

"Your mother—yes. So my mother taught me, or I should have grown up a world-fearing and unbelieving man," muttered the merchant to himself. "I didn't really think there was such honesty in all the great city," he added a little louder.—"Come, my boy, I'm going to see your mother," he said; "just lead the way, little hero!"

Johnie Macfarlane—for that was his name—felt his cheek glow, and yet he could not tell why. Did the man mean to praise or blame him? How queer he was! pleasant yet stern; and not exactly a Christian after his mother's stamp. He was so glad to see his mother, standing in the little shop, that he sprung in, and placing his basket on the floor clung to her dress. The good woman looked up in astonishment and some dread. Of what had her darling boy been guilty? "What has he been doing, sir?" she asked.

"Doing, madam, doing," said the strange gentleman; "he's been doing what I never believed any boy would do to me, he actually returned me a gold piece given him by mistake. Now, I wish to know if that is the way you train your children?"

"Yes, sir, she said promptly, smiling on the little boy. "Johnie never would have come home with what he did not come honestly by, I bring him up in the bible sir."

"You do, you do? Well, just keep on, my good woman; give him plenty of the Bible, and the day he's twelve years old, I'll take him into my counting-room, and make a man of him. I promise you I'll look out for Johnie."

He did look out for Johnie, as God put it into his mind to do; and to day the lad, now a young man, can say with truth, as he points to his own prosperous business, "I honored God, and God has fulfilled his promise by honoring me.

Even in this way the Almighty sometimes shows that it is the best and the safest way to do right and keep his holy commandments.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Once in a happy home, a bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice the eldest said, "Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill; now, mother, "who took her on the other side?" "On the other side of what Alice?" "On the other side of death! who took the baby on the other side, mother; she was so little she could not go alone; "Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "It is He who took little children in His arms to bless them, and said, "Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" He took the baby on the other side."

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