

this coal-box, with as much regard as he did upon the princes of Judah, when they "rejoiced and brought in, and cast into the chest, until they had made an end." 2 Chron. xxiv, 10.

### A Short Fireside Story.

One evening an old man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave the half to his boy. "Not so, father," said the boy, "I shall not eat till after you. You have been working hard all day for small wages to support me, and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are done."—"You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more good than my food, and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do, and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn to eat."—"Thank you, father, but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require more than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy, but eat it I shall not; I have abundance, and let us thank God for his goodness in giving us food, and giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies."

The father and the son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces to begin together their frugal meal. But as they cut out one portion of the loaf, there fell out several pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. "My son, my son!" he cried,

"do not touch that money, it is not ours." "But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?" "I know not, as yet, to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker through some mistake. We must inquire; run." "But, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and"—"I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take the advantage of him; remember Him, who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us; but that is no reason why we should try and cheat him. I am poor, indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of God's own son, oh, let us share, also, his goodness and his trust in God.—We may never be rich, but may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it? Yes, my boy, trust God, and walk in His ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now run to the baker, and bring him here, and I shall watch the gold until he comes."

So the boy ran for the baker. "Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away." "My father, baker, is very poor, and"—"Silence, my child, put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money." The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf.

"Thou art an honest fellow," said the baker, "and my neighbour, David, the flax-dresser, spoke the truth, when he said, thou wert the honestest man in town. Now I shall tell thee about