

them. The fast trotting horse in the picture over yonder, did the legs actually move as Jack looked at them?

Suddenly, to his excited vision, the familiar form of the archangel with the uplifted sword took shape in the picture hanging just above the handsome mocking face of the tempter opposite him, which seemed unaccountably to resemble that of the demon under the angel's feet. The significance of it all rushed over Jack in a second of time; here was the tempter, what part had he played in resisting him? "Coward!" the angel seemed to say; and Jack, conscience stricken, stau.ed to his feet, just as the tempter, stifling a yawn, took out his watch to note the time. "A quarter to eleven," he said, with a meaning glance at poor Jack, who was trying to button his ulster with fingers that had no strength in them. Crushing his cap down over his eyes, the boy made for the door without a word to his entertainer, who called out after him, "Good night, sonny, go home, hope you've had a good time."

Jack heard a mocking laugh, which sounded strange and far away, as he rushed out into the street. He had not far to go to reach home, but his head felt queer, and he was so dizzy that it was with difficulty he turned the corners without hitting the lamp-posts. Several pedestrians passed him, who looked at the boy and uttered an exclamation of pity. At last, while crossing a street near his home, a carriage drove rapidly by, and Jack, dizzy and confused, stumbled and fell directly under the horses' hoofs. A policeman, once more Jack's friend, sprang forward and stopped the horses just as the forewheel of the carriage passed over the boy's leg.

Fortunately, the policeman knew Jack, Mr. Heniston's house being on his beat. The occupant of the carriage jumped out, and they took up the insensible boy and carried him home, arriving there just as Jack's father, who had been to the police station to inquire for the missing boy, was opening the hall door.

The terror of the family can be imagined. They supposed Jack to be killed outright; but the doctor came, and, after examination, found that he had sustained no injuries beyond a severe shaking up, and a broken ieg.

Many weary days Jack lay in bed, and had ample leisure to reflect on the consequence of his misdoings. Mr. Keniston, thinking that Jack had been punished enough, forebore to lecture him on the evils of disobedience, but his mother's reproachful eyes melted his heart into a passion of sorrowful repentance. So one day he confessed the whole disgraceful story, leaving out none of the details thereof.

"Oh, Jack!" murmured his mother, with tears in her eyes, "to think my boy should have been led so easily into a trap like that.

Those wicked men only wanted to amuse themselves at your expense, and put something besides lemonade into your glass. What a lesson for you, I hope you will never forget it."

Jack assured her chokingly that never so long as he lived should he forget it, and his father remarked, sarcastically, that he guessed the lesson was hard enough to stay in Jack's memory for a long time.

"Mother," said Jack one day, as she sat by his lonely bedside to keep him company, "I guess the man who gave me the lemonade was the prince of darkness after all. I thought he was the next thing to an angel of light, but he wasn't. I think it is easier to fight him as St. Michael does in the picture, when he is black and hideous, and seems just what he is."

"Yes," answered his mother, "but you must learn, dear boy, to discern the demon in the glass, and everywhere else where he allures boys, and men too, to stray in forbidden paths."

"I am afraid it would take an archangel to do that mother," said Jack, reflectively. "A St. Michael to see him, and his sword to overcome him."

"You are right Jack, for once, said his mother, with a smile. More than all else it needs the power of God to successfully resist him. Our Saviour in the Lord's Prayer asks God to deliver us from the evil one, for that was what He meant. In the Litany we pray to be delivered from 'the crafts and assaults of the devil.' There is no temptation Jack, that the Church in her wisdom has not foreseen. Oh! I hope my boys will not forget to resist the devil. It is so easy to lay down the sword and give up the fight."

"It won't be so easy, I hope, after this mother," said Jack. "When I get down stairs again, I'll interview St. Michael fifty times a day, and with that other Help I shall be sure not to forget."—*The Churchman, N. Y.*

CALENDAR

- October 2—17th Sunday after TRINITY.
- " 9—18th Sunday after TRINITY.
- " 16—19th Sunday after TRINITY.
- " 18—ST. LUKE—Evangelist.
- " 23—20th Sunday after TRINITY.
- " 28—ST. SIMONS and ST. JUDE.
- " 30—21st Sunday after TRINITY.
- Nov. 1—ALL SAINTS DAY.
- " 6—22nd Sunday after TRINITY.

"Be useful where thou liv'st, that so men may
Both want and wish the pleasing presence still.
Kindness, great parts, and good plans are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All earthly joys grow less
To the one joy of doing kindness."

—George Herbert.