

tice had to stay behind and make the place fit for the next day. It was the rule that when a new apprentice came, the preceding apprentice should go home when the men did, and that the new apprentice should brush out the shop. My friend determined to be good; so the men boycotted him, and they did it in this way. When the new apprentice came they made Tom still stick to the long brush; he was not allowed to put his jacket on. They said to the new apprentice, "Thou can come home with us, but Tom must stop." He did not retort, but he stuck to the brush. And with the next apprentice it was still the same; Tom still stuck to the brush. But he had got his head on, and he picked up the business; he was not muddling his brain with drink.

One day the master said to him, "Thomas, when you come to-morrow, come in your Sunday clothes; you are going to be foreman here." So the next night, when the time had come to go home, Tom went to get his jacket; but the men said, "Get to thy brush." "Nay," he replied, "Never any more." His name is over the warehouse door; he is master where he used to brush the shop out. He has now gone to America. He is "established to be a prophet of the Lord," for he has done a work within seven miles of where I live that has made the angels sing.—*Christian*.

#### A FLORIDA BIBLE COMMITTEE.

Several years ago, in the early part of my work as a District Superintendent of the American Bible Society, I stopped at a little town on the banks of the St. John's, in Florida, for the purpose of establishing a Bible Depository and appointing a committee of citizens to take care of it. Not knowing any one in the place, I inquired of a respectably appearing laboring man in the street—

"Do you reside here, sir?"

"Yes, sir; I am one of the oldest citizens."

"Can I find anybody to help me in forming a Bible Society?"

"You have come to a mighty poor place for that," he replied.

"Haven't you any good men, here?" I inquired.

"Mighty few," he answered.

"Haven't you any pious men?"

"I am the only pious man in the place," he responded.

"Have you any honest men?"

After a little hesitation, he replied, "Yes; I think the man that runs the corner grocery yonder is middling honest.

"Have you any minister?"

"No; we had one, but we sent him to the legislature."

"He will be at home then, by-and-by, will he not?"

"I reckon so."

"Very well, then," I replied; "I will appoint him chairman of the proposed Bible committee, and I will make the honest man treasurer, and you secretary."

A Bible Depository was soon after established in the corner grocery; then followed a Sabbath school, and next a church. The Bibles left their impress upon the community; the town has grown to double its former size, and there are now three churches where there was none.—*Bible Society Record*.

#### THE CROWN PRINCE.

A pretty story of the late Emperor Frederick is told in one of the German papers. Some years ago, shortly before the death of the Emperor of Germany, a tall, handsome gentleman jumped into a third-class carriage of a local railway at Berlin, just as the train was leaving the station. An old flower-seller, with a basketful of newly cut hyacinths, was the only other occupant of the compartment. He asked the old dame to sell him a bunch, and, mollified by his *saue* manner, she chose the freshest and largest, and handed it to him. Its price was a penny, but as the gentleman had no coppers, and the woman no change, not having sold any of her goods yet, she was paid with a mark piece, which, as she said at once, was a thing that had never been heard of before in a third-class railway carriage.

Presently the stranger and the flower seller were deep in conversation, and it turned out that the poor woman was the only breadwinner of the family of four. Her son was crippled, her granddaughter a little school-girl, and her husband had for some months past been out of work, since a new railway official had dismissed him as being too old to do much work. The stranger then suggested that she should apply, on her husband's behalf, to the railway authorities. "That is no good whatever," she replied, as she wiped her tears with her apron. "If you haven't the Pope for your cousin nowadays, you can't get anybody to listen to you." "Then try the Emperor," the stranger went on. "Alas!" she sighed, "if the old gentleman was allowed to see the petitions that are sent, it might do some good, but he does not get to know about us poor people."

"Well, then, let your husband write to the Crown Prince." "Yes," she said, "he might do that," and she would tell him so as soon as she had sold her flowers. By this time the train had got to the terminus, the old dame bundled out her basket, and noticed with astonishment that the officials and the crowd on the platform looked