

faithful than the Son of God, but there never was one more considerate.

And just as rudeness is not essential to honesty, so neither is roughness essential to strength of character. The Christian should have a strong character; he should be a man of remarkable decision; he should start back from temptation as from a bursting bomb. And he should be a man of inflexible purpose. When once he knows His Lord's will, he should go through with it—aye, through fire and water with it! But this he may do without renouncing the meekness and gentleness which were in Christ. He may have zeal without pugnacity, determination without obstinacy. He should distinguish between the ferocity of the animal and the courage of the Christian. And whether he will make the distinction or not, the world will make it. The world looks for the serene benevolence of conscious strength in the follower of the Lamb of God; and, however rude its own conduct, it expects that the Christian himself will be courteous.

—James Hamilton, D.D.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THE KING.

You see, me an' the King's pardners. I'm only junior member of the firm; capital an' everything, all belongs to Him; I only does little odd jobs an' the knock 'round work. It was this way: I was out in the country last summer for two whole weeks. She lies there. I tell ye, if heaven's any purtyer'n that there place I'll give up. Well, she told about the King, an' about His country, an' how He an' me might go an' be pardners. She didn't say jest that thing, but tha's the way I got on to it.

"How'll I do it?" I says.

"Go an' do the thing He did," she says.

"What did He do?" I asks.

"He cured sick folks, one thing," she says, kind o' smilin' at me.

"H'm," says I, "I can't do that."

"Yes, you can," says she, quick like. "There's lots o' kinds o' sickness in the world. People ain't always sick in their bodies; it's in their hearts an' their souls an' their minds."

That was a little deep for me then, but I studied 'bout it awhile, an' says she:

"Give a lift whenever you can. There's always somebody wuss off'n you are. Help 'em along. There's other little chaps don't have as good luck as you."

"That's so," says I.

She didn't say anything more for awhile,

an' I kept thinkin' it over. The sun was shinin' down across the corn fields an' away over the woods, where it got dark and cool, an' the wind blow across the grass an' made tracks all through it, 's if somebody was awalkin' along. After awhile I says, "I believe I'll do it!" She looked up then, mighty pleased like, an' I says, "How'll He know I wants to go into pardnership?"

"Tell 'im," she says, with a shinin' in her eyes. "You don't need a telephone, nor a messenger boy, because all you have to do is to say it, an' He knows it an' hears it right away."

So I went away into the orchard. There was big trees, an' sech long, shady places, an' the wind went blowin' through, an' I sat there on the stone wall, a-lookin' out over the medders, but I didn't say it fer a long time. It didn't seem like it could be He'd hear, ner want to have it, ner anythin'. An' I thought, what 'd a great King like Him want to be foolin' long with me fer? But after awhile I did it. I says, out loud:

"Lord, I want to be yer pardner."

Then I held my breath fer a minit, an' it was so still I could hear the river runnin', away 'cross the clover medder, an' somewhere down in the woods, a bird—a medder lark, she says—said jest one single word slow and glad, "Halle-lu-ye!" But I knew He'd took me fer His pardner, 'thout another word being said.

Yes, me an' the King has been pardners for more'n a year, an' the business we do is amazin'. There's gettin' to be a big pile in the savin's bank. It's over in His country, you know. It ain't pennies an' nickels we puts in; it's things we does to help the King. See? She told me about that. She says: "Whenever you see a little feller what's weaker'n you, an' can't help hisself so well, just give him a lift; if yer can't do anything more, chirk 'im up, give him a kind word;" that's jest what she says. "There ain't nothin' too small for the heavenly savin's bank."

There was a little kid lived down long o' Miss Flannigan's, where I used to sleep nights. Kit, her name was. She was a little white-faced young un, an' went with a crutch. One day I got hold of a flower as somebody had dropped, an' I carried it home to her. She was settin' by the window, a-watchin' a star, jest one star she could see, an' she didn't hear me when I slipped up to her. She used to set that way an' look up at the sky. They liked to have her out of the way, 'cause she was no good about the house. Well, when she see the posy, she