

HIS LAMP.



FHY Word is a lamp unto my feet."

A ragged errand boy was carefully printing this Bible text, with chalk, on a gate.

So interested was he with his work that he did not notice a kind-looking old gentleman who, after walking slowly past twice, returned and stood beside him.

"M—y," said the boy, repeating the letters aloud, as he formed them with care. "F—double e—t, feet."

"Well done, my boy, well done!" said the old gentleman. "Where did you hear that?"

"At the Mission Sunday-school, sir," replied the boy, half-frightened, thinking that the old gentleman was going to deliver him up to the police for writing on the gate,

"Don't run away; I'm not going to hurt you. What is your name?"

"Nicholas."

"So you learned that text at the Sunday-school. Do you know what it means?"

"No, sir," said Nicholas.

"What is a lamp?"

"A lamp? why a lamp! a thing that gives light!"

"And what is the *word* that the text speaks of?"

"The Bible, sir."

"That's right. Now, how can the Bible be a lamp and give light?"

"I don't know, 'less you set it afire," said Nicholas."

"There is a better way than that, my lad. Suppose you were going down some lonely lane on a dark night with an unlighted lantern in your hand and a box of matches in your pocket, what would you do?"

"Why, light the lantern, sir," replied Nicholas, evidently surprised that anyone should ask such a foolish question.

"And what would you light it for?"

"To show me the road, sir."

"Very well. Now, suppose you were walking behind me some day, and saw me drop a shilling, what would you do?"

"Pick it up and give it to you again, sir."

"Wouldn't you want to keep it for yourself?"

Nicholas hesitated; but he saw a smile on the old gentleman's face, and with an answering one on his own, he said, "I should want to sir, but I shouldn't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because it would be stealing."

"How do you know?"

"It would be taking what wasn't my own, and the Bible says we are not to steal."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "so it is the Bible that makes you honest, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if you had not heard of the Bible you would steal, I suppose?"

"Lots of the boys do," said Nicholas, hanging his head.

"And the Bible shows you the right and safe path, the path of honesty?"

"Like the lamp!" said Nicholas, seeing now what all these questions meant. "Is that what the text means?"

"Yes; there is always light in the Bible to show us where to go. Now, my boy, do you think it worth while to take this good old lamp and let it light you right through life?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you will be safer with it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because if I'm honest I shan't stand no chance of going to prison."

"And what else?"

Nicholas thought for a few minutes. "If I mind the Bible I shall go to Heaven," he said at last.

"Yes, that's the best reason for taking the lamp. It will light you right into Heaven. Good-bye, my lad. Here's a shilling for you, and mind you don't keep the Bible light covered up by not reading it."

"Yes, sir," said Nicholas, grasping the shilling, and touching his ragged cap; "I'll mind."—The Beautiful Tree of Life.

Boys keep ever in mind the day that is fast approaching when we who are boys shall be men. Always look at things from the standpoint of ten or twenty years hence. Now there is no trait more essential to a man's success in life than the simple one of stick-to-it-iveness; and unless we learn in youth to persevere, in things little or great, we shall have a serious time in manhood in unlearning the strong habit of vacillation.

