

will not vouch for the language, but put it in that of the present day :

" 'Yes, the clock works well,' said Charles, 'but,' being anxious to find some fault with a thing he did not understand, 'you have got the figures on the dial wrong.'

" 'Wherein, your majesty?' asked Vick.

" 'That four should be four ones,' said the king.

" 'You are wrong, your majesty,' said Vick.

" 'I am never wrong,' thundered the king. 'Take it away and correct the mistake.' And corrected it was, and from that day to this 4 o'clock on a watch or clock dial has been IIII instead of IV. The tradition has been faithfully followed."—*Toledo Blade*.

### BILLY BRAY AND HIS "TATURS."

I was goin' to tell the story I heard from dear old Billy Bray. He was preachin' about temptations, and this is what he said :

" 'Friends, last week I was diggin' up my 'tatur. It was a poor yield, sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the lot. An' while I was diggin' Satan comes to me, and he says :

" 'Billy, do you think your Father loves you?'

" 'I should reckon he do,' I says.

" 'I don't,' says the tempter, in a minute.

" 'If I'd thought that about it I shouldn't ha' listened to him, for his opinions been't worth the leastest bit o' notice.

" 'I don't said he, 'and I tell'ee what for: If your Father loved you, Billy Bray, he'd give you a pretty yield o' 'tatur—so much as ever you do want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist. For it been't no trouble for your Father to do anything; and he could just as easy give you plenty as not. An' if he loved you he would, too.'

" 'O' course I wasn't goin' to let him talk o' my Father like that; so I turned round 'pon him;

" 'Pray, sir,' says I; 'who may you happen to be, comin' to me talkin' like this here? If I been't mistaken I know you, sir, and I know my Father, too. And to think o' you comin' a-sayin' he don't love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house, an' it do say, sir, that you are a liar from the beginnin'. And I am sorry to add that I had a personal acquaintance with you some years ago, and I served you faithful as ever any poor wretch could; and all you gave me was nothin' but rags to my back and a wretched home, and no 'tatur, and the fear of eternal ruin. And here is my dear Father in heaven. I've been a poor servant of his, off an' on, for thirty years; and he's given me a clean heart, and a soul full of joy, and a lovely suit o' white as'll never wear out, and he says he will make a king o' me before he've

done, and that he'll take me home to his palace to reign with him forever and ever. And now you come up here a talkin' like that!'

" 'Bless'ee, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say 'good morning.'"—*Daniel Quarm*.

### THE HARM IT DOES.

I mean strong drink, children. And only a small part of the harm. I could not tell you all if I talked a whole week. It is the harm it does to the splendid body which God has given to us. You know what our bodies are—nice, white skin, sound, firm flesh on good, strong bones, with little purple rivers of arteries and veins running through it, bright eyes, steady feet and strong hands—why, ought not folks to be ashamed to do anything to spoil such a perfect piece of the Creator's work?

" 'Yes! yes, indeed!' you all say.

Now you look at a person who drinks—do you find any of these things? Red nose, red eyes, dark wrinkled skin, shaky hands, feet that won't walk straight, mind that can't remember—nothing at all that you can see as God made it. Why, boys and girls, and women, too, are afraid of a drunken man, because they know he isn't himself at all, but given up to a bad spirit; and there's no telling what he will do.

You know that no man would take a dose of arsenic or strychnine unless he wanted to kill himself—every child has learned that they are deadly poisons. Yet the man or boy who drinks liquor takes them both, and other things just as deadly. The awful poison will kill him just as surely and more painfully, more slowly, than if he had taken the dose of pure poison.

You all know what it means to be paralysed—not to have any motion or power in the parts affected. That is just how alcohol affects the body a short time after it is taken into the stomach. All the little tissues and nerves yield to it, and it goes to the brain, turning into something resembling the white of a hard boiled egg. Do you think such leathery stuff could do much thinking? Do you wonder that the drunkard, with his stiffened nerves and white-of-egg brain, tumbles over and lies like a log in the gutter?—*Anon*.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. A good man picking up some sticks, and laying them on a fire in a cold rainy day.
2. The precious name of Jesus Christ, or "Christ Jesus," repeated eight times in nine verses; in what Epistle?