

### Children's Department.

#### MICHAEL THE UPRIGHT.

More than two hundred years ago there lived in Holland a little boy named Michael. His parents were poor and wished to bring him up to some trade; but Michael's heart was set upon being a sailor and nothing else would do. So he was allowed to have his way, and his father got a berth for him in a vessel about to sail for Morocco, on the coast of Africa. It belonged to a merchant who was in the habit of carrying out bales of cloth to sell the natives of that place.

As the merchant himself went in the ship, he had full opportunity of testing the character of his new "hand" and he very soon found he was something worth having. Not only was he quick to learn his duties, but what was far better, he was a boy to be trusted. Whatever he had to do he did in the best way he could, whether anybody was looking at him or not. "This is the boy I want, thought the merchant.

At last one day the merchant felt sick and could not go with the vessel which was laden ready to sail for Morocco. What could he do? He knew of only one person to whom he could intrust his cargo, and so sent for Michael and told him that he must go in his master's stead. Michael was young and the responsibility was great, but it was his duty, and he did not shrink from it. The ship sailed with Michael in charge, and in due time he might have been seen arranging his cloth in the market place at Morocco.

Now the city was governed by a despot called Beg, and so despot

was he, that he could do what he liked with the lives of his people without anybody calling him to account. On this very morning he came into the market, and after inspecting the various pieces of cloth in Michael's keeping, fixed on one and asked the price. Michael named it. The Beg offered half the price named.

"King," said Michael. "I ask no more than it is worth; my master expects that price and I am only his servant. I have no power to take less."

The Beg's face grew dark with anger and the bystanders trembled, for they knew it was certain death to oppose the wishes of the governor.

"I will give you until to-morrow to think about it!" and he walked away.

Michael put back his cloth and began calmly to wait on his other customers. "I am in God's hands," he said, when those around him begged him to give in and saved his life. "He who is not true in all things, how shall he be true in great" was his reply. "If my master loses one penny through me I am not a faithful servant."

The morrow came. The Beg appeared as before only that besides his other servants the public executioner followed behind him. He asked the same question and he got the same answer. "Take my life if you will," added the brave Michael; but I shall die with a clear conscience and as a true servant of my master."

It was an awful moment. Every body expected to hear the order—"Strike off his head", and in a moment it would have been done. But it was not done. The face of the Beg suddenly changed.