

tered, my uncle, in his bluff, hearty way, rose, and shaking his hand warmly said, 'Come, David, my friends and I wish to drink the health of a man to whom I and my nephew, at least, must ever be deeply indebted.' Uncle Ruthven suited the action to the word, and then filling the massive old goblet beside him (an heirloom in our family), handed it to Henderson, thinking that he would doubtless be glad of the opportunity of returning the toast. Imagine, then, his surprise when David replaced the goblet on the table untouched, saying, modestly but firmly, that he had not tasted spirits since his marriage, and would rather be excused from doing so now.

"What nonsense!" cried my uncle, who seemed very much displeased at his gardener's refusal; 'here, Henry, my boy,' turning to me 'see if you cannot persuade your constant companion and rural hero to drink a single glass to the health of one whose life he has so lately saved. If his attachment to you is real, and not *politic*, he cannot but grant you this *favor*.' Now I had my own reasons for wishing to preserve peace between my uncle and David, and besides, I was foolish and vain enough to wish to show my uncle's guests what an attached follower I had in David Henderson; so, in spite of the pleading look in his honest brown eyes, I held up the fatal goblet to him, saying, 'One glass on such an occasion surely cannot hurt you, David; do not let such a trifle come between us to cool our friendship or I shall really think that, after all, you do not care much for the life you so gallantly risked your own to save to-day.' 'Will you answer for the consequences?' was David's only reply, as he took the goblet into his trembling hands. 'To be sure, David; I'll settle matters with the little wife down at the lodge.'

"Such a solemn question, and so lightly answered!"

"Henderson returned the old goblet to the table with a new light in his eyes. 'Just another, to show that there's no ill feeling between us, master,' he said, with a strange, nervous laugh. 'Ah! I thought your scruples would soon give way,' said my uncle, filling a smaller glass for him. How often this was repeated I cannot tell, for at last I could no longer bear to see David's flushed face and excited eye; so, stung with remorse, I left the room and went to order a basket of good things to be sent

down to his wife and little ones at the lodge. How my guilty heart leaped when in passing the door of the housekeeper's little parlor I saw Mrs. Henderson sitting there by the fire. I would gladly have escaped, but she saw me before I turned away, and coming forward, asked me if I knew where her husband was."

"In the dining-room with my uncle," I said falteringly. I suppose she must have seen the grief in my face, for she grew suddenly white and leaned against the wall for support.



"Oh, Mr. Henry," she cried, 'you don't mean to say that they have been tempting him to taste spirits. Tell me anything but that. He is so excitable, that the smallest quantity is quite enough to make him lose his self-command. I never saw David so bad as he was on our wedding-day, and he promised me then that he would never be the same again. He has kept that promise faithfully for five years; surely, Mr. Henry, the laird has not persuaded him to break it now?' The wife's anxious question, accompanied by the mute entreaty of her eye, pierced my very heart. Never till that moment did I realize what it was to have such a sin brought home to one. Turning my guilty face away I cried out in an agony of self-reproach, 'He has indeed broken his promise, Mrs. Henderson, but it was not the laird who tempted him; it was I, his friend.' I fled upstairs to my room before the poor woman could speak again; but I think the memory of her

white, woe-stricken face will never, never leave me. I have no idea how that miserable day ended, for I fell ill. Never a strong lad, the accident of the morning, with the after-excitement of the day, proved too much for me, and I succumbed to a low fever, which confined me to my quiet room for a fortnight. During the first week, I believe, Henderson was scarcely ever seen sober. The old craving, once yielded to, seemed to be irresistible. So my inconsistent uncle dismissed him summarily, as I heard afterwards. Since then,

in spite of many enquiries, I have heard nothing of my boyhood's friend, whose character and life, in a thoughtless moment, I fear I ruined. I shall always consider myself to have been David Henderson's worst enemy. And now, Harry, do you wonder that I was so pained and hurt by your conduct this morning?"

"Oh, papa," said the boy with tears in his eyes, "I never thought such a little thing could do so much harm. I shall never forget about poor David Henderson. How splendid it would be," continued Harry turning, as youth will, to the hopeful side of things, "if we could find him out yet and bring him back to Ruthven, to begin his life over again!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"GOD SEES YOU."

Many children have read the sweet tales of the Danish writer, Hans Christian Andersen. A pleasing story of his childhood is told in a sketch of his life:—

Little Hans was one day, with his mother and some other poor neighbors, gleaning in the field of a man who was said to be very harsh and cruel. They saw him coming, and all started to run away. But Hans' clumsy wooden shoes came off; the stubble, or short stumps of the grain-stalks which had been left by the reapers, hurt his tender feet, so that he could not keep up with the others, and he found he must be caught. The rough owner of the field was very near, and could now almost reach him with his heavy whip; when Hans, whose hopeless case now suddenly filled him with new courage, stopped, and turned, and looking into the man's face said: "How dare you strike me when God sees you?"

The anger of his pursuer was subdued at once. Instead of striking the boy, he gently stroked his cheeks, asked his name, and gave him some money. The truth, of which little Hans reminded him when about to do a mean and cruel act, seemed to make him ashamed of it at once, and to cause him to speak and act kindly.

How many wicked words and acts children as well as grown people might be kept from saying and doing, if they could at the right time be reminded, as that man was, of the presence of God! When you rise in the morning; through all the hours of the day; when you go to bed at night; in the darkness when you are fast asleep; when you are faithful in duty; when you are careless; when you are kind and loving, and when you are unkind and selfish and sinful—always, everywhere, *God sees you*. When you are tempted to speak harshly to your little brothers or sisters, or undutifully to your parents; when you are tempted to lie, cheat, or steal, to speak a profane or naughty word—ask yourself, "How dare I do this wicked thing, when God can see me?" — *Mother's Magazine*.

—A poor woman had a supply of coal laid at her door by a charitable neighbor. A very little girl came out with a small fire shovel, and began to take up a shovelful at a time, and carry it to a sort of bin in the cellar. We said to the child:—

"Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" (Child, quite confused with the question), "Yes, sir, if I work long enough."

—Seek not to be rich, but happy. The one lies in bags, the other in content, which wealth can never give.