

they had looked at everything about the room.

'The good God he helps me,' answered Gustav, so simply and happily that the boys hushed for a moment their steady stream of talk, with a feeling that poor Gustav had something in his life worth owning, even in his helplessness.

'Boys, suppose you sing for Gustav,' suggested Miss Lansing. 'He likes music.'

Gustav looked at them with the quick pleasure of the music-loving German. Each boy chose his favorite hymn, and their hearty young voices rang out gladly in the room, and down in the court below. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' 'Follow Thou Me,' and 'Are you Sowing the Seeds of Kindness?' followed each other in quick succession, Gustav joining in with his deeper bass when he knew the song.

As the twilight, which comes early to the rear tenements, began to make itself felt in Gustav's room, Miss Lansing proposed they should sing one more hymn and then say good-bye. 'You choose it, Miss Lansing,' Fred said, and down the stairs, and into the open doors of many poverty-stricken rooms, as Thanksgiving afternoon closed, were wafted these sweet words of heavenly comfort to those in sore need:

'There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.

'There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.'

'For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

'If love were but more simple,  
We would take him at his word,  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.'

—American Messenger.

### Painting Her Portrait.

'If I could be such an old lady as that—so beautiful, serene, sweet and lovable—I shouldn't mind growing old,' said a young girl the other day, speaking of a white-haired visitor who had just departed.

'Well, if you want to be that kind of an old lady, you'd better begin making her right now,' laughed a keen-witted companion. 'She doesn't strike me as a piece of work that was done in a hurry. It has taken a long time to make her what she is. If you are going to paint that sort of portrait of yourself to leave the world, you'd better be mixing your colors now.'

The merry words were true; and, whether she willed it or not, the girl was already 'mixing the colors' for her portrait, and drawing day by day the outlines of the mature womanhood which shall yet brighten or darken the lives around her. Many a careless, selfish girl has in her inmost heart no higher ideal than 'to be like mother' when she shall have reached mother's years; but in the meantime she is content to be as unlike her as possible. She has an idea that age brings its graces with it and that a beautiful character comes, like silver hair, naturally and without effort.

Girls, you are outlining your future and choosing its coloring now. The woman you wish to be must begin in the girl.—Forward.

### Always a Place For That Kind of Boy.

(By Annie A. Preston.)

'Oh, say, Mr. Bradford, are you in a hurry?' panted bright, rosy-cheeked George Ellis, running up to the sleigh from which that gentleman was alighting.

'In too much of a hurry to stand long in this snowy air. Come into the store if you wish to speak to me.'

'Thank you, sir,' and picking up a basket the driver had set upon the curb, he opened the door to the large general store and held it for the proprietor to pass through.

'Thank you,' said the gentleman. 'Now, what is it?'

'My mother slipped and broke her ankle—'

'Yes, yes; I heard of it. Very sorry! Hope she is doing well.'

'It takes time, of course, sir; and it is so hard for her to lie on the sofa all day. I came to ask if you would allow her to use that wheel-chair in the back store for a few weeks, and let me work for you to pay for it.'

'Did she send you to ask for this?'

'Oh, no, sir; I thought of it myself.'

'What could you do? I have never had a boy about the place.'

'I know it sir; but I can see things that might be done. The plants there in the front window will lose their leaves if they are not watered pretty soon.'

The gentleman stepped to the window and glanced at the plants before he replied.

'How did you happen to notice them?'

'Mother has taught me to care for hers. They are fine ones. Every time I pass the window I wish I could arrange them so that they would show better.'

'I dare say they have been neglected. I bought them to make up an assortment. Fix up the window to suit yourself. I will send up the chair the first time the delivery wagon goes that way.'

'Oh, thank you, sir!' and the lad's mittens and coat were off and he was at the other side of the large store after water before Mr. Bradford had even turned toward his desk.

George found real delight as a genuine plant lover does, in seeing the thirsty green things drink up the needed refreshment and noting how quickly they responded by an added appearance of freshness and luxuriance.

He then polished the plate glass window, spread down green straw carriage mats to resemble grass, grouped the plants tastefully upon them, and then pushed a green-covered lounge around so that it had the effect of a mound of moss, and disposed a large landscape upon an easel as a background.

Being near the entrance, he politely opened the door for every lady who came up the steps, and when Mrs. Nevers drove up with a portfolio of pictures to be framed, he stepped out and brought them in for her.

Mr. Bradford, from his desk could not help noticing the spontaneous anticipatory service, and was interested when the lady said:

'I am so glad to see George Ellis here. I am afraid he and his mother are having a hard time to get along. He is in my Sunday-school class, and is the brightest and most obliging lad I know. Did he arrange that window? I might have known it. It is a perfect picture, or, what is better, a bit of summer. No wonder that every passer-by stops to take a look at such a delightful contrast to the world outside.'

Mr. Bradford, whose store was known as the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' or 'The Museum,' had never felt so complacent over his surroundings in his life, and was now most

pleasantly surprised by an acquaintance coming in to ask the price of the landscape in the window, and by his purchasing it at once, saying:

'My shut-in sister has been asking for a picture of green fields, but I didn't suppose I could find one in town.'

'That picture has stood near that window all winter.'

'Well, I never looked in your window, and if I had I could have seen nothing for the dust; but your show this cold morning would attract any one. What's up?' and the man went off laughing.

'Where is George? He must find another picture to replace that one,' said Mr. Bradford.

'And what then, sir?' Asked the boy respectfully.

'Anything that suggests itself to you.'

'Oh, thank you, sir! There are so many nice things here, your store should be the prettiest in the village.'

'And it is only a lumber-room; but I give you liberty to make whatever you can out of it.'

At the end of a week the front of the store was so pleasantly arranged that every customer had some complimentary remark to make, and two drummers running in, one exclaimed:

'I thought I was in the wrong store. I have been describing your "Old Curiosity Shop" to my friend here, telling him he could buy anything from a humming-bird's nest to a second-hand pulpit, but—'

'But, although order is being brought out of chaos, I have the same variety'; and he told the story of how it happened. 'I have not the least particle of order about me, and I never yet employed a clerk who had interest enough in the business to do anything except what they were told until this lad came in.'

'That is just the kind of a boy we are looking for. There is always a place for that kind of a boy. You'll have to pay him well or you won't keep him long. There's our train. I'll run in on my way back and have a talk with the fine little fellow.'

'Fine little fellow, indeed!' said Mr. Bradford to himself. 'Think they can get him away from me, do they? I guess not!' and, calling to George, he said:

'Here is the balance of what you have earned over and above paying for the rent of the chair; and tell your mother I am coming in this evening to see about your staying on with me for a year out of school hours. A lad with your head for business must not neglect school.'

'My head for business is following mother's way—doing whatever is to be done, and doing it well. You are very kind, Mr. Bradford,' and the boy's feet kept pace with the wind as he flew up the street to tell his mother the good news—that he was sure now of steady work and that she needn't worry any more, for he could take care of them both.

It is Bradford & Ellis now, and you wouldn't know the place; but there are always picturesque effects in the windows, and Mr. Bradford is never weary of telling how his young partner made himself a necessity in the business.—'The Way of Faith.'

In prohibition Maine, where it is said prohibition 'is no good,' there were last year behind the prison bars 841 persons, a total of 13 for every 10,000 people; while in Massachusetts, the best enforced license law state, there were 7,451 prisoners, or 33 for every 10,000 of population.