

## A Samaritan.

(A. Dawson, in 'English Sunday-School Times'.)

(Continued from Last Week.)

Sylvia drew near.

'I think it is very good of her,' she said, 'to take us all in like this when there's trouble in the house. And look what a mess our wet boots and dresses have made of the place.'

'Well, I, for one,' said Beatrice, scornfully, 'am not accustomed to be left standing in the rain. I take it as no favor that I should be given shelter. You wouldn't keep a dog out in a storm like that,' she pointed to the window.

'There are other cottages near,' said Sylvia quietly.

For another hour the storm increased and the rain fell in torrents. Then as suddenly it cleared, the clouds rolled away, and the sun broke forth again.

The girls were all on their feet in a moment, weary of their long waiting, and eager to be off.

'Come on,' said Beatrice, glancing at her watch. 'It is after six, and we have miles to go yet.'

They all hastened out at the door, impatient to be on the road again. Sylvia lingered. The floor bore the marks of many muddy feet, the chairs were disordered, and the settle cushions tumbled where some had sat.

'Come, Sylvia.'

Sylvia hastily straightened the chairs. 'Do you not think we should thank the woman?' she said, in a low voice.

'No, she told us to go when the rain was over. She doesn't want to see us again, she made that very clear.'

'All the same, I think I'll wait and thank her,' said Sylvia.

'Do as you please. We won't wait.' And Sylvia heard a smothered laugh as they all passed out and left her.

'The idea of a shopkeeper's daughter setting up to give us all a lesson in manners!' said Beatrice, and the words floated in clearly through the open window.

Half an hour later, as the girls were nearing home, a little pony carriage passed them. In it sat Sylvia with the woman from the cottage. A smart groom was driving. Sylvia waved as they passed.

'What can it mean?' queried Beatrice, bewildered.

What it meant she and the rest learned later. Madam Bernard summoned all except Sylvia to her presence next day and explained.

'I am sorry to learn from Lady Fernhaugh,' she said drily, 'that among my upper girls I have but one who always remembers that she is a gentlewoman.'

The girls looked at one another and some colored hotly.

Lady Fernhaugh tells me that one of her gamekeepers, a favorite servant of hers, has been seriously ill and that yesterday she walked to his cottage to inquire for him, giving orders that her pony-carriage should meet her there in an hour. While she was in the cottage a heavy thunderstorm came on, and she, having seen the sick man, waited in the parlor until her carriage should come. Meanwhile a party of girls had been caught in the rain, and came to the door, begging shelter. She saw them through the window, and opened to them, not wishing to disturb the wife of the sick man, who was upstairs nursing him. She showed the girls into the kitchen, because there was a fire there, and then left them. Across the

narrow passage some of the conversation reached her ears—but perhaps you know more about that than I do.'

Madam paused, and there was silence long and uncomfortable. At last Beatrice burst out, 'And was that old woman Lady Fernhaugh?'

'None other,' replied Madam Bernard. 'She has taken a great fancy to Sylvia, whose gratitude so prettily expressed was a striking contrast to the rude behaviour of her companions. I have told her what perhaps I should have told you, that Sylvia's father was a professional man in a high position, who met with misfortune and died, leaving his widow unprovided for. That she then opened a shop simply proves her to be a woman of capability and resource, as I have always known her to be. She is my old and honored friend, and her daughter will always be dear to me both for her mother's sake and her own.'

The girls listened in shame, and not one of them was bold enough to raise a voice in exculpation.

'You may go,' said Madam Bernard.

(The End.)

## Socials or Tenths—Which?

At the beginning of the year they pledged themselves to pay one hundred dollars on the church debt that year; and now, at the end of nine months, they had only twenty-one dollars and forty cents in the treasury. They planned moonlight excursions and numerous lawn-fetes, but each time the moon stubbornly refused to lend her aid in raising the church debt, and hid her face behind dark and forbidding clouds.

They had a course of lectures and entertainments which was not as well attended as they hoped it would be, and at the end of the course found themselves twenty-five dollars in debt.

They held an 'Old Folks' Supper,' 'Pink' and 'Blue Teas,' 'Oyster Suppers,' 'Ice-cream Festivals,' a 'Neck-tie' and various other socials, and had, as Lou Benton said, 'just lived through a festival of days,' for which the faithful members of the League expended their time, strength, tempers, and shoe-leather in making, soliciting and gathering in articles to sell, and others with which to decorate the booths and refreshments. Why, Charlie Blue said he had walked fifteen miles gathering in the cakes and other articles, whose donors were unable to send said articles to the church.

And Dorothy Brown, the president of the social department, could not attend this meeting because she had worked so faithfully at the 'festival of days,' that she was threatened with nervous prostration.

After the treasurer's report had been heard, the president asked, 'What shall we do with this debt of seventy-eight dollars and sixty cents? Can any one suggest a new plan for raising this amount?'

Marie Willing told of a new kind of a social she had attended over at Browns-ville, but her observations were not listened to with any show of interest.

Then Arthur Freeman said he had a suggestion to make. Now, Arthur had always readily and cheerfully helped in the League work wherever needed, so the members listened with some astonishment when he said, quietly, 'I think we have been on the wrong road all these months, and the conviction has come to me gradually that the Lord has sent the clouds and rain, the thunder and wind storms—it has stormed on nearly every evening set apart for our socials and entertainments—to show us he is not pleased with our methods. I believe we

should give of our time and money in a more direct way and a stated amount. If we who earn money, whether a regular salary or not, or have an allowance, would give one-tenth of our money to pay off this debt, we could raise it in the three months left us without one-tenth of the worry, trouble and feetache (with a laughing glance at Charlie Blue) that we have experienced in the last nine months.'

At the close of this speech, surprise, consternation, relief, and various other emotions were depicted on the faces of the members.

'But how can we help who do not earn money?' asked Flossie Wells.

'Why, earn money!' said Arthur, quickly: 'Sell to some one who wants them and has not the time to make them, some of the fancy articles you are always making.'

'And,' with a glance at Charlie Blue, 'it would not take any more time or muscle to saw wood for Deacon Jones after school hours than it takes to run all over town collecting cakes and other articles for our socials.'

This new plan called forth much discussion, favorable and otherwise, but was finally adopted by the League; and no other meeting, except the devotional and literary were held during the next three months.

But what an enthusiastic company they were when called together at the end of the three months to learn the outcome of their new plan! Every one brought something. Flossie Wells, who had taken Arthur's advice about selling her fancy articles, was the happy contributor of three dollars.

Charlie Blue, with much inward satisfaction, but outward composure, dropped a five-dollar gold piece in the basket, earned by sawing wood, doing errands, the price of a ball he wanted, and of the candy he did not buy.

Then the tenths—how they filled up the basket—from the teachers and book-keepers who earned from twenty-five to fifty dollars a month; the clerks, sewing-girls and others, who earned smaller salaries, and an occasional offering from some father or mother.

Dorothy Brown's father sent ten dollars, a thank-offering for the restoration of his old, cheerful Dorothy in place of the overworked, nervous Dorothy she had become under the social reign.

And the result? Why, one hundred and seven dollars in the treasury, leaving seven dollars with which to begin the new year after paying off the debt, more social and mercy and help calls made than ever before, and increased interest in the devotional meetings.—C. S. Palmer, in 'The Western Christian Advocate.'

The brewer, the distiller, the saloon-keeper, and tobacco-seller want your money. Why should you give them your money to make them rich, and enable them to live in splendid houses, and to dress in broadcloth, silk, and fine linen, while you and your family are kept poor, and needy, and suffering for the actual necessities of life in a vast multitude of cases? Why should you part with your money and receive in return from the saloon-keeper and tobacco-seller nothing but some of the most deadly poisons known, such as beer, fermented wine, whiskey, brandy, and tobacco, which enslave the user in body and mind; poisons which are depraving and destroying more of the human family than all other poisons put together? Yes, as the Hon. Mr. Gladstone truly declared in regard to intoxicating drinks, 'more than war, pestilence, and famine combined.'—'Temperance Advocate.'