

owe your present health and safety, ungrateful little one!

And are not many men—are not you indeed like this little child? You complain of your Father in heaven because He keeps you poor, perhaps, and unable to do the things you would. He let you feel His rod the other day to prevent you repeating that sin you fell into. He afflicts you now to make you well for all eternity.

You are, perhaps, but five years old as regards God, like that little child, and you have no sense to judge Him, the great Creator of all men.

Be humble, then, and do as you would like your little child to do to you. Trust God though you do not yet understand His dealings. He is your Father.

My Enemy.

TOM WATSON'S STORY.

MY enemy.' That's what I used to call him. Not that ever he did me any harm, or wanted to do me any, but I took a spite against him from the very first, when we were little lads together, and there was always something or other to keep it going.

One Sunday we'd been quarrelling on the road to school, and calling each other all the names we could think of, and when Miss Mary asked me in class if I knew what '*an enemy*' was, I blurted out 'Fred Walters,' and made everybody laugh.

They all knew that Fred and I were always fighting, and Miss Mary knew it too, so she just smiled to herself and said no more then, but she gave me a talking-to afterwards.

Yes, we used to be always fighting about one thing or another, but we were friends then compared to what we came to be when we were grown up, though we left off fighting before that.

We grew up and got beyond Miss Mary, and never went to her class any more; though I, for one, never saw her about the street but my heart warmed to her still, and my cap went off of itself.

Fred joined Mr. Morton's Bible Class—he was the clergyman—but I did nothing of the kind. I was a rough lot in those days, and not easy to have to do with; and I was fool enough to be proud of it.

Fred and I were not like to be better friends, for all the fellows about knew what

a spite I had against him, and thought it good fun to set us on at one another; but I never laid hand upon him, for he was but a little chap still, and I had grown up so strong and big that I could have picked him up under my arm and carried him away.

I didn't keep my tongue off him though, especially on a Sunday, when he was dressed up, spick-and-span, in his black clothes as fine as any parson, going off to Bible Class with his books under his arm.

Somehow the sight of him then made me feel mad. I didn't mind him half so much on a weekday, when we were all coming back from the pits together, as black as a coal.

He always managed to pass by where I would be standing, with a lot of other chaps, in front of the 'Miner's Arms,' though there was another way he might have gone. And he always gave a civil answer or none, whatever we said to him. It says in the Good Book that a soft answer turns away wrath, but I used to think sometimes that if he'd only speak up sharp, once for all, and show a bit of spirit, I'd let him alone from that time forward.

Fred Walters lived with his old father and mother, and folks said that he helped them a good bit. Anyway, theirs was as comfortable a house as any in the place, and Fred was as steady as could be. A very great favourite he was with Mr. Morton, and a credit to the parish—so they used to say.

As for me, I was no credit to anyone, and