

made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.'"

"I do not see as the one text takes away from the other," replied Benson. God gave the Sabbath to man, knowing well that a day of rest is as necessary for the good of a man's body as it is for the well-being of his soul. That is just the beauty of God's laws—they are made quite as much for man's good as for His own glory."

"That is a cut above me," said Wilcox. "I only know I will never turn my back on a good order. I know my own advantage a little too well for that."

"Has it ever struck you," asked Benson, looking up from his work, "that a man may be out of his calculations when he thinks himself wiser than his Maker?"

Wilcox fidgetted a little uneasily, and Benson continued—"When I was a youngster I lived for a short time with a celebrated surgeon, and I remember well his saying that the animal part of our nature needed rest, at least once in seven days.—He was not a religious man, and, therefore, he did not bring it forward in a religious point of view. It was simply, he wanted to get the most work possible out of those about him, and he always took care that his horses and his servants had, at least, one day's rest in the seven. Many is the story I have heard him tell of the way horses wore out, and human strength broke down, without one day's rest, and that is a truth any man can find out for himself."

"But even if I were to grant you that, just for the sake of the argument," returned Wilcox, "if a man wants to get on in the world, he must be ready to risk something to carry his point."

"I think he risks more who goes against God's laws, than he who conforms to them," said Benson.

Wilcox's only answer was a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

"It is an old saying," continued Benson, "that 'honesty is the best of policy,' and, to my way of thinking, the same truth holds good in respect to godliness. As far as my experience goes, I have found the Apostle was quite in the right when he said, 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come.'"

"I cannot say my experience runs in the same line," returned Wilcox.

"Keep God's commands, and never fear but he will keep you. It is a safe line of action, and I am not afraid to hold it," said Benson.

"Well, so long as you are satisfied, that is all that signifies," replied Wilcox; "but I think you would be puzzled to tell me of any man's worldly prospects that were ever improved by neglecting his worldly business."

"That is not exactly the way in which I put the case," said Benson; "But I can tell you an instance of a man whose worldly prospects have been wonderfully improved by his neglecting what the world would call his open and manifest interest."

"How so?"

"You know Lennox?"

"What, the great omnibus Proprietor?"

"Exactly."

"I should think so. All the world knows Lennox. I only wish I stood in his shoes."

"I have known Lennox since he was a boy. In fact, he is a sort of connection of mine—a second cousin. He was such a fine-looking, high-spirited boy, that he took the fancy of Simmons, the horse-dealer, who happened to be buying horses in the town where he lived; Simmons took him up with him to London, and Lennox turned out such a sharp, handy chap, and such a first-rate judge of horses, that he became a sort of right-hand to Simmons, who gave him the run of his house. In course of time Simmons died, and Lennox thinking, I suppose, it would be a good thing to step into such a fine concern, made up to the widow, who, flattered by the admiration of her handsome young suitor, gave him herself and her business."

"I can see the wisdom of the transaction, but I confess, I do not see the sanctity of it," interposed Wilcox, with a laugh.

"For a time all went very smooth," continued Benson, without noticing this remark; "Lennox was contented to enjoy his present good, giving himself very little heed to what might be the future. He was always amongst the first to seize on