

you will not do anything to make Mr. Harrison sorry he took you and break my heart, will you ?'

'Indeed not, mother.'

So Tom went to work, determined to please his employer and to honor his mother.

'Here, boy,' the cashier called one day, 'take this note over to Lawyer Parson's office, and fly, I tell you, for he is going away on the nine o'clock train.'

The manner of the cashier was cross and his words sharp, and Tommy grew red with anger; but he took the note and ran every step of the way to the office, and in fifteen minutes was back again.

'Mr. Parsons said, 'all right,' he reported to the cashier, between gasps for breath.

'Good boy,' the cashier said, and turned away to his work.

'Here, Tom,' Mr. Harrison called, 'take these letters to the post office, and be quick, for the mail closes at nine; it's five minutes to nine now.'

'Oh, dear!' Tom sighed, as he hurried out, 'I just went by the office. Why could not I have done this when I went to Mr. Parsons?' Nevertheless he ran again, and the letters were mailed at the very last minute.

When night came Tom was thoroughly tired, for he was kept busy all day long running here and there for this clerk and that.

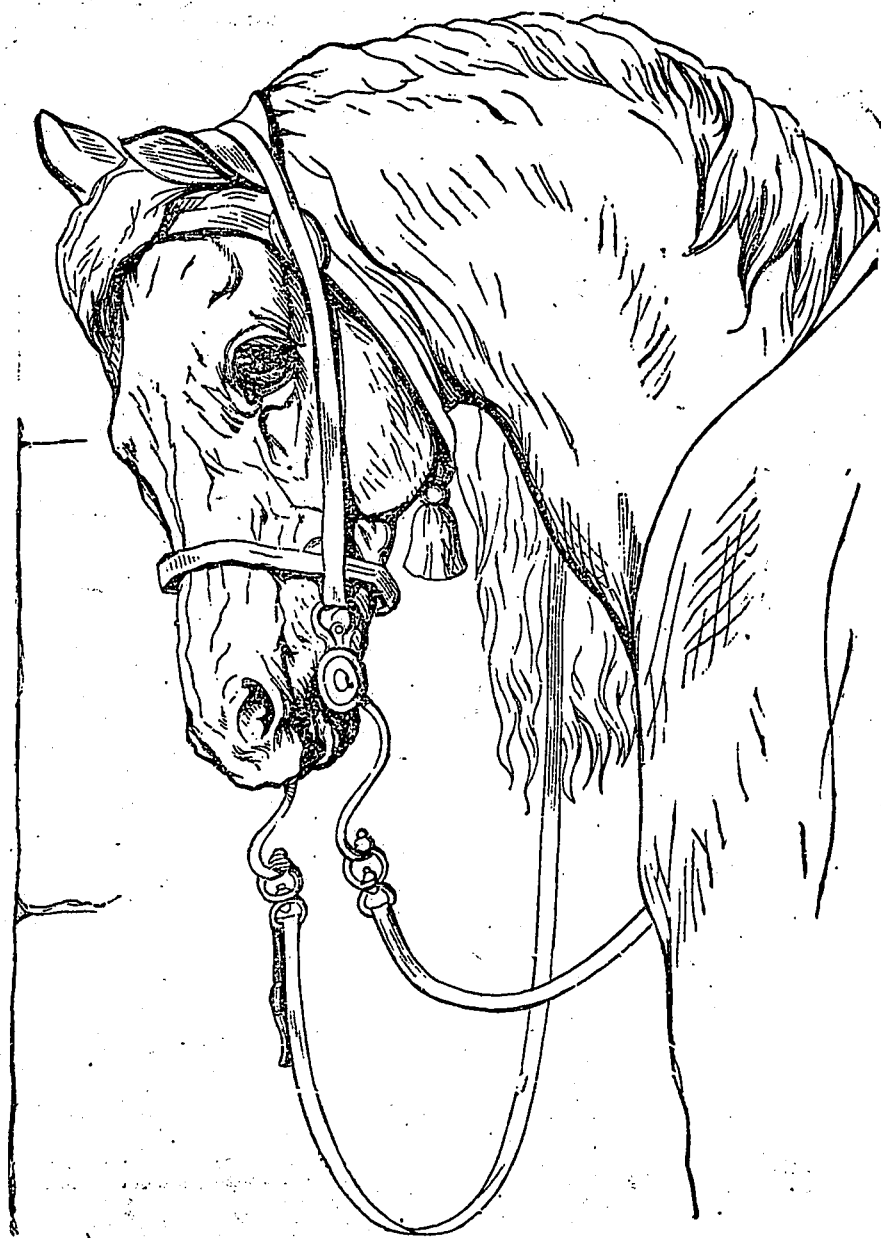
'Mother,' he exclaimed one night, 'people think because I am a boy I never get tired! I just must give up that place.'

'Please don't,' his mother said. 'We need your wages, and then it is a good starter for something better.'

'Well, mother, suppose you pray about it. I must have more strength or I can never get through another week.'

His mother smiled at his simple faith in her prayers and that night she did ask the Father to give her boy patience and strength for his daily task. So the weeks went by until the holidays.

Then there was a rush in the store for sure. Everybody was busy. Crowds of people came to buy armfuls of things. Many weary tramps Tom made to the trains, carrying parcels for customers who lived out of town. Many hurried runs were made to the express office, to the bank; to the post office, and elsewhere. When Tom came into the store there was always something to be done, and he did it.



DRAWING LESSON II.

It was in the latter part of January; the great rush was over. The big store seemed very quiet, with only here and there a customer where hundreds had crowded the counters a few weeks before.

The floor walker found Tommy one morning in the basement straightening up the reserve stock.

'Mr. Harrison wants you in his office,' he said.

Tom went to the office and found there four or five heads of departments and the cashier.

'Tom,' said Mr. Harrison, looking at him a second and then whirling his office chair around so Tom could not see his face, 'it is the opinion of these gentlemen—and I agree with them—that you are not wanted as errand boy any longer.'

'Sir,' said Tommy, bursting into tears, 'my mother!' He could say no more.

'There, there!' said Mr. Harrison, in softer tones, 'I did not know you would feel so bad about it.'

'I would not, sir,' said Tommy at last, drying his tears and trying to be very brave, 'but I promised my mother not to lose my place if I could help it.'

'So I see,' said Mr. Harrison; 'but, Tommy, there is one thing I did not tell you. The cashier is at

the bottom of this. He says he does not want you to run errands any more, for he wants you in his office to help him. Now, if you don't care, you may go there at five dollars a week instead of three, as now.'

'Sir,' Tommy began.

'That is all, gentlemen,' Mr. Harrison said, rising, and the men went out, the cashier taking Tommy with him.

And that is how Tommy lost one position to get a better one.—'Sunday-school Advocate.'

### Little Foes.

'By-and-bye' is a dangerous guide,  
Who leads to the town of 'Never.'  
'Don't care' and 'No matter' are  
foes

You'd better keep clear of for  
ever.

'I can't' is a mean little coward  
Who never will make a man.  
You must seek, if you want to resist  
him,  
The help of his master, 'I can.'

'I forgot' will bring you to trouble.  
'I shan't' is a bad boy indeed.  
'It's no use my trying,' you grumble.  
Keep trying until you succeed.  
—'Waif.'