

HOW HE GOT HIS PLACE.

THE boy who does just as little as possible for an employer sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business house in which he is employed, when a less brilliant companion who works for another establishment is advanced very rapidly. The reason probably is that the less brilliant companion is more faithful, and works conscientiously, always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work, and when the opportunity comes a better place is given him, which he fills with equal faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident:

A boy about sixteen years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks, and was well-nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when, one afternoon, he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question, "Can you give me any thing to do?"

Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered, "No; full now." Then, happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, said, "If you want to work half an hour or so, go down stairs and pile up that kindling wood. Do it well and I'll give you twenty-five cents."

"All right, thank you, sir," answered the young man, and he went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon he came up stairs and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ah, yes," said that gentleman, somewhat hastily. "Piled the wood? Well, here's your money."

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more of the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and recoiling the wood pile, glanced into the coal and wood room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal bin.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Stone. "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad; "but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work than not. But I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without further comment. Half an hour later the young man presented himself, clean and well brushed, for his pay.

Mr. Stone passed him his quarter.

"Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me. Here's writing something on a slip of paper, 'take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there; he will tell you what to do. I'll give you six dollars a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that down stairs, and that's all,'" and Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large as it was then, and its superintendent is the young man who began by piling kindling wood for twenty-five cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has been advanced, step by step, and has not yet by any means reached the topmost round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day, either with his employer or in some other business house.

A WONDERFUL LIFE.

IN the year 1865, on a bright April day, there landed in Boston from one of the ships of Alpheus Hardy, a Christian merchant, a solitary Japanese lad. He had been born in the house of Prince Itakura, where his father had been a secretary, and was now twenty-two years of age.

His early history had been strange. From boyhood it had been his supreme desire to understand religious truth, and to live for the soul. He had been led to see that spiritual education was the highest attainment of life, and, hungry for this knowledge, had left the palace to seek instruction, wherever it might be found.

He heard of the missionaries from the West, who taught that God was a universal Father, and he secured an historical geography of the United States and some Christian books published at Shanghai and Hongkong. His thoughts now turned continually to the lands of the West.

"I desired," he said, "to visit the lands from which these teachers came."

The conviction grew that he must go to the West for spiritual light. His friends opposed his purpose, but the inward voice seemed to make his duty clear.

"I said," he tells us, "that I was not my own, nor my friends', but God's." Having adopted this view, he says: "A strong cord that had bound me to my father's home was broken asunder in a moment. I felt that I must forsake my Prince, leave my home, and follow my convictions." He resolved to visit America, and so took passage on one of Mr. Hardy's ships.

His subsequent life in America is well known to many New England people. When