

which I lend out I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. They will pay it back in the comfort they will be to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sisters, whom I could not be compelled to keep. This is what I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with the answer, said, "Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a mystery which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the king. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming, "The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you adieu."

PLEDGE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

This little band do with our hand
The Pledge now sign, to drink no wine;
Nor brandy red, to turn our head;
Nor whiskey hot, that makes the sot;
Nor will we sin through drinking gin;
Hard cider, too, will never do;
Nor brewer's beer, so dear and queer;
Nor fiery rum, to turn our home
Into a hell where none can dwell—
Where peace would fly, where hope would die,
And love expire 'mid such a fire.
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.