

the young girl's course was not only praiseworthy, but beautiful. She maintained that every woman, young or old, high or low, who took upon herself the labour of elevating the much-abused as well as depised vocation of housework—upon which the comfort of every home depends—to a fine art was a public benefactor.

Miss Carlton's friends all listened and laughed, and then went on with their senseless and malicious tirade. She was heartily glad when her engagements in New City were ended, and she was no longer obliged to move in such "select" society, whose ideas were always a mere echo of opinions—no matter how trivial and foolish—which had been expressed by a few of its more wealthy members.

Mrs. Dr. Forbes, *nee* Miss Carlton, had heard very little about New City society for five years. But having occasion to pass through the place on the cars lately, she treated herself to a little gossip chat with the conductor, whom she had known as a New City gallant.

"There is no particular news, Mrs. Forbes," said he, "unless it is the engagement of Helen Mills to young Lawyer Bartlett, son of Col. James Bartlett, you remember, owner of the big corner art store. A capital choice the young squire has made, too. She's as good as gold, and everybody says she's the best girl in the city. She's a perfect lady, withal, and treats everybody well. Why, bless you, Mrs. Forbes, when her father failed in '75, she took entire charge of the family, and she has managed the house ever since.

"Her father is now in business again for himself, and employs more men than ever. Her mother, who had been an invalid for years, was forced by Helena's example to try and exert herself so as to share her daughter's burden to some extent. As a result of the new, active life she has followed, she lost all ailments, and is now a happy, hearty, healthy woman. Helena's brothers have grown up to be fine, manly, helpful fellows, and the whole family are better off every way than ever before. As things were going on before Mr. Mills's failure, the whole family were in danger of being spoiled by too much luxury.

"There was a great deal of talk at first among the big-bugs about Helena's 'pots and kettles,' and they used to say she had found her true 'level.' I always thought there was a spice of malice in their talk, for the girls envied her beauty and accomplishments. I am rather fond of telling them now that Helena Mills has found her 'level' in the richest, most influential, and just the best family in New City."—*Christian at Work.*

SPEAK the truth and do it in love. Malicious truth-telling is no better than lying.

GOOD ADVICE.

Mr. R. S. Burdette, he of the *Hawkeye*, gives the following advice to a young man:—

"My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because F. Murphy gets \$150 a week for temperance work, seems to think it is all right when the barkeeper takes in twice so much money in a single day. The labourer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as he is upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the bar-tender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad? Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a 'full hand' at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you are mean enough to dead-beat your lodging in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars every time; fifty cents for the circus, and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre and a pair of old trousers, frayed at the end, baggy as to the knee, and utterly bursted as to the dome, for the Michigan sufferers; the dancing lady who tries to wear the skirt of her dress under her arms and the waist around her knees, and kicks her slipper clear over the orchestra chairs every night, gets \$600 a week, and the city missionary gets \$600 a year; the horse-race scoops in \$2,000 the first day, and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out \$40 in debt. Why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy, and when the money it does give is flung into his face, like a bone to a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and certainly should not, be graterul. It is insulted."