

they are dirty. He has hardly missed a Sunday from Sunday school for years, and a few months ago he was baptised and joined the church.

We have a lame beggar-boy too, in our school. He was found on the road near the city, with a big hole in his foot, where he had stepped on a sharp stump of bamboo, and had left the farmer's house because he could not work. He was taken care of for months, until his foot grew better. He was very fond of singing. One day a lady told my mamma that she was feeling very sad one day, almost bad enough to cry, when she looked out of the window and saw him limping by on an errand, seeming so happy, and singing "Hold the Fort." Then she thought, if he, without any father or mother, or home or money, with an ugly wound in his foot, could be so cheerful, that she ought not to be discouraged.

COUSIN SADIE.

A GOOD ARGUMENT.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine there is a noble castle, which lifts its old grey towers above the ancient forest, where dwelt a nobleman who had a good and devoted son, his comfort and his pride.

Once, when his son was away from home, a Frenchman called, and, in course of conversation, spoke in such unbecoming terms of the great Father in heaven as to chill the old man's blood.

"Are you not afraid of offending God," said the baron, "by speaking in this way?"

The foreigner answered, with cool indifference, that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him.

No notice was taken of this observation at the time; but the next morning the baron pointed out to the visitor a beautiful picture which hung on the wall, and said: "My son drew that!"

"He must be a clever youth," replied the Frenchman blandly.

Later in the day, as the two gentlemen were walking in the garden, the baron

showed his guest many rare plants and flowers, and, on being asked who had the management of the garden, the father said with proud satisfaction: "My son; and he knows every plant, almost, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed! observed the other. "I shall soon have a very exalted opinion of him."

The baron then took his visitor to the village and showed him a neat building which his son had fitted up for a school, where the children of poor were daily instructed free of expense.

"What a happy man you must be," said the Frenchman, "to have such a son!"

"How do you know I have a son?" asked the baron, with a grave face.

"Why, because I have seen his works, and I am sure he must be both clever and good, or he never could have done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him," returned the baron.

"No; but I already know him very well, because I can form a just estimate of him from his works."

"I am surprised," said the baron in a quiet tone; "and now oblige me by coming to this window and tell me what you see from thence."

"Why, I see the sun travelling through the sky, and shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods and pastures and orchards and vineyards and cattle and sheep feeding in rich fields."

"Do you see anything to be admired in all this?" asked the baron.

"Can you fancy I am blind?" retorted the Frenchman.

"Well, then, if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his various works, how does it happen that you can form no estimate of God's goodness, by witnessing such proofs of his handiwork?"