

then put the wounded deer out of his pain by shooting him through the heart, but he allowed the Good Samaritans to bound away unscathed.

THE PREACHER AND THE HIGHWAYMEN.

ONCE there lived a good man whose name was John Kane, who lived in Poland, where he taught and preached. It was his rule always to suffer wrong rather than do wrong to others. One night as he was riding through a dark wood he all at once found himself at the mercy of a band of robbers. He got down from his horse, and said to the gang that he would give up to them all he had about him. He then gave them a purse filled with silver coins, a gold chain from his neck, a ring from his finger, and from his pocket a book of prayer, with silver clasps.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber chief in a stern voice: "have you no more money?"

The old man in his confusion said he had given them all the money he had; and, when he had said this, they let him go. Glad to get off so well, he went quickly on, and was soon out of sight. But all at once the thought came to him that he had some gold pieces stitched into the hem of his robe. These he had quite forgotten when the robbers had asked him if he had any more money.

"This is lucky," thought John Kane; for he saw that the money would bear him home to his friends, and that he would not have to beg his way, or suffer for want of food and shelter. But John's conscience was a tender one, and he stopped to listen to its voice. It seemed to cry to him in earnest tones, "Tell not a lie! Tell not a lie!" These words would not let him rest.

Some men would say that such a promise, made to thieves, need not be kept; and few men would have been troubled after such an escape. But John did not stop to reason. He went back to the place where the robbers