

the first time he ever talked quite seriously to me, for I never pressed him into it. I let him take his own time. I knew he would come some day, for I saw he trusted me.

"Say, Mr. Wallace," he said, "is it wrong to carry on? you know what I mean. I'm an awful fellow, always up to some sort of nonsense. I can't help it somehow; it's in me and has to come out, you see. Of course I don't do anything bad—but—oh well, you know, some of the old folks think I'm a regular scamp, scapegrace—and so on—that way you know—and well I was just wondering, I often wonder—is it wrong anyhow?"

Ah! Jack my boy. As I write I can see him looking into my eyes with those grey ones of his full of serious light, speaking in that impulsive rough-and-ready way of his that was full of earnestness and character, putting his thoughts in words as fast as they came, all in a bunch, like sheep crowding out of the sheep pen.—I can see him, and I reach my hand across the space that divides us and grasp his honest one, for my heart goes out to him as it always did.

"Well, Jack, you know old folks are wise, and they have a good deal of experience, but—"

"Oh, bother old folks, I want to know what you think," put in Jack impetuously.

"Just wait till I finish my sentence, sir, and perhaps you'll find out what I think,—but I was going to say they often wear glasses and glasses magnify. You see, Jack, it is this way. They saw their own boyish days with natural eyes, but they look at yours and mine through glasses, and so sometimes they are not good judges. But tell me, Jack, what do you think about it yourself?"

"Well," said Jack, "I wasn't just sure. You see sometimes ma looks, well not angry, but kind of grieved like and I can't stand that. I'd never think it was wrong if it wasn't for that—I don't think. But that sets me thinking. I don't want to do anything that way if it hurts mother—and—well I thought I'd ask you." "Let's sit down, Jack."

We sat down there on the side of the hill looking out over the sea,— Jack in his usual way, his hat stuck back on his head, leaning well back and supporting himself by clasping his hands around one knee, I lying below him on the grass and raising myself on one elbow.

I put my hand on his knees over his two brown ones, and looked up for a moment at the grey eyes, and earnest face. I never saw Jack so serious before. Things were very real to Jack.

"What does Jesus think, Jack?" The eyes grew more serious than ever now, and in a moment looked away from mine, away, away out over the dark waves, and soon a mist came stealing into their grey depths, and then two tears tumbled on each lid

and were pushed over by those behind them to roll along down over Jack's freckled face, and drop one after another on the old worn coat.

Jack didn't say anything, didn't even wipe them away, which he would usually have done, for Jack hated tears, but sat there biting his lips, and thinking, thinking.

Soon he drew himself down closer to me, and hiding his face in his hands leaned his head on my shoulder, so that his cap fell off, and then he went on, thickly at first, for his voice was all choked with tears and emotion. "That's it, it's that more than anything else, only I couldn't tell you somehow, I don't know why though. I pretend to be a Christian, and I don't see as I'm any different from the other fellows who don't, not a bit, except I don't swear and lots of them that ain't pious don't do that; and then there's another thing, I do things sometimes that are foolhardy and dangerous, and I might be killed. I'm sure, (Jack choked a bit here), Jesus wouldn't like anything like that, and I don't think I've any right to do them, only you know the fellows kind of expect it of me. If it was anything cowardly or mean I might say no. I'd not be afraid to, but—well it's harder in things like that. Why, only yesterday I told the fellows I'd—and he told me all about the proposed feat of crossing the 'lost link' next Saturday, and then he went on; the flood-gates were open now, and there was no constraint." Jack had begun this thing and he was going through with it.

"Now, how am I going to get out of it. I'm not afraid to do it, and I think I could, but—well—I don't hardly believe it's right, and I feel Jesus wouldn't like it."

"Stop a moment, Jack," I said, "and let us look at it. What would be gained if you did this thing in safety? Your curiosity would be satisfied, your pride too, Jack—and that's all, and on the other side there's the fact that you may be killed, and also if you do it some others will try it, and they might not be so fortunate. Look at it, Jack, square in the face and tell me what you think."

Jack was quiet for a moment, and his eyes seemed to find something to help him away beyond the waves, where the mist settled down on the sea. I sat watching the struggle, for it was a struggle, and how bravely my boy came out of it. Only a minute, perhaps less, when up he leaped on his feet and dashed away the last tear, though, forsooth, that was needless, for the clear fires that shone there would have dried it up in a short time. "I'll not do it," he said; "I don't care what the fellows say—and what's another thing, I'm going to be a better sort of a Christian after this than I have been, so there."

"Good for you, my boy," I said. And my own heart leaped for gladness, and I loved the noble fellow

more than ever now. "Good for you, I knew you'd come out right side up—you always do. Now don't you feel as though you'd conquered a city? Can't you kind of chum in with Alexander and Caesar, and say, old fellows, I know how it feels to be a conqueror. I've been there myself. I congratulate you!"

"I don't know but what I do," said Jack.

We walked home then, but did not talk much on the way. Jack spent most of the time in picking up stones, some big ones, and flinging them out over the bluff into the sea.

He had worked his energy up to a high pitch, and had to let it down easy. Jack never collapsed.

He came to me that night while I was reading, and told me how he got on with the fellows.

"I went right after tea, 'cause I wanted to have it done with, and over. It wasn't so very hard, you know, when once I'd made up my mind. Of course some of them said I was afraid, and they know how I'd back out. But I said I guessed they knew me well enough to know I wasn't generally afraid to do things, and then they shut up. But the hardest came last when I told them about the—you know—other resolve I made. But I got it out, and no one said a word, till in a little while some fellow started on another line and that was the end of it—and, well I guess they like me better than ever," and Jack laughed half-sheepishly. I laughed too, at this last touch. It was so like Jack, a wee bit of pride, but with something to back it up.

"And now, Jack," I said, "about this other resolve, as you call it. You can't keep it yourself. If you do you'll make a small show, and be down in no time—like the fellow at the fair last fall who tried his flying machine and nearly broke his neck. You know, Jack, the devil hasn't got done with you yet, by a long way. You will have to be very careful and live close to Jesus, and always ask him for help. Now come, let's kneel down here and have a talk with the Master about it."

And we knelt down there, my boy and I, and my heart went out in a prayer that Jesus who was once a boy with boys in Nazareth years ago, would guide and guard Jack, and would teach him the great loveliness of Christian boyhood and Christian manhood by revealing himself.

When we rose my eyes were wet as Jack's, and I couldn't trust myself to speak, so I just grasped his hand in mine and said "Good-night, Jack."

"Good-night, sir," said Jack, and went out.—*The Wesleyan.*

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom.

"I AM not afraid of the dark," said Bess; "I never did anything to the dark, and it won't hurt me."

Child of a King.

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King"
—*Psa. 134.*
My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands,
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, he has riches untold.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin,
Once wandered on earth as the poorest of men;
But now he is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home with himself by-and-by.

CHO.—I'm the child, etc.

I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth.
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

CHO.—I'm the child, etc.

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet my heart still may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHO.—I'm the child, etc.

TOO GOOD TO KEEP.

A NEW ZEALAND girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said, "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me; for I must go and tell my people the good news."

A LORD IN THE FAMILY.

A pompous, silly school-boy was one day boasting how many rich and noble relations he had; and having exhausted his topic, he turned with an important air and asked one of his school-fellows, "Are there any lords in your family?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "there is one at least; for I have often heard my mother say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our Elder Brother."

The boy was right; and as he grew up it was his privilege to know more of this Elder Brother, and to tell the perishing multitudes the tidings of his grace.

Blessed are they who have one Lord in the family, and who know him as their Elder Brother and their everlasting friend.