

## REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.

A STORY OF SWITZERLAND.

**I**N a beautiful Swiss valley lived a farmer, who neither feared God nor regarded man, and who wished in everything to have his own way. One Sabbath afternoon, in harvest-time, he had a large quantity of cut grain in his field. Observing the clouds gathering around the tops of the mountains, and the spring becoming full of water, he called his domestics, saying, "Let us go to the field, gather and bind, or towards evening we shall have a storm." He was overheard by his grandmother, and a good old lady, of eighty years of age, who walked supported by two crutches. She approached her grandson with difficulty.

"John, John," she said, "dost thou consider? As far as I can remember, in my whole life, I have never known a single ear of corn housed on the holy Sabbath day; and yet we have always been loaded with blessings, we have never wanted for anything; and thus far the year has been very dry, and if the grain get a little wet there is nothing in that very alarming. Besides, God, who gives the grain, gives the rain also, and we must take things as He sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this holy day, I earnestly beseech thee."

At these words of the grandmother, the domestics came around her: the eldest understood the wisdom of her advice; but the young treated it with ridicule, and said one to another, "Old customs are out of date in our day; prejudices are abolished: the world now is altogether altered."

"Grandmother," said the farmer, it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in labor or in sleep; and He will be altogether as much pleased to see the grain in the corn-loft as to see exposed to the rain. That which we get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody can tell what sort of weather it will be to-morrow."

"John, John, within doors and out of doors, all things are at the Lord's disposal, and thou dost not know what may happen this evening; I entreat thee, for the love of God, not to work to-day; I would much rather eat no bread for a whole year."

"Grandmother, doing a thing for one time is not a habit; besides, it is not a wickedness to try to preserve one's harvest, and to better one's circumstances."

"But, John," replied the good old lady, "God's commandments are always the same, and what will it profit thee to have thy grain in the barn, if thou lose thy soul?"

"Oh! don't be uneasy about that," ex-

claimed John. And now, boys, let us go to work; time and weather wait for no man."

"John, John," for the last time cried the good old lady; but, alas, it was in vain; and while she was weeping and praying, John was housing his sheaves. It might be said that all flew, both men and beasts, so great was the dispatch.

A thousand sheaves were in the barn when the first drops of rain fell. John entered his house, followed by his people, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Now, grandmother, all is secure; let the tempests roar, let the elements rage, it little concerns me, my harvest is under my roof."

"Yes, John," said the grandmother, solemnly; "but above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof."

While she was speaking the room was suddenly illuminated, and fear was painted on every countenance. A tremendous clap of thunder made the house tremble to its foundations.

"See!" exclaimed the first who could speak, "the lightning has struck the barn!" All hurried out of doors. The building was in flames, and they saw through the roof the sheaves burning which had only just been housed.

The greatest consternation reigned among the men, who but a moment before were so pleased. Every one was dejected, and incapable of acting. The aged grandmother alone preserved all her presence of mind. She prayed, and incessantly repeated, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Oh! heavenly Father! let Thy will, and not ours be done."

The barn, with all its contents, was entirely consumed.

The farmer had said, "I have put my harvest under my roof," but he forgot what his grandmother said, "Above thy roof is the Lord's roof!"

Dear young readers, do not break the Sabbath either by work or play.

*A Sabbath well spent*

Brings a week of content

And health for the toils of to-morrow,

But a Sabbath profaned

Whatever be gained

Is a sure forerunner of sorrow.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Ex 20:8.

Verily my Sabbaths ye shall keep.—Ex. 31:13.

Blessed is the man that—keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it.—Is. 56:2.