

de teahs in his eyes, an' I'm suah it took conviction to his soul."

"I met young Ellis in New York a few weeks later. Perhaps some of you know him. He travels for Owens, of Pittsburg. Ellis looked bright as a sunflower.

"Hello," I said, "you look like you'd been on a vacation."

"I have," he said; "I've been up home in Maine. I ran off when I was quite a lad and haven't been back since. Found the folks all well. The place hadn't changed a bit since I was there, only folks have changed. Well, how are you, anyway?"

"I am glad to hear that of Ellis," said Mr. Gray. "He was a good-hearted fellow; but he was getting to be pretty fast—pretty fast for a youngster."

"Since we seem to be having an experience meeting," suggested one of the older men, "you might tell us, Gray, what this Bible scheme is."

"Oh, that's not much. When I strike a place, I usually buy a Bible, nothing elaborate, you know, but with good type. Sometimes I mark the place I have been reading, sometimes I leave a little note. That's all."

"You never see them the second time you come round, do you?"

"Yes, indeed. Now, there's George Washington. I said to him, "George, did you ever get religion?"

"Bless de Lo'd, Mars Gray," said he, "I hab it now. When a niggah gets white on de top ob his haid and a stoop in his shoul-dahs, it's time, Mars Gray, fo' him to be thinkin' ob de golden streets ob de New J'rus'lem. Yes, sah."

"Well, now, Goerge," I said, "supposing I should leave this book here, do you think you could manage to have it stay here so that everyone could read it?"

"De Bible, sah? Yes, sah, an' de Lo'd bless you." Sure enough, it's there every time. Of course, that isn't true of all."

"Aren't you going into this thing pretty strong? It's a little—er—well, unusual for our sort, you know."

"I think not. Now, be honest, and tell me if you don't think the Lord a good friend to have? The worst of us will go to him if we get into too bad a scrape. How is that, Chapin? The night you were in that Brownville wreck you prayed for once, now didn't you? But I never heard you give the Lord much credit because you escaped all safe and sound. There's Parsons, I heard that he almost lost his little girl, how much time did you spend on your knees after the doctors had given her up? The little girl got well, but you never heard Parsons around praising the Lord, did you? I warrant there isn't one of you who hasn't been helped out of trouble at some time, and yet you look embarrassed and foolish if any one happens to mention the Lord in earnest."

"But, to return to the original question, Mr. Gray; how did you come to be such a—"

"Don't say it," laughed Mr. Gray, pretending to roll up his sleeves.

The 'Dude' subsided, but Mr. Gray went on; "I happened to spend the night in a little town in Pennsylvania some time ago. It was a very quiet place, and I was having a dull time of it, I can tell you. I was walking down the street just to kill time, and passed by a church, where I heard such good singing, that I decided to go in and take a back seat and listen. But, bless you, a young fellow met me at the door and shook hands as if he had been on the road for ten years, and before I knew what he was up to, there I was sitting half-way up the church, both amused and provoked at

myself for being there. I liked the singing, but I didn't pay much attention to the rest of the service. There was a sweet-looking girl beside me, as frail and beautiful as a lily. I couldn't help noticing her earnest face.

"My wandering thoughts were recalled when the girl bowed her head, and I heard different voices leading in prayer. By and by I heard her speak. She was asking the Lord to be allowed to work in his harvest field, and all of a sudden the thought came to me that it was a shame for a little girl like that to be working in the fields while there are plenty of men sitting round with their hands in their pockets. After that I listened to everything that was said.

"When the meeting was over she turned to me and gave me her hand, and said she was glad I came. I only thanked her, but inside I was saying, "Well, little girl, I'm not much used to harvesting; but, if the Lord will show me how, I'll help you a little in this business." And I'm not much of a Christian, gentlemen; but I read my Bible, and sometimes I think the Lord is especially good to me for the sake of that little girl I'm trying to help. The harvest field is pretty big, and she'll never know about me in this world, but some day I hope that she'll find an extra sheaf to her account.

"Hello! here comes Davidson. Well, old man, how are you? What's the news from Philadelphia?"

Sixty-Four's Mistake.

(Mary B. Sleight, in 'Intelligencer'.)

It was a warm spring day, the close, lifeless sort of a day that makes the spring shopper feel like a wilted dandelion, and sets city folk to longing for a whiff from meadow and sea.

All the morning the store had been crowded with customers, for it was one of the most popular stores on the avenue, and the fact that it was a bargain day had helped to swell the throng. The saleswomen had their hands full, and by twelve o'clock some of them began to feel too jaded, in their own estimation, at least, to be more than half civil to the equally jaded customers.

"Pardon me," said an elderly woman, to a pert-looking girl who was carrying on a giggling confab with one of her companions, "but can you tell me whether my change will come back?"

She was plainly dressed, and it was easy to see that she was from the country, but her face as well as her manner of speech, showed that she was a gentlewoman. The girl of whom she had asked the question simply stared at her, and went on talking with her friend.

"She ain't the one," volunteered a young woman who stood on the other side of her, doing up a package. "She's Sixty-four, The saleslady that waited on you was "Fifty-six," and she has gone to her lunch."

"And must I wait till she comes back?" asked the customer in dismay. But the saleslady was giving her attention to someone else.

"I'll see to your change, when it comes, madam," said a gentle-voiced girl who had overheard the question. And pointing to an unoccupied seat at the end of the counter, she advised her to sit down.

"It is tiresome standing so long," she said, with friendly sympathy.

"Mercy, Forty-five! Anybody'd think that court-trified-looking creature was the Queen o' Sheba the way you are so polite to her," jeered Sixty-four, in a stage whisper.

"Oh, Forty-five'd be perllite to a street-sweeper," chimed in another,

"Every one to their likin'," said Sixty-four, with a shrug. "For my part, I don't think it pays."

"She makes me think of my mother," said Forty-five, gently. "And, besides, she looks so tired."

"Guess we're tired, too, an' nobody asks us to set down," complained Sixty-four.

The elderly woman did not seem to be listening; she was evidently watching some one at the farther end of the room; but she had sharp ears.

"Sh-sh! Here comes the boss," whispered Sixty-four. The next girl nudged her neighbor, and in an instant all the talking and tittering came to an end. The 'boss' was the manager of the department, and when he made his rounds the most indifferent of the girls took good care to seem absorbed in business.

Forty-five, who at the moment was hurrying to the other end of the counter, did not see who was coming.

"Here's your change at last," she said. "It's too bad that you had to wait so long."

"Oh, thank you, my dear," said the old lady, in her kind, motherly voice. "I was only afraid of losing my train."

She had thrown off her jacket, and Forty-five, stopped to help her put it on.

"Why, Aunt Phebe!" cried someone at her elbow. "Well! well! this is a surprise!" And there was the 'boss' standing in front of the old lady with both her hands in his.

Forty-five, who had just finished buttoning her jacket, slipped quietly back to her place.

"That girl, David, is a lady," said Aunt Phebe, as she took her nephew's arm. "I don't know her name; but her number is 'Forty-five.' If all shopgirls were equally courteous they would prove their right to be called "salesladies."

"Forty-five," I must remember that," said the 'boss,' stopping to jot down the number.

Forty-five was promoted the next day. Her courtesy, which had been born of no selfish motive, did not fail of receiving reward and recognition.

Follow Me.

In the world are but two voices,
In the heart are but two choices;
Voices choices, ever crying
To the living and the dying:
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

One, the voice of Jesus pleading,
Prompting, praying, interceding;
Pleading ever, weary never,
To redeem us calling ever;
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

One, the voice of Satan, charming,
Winning, horrid, luring, warming;
Promising, fulfilling never,
To deceive us calling ever;
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

Jesus calls to realms supernal,
Joy and happiness eternal,
Where the morning shineth ever,
And the darkness cometh never;
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

Satan calls to realms infernal,
Grief, tears, sorrow, death eternal;
Where the blackness hangeth ever,
And the dawn appeareth never:
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

Daily do we hear these voices;
Daily must we make our choices;
What your choice—the time is speed-
ing—

Which voice, brother, are you heeding?
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'
—W. Alex. McCaffrey, in 'Silver Link.'