

"Mercy on us, the dog is mad!" Then the women screamed, and there was great confusion in the room. There was no way out but by the door in which the dog stood, and no one could pass him without being bitten.

"Stand back, my friends," cried the brave smith, "till I seize the dog; then hurry out while I hold him. Better for one to perish than for all."

As he said this, he seized the foaming beast with an iron grasp, and dashed him on the floor. Then a terrible struggle followed. The dog bit furiously on every side, in a most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let go his hold. Unmindful of the great pain it caused, and the horrible death which he knew must follow, with the grasp of a giant, he held down the snapping, biting, howling brute, till all his friends had escaped in safety. Then he flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room and locked the door. The dog was shot through the window: but what was to become of the brave but unfortunate smith?

The friends whose lives he had saved at the expense of his own, stood round him, weeping. "Be quiet, my friends," he said; "don't weep for me; I've only done my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love; and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long, or too much. I know I shall become mad, but I will take care that no harm comes to you through me."

Then he went to his shop. He took a strong chain. One end of it he riveted with his own hands round his body; the other end he fastened round the anvil, so strongly that no earthly power could loose it. Then he looked round on his friends and said;—

"Now it's done. You are all safe. I can't hurt you. Bring me food while I am well, and keep out of my reach when I am mad! The rest I leave with God."

Nothing could save the brave smith. Soon madness seized him; and after nine days he died. What a noble fellow!—What a real hero that was! He was willing to endure all this for the sake of secur-

ing blessings for his friends.

But there is one example better than any of these. Think of Jesus. He suffered for more than thirty years. He suffered in the garden; he suffered on the cross, that He might secure rich, and everlasting blessings, for poor sinners such as we are. When we think of Jesus;—Arnold Winkelried—the boy at the dyke—the smith of Ragenbach, and all other examples fade away, like the stars before the sun.

*The third reason why the commandment forbids the worship of images is, because minding it will bring blessings on others, as well as on ourselves.*

Now we have had two questions before us. *What does this commandment forbid? and Why does it forbid it?* Under the second question, we have had three reasons;—The first reason is, *because God is a jealous God.* The second is, *because others beside ourselves must suffer if we don't mind.* And the third is, *because it will bring blessings on others, beside ourselves, if we do mind.*

And now, my dear children, I want each one of you to ask yourself this question. How can I do the greatest good to myself—to my parents—to my brothers and sisters—to my country, and to the world? This answer is very short. It is by loving Jesus, and keeping His commandments. But you never can do this in your own strength. No. But if you ask Jesus to give you the help of His grace and Spirit, then you will be able to love Him, and keep His commandments, and secure the greatest blessings for yourselves and others!—*The King's Highway by Dr. Newton.*

"Having food and raiment let us therewith be content."—1 Timothy vi. 8.

King George III. walking out one morning, met a lad at the stable door, and asked him, "Well, boy, what do you do? what do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the king; "I have no more." All that the richest possess beyond food, raiment, and habitation, they have but the keeping, or the disposing, not the present enjoyment of. A plough-boy, who thinks and feels correctly, has enough to make him contented; and if a king have a discontented spirit, he will find some plea for indulging it.