

"A CHRISTIAN."

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THE table d'hôte was a lovely one. The President of the French had arrived that day escorted by the French fleet, and every body was discussing the great doings, the glory, and the pomp put forth to greet him. The President of all France had met with a royal reception. All the warships at Villefranche were gay with flags and all the soldiers were shewing forth their martial power and their gay trappings to do him honor. The guns were booming gloriously, and the whole place was alive with excitement and rejoicing. And now the people who sat at dinner were discussing his proud position and his grand reception. At the table sat a fair little English boy, only just over six years of age. He had been to see the great man and the brilliant greeting bestowed upon him, and he was very enthusiastic over it all. Suddenly one of the French gentlemen turned towards him and said, "And what are you going to be when you grow up"? would he aspire to be a president, or an admiral, or be satisfied to be simply an officer or captain of the army or navy? What effect had all the show had upon the little Englishman? The little fellow squared himself, and his fair face flushed a little as he said quickly and determinedly, "Oh! I! I! am going to be a christian." More glorious to the child was a humble follower of the Lord in glory, the One who framed the world and was king of heaven and