

HE WHO SERVES GOD SERVES A GOOD MASTER.

"Remember, I must have the bridle on Monday," said Mr. Harcourt, as he turned to leave a shop where he had been giving some orders about his harness.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Benson, the master, coming forward, "but it will not be possible to get it done by Monday."

"Not possible," returned Mr. Harcourt, stopping short. "What nonsense! Why, there is all to-morrow."

"To-morrow is Sunday, sir," returned the shopman firmly, but respectfully.

"Well, what of that?"

"We don't work on a Sunday, sir."

"Then I shall go to those who do.—"

You can put the bridle in the carriage," added Mr. Harcourt, turning to the man to whom he had given the order.

"We can get it done by Tuesday, sir, without fail," interposed Mr. Benson.

"Tuesday will be too late," returned Mr. Harcourt, and then without another word, he stepped out of the shop, and bidding his groom take the bridle from the man, he got into his Phaeton and drove off, muttering to himself, "The old humbug! I will make him repent his folly."

Mr. Benson watched the carriage till it turned the corner of the street, then, with something like a sigh, went back to his seat, and continued his work. He had lost Mr. Harcourt's custom—he felt sure of that.

He was a new customer, just recommended to him by a person whom he greatly desired to oblige, and he was a man who knew what good work was, and who did not mind what he paid for it, and paid promptly, too; and just now such employment would have been invaluable to Mr. Benson.

He had had some heavy losses in trade, followed by sickness in his own family, and a little ready money coming in at this moment would have set him all right again. It was a sore temptation that had just tried him, no doubt about it; and his heart smote him as he thought how near he had been to yielding; but, thanks be to God, who giveth the victory, the temptation had been conquered, and as Mr. Ben-

son sat down to his work again, it was with a tranquil feeling, as he remembered that he who serves God serves a good Master, and may be content to look to Him for his wages.

It was some few hours after Mr. Harcourt had left the shop that Mr. Wilcox, a clever, pushing saddler, who lived in an adjoining street, came bustling in, looking wonderfully cockahoop and elated.

"Well, Benson," said he, as he rubbed his hands one over the other with uncommon glee, "you have been and done it that is all."

"Done what?" inquired Benson, as he looked up quietly from his work, making a good guess, however, as to his visitor's meaning.

"Knocked down your own luck with one hand, and given it to me with the other."

"You mean, I suppose, that Mr. Harcourt drove on from my shop to yours."

"Exactly; and I thought the least I could do was to come and thank you, and tell you how happy I should be to work for as many more as you like to send."

"I need not tell you I shall not send you those that I can keep," replied Mr. Benson, trying hard not to show that he was annoyed: "but, God helping me, I will never go against my conscience—not for any man nor any money."

"Well, every one to their taste. These are not days to refuse good work when it is offered; and as to your scruples, they are all nonsense, just as if there was any sin in putting a needle and thread through a bit of leather on a Sunday. The better the day the better the deed."

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work." They are plain words, and there is no mistaking their meaning," said Benson, quietly.

"Oh, if it comes to quoting Scriptures," returned Wilcox, with a sneer, "I can quote text for text.—The Sabbath was