

drew it out, and found snugly rolled up, a ten-dollar bill! It seemed for an instant an answer to his prayers; then came the thought, 'Whose is it? How came it there?'

It might have been hidden there purposefully for some reason, or the wind might have blown into the place. It might have lain there for days, or even weeks, as it was sheltered from wind and storm. Some of the summer boarders, the last of whom had only lately left the place, might have dropped it and never missed it — rich people, to whom it would be no more than a dime would be to him. If it had lain there long and any of the townspeople dropped it, it would surely have been inquired for. He felt that great care would have to be exercised to find the rightful owner; but his employer was away, he could not consult him, and he was himself too busy that day to take any steps in the matter.

Then a terrible temptation beset him: he might keep the money, say nothing about it, buy that suit of clothes he so much needed, and no one ever be the wiser. He had prayed to be guided in the matter, and Providence had put the money into his hands. Should he take that as an indication that he might use it in the way he needed to?

No one could have guessed, as he weighed out sugar, counted out eggs, measured out molasses that afternoon, all in so careful and business-like fashion, that a great struggle was going on within the young man's soul. But the right triumphed. 'An enlightened conscience and the sturdy common sense which was his birthright finally settled the matter for him. 'Were I the loser of the money, what should I wish the finder to do by me?' he asked himself, and found, as one always will, that the Golden Rule was a safe guide. 'I will find the owner, if possible,' he decided.

Mr. Bates came home on the five o'clock train. He came into the grocery just as Frank was grinding coffee for a customer; and before the coffee was put up and Frank free to speak with him, an old lady in rusty black came in hurriedly, evidently in much agitation. Her bonnet was awry, her dress dusty, and every line of her wrinkled old face told of anxiety and weariness.

'Oh, Mr. Bates,' she faltered out, sinking into a chair, 'I've lost some money, all I had in the world, and I don't know what to do!'

'Been robbed?' he asked.

'Oh, no! lost it out of my pocket! You see, I drew my pension this morning and I went round and paid some debts, and I had just an even ten-dollar bill left. I was so afraid I'd lose it that I rolled it up tight and pinned it into a corner of my pocket, and when I got home the pin was out and the money gone!'

'How could it happen?'

'Well, I suppose the pin must have worked out, and then I might have fished the money out with my handkerchief. I took my back-tracks straightway, looking all along in hopes to find it, but I haven't.'

'Four — six miles you have walked to-day, and then Frank being at liberty, came along.'

'Did you go over the plank walk between here and the hotel after you put the money in your pocket?' he asked.

'Did I? Let me see. Yes, I did; for I went into Mrs. Simonds's, asking her about the washing, and then I came right by here and went to the hotel to see if they didn't want some real fresh eggs. Sarah Ann has a nice lot of them on hand. Then I started for home.'

'Then probably here is your money,' said Frank, putting the bill in her hand.

'Oh, the Lord bless you!' cried the delighted old lady, and bursting into happy tears she sobbed like a child.

No suit of clothes could have made Frank Wright so happy as he felt at that moment. He had met and conquered a powerful temptation. A prosperous man now, he looks back and thanks God for the strength that enabled him to do it. — *American Messenger.*

Minnie.

(A Story of the Liverpool Medical Mission.)

One dreary winter day among the patients waiting to see the doctor in the Liverpool Medical Mission Dispensary, one of the workers, Mr. Eldredge, noticed a girl of about twelve years of age, and, as he was always on the lookout for new scholars, he went over to her to see if he could not get her to come to the Sunday-school.

On speaking to her mother, who was with her, she told him that Minnie had been ailing for a long time, but that now she had got so much worse she was afraid she was going into consumption. After talking with Minnie for a little, he won from her a promise to try to come to school, and it was with very great pleasure he welcomed her on the following Sunday to his class of girls.

She was a quiet, thoughtful girl, and sat earnestly listening as he told the story of Jesus, and of his power to save. One Sunday he had gone to the cupboard to get the bibles, when, on coming back, he saw that Minnie had come into the school, and was surrounded by all the girls in the class, who were eagerly listening to something she was telling them. As he came up he heard her say —

'I know Jesus has saved me.'

On asking what they were talking about she repeated what she had been telling the girls: that Jesus had saved her, and she knew that her sins were forgiven; and, turning to the girls, she said —

'Won't you come and trust Jesus, too?'

During the week she had given her heart to Jesus, and now, with her new-found grace, she was trying to lead others to his loving care.

Dr. Bond had taken a great interest in her case, and under his skilful treatment, we were glad to see her getting so very much better that we began to hope, by God's grace, she would soon be restored to health and strength again.

One cold foggy Sunday, Minnie was missing from her usual place in the class; but, as the weather was very bad, little notice was taken of her absence. When, on the following Sunday, she was still away, Mr. Eldredge resolved to go to see her the next day; and, before he went, her mother came to the mission to say that Minnie was very ill and wished much to see him. On going to the house he found her lying on a sofa, propped up with pillows. Her face lighted up with pleasure as he entered, and, holding out her thin hand, she said:—

'I'm so glad you've come.'

In the last few days the disease had made such a great change in her that he stood for a minute quite shocked to see the poor little wasted figure lying there; and, hardly knowing what to say, he asked —

'Are you not tired of lying there?'

'No,' she said; 'I am very happy.'

'And suppose God should have sent this sickness to take you home, would you be frightened?'

'Oh, no! He has redeemed me! I am just waiting for him.'

She spoke so eagerly of heaven that he began to talk about the glory of being there — of the streets of gold and gates of pearl, and of the angels, when she stopped him by saying.

'When I get up yonder I'll pass all the angels and go right up to himself' (Jesus). The dear child had learned even a deeper lesson than her teacher. To her the joy of

heaven was not its wondrous glory, but the presence of her loving Saviour.

When leaving he promised to come again very soon, and, on saying good-bye, she added:—

'If I don't see you again till he comes to fetch me, I'll meet you up yonder in heaven.'

On the day he had promised to call again, Mr. Eldredge was delayed by business longer than he expected. Minnie had been very weak all the morning, but much brighter when it came near the time she expected him to come.

'Mother,' she said, 'will you go to the door to see whether Mr. Eldredge is coming?'

Her mother went to the door two or three times, and as the time passed she said:—

'Mother, ask Mr. Eldredge to tell the children that those who seek Jesus early shall find him. But I have so much to tell him if he were only here.'

And then, putting her arms round her mother's neck, she kissed her; and laying her little weary head on the pillow, she whispered: 'Only a Step to Jesus,' and fell quietly asleep in his loving arms.

During the last few days of her illness she had been busy knitting a warm woollen petticoat. Only her mother was in the secret, and after we had laid the little one to sleep in the quiet grave, she brought it to Dr. Bond. It was her little girl's gift to the mission, to be given to some poor girl. In the midst of all her pain and sickness she remembered how cold and wretched some of the children were who came to the Sunday-school, and this was her offering to help them. Not much, yet I think as our loving Saviour looked down on the gift, that he said, as of one of old:—

'She hath done what she could.' — *Medical Missions.*

Worth While.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It is easy enough to be pleasant

When life flows by with a song;
But the man worth while is the one who
will smile

When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of
earth

Is the smile that shines through tears

It is easy enough to be prudent

When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.

But its only a negative virtue

Until it is tried by fire;
And the life that is worth the honor
earth

Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,

Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day;
They make up the item of life.

But the virtue that conquers passion,

And the sorrow that hides in a smile,—
It is these that are worth the homage of
earth:

For we find them but once in awhile.

— *Everybody's Magazine.*

A London paper tells of a custom in an English town of giving away fifteen pounds in half crown pieces to the poor on a certain day each year. This would furnish one hundred and twenty persons with gifts of about sixty cents each. The next day after the giving, last month, eighty-eight of these one hundred and twenty pieces were found to have gone to the public houses. That is where the gifts and wages of too many of the poor go. And this fact makes them poor.