labor and rest, in time with nature and her God. The birds must fly South (not North) before the snow falls. Bats and owls must feed at night, and doves and larks by day. Suppose cucumbers should insist on being peaches and horses should determine to sit in the laps of their mistresses like poodle dogs? No, this will never do. There is a great central Mind and Will, and the business of everything is to keep step with it.

It is so with you little folks and with us big ones, too. What right have I to think and act as I please—if I do not think God's thoughts and do God's will. Just as much right as those clocks have to 'go as they please.' How many such foolish human clocks there are! Men and boys, women and girls think it smart to say, 'I've got a right to think as I please.' So have the clocks. And it is as silly in you as in them.

What's the trouble with all those 'smart Alecks' you see smoking cigarettes, swearing, and telling filthy stories? 'We guess we know what to do, as well as God does,' is about what they think. Now, let me tell you that if you do not time your thoughts and acts to the will of God, you are as silly as a clock trying to change the hours by hammering on its bell and screaming that it is light when it is only three o'clock in the morning!

Now comes a second point, the one that I hinted at. The trouble with all poor clocks and bad men, is with the works and not the handle, the inside and not the outside.

The two most important things in a clock are the mainspring and the pendulum. I want to show you that there is a mainspring in you all, and that the worst trouble that can happen to you is to have that wrong.

The mainsprings of life are the desires of the heart. Sometimes we call them appetites or wants. They keep us moving. If we desired nothing you would do nothing. What you want, something in your nature makes you try to get. So, as the mainspring in the clock drives and drives the wheels, these appetites keep driving and driving men. 'I want my dinner; I want a new suit of clothes; I want to go swimming; I want to see Buffalo Bill; I want to be a man.' These are the passions that keep little Bill hustling and tussling while he is a boy, and others come after them to keep him hustling and tussling when a man. Now if he obeys these drivers and they are wrong, everything in the boy's life must be wrong. If little Bill wants to fight and steal and lie and smoke and drink, the whole Bill—body, soul and spirit—will keep time to those wicked appetites.

I want to show you in the second place that there is a pendulum and regulator in you all, to keep your appetites and passions from unwinding too fast and breaking the clock to pieces. It is the slow steady beat of the pendulum, moving a couple of teeth that bite into the cogs of a wheel, that keeps the mainspring from unwinding in a minute. Your pendulum is your conscience. Its steady beats keep you from going too fast or slow.

You have seen your father 'regulate' the clock. There is a little nut on the end of the pendulum that he tightens or loosens to make the beat longer or shorter. And he has to do that for you. Some fathers try to do it with a shingle. It has to be done for you while you are young. We must get you running right. We must time you to the will of God. If we get you started right your conscience will keep you ticking and striking to His holy will. And what in the world would you do without this pendulum of the conscience? What wrecks you would make of yourselves.

It is a good thing to have a smooth dial

with plain figures and handsome hand revolving in front of it. But what good would the clock be without the mainspring wheels and pendulum? Was there ever such a dunce as the old Kentuckian who thought there was nothing the matter with the clock, and that the trouble was the hands?

This know about clocks and men—that if the works of the clock or the man are out of order, they ought to be repaired. Repaired? Ah, but can they be repaired? All men agree that there are jewellers who can repair clocks, but how few believe that there is a great Jeweller who can repair men! But I am one who does. I do believe with all my heart that if any of you little children have a bad heart or a weak conscience that you can get them repaired. And the one who can repair them is the one who made you—God. Ask him to help you. Ask him to make you a better boy and girl.

### The Two Sides of it.

There was a girl who always said

Her fate was very hard;

From the one thing she wanted most

She always was debarred.

There always was a cloudy spot

Somewhere within her sky;

Nothing was ever quite just right,

She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,

Whose lot was quite the same,

Found something pleasant for herself

In every day that came.

Of course, things tangled up sometimes,

For just a little while;

But nothing ever stayed all wrong,

She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed, and one girl smiled,

Through all their lives together.

It didn't come from luck or fate,

From clear or cloudy weather.

The reason lay within their hearts,

And colored all outside;

One chose to hope, and one to mope,

And so they smiled and sighed.

—'Farming World.'

### Judged by His Works.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine there is a noble castle which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About ninety years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, who had an only son, the comfort of his father and a blessing to all who lived on his father's estate.

It so happened once that while this young gentleman was away from home a French gentleman came to the castle on a visit. The talk of this Frenchman concerning God was such that it chilled the old man's blood. The old baron reproved his guest, saying: 'Are you not afraid of offending God, who rules above, by speaking in such a manner?' The Frenchman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him. The baron took no further notice of this answer at the time, but the next morning took him about his castle and profited by the occasion to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The man admired the painting very much and said: 'Whoever painted that picture knows how to use the brush.'

'My son painted that picture,' quietly returned the baron.

'Then your son is a clever artist, indeed,' replied the gentleman.

The baron took his guest into the garden and showed him many beautiful flowers and rare plants.

'Who has the ordering of this garden?' asked the visitor.

'My son,' said the baron; 'he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that grows on the wall.'

'Indeed,' replied the Frenchman. 'I shall think very highly of him soon.'

The baron then went with his visitor into the village and showed him a neat little cottage where his son had established a school in which all young children that had lost their parents were received and brought up at his own expense. The children in the home all