

keep working, sending Bibles and mission-aries until their soul-eyes are opened, and they find the right path. The money you gather in your little society helps a great deal. Miss Dexter has told me about it."

"Does it really? Well, I'd like to help *blind* people. I wouldn't like to be blind, inside or outside. Perhaps I better go now," said Fred.

"Yes, and remember about the 'rod and staff.' Good-bye," said the Captain.

"I will. Good-bye, sir," and Fred ran swiftly up the street. Mission Band work looked very different to him since he picked up Captain Whipple's cane.—*Sel.*

A NEWSBOY'S BANK.

He was very little, and his clothes were ragged, and his hands were red with cold whenever he came spinning around the corner and paused before the handsome house across the way. One funny thing about it was that he never came on pleasant days, but I grew accustomed to see him take up his position and call his papers while the snow whirled around him, and the wind tried its best to take him off his feet. At last I became curious, and determined to find out why he never came when the sun was shining and everything looked bright. I had only to beckon to him, and he hurried across the street with a cheerful, "Here you are! A *Record*, did you say?"

A moment later I had him before the grate, and his eyes resembled those of a great mastiff, as the warmth penetrated his shivering body. "It's terrible cold," I began.

"Yes, rather; but I've seen it worse." was the answer.

"But don't you find it hard selling papers this weather?" I continued.

"Ye-es, sometimes; then I hustle over there as fast as I can," nodding at the house across the way.

"Why, do your papers sell more readily in this neighborhood?"

"No!" with a disgusted sniff at my evident lack of business intuition; "scarce ever sell one here."

"Why do you come, then?"

"Do you want to know the real reason?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, earnestly.

"Well, one day, pretty near a year ago, I was most done for; couldn't sell any papers, and was about froze, and if I'd known any place to go would have crawled off somewhere and give it all up. While I was thinkin' of all this, a couple of fellows passed me, and one of 'em says, 'He's richer'n Cræsus now, an' to think he was a beggar only a few years ago.' 'A beggar?' says t'other fellow. 'Yes, or what amounts to pretty much the same thing—a newsboy—and I've heard him say dozens of times that nothing but pluck and the grace of God would ever have brought him through.' 'An' his house is in the next street, you say?' 'Yes, we go right past it.'

"I followed 'em till they came to the house over there, and while I stood looking at it something seemed to say to me that, if that man could build a house like that when he'd begun by being a newsboy, I could too. Then I wondered over what the men had said. They'd gone on out of sight, and I said over and over, 'Pluck and the grace of God.'

"Then I made up my mind I'd got the pluck all right, and I'd ask over and over for the grace of God. I didn't know just what that was, but every time I was alone I'd just say what I could remember of the Lord's Prayer, and finish up with 'An' give me the grace of God.'

"If you'll believe it, I begun to get along right away. I'm saving money now to go to school with, and whenever I get discouraged—it's always on stormy days, you see—I just come in front of that house and think it all over and say, 'Pluck and the grace of God,' over to myself a few times.

"Then I go back, and you wouldn't believe how fast the papers sell after that."

He rose, shook himself together like a big dog, and said, "I must hustle along and get rid of my papers, but I'll be round whenever I'm down in the mouth, for that house is my bank, and I come to draw on it when I'm hard up. I expect it's a deal more comfort to me than to the man that built it," and a moment later the youthful philosopher was shouting, "Hyers your mornin' papers! *Tribune*, *Herald* and *Record* here!"—*Ram's Horn.*