

that he could have entered into. A subordinate position in any line would not bring him sufficient remuneration to allow him, after meeting his own expenses, to send such sums to his mother as would make her independent of her brother-in-law, in every respect, except her board, and also enable him to pay off the money he had borrowed.

While working faithfully in his humble position for less than two pounds a week, he spent his evenings in searching for something better. He first thought of the influence of the Church. Here he was graciously received as became the son of an English rector; but since he could not fully explain his position, he found that he was likely to suffer more than he would gain there. Invitations to gentlemen's houses, operas, church charities and financial efforts, brought outlays that he was not prepared to court; while the influence brought to bear in his behalf, always led him to some position which he was not qualified to fill, or offered an opening for a beginner where the income would not meet his own expenses.

Roland had always been very exclusive, and although he thought he had stepped down to the level of the lowest honest man, he was not long in finding that a new country levelled its masses to a standard quite below anything he was as yet prepared to accept. He had observed a plain practical-looking, middle-aged man stopping at his lodging house; but he had never spoken to him; in fact he had wondered why his landlady, who was a woman of considerable refinement, should allow such a coarse specimen of humanity to have a place under her roof. One day he overheard this plain man spoken of as Mr. Jones, the wealthy contractor. Roland had practical ideas, and after he went to his room, he began to think seriously upon the subject of his pride, and decided that he would have to take his place amongst the plain people, if he expected to succeed. He reasoned that a successful man, like Mr. Jones, could give him good advice, and determined to make his acquaintance. The next few times that he met Mr. Jones he spoke to him, and got a plain "Good day" in reply. Not to be repulsed he asked Mr. Jones for an interview, which was granted readily, and without any approach at affectation. In his heart Roland considered Mr. Jones a rough, ill-mannered man, but he said, "I may have to meet many such, and I may as well get used to it." He went to Mr. Jones' room, and when he was seated he said,

"Mr. Jones, I have to beg a thousand pardons for intruding myself and my affairs upon you——"

"Don't mention it, don't mention it."

"Thank you heartily for your kindness; but I am only a few months in this country, and finding that you are a business man here, I have sought this interview for the purpose of asking you if you would do me the great kindness to advise me as to what course I should pursue to secure the greatest success at the earliest moment."

"State your case, state your case."

This rather threw Roland off his balance, for he had had no intention of telling his private affairs to a stranger; but this blunt, earnest, yet not unkind man had put him directly into a corner, and he had either to tell his story, or leave the room. He was not a moment in deciding; but told Mr. Jones of his widowed mother, and the necessity that was laid upon him of providing for her. He also told him of his present employment and the salary that he was receiving. Mr. Jones sat still, listening attentively, and after Roland ceased to speak, he still sat as if to say, "Is that all?" As Roland did not proceed, Mr. Jones began,

"Become more like the people of this country in dress and manners. Take a cheaper boarding house. Four dollars a

week ought to secure good enough board for any healthy young man. Here the lowest is seven dollars. You will save from three to four dollars a week in that way. Start a night school if you can find pupils—your church relationship ought to bring you those—and make your evenings add to your income. If not, then learn shorthand, get a position as evening reporter on a paper. Apply yourself to become master of commercial book-keeping, and then advertise for and get sets of books to post for small firms that do not keep a regular book-keeper. Do anything that comes in your way. Burn your gloves, throw off your coat, speak kindly to every man you meet, measure no man by his clothes or his education, make yourself one of the people, and one that the people will like. Be honest, trustworthy, attentive, industrious, patient. Don't expect to climb to the top in a day, and you will succeed in the end."

Roland thanked him and retired. When he had returned to his own room, and thrown himself into his chair, he was both encouraged and discouraged. There seemed to loom before him a mountain of difficulties that he had never seen so plainly as now. It involved a perfect transformation of himself and his habits; but the mountain had not been thrown up without the way of scaling it being pointed out, and, painful as the way seemed, it was still possible. Before he retired for the night he had made a resolve.

The next evening as Roland was passing through the hall, dressed in a common tweed suit, bought at a ready-made clothing store, he met Mr. Jones. That gentleman, without appearing to notice the change, greeted Roland with a hearty shake of the hand; and a kind "Good night."

"Mr. Jones, I am taking your advice, I will leave this house at the end of my week."

"Where are you going?"

Roland gave him the street and the number, and Mr. Jones made an entry of it in his note book, saying,

"I may keep my eye on you, and I hope to find that you are succeeding."

Two weeks later Roland was out of work. The firm that he was with had decided to make other arrangements, and could fill his place at a much lower salary, and he walked the streets many days before he found work at seven dollars a week as goods' checker. He tried every newspaper office in the city for reportorial work, but his inexperience was against him, and he got none. He tried the night school, but could not receive sufficient encouragement; he, however, secured three or four pupils at their own homes, which brought his income up to what it had been in his first position. Every spare hour he spent in perfecting his book-keeping, and studying shorthand.

A year had rolled away, and all that he had been able to remit to his mother was ten pounds. He had learned a great deal, but still had much to learn. One day a letter arrived for him from Mr. Jones, asking him to call at the old number. He responded at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Jones offered him a position as time-keeper and overseer on a contract which he had taken, at a salary of ten dollars a week. He accepted the offer, in the hope that the position would be a permanent one, and that he would soon receive an increase. At the end of a year his salary was raised to twelve dollars a week. He worked for this amount for two years longer. It was a dull prospect for Roland. His mother's clothing had to be furnished and expenses met, and after four long years of hard work and, to him, hard fare, he had only just succeeded in getting out of debt.

Letters from home brought him news that made him feel more than ever the necessity that lay upon him of securing a larger