

once or twice, thus removing temptation, and saving the cattle from being beaten and set on by the dogs.

"Thee's given him a bad wound, friend Levering," said the Quaker, on getting information of the two incidents just mentioned, "and it will be thy own fault if thee does not kill him."

Not long afterward, in the face of an approaching storm, and while Dick Hardy was making haste to get in some clover hay, his waggon broke down. Mr. Levering, who saw from one of his fields the incident, and understood what its loss might occasion, hitched up his waggon and sent it over to Dick's assistance. With a storm coming on that might last for days, and ruin two or three tons of hay, Dick could not decline the offer, though it went against the grain to accept a favour from a man he had hated for years, and injured in so many ways.

On the following morning Mr. Levering had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast.

"I have come," said Dick, stammering and confused, and looking down upon the ground instead of at Mr. Levering's face, "to pay you for the use of your team yesterday in getting in the last of my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your waggon, and it is only right that I should pay you for the use of it."

"Nay, friend Hardy," answered Paul Levering, cheerfully, "I should indeed be sorry if I could not do a neighbourly turn without pay. You are quite welcome, Mr. Hardy, to the waggon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that nice piece of clover. How much did you get?"

"About three tons. But, Mr. Levering, I must"—

"Not a word, if you don't want to offend me," interrupted Mr. Levering. "I trust there isn't a man around here that wouldn't do as much for a neighbour in time of need. Still, if you feel embarrassed—if you don't wish to stand my debtor, pay me in good will."

Dick Hardy raised his eyes slowly, and looking in a strange, wondering way at Mr. Levering, said, "Shall we not be friends?"

Levering reached out his hand. Hardy grasped it with a quick, short grip, and then, as if to hide his feelings that were becoming too strong, dropped it and went off hastily.

"Thee's killed him!" said the Quaker, on his next meeting with Levering; "thy enemy is dead!"

"Slain by kindness," answered Paul Levering, "which you supplied."

"No, thee took it from God's armoury, where all men may equip themselves without charge, and become invincible," replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy peace and safety, thee will never use any other weapons in fighting with thy neighbours. They are sure to kill."—*Selected.*

HOIST THE FLAG!—A good woman once asked her minister what she ought to do, there were so many worthless characters came in to sit with her husband of an evening. "Put the open family Bible on the table," said he, "and that will drive them off." And so it was; she was not troubled with them any more. "He that doeth evil hateth the light; neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd."

Vol I, No 4, Aug 1888